

The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1891-1900

Diary 1, 1891-Nov. 22, 1893, viale Principe Amedeo 16, Florence; after
Nov. 21, 1892, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)

Diary 2, 1894-1895 - Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)
Florence

Diary 3, 1895-1896 - Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 4, 1896-1898, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 5, 1898-1899, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence

Diary 6, 1899-1902, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence; I Tatti,
Settignano

1. London (1891-1892)
2. Florence (1892-1895)
3. Villa Rosa & Villa Kraus, Fiesole (1895-1897)
4. Il Frullino (1897-1900)

Diary 1, 1891-November 22, 1893¹

[0054] B.B. M.Wh. March 1891²

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In some people falling in love is nothing but an attack of inflammation of
the heart.³

March 3, 1891

The Queen's Drawing Room is a sort of social confirmation.

March 4, 1891

The Germans try to make up by learning for their lack of knowledge.⁴

Haslemere, May 22, 91

"His politeness was that of a man who practises it rarely."

¹ pp. 1-204.

In diary 6, the scans of p. 177-178 are missing. A scan of p. 222 including the first
three lines is needed.

² These are evidently sayings of Bernhard which Mary decided to record. Samuels, p.
448, refers to entries made in another diary for the year 1891 which are dated March 4,
March 10 and April 21, 1891, a diary which we have not been able to locate.

³ Crossed out.

⁴ Crossed out.



June 6, 91

Name on a shop at Hartford. PUDDEPHATT

Jehovah hates culture. He had America discovered because he was afraid of the Italian Renaissance. He is very good as a policeman, but he does not encourage art. ⁵

London, June 10, 1891

New proverb: Eat your cake before it gets dry.

Paris, June 30, 1891

[0055] To write
Mr. Gaunoy's Catechism
Comparative 'Dinology'
Compose a "Salon" for 1512
"The Impatient Griselde"

"I suppose one's heart is ticklish just as the soles of one's feet."
(a propos of "Grisélides", ⁶ June 30, 91, Paris)

London, July 10, 1891. A man was tried at Bow Street. His story was that he had taken as a lodger after his marriage an old friend of his own. This friend seduced his wife, and in a little while the wife, feeling the misery of concealment, [0056] told her husband. Soon after the other man walked by the window as he was coming home to supper. A gun happened to be at hand, and the husband snatched it up and fired, with intent to kill. He succeeded only in seriously wounding him. The jury found the verdict of unlawful wounding, but the Judge let the man go without any penalty, "because", he said, "in similar circumstances I should have done the same myself."

The conversation that followed the recital of this story was curious. The comment of the woman to whom it was told was, "I see women are [0057] still regarded as private property, not as persons in themselves. Of course a man shoots another to defend his house or his purse."

"O nowhere but on the Texan frontier" was the reply.

"Well, the world is only on the Texan frontier as regards women."

"The meeting of his old acquaintances is like the precipitation of the two powders that make up a Seidlitz."

⁵ Crossed out.

⁶ An opera by Jules Massenet.



July 18, 91

[Mary's report of a discussion with her father:]

[0058] July 12, 1891

"My dear child, it is best for us all, as a family to be perfectly frank with one another. I want to tell thee how deeply, how tenderly thy mother and I sympathize with thee in this crisis of thy life. ...

"Thank thee" ...

"She has told me of thy plan of spending next winter in Florence with Mrs. Burton, and I wish to assure thee that I will make every sacrifice to keep thee from being troubled about money, or dependent in any way."

"That is very kind, father."

"But, my dear child, I want to remind thee that the whole happiness of [0059] thy family depends upon thee now. Thee cannot understand how thy mother and I feel, until thy own child lives to be as old as thee. We are of course greatly crushed, but I do not speak of that. I want thee to understand that we are on thy side, my dear child, and that we will stand by thee."

"Thank thee."

"As far as possible. In our old age, when we were looking forward, after a life of great, very great, sacrifices for our children, when we had made all our arrangements to be so pleasantly together, it will be very hard to lose thee. I do not speak of myself, but thy mother, my dear, is bound up in this, and, in her [0060] prominent position as a religious leader, it will bring her to the grave if any breath of scandal should touch thee. I tell thee frankly, it would, I think, kill me. ... However, let us not speak of that. My life has been very hard in some ways, of which my children know nothing. I have never mentioned it, but it has cost me constantly recurring pecuniary embarrassment to place you in the position of independence which I have done, owing to some unexpected losses."

"Thee has been most kind, father."

"Therefore, my dear, I want thee to see, as I am sure thee must see, [0061] that families must stand together. Our position in England is not at all established. Thy brother and sister are making many nice friends, but if any scandal arose in the family, it would at once ruin their position. Our whole happiness as a family depends upon thee. Then there are thy children, thy two little daughters. For their sakes, thee should make every sacrifice, to avoid clouding and compromising their futures."

"I do not wish to injure them."

"No, my dear, I am sure thee does not. Then there is thy husband, whose life thee is wrecking. He is a true man, and I am sure there are not ten men in England who would behave as well as he [0062] has done under the present state of things."



"That is quite likely."

"Surely thee owes much to him. Thee has responsibilities, duties, towards his life. Thee may wreck it and ruin his happiness and his career forever, merely for a foolish or a passing impulse. I implore thee, my child, to realize that none of us stand alone, that we all have to make sacrifices, very great sacrifices, to each other. My life has been full of sacrifices for my children, and you would not be where you are now, if I had thought merely of my own pleasure. ... I want [0063] thee to realize too, my dear, that thy name is very well known through England, on account of the important political work with which thee has been associated. Thee knows that London is the centre of the world." ...

"A purely English prejudice."

"the centre of the world, and everything that happens here or to people who are well known in London, is known all over the world. Thee knows what vipers' tongues English people have, how quick they are to spread scandals. I assure thee, thee could not live in Florence, a place full of idle English people, seeing Mr. Berenson constantly and going to the galleries with him, without very grave scandal, which would [0064] break up thy family and crush thy mother and me to the grave. ... Furthermore, I want to remind thee with what impulsiveness thee took the decisive step of marriage, in spite of all we could do. I knew at the time that it would result unhappily, curiously enough, I gave thee just six years, just this time, but thee would not heed our advice."

"No, I would not."

"Now, my daughter, we are all just as sure of thy misery in this new infatu--, this new friendship into which thee has impulsively rushed. I do not wish to say anything about Mr. Berenson, [0065] whom in many ways I like, but I want thee to remember that he has no antecedents, nothing to guarantee his considerate behaviour, nothing to show us that he would guard thee from the breath of scandal, nothing to reassure thee as to his ... steadfastness. It is not as if we know his family and antecedents, not as if he were tied by them to behave as we should wish.

I want thee to realize too, my dear child, that most marriages are uncongenial. But everyone sees that it is much better to arrange some *modus vivendi*, to keep the family together, to avoid the scandal to the growing children, than to [0066] separate in a hasty impulse. The law of life is mutual sacrifice, and no one is ever happy by bringing misery upon others. As an Evangelist, I have had people tell me things they do not tell to others, and I know that few married lives are even as happy as thy own. This happens even among good earnest prayerful Christians, who mean right with all their hearts. But society is so formed that the marriage tie is irrevocable, and we



must sacrifice our inclinations. Think of thy friend Edmund Gurney.⁷ He was terribly unhappy all his life, although his was a good, sweet woman."

[0067] "Yes, he committed suicide in the end."

"Any sacrifice is better than bringing a scandal upon your children. I wish thee to realize how precious thy interests are to all of us. Thee does not stand alone, thee cannot think of thy own wishes alone. We are all dependent on thee, and most of all thy little children. We will stand by thee, my child. I will make any sacrifice for thee. We all feel for thee most keenly, we do not blame them, we wish for thy ultimate happiness as much as thee can wish for it thyself. I am prepared to make [0068] thy life and thy children's easy, to make thee independent of thy husband, but I cannot think thee would feel it right to act in such a way as to cause any scandal. Of course, as my daughter, I trust thee to act honourably, but thee is rash and headstrong and selfish, and I dread the consequences of thy impetuosity. When it was too late, thee would regret it.

Now, my daughter, I have been quite frank with thee, and I am sure thee will not kill thy parents in their old age with anxiety and trouble, and that thee will not cast a cloud over the lives of [0069] thy children, or irretrievably wreck thy husband's career. I love thee most tenderly, we all so, and I want thy good."

"Thank thee, father. I will think over all thee has said. I will go now, as they will be returning from Church." (opens door)

"Now, dear, thee will make some sacrifices for us, will thee not?"

"I have no doubt I will make some sacrifices, a good many, but no one has my life to live except myself." (goes out)

[0070] *Lettres à Une Inconnue*

"Il n'y a qu'un seul vice qui les sépare des autres femmes: c'est la pauvreté."

"Twachum, qui dit toujours: Can any virtue exist without religion?"

"Vous vous rappelez ma morale. L'amour fait tout excuser, mais il faut être bien sûr qu'il y a de l'amour. Soyez persuadée que ce precept-là est plus rigoureux que ce de vos methodists amis."

"Le viscère nommé coeur ne se développe que vers vingt-cinq ans au quarante-sixième degré." [0071]

"A propos de votre cachemire bleu, je vous soupçonnais de dévotion, parce que la dévotion est, en 1842, une mode comme les cachemires bleus."

—
"Le mal des Grecs c'est que leurs idées de décence et même de moralité était fait différente des nôtres."

⁷ Edmund Gurney (1847-1888) was an English psychologist and psychic researcher.



—
“Il y a des gens que achètent un meuble dont la couleur leur plaisant; comme ils ont peur de le gâter, ils y mettent des hausses de toile qu’ils n’oseront que lorsque de meuble sera usé.” [0072]

“Je ne vous dirai pas grand-chose de mes impressions de voyage, si ce n’est que décidément les Anglais sont individuellement bêtes et eu masse un peuple admirable.”

“... la nouvelle chambre des Communes qui est une affreuse monstruosité. Nous n’avions pas encore d’idée de ce qu’on peut faire avec un manque de goût complet et deux millions de livres sterling.”

[in Bernhard’s hand]

“Les hommes rassemblés en troupe, sont encore plus hypocrites qu’ils ne la font quand leur intérêt [0073] les oblige à jouer la comédie.” Balzac, “Eve et David”, part of “Illusions Perdues”.

“Rien n’est plus eursgeant qu’un professeur allemand qui croit avoir un idée.” Mérimée, Lettre à Inconnue.

[in Mary’s hand]

Difference between the Northern and the Southern way of taking hold of a subject, e.g., David and Goliath (bread and milk, and bread and milk)

Italians painted a youth and then put in the head of Goliath merely as a sign-post to the subject. (☞ This is David ☞).

The Germans let the head of Goliath tyrannize over the whole picture. They thought of the subject, then the bloody head, then got frightened at it, and painted the whole picture in their fright. [0074]

“Renan est allé en Palestine pour faire des nouvelles études de paysage. Mérimée, Lettres

Quelle ironie: Les gens d’esprit, de génie, se tuant toute leur vie pour cette grosse bête de public, tout en méprisant, au fond de leur coeur, chaque imbécile qui le compose.” Goncourt, 1866

Il me semble voir dans une pharmacie homéopathique le protestantisme de la médecine. (idem)



[0075] Diary

[Aug. 7- Oct. 24, 1891:

Mary and Bernhard travel together from Antwerp to Venice]

x (Friday,) August 7, 1891, Antwerp⁸

Discussed difference between Belgians and Hollanders. Is it due to the hold of the Catholic Church in Belgium?

Read *L'Intruse* by Maeterlinck,⁹ [*sic*] and compared it with Mrs. Augusta Webster's *Auspicious Day*.¹⁰

x (Saturday,) August 8, 1891, The Hague

Read Vol. V of *Journal de J. Goncourt*¹¹ at breakfast.

Went to Musée and saw Titian and Rubens and Flemings. Sketched ears.

After lunch went to the Cathedral to see Rubens and to S. Jacques, where there is a finer Rubens. Sacristan most grumpy, pulled curtain over pictures and found it incredible that anyone should [0076] want to look at a picture a whole quarter of an hour. Marched uneasily up and down asking, "Est-ce fini?"

Read Baedeker in train. *History of Holland*,¹² Rise of Flemish and Dutch art.

Sunday, August 9, 1891, The Hague

Went to Baron Steengracht's collection.¹³ Saw Rembrandt's xx *Bathsheba*. Very large Jan Steen (family group) large portrait of a boy by Mersu. Finest A. Brauwer, drinking scene with portraits of himself, Franz Hals, etc.

Afternoon went to Museum. Saw Rembrandt's *Presentation in Temple*.

xxx Vanmeer [*sic*] von Delft, water and houses.

⁸ See Samuels, p. 143.

Mary's letter to Hannah, Aug. 7, 1891: 'I travelled by night up to Brussels, and as I slept all the way, except when I was waked for the ticket and the customs, I have nothing to record of the journey. ... But I am tired and sleepy, so I will adjourn. I am going to The Hague tomorrow, I think, to spend Sunday thereabouts, and I look for news on Monday at Amsterdam.'

⁹ Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949), *L'Intruse* (Brussels, 1890).

¹⁰ Augusta Webster (1837-1894), *The auspicious day* (London, 1872).

¹¹ Edmond de Goncourt (1822-1896), *Journal des Goncourt: Mémoires de la vie littéraire* (Paris, 1888-1919).

¹² Perhaps Charles Maurice Davies (1818-1910), *History of Holland* (London, 1841-1844).

¹³ The collection of baron Hendricus Adolphus Steengracht van Duivenvoorde (1836-1912) was put up for sale at the Gallery Georges Petit in Paris in 1913. The Steengracht Gallery, as it was called, was housed at 3 Lange Vijverberg in The Hague, and was open to the public from 1823 onwards. See the guide to the exhibition held at Duivenvoorde castle in 2012, *Passie voor schilderijen. De verzameling Steengracht van Duivenvoorde. Passion for Paintings. The Steengracht of Duivenvoorde collection*.



Paul Potter, *Bull*. This is a wonderful picture, painted to be the *exact texture* of the skin of the different animals. [0077] A paradox in paint, for, although it is *exactly like*, the effect is not at all as we see it. P.P. died before 30. Interesting speculation as to what he might have become, with this wonderful skill with the brush.

Saw Italian pictures.

Monday, August 10, 1891, s'Gravenhage

Went to Museum. Sketched Sodoma. Saw other pictures, especially Van Meer van Delft.

Went to Leyden. Walked about the town. Saw, after infinite difficulty, about a dozen sketch-books of Hokusai.

Bought Motley's *Dutch Republic*¹⁴ and read introduction.

Dined at the restaurant Van Pijl. 4 francs. Very good.

Took notes and discussed Motley in evening.

Read *La Princesse Maleine* by Maeterlinck of Bruxelles.¹⁵

[0078] Tuesday, August 11, 1891, s'Gravenhage¹⁶

Read Motley while dressing, Goncourt at Breakfast.

Went to Museum and sketched Sodoma again.

Went to Delft. Saw Renaissance Staathuis and Church with Renaissance tomb of William of Nassau. Compared it with tomb in Salisbury Cathedral. Saw some quaint old houses.

Looked for view which Vanmeer painted, but didn't find it.

Liked the town of the Groote Kerk.

Evening strangely blue and violet.

Read Motley.

[0079] Wednesday, August 12, 1891, Amsterdam

Came from The Hague here. Read Motley.

Went to Museum. Saw "Night Watch" **B.B.**¹⁷ said it was a poet's attempt to translate a commonplace subject into verse, and that it was told better and more appropriately, on the whole, in the good prose of Van du Helst, Jardin, etc.

Saw a Vermeer von Delft and other Rembrandts and Franz Hals.

Very tired.

Read more Motley.

¹⁴ John Lathrop Motley (1814-1877), *The Rise of the Dutch Republic: A History* (New York, 1855). **Biblioteca Berenson DH186.5 M7 1906**

¹⁵ Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949), *La Princesse Maleine* (Bruxelles, 1891).

¹⁶ Mary's letter to her daughter Ray, Aug. 11, 1891: "The country I am in is ruled over by a Queen, just like the Queen of England, but this Queen is a tiny little girl, not much bigger than thee."

¹⁷ The first explicit mention of travelling with Berenson in the diary.



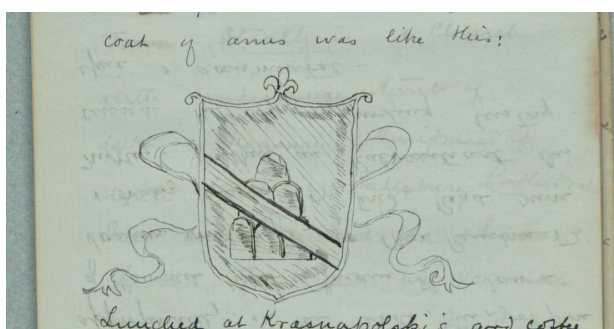
Walked in Kalverstraat.

Discussed the ways of writing history, epic and documental.

Thursday, August 13, 1891, Amsterdam

Went to Rijks Museum and saw Rembrandt Old Woman, Syndics, Night Watch. Franz <Hals>, Portraits and Regents piece, Van du Meer.¹⁸ Van du Helst.¹⁹ Pieter de Hooghe,²⁰ Van du Meer. Jan Steen.²¹ [0080] Paul Potter, etc. Scoorel.²²

Saw a wonderful majolica plate, with a round representation of a scene somewhat similar to Botticelli's "Calumny". Very Timote-esque. The coat of arms was like this:



Lunched at Krasnapolski's. Good coffee.

Went to the Six gallery (Heerengracht 511)²³ and saw two Vanmeer van Delft's: a woman pouring out water, and a street scene. This makes 11 of his pictures which B. has seen, e.g., 1 at the Hague, [0081] 1 in the Rijks Museum here, 2 in the Six Collection (4), 2 at Dresden (6), 1 at Berlin (7), 1 at Frankfurt (8), 1 in Vienna (9), 1 in the Borghese (10), 1 in the Louvre (11).

A wonderful Rembrandt (portrait of Burgomaster Six) done very much in Franz Hals manner. A splendid Franz Hals portrait of a man. Some Cuyks, Terborgs, Jan Steens, etc. A large Paul Potter, man on horseback, and a small one of cows.

Read Motley and de Goncourt.

Enjoyed the Palace. Dutch Renaissance, very harmonious and nice.

Studied German.

¹⁸ Jan van de Meer (1665-1722)

¹⁹ Bartholomeus van der Helst (1613-1670).

²⁰ Pieter de Hooch (1629-1684).

²¹ Jan Havickszoon Steen (c. 1626-1679), a Dutch genre painter.

²² Jan Scoorel, a Dutch painter, born near Alkmaar in 1495.

²³ Collectie Six, now at Amstel 218.



Wrote letters.

Sent *Maleine*²⁴ to Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper.²⁵

[0082] Friday, August 14, 1891

Read Motley going to Haarlem.

Spent 2 1/2 hours in the Museum, studying Frans Hals, etc. We were perfectly fascinated with the two pictures nos. 77 & 78, painted in 1664 in a manner suggestive of Zorn and Carrière, but even more modern than either! Compared him to Shakspeare. Also found figures and treatment which Rembrandt must have copied.

The best Terburg, a Family Group, was painted very much like a Courtois. A landscape by Van der Velde was like a Hampstead Heath scene by Constable, but better! The Cornelius van Haarlems were all [0083] interesting, and the pictures by Jan de Braij, while under Frans Hals' influence, were very good. A Regents picture by Pot was also extremely good, and some portraits by Verspronck. Compared evolution of Hals to Velasquez, beginning where Titian left off.

Went to Fodor Museum,²⁶ an absolute fraud, 1 small Meissonier²⁷ and a slight sketch by Watteau.

... Walked through Ghetto.

⟨Hanover⟩ Saturday, August 15, 1891

A day in train from Amsterdam 9.30 to Hanover 8.50. Missed connections. Very hot and somewhat dusty.

Read Motley all day and studied German.

[0084] Sunday, August 16, 1891, Brunswick²⁸

Came from Hanover.

Studied German in train and began Tolstoi's *Wandelt im Licht*.²⁹

Gallery closed.

Saw town and churches and very nice recent buildings in Renaissance style, i.e., new Schloss, Theater, Police Court, etc.

In the *Dom* the tomb of Henry the Lion and Matilda his wife (done about 1200) was very remarkable and beautiful. Her face was particularly lovely, and as well modelled as anything Greek!! Found it hard to understand.

²⁴ Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949), *La Princesse Maleine* (Bruxelles, 1891).

²⁵ Michael Field.

²⁶ The Museum Fodor was located at Keizersgracht 609. Closed in 1993. The collection is now in the Amsterdams Historisch Museum.

²⁷ Jean-Louis-Meissonier (1815-1891).

²⁸ East of Hanover.

²⁹ Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), *Wandelt im Licht* (Berlin, ?) **Biblioteca Berenson House PG3365 .W3**



At breakfast discussed the advantages, to a writer, of having no traditions to contend with, compared Dumas fils and Ibsen, Tolstoi and the Russian novelists with the Americans.

Also the skill the rich get in objects of [0085] household art, such as furniture, tapestry, carpets, etc., but the rarity of their becoming connoisseurs in the higher arts.

Goncourt puts it perfectly in his entry for samedi, 20 février 1875:

“Les gens riches, il leur arrive parfois d’avoir du goût dans les porcelaines, dans les tapisseries, dans les meubles, dans les tabatières, dans les objets d’art industriel ... il semble vraiment qu’aux *riches*, sauf de très rares exceptions, est défendu le goût de l’art supérieur, — de l’art fait par les mains, qui ne sont plus des mains d’ouvrier.”

This is especially true of Americans, who really furnish their houses perfectly. However, they as buy good French pictures, or perhaps it is that they buy French pictures, and therefore can’t help getting good ones.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

[in Bernhard's hand]

[0086] Monday, August 17, 1891 (Berlin)³⁰

Went to the gallery (in Brunswick) in the forenoon, and found that a hail-storm a month ago had smashed the glass-roofs of the large halls, and that the pictures in them therefore were invisible. But we told the custodian we must see them even in the dark. He took us on tiptoe to the Palma, and left us at our request.

As we were going out we bumped against two officials. Mutual surprise. They tried to be indignant, then assured us we had risked our lives, because glass was still falling from the roofs. Told them they must know well that when you [0089] come on purpose to see pictures you did not mind risking your life. That disarmed them, and the younger was *liebenswürdig* enough to offer to take us through those same halls with a lantern.

In this way we had a glimpse of two pictures that change one's idea of their painter. One is a portrait by Rubens painted with almost the readiness, and sweat of Frans Hals. Furthermore, it is the only portrait by Rubens I have seen in which Rubens sinks himself. The other picture is Stien's Wedding-Contract. The bride [0090] and bride groom are charming beyond words.

Other things never to be forgotten are the Vermeer and some of the Rembrandts.

The Vermeer had that wonderful purity and tenderness of colouring which makes his work seem so much like the finest porcelain. In this as in the other pictures, the same light blue, the same tints of sage and pea green, and the same effects of atmosphere.

The most fascinating Rembrandt is the landscape. One would like to know where he got such a landscape. It is a scene for some strange mysterious tale in Stevenson's best fashion. Scarcely [0091] less impressive is Christ and the Magdalen, neatly and clearly done, but treated in a wonderfully, religious way. The figure of Christ at any rate is full of that humility, and sense of wonder at his own self that Rembrandt more than once gives to the face and form of Jesus. The Magdalen is a Dutch woman of Rembrandt's own time. Very interesting also are two portraits of Rembrandt's earliest days, one of Hugo Grotius, a clean, fresh bit of painting, and one of Grotius' wife. Her portrait we should scarcely have known for [0092] a Rembrandt. It is so firm and free from effects of atmosphere.

Finally I shall scarcely forget a little landscape by the elder Vermeer, a thing severe, quiet, with plenty of sky and spaciousness.

³⁰ An X marked in blue crayon in upper left corner; see Samuels, p. 144.



In the afternoon we were in the fast express to Berlin, reading Motley and studying German as we rushed thro' the pretty towns, or past woods of white birch.



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[0087-0088: small notes written by Bernhard
using a fountain pen with an Italic nib]

[recto 0087]

Some people answer as if they were shutting the door with a bang.
Mothers ...

[verso 0088]

Primavera.³¹ Venus-type of Judith and Fortezza, keys left hand as in latter.
Mercury and all flesh tints as in Sebastiano of Berlin.

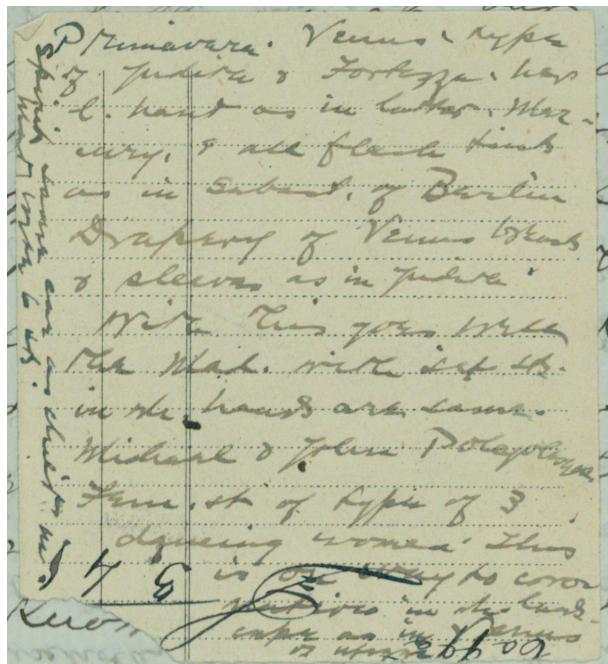
Drapery of Venus breasts and sleeves as in Judith.

With this goes well the Madonna with six saints; in the hands are same.

Michael and John Polagologos.³²

Feminine saint of type of 3 dancing women. This is on way to coronation
in the landscape as in Venus of ____.

[in left margin] Spirit same ____ as child in Madonna with 6 saints.



³¹ notes on paintings.

³² The Byzantine emperors Michael VIII Paleologo, (1224-1282) and Giovanni Paleologo (1392-1448).



[from here on in Mary's hand]

[0092] Tuesday, August 18, 1891, Berlin

Breakfast at Bauer's restaurant.

Went to Gallery - - - - - !! 10-3.

Walked in Thiergarten.

Read Layard,³³ etc., in the evening.

[0093] Wednesday, August 19, 1891, (Berlin)

Went early to gallery and went carefully through the Venetian School from Gentile da Fabriano and Antonio Vivarini to Tiepolo. Also the Veronese school.

Thursday, August 20, 1891, Berlin

Florentine School at the gallery.

As we were looking at a fake "Pisanello", an American young man asked why it was fake. We were too busy to stop, but we asked him to lunch. H(e) turned out to be from New Brunswick, and his name was Van Dyck, a circumstance which naturally led him to take [0094] an interest in pictures!! He had rather good taste, but he was oppressed with profound scepticism. He said that the pictures were all so repainted that the ascriptions were a mere matter of guess-work. In fine, he turned out to be the sort of person who knows too much to want to learn, and too little to teach, or even to sympathize.

Went to the Nationalgalleriei.

Herr Klinsmann³⁴ dined with us and we walked in the Thiergarten. We discussed the Jews in Berlin.

Friday, August 21, 1891, Berlin

Ferrarese and Milanese Schools at the Gallery. Went to museum upstairs and [0095] Tschudi's study.

Herr Klinsmann took us to the International Exhibition, where there were paintings by every school but the only good one, the French. Böcklin had an absurd 'Susanna and the Elders', as modern old ____ Jews. Berenson said he would like to see the Bible illustrated by Böcklin. The Spanish painters struck me as delightful, particularly Villegas and Beuliure y Gil.

Came from Berlin to Dresden.

Motley and German.

³³ Austen Henry Layard (1817-1894), *Handbook of painting: the Italian schools, based on the Handbook of Kugler* (London : J. Murray, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson ND611 .K89 1887** Purchased upon Bernhard's arrival in Paris in July 1887, as noted on the title page of volume 2: 'Bernhard Berenson, Paris, July '87'

³⁴ Klinsmann is mentioned in Bernhard's letters to Mary, Sept. 26, Oct. 4 and Oct. 8, 1890.



<Dresden>

Saturday, August 22, 1891, Hotel Rheinischerhof, Dresden

Went to gallery ————— !!

Met Walter [0096] Cope,³⁵ Signor Costa³⁶ and the Hon. Mrs. Bontine³⁷ there. Saw Belottos with Costa.

Read Motley and de Lisle Adam in the afternoon.

Called on "Michael Field" and found them gone to the hospital, Miss Cooper having the Scarlet Fever. Poor things!

Went to *Das Rheingold* in the evening, and enjoyed it very much.

Sunday, August 23, 1891, Dresden

Gallery in morning with Costa.

Read *Bonhommet Triboulet* by Villiers de Lisle Adam.³⁸

x Restaurant Gneist [added in blue ink]

Monday, August 24, 1891, Dresden

Gallery in morning.

Called on Michael Fields at Stadt Krankenhaus [0097] where Miss Cooper is ill with Scarlet Fever.

Went to *Die Walkyrie* in evening.

Tuesday, August 25, 1891, Dresden

Gallery with Costa in morning.

Called on Michael Field in afternoon.

Concert on Terrace in evening.

Motley and Villiers de Lisle Adam *Histoires insolites*.³⁹

Wednesday, August 26, 1891, Dresden

Gallery with Costa.

Met Florence Dike's friend, Lizzie Johnston and her family.

Discussed "Botticelli" Madonna. Costa thinks it genuine, B.B. not.

Went to hear *Siegfried* in evening.

[0098] Thursday, August 27, 1891, Dresden

Went to Gallery and read Correggio article⁴⁰ and discussed it.

Called on Michael Fields, who were enthusiastically reading *Parsifal*.

³⁵ Mary's first love, see the entry for Nov. 15, 1902, on his death.

³⁶ ? Enrico Costa

³⁷ Perhaps the wife of the Scottish politician Robert Bontine Cunninghame Graham (1852-1936).

³⁸ Auguste, comte de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam (1838-1889), *Tribulat Bonhommet* (1887).

³⁹ Auguste, comte de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam (1838-1889), *Histoires insolites* (1888).

⁴⁰ The article that was published as 'Some Comments on Correggio in Connection with His Pictures in Dresden', *The Knight Errant* 1 (October 1, 1892), p. 73-85.



M. felt very ill in afternoon.

Both sleepy in evening.

Friday, August 28, 1891, Dresden

Gallery in morning. Took notes of pictures.

Called on Miss Bradley (Michael Field) in the afternoon.

Went to *Götterdämmerung* in the evening and enjoyed it even more than all the others. B. remarked that Wotan was unusually [0099] sensible for a god, for he retired when he perceived that he was obsolescent.

B shaved off his beard!!!!

* 〈Sunday〉 August 30, 1891, Dresden

Took 9.20 train to Pötscha⁴¹ and walked to the Bastei⁴² through fresh, mushroom smelling pine woods.

After lunch we started to walk to Shaudan but took a cul-de-sac road which landed us in a beautiful woodland temple. Walked back to Rathen and thence to Pötscha, just catching the train. The day was warm and fresh, and the sunlight enchanting. It was a day to remember all our lives. As we got off the train B. saw preparations which made him think they were about to commit a statue in the square.

[0100] Monday, August 31, 1891, Dresden

Went to the Gallery in morning and saw all the pictures, including Dutch.

My favourites are: Venus, Giorgione;

2 Paul Veroneses, Sistine Madonna, St George, Dosso

Mars and Venus, Garofalo;

Madonna, Lotto;

Two panels, Ercole Roberti;

Adoration, Francia;

Dream, Dosso;

Justice, Dosso;

Portrait of a Man, Titian;

Jacob and Rachel, Palma;

Santa Conv(ersazione), Palma;

Annunciation, Cossa, and many more, too numerous to mention.

Paid our last call on Michael Fields at Krankenhaus in the midst of a tremendous thunderstorm.

⁴¹ Stadt Wehlen, 23 km southeast of Dresden

⁴² The Bastei is a rock formation towering 194 metres above the Elbe river.



Came back and packed [0101] and read Morelli on Munich⁴³ and Robertson's *Charles V.*⁴⁴

Discussed local Christianity.

B. shaved off his moustache!

⁴³ in German (1880? 1891?) or in Richter's translation (1883)?

⁴⁴ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**



<Regensburg>

Tuesday, September 1, 1891, Hotel Goldner Kreuz, Regensburg
An old inn. Delightfully large room.

Pleasant journey from Dresden, 8.45 to 5.45.

Finished Goncourt's Journal, read Pierre Loti's *Le Livre de Pitié et de la Mort*,⁴⁵ et Villier de Lisle Adam's *Histoires insolites*.

Studied German.

Read *Charles V*.

Reached Ratisbon in time for a sunset on bridge over the Danube. Saw Cathedral, which had resemblances to Notre Dame de Paris. Late Gothic but on the whole good, for Gothic!

Sent notes on Frankfort to Michael Fields in evening.

[0102] *Journal des Goncourts*, II^{em} Série, II Vol.

10 Jan. 1872. Aujourd'hui, chez le français, le journal a remplacé le catéchisme. Un premier Paris de Machin ou de chose devient un article de foi, que l'abonné accepte avec la même absence de libre examen que chez le catholique d'autrefois trouvait le mystère de la Trinité.

16 Jan. 1872. Rien ne m'agace comme les gens qui vraiment vous supplier de leur faire voir des choses d'art, qu'ils touchent avec mes mains irrespectueuses, qu'ils regardent avec les yeux ennuyés.

1 Sept. 1873. Après une affreuse migraine [103] je rêvais, cette nuit, que je me trouvais dans un endroit vague et indéfini, comme un paysage du sommeil. Là, se mettait à écurie un danseur comique, dont chacune des poses devenait derrière lui, un arbre gardant le dessin ridicule et contorsionné du danseur.

[103a] 20 Jan. 1876. Hier soir, dans le fumoir de la princesse, au causait de Rossini, quelqu'un parle d'une lettre écrite par lui à Paganini, le lendemain de sa première audition, lettre dans laquelle le maestro est tout entier. Il lui disait qu'il n'avait pleuré que trois fois dans sa vie: une première fois, lorsqu'il avait eu son premier opéra sifflé; une seconde fois, lorsque, dans un partie avec ses amis, il avait laissé tomber dans le lac de Garde, une dinde truffée; enfin la troisième fois, en l'entendant la veille.

3 Juillet 1870 ... il faut pour faire quelque chose de bon littérairement, que tous les sens soient des fenêtres grandes ouvertes.

[0103b] Wednesday, September 2, 1891, Goldner Kreuz, Ratisbon
Breakfast of grapes and coffee in our sunny bay-window.

Went forth to view the town. Were delighted with the quaint portal of the Romanesque Irish Church of XII Century, Die Schottenkirche.

⁴⁵ Pierre Loti, *Le Livre de Pitié et de la Mort* (Paris, 1891).



Strolled along the Boulevard in Park on old town wall, and came to the Cathedral. Went inside, good proportions, light and gay, with beautiful stained glass. Lets in the real god, the Sun. We saw the treasures: Hair of Blessed Virgin, Spike from Crown of Thorns, Several inches of wood from True Cross (set in gold and jewels, which having been pawned to the Jews of Regensburg, was seized from them and deposited there), brown mummified hand of S. Chrysostom with diamond ring; [104] Hand of Innocent massacred at Bethlehem; Hordes of Bones, etc.; Skeleton of Child in jewels, etc. "found under floor of Jewish Synagogue after the expulsion of the Jews from Regensburg in the XV Century/" (!)

Drove out to the Walhalla (there was a steam tram) which was startling and surprising. We walked up through a pine forest and came suddenly upon the white Doric columns of the temple flashing in the sunlight. As we walked about it looking at the profilation of the columns and the beautiful view of the plain and the Danube through them, our delight was almost [0105] lyrical. The temple itself is really an astonishing bit of architecture, carried out with good taste and unpretentiousness. The lines are perhaps a trifle too rigid, but certainly only inferior to the lines in the Parthenon and the Museum. In proportions, it is very much like the Parthenon, only it looks a little tamer. But, after all, it makes up by being perfectly preserved and "herrlich wie am ersten Tag." The situation is hardly to be surpassed, and the idea of placing it on a splendid platform against the hillside is magnificent. But it is curious that looked at from below, the wonderful series of stairs leading up to the Temple, look rather too much like the steps let down from a huge carriage. [0106] The interior was unexpectedly pleasant, rich, but not over-decorated. Most of the busts are very poor, and the choice of them seems to have been made after a "scheme of his own." The polychromatic decoration of the Ionic columns and of the Caryatides (Valkyris) was quite likely genuinely Greek, and certainly very agreeable. What a spot! The Temple faces a wide, wide plain, through which winds the blue Danube. On each side smaller hills covered with green pines flank the central one where the Temple stands. The columns in the sunshine looked like Paul Veronese's marbles. Driving back we saw it rosy with the sunset. A thing not to miss. ☞



<Munich>

[107] Thursday, September 3, 1891, Hotel Roth, München

From Regensburg to Munich 8.18 - 11.45. Read *Faust* all the way.

The Pinacothek from 1-2, just a glance at the Italian pictures. How lovely the Francia, and how matchless the Titian. Morelli compares it to the last works of Franz Hals. The Sodoma was delightful, and a small Correggio.

We were both secretly dying [*sic*] to get to the exhibition of modern French (and other) pictures, so, after a rest, we went to the Glaspalast and found some of our favourites of the Salon, as well as some new ones. Three Monets there, and four or five Manets, besides a new Besnard⁴⁶ and two new Dagnau-Bouverets [0108] impressed us as wonderful, especially the Monets. Then there was a vast array of Böcklins and Lehnbachs, and any number of Americans, Spanish, Dutch, etc., to which we gave merely a hasty glance.

The exhibition closed at 6 and we walked to the Propylaia and sat a long time on the steps of the Glyptothek, discussing the latest Parisian fad, the artistic society of the Rosy Cross founded by San Peladan in the interests of "Beauty". I found the Besnard sunset disfigured by the pert, grinning girl in the foreground. B. said I would not feel so in ten years. We shall see! (n.b. I came round to his opinion in a day or two!!!!)

[0109] Friday, September 4, 1891, Hotel Roth, Munich

Went to gallery in morning and looked over the drawings. The only ones of note were the Fra Bartolommeos (especially a Head of a Woman); Mantegna, Madonna with an angel on each side; Sodoma, Virtues driving out Vices (analogous to Mantegna's picture in the Louvre); some small Cupid pictures by Penni; a Mantegna, and a much destroyed Pollaiuolo.

Afterwards we studied the Italian pictures. B. disagrees with Morelli on several points: 1. That the so-called "Lionardo" is not Flemish but Italian, possibly an early Verocchio. 2. That the so-called Luini is not a Solario. 3. That the Paris Bordone Portrait is not much repainted. 4. [0110] That the Moretto is a Moretto, and not a Moroni.

Looked at the Dürer engravings.

After quarrelled slightly and then walked in the Park.

Saturday, September 5, 1891, Hotel Roth, Munich

We took the 7 o'clock train to Augsburg. I read *Faust* all the way.

Wandered about the town and saw the Cathedral. The stained glass windows of the 11th century mentioned by Baedeker exist only in his imagination. Cathedral filled with altar-pictures by German masters, best seemed to be by Burckmeyer.

⁴⁶ Paul-Albert Besnard (1849-1934) was a painter and printmaker.



At 9 went to the gallery and looked at the Italian pictures there. The most beautiful was a Tintoretto.

[0111] After the gallery we visited the other Churches and looked at the picturesque parts of the town. Then had an excellent lunch at the "Grün Haus" and came back by a slow train, sleeping and reading Villiers de Lisle Adam's *Le Secret de l'Échafaud*.⁴⁷

Tried to re-write Correggio article.

Sunday, September 6, 1891, Hotel Roth, Munich

Went to the Pinacothek and studied and noted the Venetian and Veronese paintings.

Visited the various Brauereis in the evening, but they were so smoky that even the music did not tempt us to stay.

As it was a Volksfest, a cold rain was falling all day. God is evidently as undemocratic here as in England!

[0112] Monday, September 7, 1891, Hotel Roth, Munich

The Gallery in the morning, Florentine, Umbrian and Roman Schools.

Looked at photographs at Hanfstaingl's.⁴⁸

Visited the Schack gallery and enjoyed Leubach's admirable copy of Titian's Charles V on horseback. Saw some Böcklins.

Went to the Glyptothek.

B. enjoyed the Augustan Marbles more than even before. He found them delightful as sincere studies in anatomy.

Went to the International Exhibition and saw the French pictures, three inexpressibly delightful Monets: a lake at sunset, the sea and cliffs, painted in '82, and fields in summer.

Five Besnards, of which two were marvels of poetry and light: a girl standing by the sea at sunset, and a naked [0113] boy sitting by a blue mountain lake.

3 Dagnau-Bouverets, A Madonna and Child, a study in the reflection of green leaves and sunlight upon a white dress, a small landscape and a woman sitting in the open air.

1 Whistler, painted in '66! ships and sea in twilight.

3 Meissoniers, painted in '55

A Detaille almost as good.

2 Bonnats, the Samson of this year's Salon, and an Italian child.

5 Manets.

Several of Millets, Troyon, Daubigny, Corot, Diaz, Hamel Jacques, etc.

⁴⁷ Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, *Le secret de l'échafaud* (Paris: C. Marpon & E. Flammarion, 1888).

⁴⁸ Hanfstaingl?



Some deliciously decorative Ribarz, Dagnaux, Breslau, Ribot, Hagborg, Meunier, Stéveres, Israels, Mesdag, Roederstein, Agache, Dinot, Blanche, L'Hermitte, Courtois, Gervex, Puvis de Chavannes, Dupré, and many others were represented.

We [0114] enjoyed Monet, Manet, and Besnard most of all. We also looked at Böcklin and his school. It was worth coming to Munich if to see nothing but the Monets.

After the Exhibition, we went back to Haufstängl's⁴⁹ and bought some photographs.

Then came back, and while I read *Faust*, B. wrote a few pages about the Augustan marbles, which I criticised savagely before going to dinner.

Tuesday, September <8> [9], 1891, Munich – Verona

Milanese and Ferrarese Schools in the Gallery in the morning.

B. lunched with Mr. Marshall.

I read *Charles V*⁵⁰ and packed.

Went to the International Exhibition in the afternoon. On the whole, we liked best the Besnard sunset over the water.

[115] Took the night train to Verona.

Read Richepin, *Quatre petits Romans*.⁵¹

⁴⁹ photographer in Munich.

⁵⁰ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**

⁵¹ Jean Richepin (1849-1926), *Quatre petits romans : Soeur Doctriné, Monsieur Destrémeaux, Une histoire de l'autre monde, Les débuts de César Borgia* (Paris, 1882).



<Verona>

Wednesday, September <9> [10], 1891, Colombe d'Or, Verona⁵²

Embankment broken, so we had to change cars at 5.30, walking a long way. The scenery was very fine. At Ala⁵³ we found our train had gone on and we had 4 hours, so we went to a hotel in the town and had breakfast and a sleep.

Reached Verona at 4.20. Walked to San Zeno and saw the cloisters.

Took a stroll after dinner.

Thursday, September <10> [11], 1891, Verona

In the morning (8.30-12) went to San Lorenzo, Santi Apostoli, Santa Euphemia, Santa Anastasia, the Duomo, and San [0116] Giorgio in Braida.

After lunch and a rest, went to the Gallery and then to San Bernardino and came home by the Porta Palio.

Complete overwhelming of me, and discouraging of B. After such galleries as London and Berlin and Paris and Dresden, the pictures here seemed poor to him, and he confessed to preferring the copies in San Bernardino to the original Cavazzuolas in the Museo!!

The architecture impresses me more than the pictures. There is so much beautiful colour about everything.

Read *Charles V*,⁵⁴ studied German.

B. "got up" Verona from Morelli, etc., etc.

[117] Friday, September <11> [12], 1891, Hotel Colomba d'Oro, Verona

Went to San Niccolo, Santa Maria della Scala, San Nazaro e Celso, Santa Maria in Paradiso, San Tommaso, San Fermo, San Paolo in the morning. Enjoyed especially the Montagnas in San Nazaro and the Buonsignori and Paolo Veronese in San Paolo.

In the afternoon in Santa Maria del Organo, where I recognized the Savoldo, to my delight, and where B. began to shake off the trail of his travels among German galleries and to enjoy the Veronese themselves.

He wrote to Prof. Bôcher:⁵⁵ "... In Italy the pictures must be looked at in their frames, for as painting merely they are sometimes not worthwhile. At any rate that was my first impression in the gallery yesterday. Most of [118]⁵⁶ pictures looked ruined and repainted and a trifle provincial into the

⁵² ☆☆☆☆ Hotel Colomba d'Oro, via Carlo Cattaneo 10, 37121 Verona, 045 595300, www.colombahotel.com.

⁵³ Ala is located east of Malcesine on the Modena-Brennero road.

⁵⁴ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**

⁵⁵ Mary occasionally copies text from Bernhard's outgoing letters into her diary. This letter to Ferdinand Bôcher does not seem to have survived.

⁵⁶ This page marked with a blue crayon in the left margin



bargain. The fact is one wants a pair of fresh eyes for every school of painting, that is one reason why it is so hard to get to know Italian pictures in Transalpine Galleries. There the temptation is overwhelming to study all the school at once, and through spectacles fit for none. In Verona, you are confined to one School. Before you can appreciate the pictures here, you must be penetrated with the feeling that you are in Verona and nowhere else. You must realize the biological necessity for the painters to paint precisely as they have done. Perhaps it may sound strange to speak of biological necessity in connection with anything like the fine arts. But as far as I know [119] all art criticism tries to account for what man does in the arts, just as the zoologists account for beavers building dams, or birds building nests. Only criticism continually contradicts itself. It exists because it claims to be able to reduce the phenomena of the arts to general categories, yet it puts up the dogma that caprice is perhaps all there is in genius."

* Sunset in the Giardino Giusti.

Saturday, September 12, 1891, Hotel Colombo [*sic*] d'Oro, Verona
Went to Santa Trinita and saw frescoes by Brusasorci.⁵⁷

Then to San Bernardino, where I was overcome by such a feeling of illness that I had to come back, and lie down all the rest of the day with diarrhea and nettle-rash.

I read Mrs. Green's *Henry II*.⁵⁸ B. studied his "bibles" very conscientiously.

[120] Sunday, September 13, 1891, Hotel Colombe d'Or, Verona
Went to the Gallery in the morning, but I was almost too ill to see anything. However, I enjoyed the Cavazzolas⁵⁹ while B. studied his problems.

Lay down the rest of the day, feeling pretty ill.

B. went to San Stefano, the Duomo, San Siro e Libera, Santa Maria in Organo, Santa Chiara, and San Giovanni in Valle.

I read Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*⁶⁰ and wrote to Evalyne.⁶¹ [an x above the a]

Went to see fire-works in the Amphitheatre.

Monday, September 14, 1891, Verona
Went to San Stefano and studied the Brusasorci frescoes.

⁵⁷ Domenico Riccio (also known as Domenico Brusasorci; 1516–1567).

⁵⁸ Alice Stopford Green (1847-1929), *Henry the Second* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1888).

⁵⁹ Paolo Morando Cavazzola (1486–1522).

⁶⁰ William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859), *History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic* (New York, 1837). **Biblioteca Berenson DP162 .P8 1841**

⁶¹ Evalyne Nordhoff.



Then to Santa Maria in Organo, where we met the sacristan whom B. liked so much a year and a half ago. He took us in the afternoon out to a church on a hill about 8 kilom(ètres) away in a little [121] village called Marcellise. There we discovered four fine Girolamo dei Libris.

On the way back we stopped at a beautiful round church built by Sanmichele, called La Madonna della Campagna. There was a fine Farinati and some old frescoes inside, but the architecture was more wonderful than all!

Tuesday, September 15, 1891, Verona

Went to Palazzo Canossa, the decoration of the Ball Room by Tiepolo. Then to see the frescoes by Brusasorci in the Palazzo Ridolfi.

Went to San Lorenzo and Santi Apostoli and to San Fermo.

Gallery in afternoon.

[122] Wednesday, September 16, 1891, Verona

Went to Mantua by 7 o'clock train. Read Heine and German guide book and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* on the way (1 1/2 hours).

Saw St. Andrea, built by Alberti, with Mantegna's mortuary chapel. Saw Duomo, an old Church made over by Giulio Romano. Saw Santa Barbara and the Gonzaga Palace and Mantegna's frescoes, and remarked the difference between Cavenaghi's restorations and the others.

After lunch saw 2 Buonsignoris in the Accademia Vergili(an)a, and saw the Palazzo del Te, built and decorated by Giulio Romano.

Took 2 o'clock train back, and [123] went to Gallery, where we worked till 6.

Bernhard⁶² wrote about Giulio Romano in the evening.

Thursday, September 17, 1891, Verona

Went to S. Eufemia, the Bishop's Palace and S. Bernardino to take notes in the morning.

A letter from Gertrude⁶³ decided me to go to Florence next week.⁶⁴

Finished notes of San Fermo and Museo in the afternoon.

Wrote to "Michael Field".

Quarrelled.

⁶² The name 'Bernhard' appears here for the first time in the diary.

⁶³ Gertrude Hitz Burton.

⁶⁴ Mary was in Florence, Sept. 23-26.



[Venice]

Friday, September 18, 1891, Hotel Città di Monaco,⁶⁵ Venice

Spent the morning in San Paolo, San Nazzaro e Celso and San Tomaso and climbed up by the ladder to the platform constructed for repairs before the Pisanello [0124] fresco in Sant'Anastasia. We spent all our time there, face to face with it, till it was time for the 4.20 train to Venice.

Read *Isabella*⁶⁶ and *Charles V*,⁶⁷ German in the train.

Arrived in Venice — !! — sunset — moonrise time.

Walked in the Piazza and had a gondola ride after dinner.

Saturday, September 19, 1891, Monaco, Venice

Went to St Mark's, San Zaccharia (Bellini), Santa Maria Formosa (Palma), San Giovanni e Paolo (Lombardi) before luncheon.

After went to Layard's⁶⁸ and took notes for 2 1/2 hours.

Revised Correggio article in evening.

[125] Sunday, September 20, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went to Layard's 8.30 and finished our Catalogue at 11 and went for an hour to the Doge's palace.

After luncheon tried in vain to see various churches, all of which were closed or too dark, but we had several steam-boat rides on the Grand Canal.

Wrote Correggio after dinner.

Monday, September 21, 1891, Venice

Went to the Salute and took notes and to the Seminario in the morning.

To the Accademia in the afternoon and towards evening hung about the Doge's palace examining the capitols and sculptures, etc.

Discussed Jesuitism and Oxford.

Tuesday, September 22, 1891, Venice

San Polo and the Frari in morning.

Scuola and Chiesa di San Rocco in afternoon.

Went to the Lido where I had a swim.

Correggio in evening.

[no entries during her visit to Gertrude Burton
in Florence, Sept. 23-26, 1891]

⁶⁵ Now Monaco & Grand Canal

⁶⁶ William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859), *History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic* (New York, 1837). **Biblioteca Berenson DP162 .P8 1841**

⁶⁷ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**

⁶⁸ Palazzo Cappello Layard was purchased, between 1874 and 1878, by the archeologist, diplomat and politician Austen Henry Layard. Layard, who had shipped his great collection of Italian Renaissance paintings to Venice in 1875, died in 1894.



[126] Sunday, September 27, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

I arrived from Florence at 11.30 last night.

This morning we met Costa and went to the Correr.

After lunch B. and I went to the Giovanelli palace and saw the pictures. Then I went to sleep while B. and Costa went to the Lido and took a long walk, discussing pictures – among other matters, the influence of Dürer upon Lotto.

B. and I talked much all day about Gertrude Burton with whom I stayed in Florence.

Monday, September 28, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went to S. Maria Mater Domini (Catena, Tintoretto), St. Casiano (Tintoretto), S. Giovanni Elemosinario (Pordenone, Titian) in the morning.

After luncheon joined Costa at the Accademia, and when that closed went to Murano and saw the cathedral and another church there, and came back at sunset.

The picture I enjoyed the most was the one Titian painted when he was 99. It was not quite finished by him, but there is enough left. The Tintoretto's, too, were very enjoyable.

B. began to read Ruskin. It puts [127] him in a rage. Indeed it is quite impossible to see why he is said to have a good style.

Tuesday, September 29, 1891, Venice

Met Costa at the Salute at 9. Then to the Redentore. Canon Farrar⁶⁹ was at the Salute reading there to an admiring group.

After that we went to San Sebastiano and then to the Carmine.

In the afternoon we met Costa again at the Scuola di San Rocco and spent several hours there enraging ourselves over Ruskin's astonishing criticisms. Then to the Church of San Rocco, and then we had a beautiful hour at sunset in the Giudecca.

Wednesday, September 30, 1891, Venice

Met Costa at San Giorgio in Bragora and then went to San Francesco della Vigna, San Antonio and San Giovanni e Polo.

Immediately after lunch we started in a [128] gondola with Costa and his brother to Torcello, which was enchanting, and to Burano, where we had great fun with the children. The boatmen lost the way coming home so that we were rather late.

Thursday, October 1, 1891, Hotel Murano,⁷⁰ Venice

I was tired, and unhappy.

⁶⁹ Frederic William Farrar (1831-1903) was an Anglican cleric, schoolteacher and author.

⁷⁰ a mistake for Monaco?



B. went alone to the Correr, with Costa.

In the afternoon I had a swim in the Lagoon and we went to S. Giorgio Maggiore. What magnificent architecture! And Ruskin says it “is not worth a moment’s notice”!

We read Villiers de l’Isle Adam, *Nouveaux Contes Cruels*⁷¹ and *La Révolte*, also a *Russian Priest* by Potapenko.⁷²

B. went to the Piazza and met Costa who had an article by Claude Philipps on Morelli, good in manner but poor in matter.

X X X

[three large X’s set in rectangles at the bottom of the page:
marking the end of a section?]

[129] Friday, October 2, 1891, Venice

Met Costa in S. Giuliano, then went to San Salvador[e] (where they had a quarrel with the priest!), San Bartolomeo Rialto, S. Giovanni Crisostomo, and S. Lio.

In the afternoon we met in the Ducal Palace and then to San Giorgio Maggiore and to S. Pietro in Castello and came home in a gondola by the Lido.

In the evening we began our INDEX!!

Saturday, October 3, 1891, Venice

Met Costa <at> Santa Maria Formosa, went to San Felice and Santa Maria in Orto. After lunch, to the Academy and then to look at a reported Lotto and a horrible private collection.

It was dark and rainy and we had tea at Florian’s.

Then B and I worked at an Index for two hours, and then wrote to our mothers.

[130] Sunday, October 4, 1891, Venice

Met Costa at the Doge’s palace and studied the Tintoretos and Bassanos and the false Paul Veroneses.

In the afternoon we finished our great “Repertorio di Quadri Italiani” and read Villiers de Lisle Adam, and took a walk in the Public Garden, discussing education.

⁷¹ Auguste, comte de Villiers de l’Isle-Adam (1838-1889), *Nouveaux Contes cruels* (Paris, 1888).

La Révolte (Paris, 1870).

⁷² Ignati Potapenko (1846-1929), *A Russian Priest*, trans. W. Gaussen, fourth ed. (London, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House PG3470.P63 N213 1892**



Monday, October 5, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went to Santa Maria della Pietà, S. Francesco della Vigna, and San Matteo in the morning. Felt tired and went out to the Lido and had a good walk. I had a swim *au naturel*. The sea and sky were perfect.

Read *Axël* by Villiers de l'Isle Adam⁷³ and Richepin's *Morts Bizarres*⁷⁴ and Venturi's⁷⁵ paper on the School of Modena.

[0131] Tuesday, October 6, 1891, Venice

Went to S. Moisè, Santa Maria Zobenigo, S. Stefano, S. Vitale, Gesuati, S. Trovaso, S. Sebastiano.

In the afternoon to St. Mark's and then out to the Lido where I had a swim.

Wednesday, October 7, 1891, Venice

Spent the morning at the Accademia, and the afternoon in S. Zaccharia and Giovanni e Paolo.

Went to the Piazza in the evening and heard the band play *Carmen*.

Thursday, October 8, 1891, Venice

Met Costa at S. Pantaleone and after studying the Antonio di Murano there went in to the Carmine. There in the absence of the sacristan, I cleaned the lower part of the Lotto from the dust and [0132: an X in blue crayon in upper left corner] cobweb and candle-grease of ages. The sacristan appeared enraged when he caught me. He said the picture belonged to the Academy and no one was allowed to touch it. Presently, to my intense surprise, he invited us to come tomorrow and wash it, saying he would supply the water and sponge and ladder.

We went on to S. Barnabà and S. Trovaso and then came back to lunch.

After lunch we went to S. Giovanni e Paolo, taking the Buonsignori photographs, and we were all convinced that the altar-piece there is by him.

Then we went to San Marco and saw the organ shutters by Gentile Bellini in the work-shop and the bronze doors, and then had tea at [0133] Florian's. It was raining so we came back and worked at our Repertorio.

Friday, October 9, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Academy with Costa in the morning.

[marked in blue crayon in the left margin] In the afternoon cleaned the Lotto in the Carmine with water and turpentine and knives. It turned out to

⁷³ Villiers de l'Isle Adam (1838-1889, *Axël* (?). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2476.V4 A9 [. Shelved as SAL.V.5.]**

⁷⁴ Jean Richepin, *Les morts Bizarres* (Paris, 1876).

⁷⁵ ? an article by Venturi?

Perhaps Adolfo Venturi (1856-1941), *Il Culto dell'Arte a Modena* (Modena, Vincenzi e Nipoti, 1885). **Biblioteca Berenson N6921.M6 V47 1885**



be very beautiful, especially the landscape, one of Lotto's finest. Costa also gave the Carpaccio a washing.

Then we floated about in a gondola.

Saturday, October 10, 1891, Venice

A photo of Ray came in the morning.

We went to San Spirito and the Gesuati and then 2 hours at the Academy. Then to the Scalzi and San Giobbe where we enjoyed the Savoldo.

In the afternoon we went to the Lido where I had a delicious swim.

[133a] Sunday, October 11, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went to S. Marcuola, and S. Marziale, and then to the Correr. There we met M^{lle} Miranda and the Costas, who were charming, but who interfered with our work.

Went with them to the Palazzo Reale in the afternoon, and then with Costa to the Querini Stampalia.

Afterwards we took our gondolier (58) and rowed about in the sunset.

In the evening B. went to call on M^{lle} Jackowska and M^{lle} Mercier.

Read *Contes Cruels* and Symonds and Howells on Venice. They are almost worse than nothing. One gets very tired of Howells' American drollery and "stuffing", for his book has no real matter. Symonds [133b] is not drool, but he is sentimental, which is worse.

Monday, October 12, 1891, Venice

Met Costa and went over the Royal Palace, where we found, among other things, 2 glorious Tintoretos, and one of Titian's loveliest things, a decorative ceiling painting in the Libreria, painted when he was 93.

Then we went to S. Giorgio Maggiore and Santa Maria delle Zitelle.

I was tired after lunch and rested. Then went to see Pordenone's frescoes in the cloister of S. Stefano, done by him in rivalry with Titian, so Howells says, when they were both in love with Palma's lovely daughter Violante!!

Read Gray⁷⁶ aloud, and then B. went to call on M^{lle} Jackowska.

Finished *Contes Cruels*, like them less than others.

[134] Tuesday, October 13, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went in the morning with Costa to the Correr, and took the Bellini photographs to compare.

After luncheon went to the American Consul's and got my permit to go to the Galleries. It was pouring.

We went to Florian's where B. read Gebhardt's article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* called "L'état d'une âme à l'an 1000."

Read Shakespere [*sic*] in evening and finished notes.

⁷⁶ ? Thomas Gray (1716-1771).



Began *L'Ève future*.⁷⁷ B. finished *Dans l'Inde* by Chevrillon.⁷⁸

Wednesday, October 14, 1891, Venice

Academy in the morning, met Costa.

Ducal Palace after luncheon and then went on the lagoons with Costa and discussed English poetry and Tolstoi.

Finished *L'Ève future*, to be compared to a Jules Verne.

Began Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice".⁷⁹

[135] Thursday, October 15, 1891, Venice

[in Bernhard's hand:]

Between the Irish and the rest of the population in the U.S. particularly in the Eastern States it is bound to come to a war before fifty years are over.

[in Mary's hand:]

Academy in the morning. In the afternoon went with Costa to the Palazzo Suira, the stair-case of which is decorated with wonderful frescoes by Pietro Longhi, of most delicious genre, Venetian "highlife", in the wigs and powder of the day.

Then we went to the Palazzo Rezzonico (just opposite) and saw the ceiling painted by Tiepolo. It belongs to Browning's son and his wife, and they have furnished it in exquisite taste.

Went out on the Giudecca.

[136] Friday, October 16, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went to S. Giorgio dei [*sic*] Schiavoni and took full notes. The light was splendid between 10 and 12.30, in spite of Ruskin!

Quarrelled dreadfully and B. went alone to the Ducal Palace. Then he came back for me, and we went with Costa to see Sir Henry Layard's pictures again, and then to Guggenheim's, to see the Tura.⁸⁰

Moonlight and gondola in the evening. I recited Matthew Arnold and Renan.

Saturday, October 17, 1891, Venice

Went to San Trovaso and San Sebastiano.

At 2 Costa called for us and we went to Santa Catharina, then to San Michele (Campo Santo) to see a picture Loeser described as a Savoldo, but which turned out to be a bad XVIII century picture.

⁷⁷ Villiers de L'Isle-Adam (1838-1889), *L'Ève future* (Paris: M. de Brunhoff, 1886).

⁷⁸ André Chevrillon (1864-1957), *Dans l'Inde* (?).

⁷⁹ Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant (1828-1897, née Margaret Oliphant Wilson), a Scottish novelist and historical writer, *The Makers of Venice: Doges, conquerors, painters, and men of letters* (London & New York, Macmillan, 1887).

⁸⁰ Cosimo Tura (c. 1430-1495).



Then to San Donato Murano.

I went to call on Miss Bliss⁸¹ and B. to call on Mlle. Jackowska and Mlle. Mercier.

I finished Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Venice*. B. read Horatio Brown's *Venetian Studies*.⁸²

[137] * Sunday, October 18, 1891, Venice

B. took M^{lles} Jackowska and Mercier to the Academy. M^{lle} Mercier told him about a new varnish or rather glaze for pictures which she had invented.

I took Miss Bliss to San Marco, S. Giorgio Maggiore, the Salute and the Academy.

In the afternoon we lounged at Florian's, walked, went up the Campanile and wrote.

In the evening we wrote and I began *Dans l'Inde* by André Chevrillon.⁸³ B. read Horatio Brown.

Monday, October 19, 1891, Venice

Went in the morning to S. Silvestro, S. Giovanni Elemosinario, S. Maria Mater Domini, Giacomo in Orio, S. Simone Profeta, Palazzo Labia and Correr. It rained and we lost an umbrella and B. got wet through.

Doge's Palace in the afternoon. Then we went to see Costa's photos at his hotel.

Finished *Dans l'Inde*.

[138] * Tuesday, October 20, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Went to S. Giuseppe di Castello and the Correr.

Afternoon Doge's Palace with Costa, where we called upon Signor Barozzi and found a Buonsignori hanging in his room. He let us see the Titian fresco of St. Christopher. Then we went to Santa (Maria della) Fava and saw a Tiepolo.

Wrote in the evening.

Read *Venetian Studies* by Horatio Brown.

* Wednesday, October 21, 1891, Venice

Went to St. Faustino, Atheneo Veneto, S. Gallo, S. Salvador[e], S. Giovanni Crisostomo, S. Canciano, S. Maria dei Miracoli, Gesuiti, S. Luca.

After lunch with Costa and his brother to the Giovanelli collection,⁸⁴ then tea in the Piazza where we discussed going to Vacina.⁸⁵

⁸¹ Miss Bliss is a friend of Gertrude Burton, perhaps her maid or companion?

⁸² Horatio Forbes Brown (1854-1926), *Venetian studies* (London, K. Paul, Trench, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DG676 .B88 1887**

⁸³ André Chevrillon (1864-1957).

⁸⁴ Palazzo Giovanelli Foscari.

⁸⁵ An island in the lagoon?



In the evening took Miss Bliss to the Piazza.

[139] Thursday, October 22, 1891, Venice

I was ill, but went for a while to the Academy.

Came home and read *Venetian Studies*.

Rested in the afternoon and wrote. B. called on M^{lle} Jackowska.

* Friday, October 23, 1891, Venice

Went to Ducal Palace in morning, and to the Scuola di S. Rocco in the afternoon.

Then I went to the Frari while B. went with M^{lle} Jackowska to see the paintings of a certain Swiss Baron. He was well bored.

I walked back with Costa along the Giudecca and discussed Sebastiano del Piombo and **the great books B. is to write**.

Wrote and looked at photos in the evening.

Saturday, October 24, 1891, Venice

Finished our notes on the Ducal Palace, and then went to S. Giuliano and then met Costa at S. Giovanni Crisostomo.

Then B. went to S. Simeone to see if the 'Trinity' there was by Catena or Benedetto Diana.⁸⁶ [140] He decided it was Catena, under Botti's repaint!

He met Costa and me at S. Cassiano.

In the afternoon we all went to the Frari.

I read Barbey d'Aurevilly's *Les Diaboliques*.⁸⁷

B. finished Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie*,⁸⁸ *par un homme qui n'a pas de sensorium*.

⁸⁶ Benedetto Rusconi, 'the Diana' (died 1525), a painter, a companion of Vittore Carpaccio and Giovanni di Niccolò Mansueti.

⁸⁷ Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly (1808-1889), *Les Diaboliques* (*The She-Devils*), a collection of short stories by Barbey d'Aurevilly (1874). Each story features a woman who commits an act of violence, or revenge, or some other crime.

⁸⁸ Paul Bourget (1852-1935), *Sensations d'Italie*. (*Toscane--Ombrie--Grande-Grèce*) (Paris, 1891). 'Journal d'un longue excursion faite dans l'automne de 1890 à travers la Toscane, l'Ombrie, Marches, la terre d'Otrante et la Calabre.'



[Padua]

Sunday, October 25, 1891, Hotel Croce d'Oro, Padua

Went to the Academy for a last look in the morning.

Met **the two Costas** and arranged to go to Vienna on the 5th. Last look at St. Mark's.

We came in the 4 o'clock train to Padua and walked a little in the town before dinner and then spent the evening reading guide-books, etc., in preparation for our work here.

[0141] Monday October 26, 1891, Padua

We spent the morning in the Chapel of the Arena,⁸⁹ which is filled with Giotto's frescoes. We were thoroughly surprised by the real beauty of all the compositions, by the delightful straight-forwardness and clearness of his stories and real appropriateness of his allegories. But we were even more struck by the real beauty of the frescoes as *painting* — the wonderful purity of the outlines and the daintiness yet richness of the colouring — and perhaps more than anything else — what is so rare in the old Masters — *the sweep of his brush*. Almost every stroke of this can be traced — and it shows a masterly skill and decision. The *naïveté* is [0142] very winning — and coupled with this is a delicious *gaucherie*, remarkably like that *gaucherie* which we also find in Japanese art. In a curious way his peasants, even to their clothes, and his way of treating landscape and animals, is also Japanese. Giotto as well as the Japanese looked upon a picture as the means of expressing an idea — so they mentally abbreviate the scene — simplify it. From one point of view, of course — the point of view of atmosphere — these pictures are as much bas-reliefs as if they were in marble — and this [0143] very simplicity is a quality which Giotto has in common with the bas-relief. This is simply saying that Giotto had not yet got free from the style of painting which was nothing but the Alexandrine bas-relief in paint. Certain things in these frescoes are types for the whole school — as, for instance, arranging the heads in a line — which is found throughout the whole Tuscan school.

The sleeping soldiers and the resurrection may have been in Mantegna's mind when he painted his Resurrection, and the composition of the Baptism is certainly identical with Bellini's and Cima's.

[0144] Afterwards, we went to the Scuola d(e)i Carmini and after luncheon to the Gallery and the Church of St. Antony, and then took a walk on the walls.

⁸⁹ On Giotto's frescoes in the Arena chapel, see Samuels, p. 148-149.



Letters came from “Michael Field” in the evening, and we annotated the Louvre Catalogue for Logan.⁹⁰

Tuesday, October 27, 1891, Hotel Croce d’Oro, Padua

Went to Duomo and Bishop’s Palace and discovered Montagnana!

Then to Santa Maria in Vanzo, then Sanmichele.

In the afternoon we finished our notes on the Gallery and went to the Scuola del Santo.

[0145] Wednesday, October 28, 1891, Padua

Got up at 4-30 and took the train at 5-30 for Monselice, where we spent the hour we had to wait in exploring the town. It was a great surprise. From the station one only sees the ruined medieval castle, but as one wanders into the town and climbs the hill a little way, a most wonderful view opens out, with the conical peaks of the Euganeans rising opposite, and the plain stretching on endlessly. The effect somehow was very much like that of a South Italian landscape, perhaps due to the volcanic hills. Only palms [146] were necessary to make you believe you were in Sicily or Naples.

Lower down in the town there is a sort of decaying renaissance castle, and from the castle a road winds along the hillside broadening out into terraces and lined on the hillside with baroque chapels, all finally ending in a delicious baroque villa with its own little baroque church. We rarely have had such a complete impression of a past and yet comprehensible phase of human existence.

From Monselice we went on to Montagnara – passing – so reluctantly! – Este on the way.

Montagnana, too, was a happy surprise. Baedeker says well that its completely preserved town walls [0147] are alone worth a visit. At the corners are towers, of which Cima or Carpaccio’s most wild dreams of fortifications are not too wild. But so picturesque, so quaint, so really beautiful, with the circle of lines and the broad grassy moat, with the narrow stream of water with the women washing and the geese and turkeys and donkeys cropping the grass. Then we found Buonconsiglio in his glory!

After Montagnana we went to Rovigo, but I draw a veil, for the gallery there was a fraud., the town was not pretty.

Our train did not start till after 8, and we were [0148] both poisoned by something we ate, copper-poisoned, I think.

⁹⁰ Georges Lafenestre (1837-1919) et Eugène Richtenberger, *Le Musée National du Louvre* (Paris: Librairies Imprimeries Réunies, 1893?) **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections ND450 .L34 S** [Contains annotations by Bernard Berenson.]



Thursday October 29, 1891, Croce d'Oro, Padova

Went to Santa Giustina in the morning and climbed up close to where we could see the Paolo, such a marvelous thing. We were both sick and dizzy from our poisoning, but we kept on and "did" the Scuola del Santo and the Church of S. Antonio.⁹¹

After lunch we went to the Capello [sic] di San Giorgio and enjoyed the wonderful Altichieris, in spite of the bitter, piercing cold, which suddenly took the place of the [0149] fine, mild weather.

The last part of the afternoon we spent in the Eremitani before the Mantegna frescoes.

B. was awfully sick in the night.

Friday, October 30, 1891, Padua

We spent the day at Vicenza, but did not have time to enjoy Palladio very much, because there were so many pictures to be seen. It was a day to be remembered by me, because I first became aware of Mantegna as a really great painter. There was also a fine Buonconsiglio [0150]

We were not able to see the Loschi Giorgione, unfortunately, nor to get to Monte Berico. It left me with a longing to go back, and to make acquaintance with the stately palaces. The finest building of all seemed to be the one in which the pictures are collected.

Saturday, October 31, 1891, Hotel della Spada, Castelfranco

An early train took us to Bassano (del Grappa), where we spent the morning imbibing Bassanesque views [0151] outside and the Bassanis painting in the churches and gallery. There is very little in the churches, but the gallery is delightful. No gallery is better lighted, or with a nicer custode, and in the long room there is scarcely anything that is rubbish. Jacopo Bassano has nearly 20 pictures there, many of them among his very, very best. We saw Ruskin's and Browning's signatures in the visitors' book.

But the astonishing thing was the look of the town [0152] and the people. It was market day, and the "usual" Bassano was being enacted at every corner, cows and oxen, and copper pots and pans, and carts, and vegetables, and brightly dressed men and women bending over. It is really impossible to understand the Bassani⁹² without coming here, especially Jacopo.

Later we came to Castelfranco, and got just a glimpse of Giorgione's Madonna before sunset. What a sunset – glowing long and long, like an American sunset, as we walked round the walls of the tiny town.

⁹¹ This entry marked in blue crayon in the left margin: by Mary for her Life of BB? Or perhaps by Samuels?

⁹² Francesco da Ponte (c. 1475-1530), his son Jacopo Bassano (1510-1592) and his sons, Francesco Bassano (1549-1592) and Leandro Bassano (1557-1622)



[0153] Sunday, All Souls' Day, 1891,
Albergo della Spada, Castelfranco

What happiness to wake up in such a place! For once the early church bells were enchanting – and we got up early and saw the gleam of dawn strike on the distant campanile – almost as graceful as St. Mark's, and on the square tower with the baroque cupola, which “defying all laws of propriety” makes its chief beauty, on the blue green moat around the old wall, reflecting the towns, and on the statue of the young Giorgione himself who stands on a little island in the moat, his pencil and book always in his hand, a gay young cavalier, in fashionable clothes. If the statue were as beautiful as its surroundings, it would leave nothing to be desired. Even as it is, the poetry [0154] that Giorgione casts over everything, near and far, that in any way touches him, has not left his statue bare of charm. The place itself is even more ‘Giorgionesque’ than Bassano is ‘Bassanesque’. Everywhere beautiful peasants, with something of the charm of his faces, the simple square towers he loved to paint, the wide stretches of sky and tender trees against it. Brought up in such a simple, beautiful town, his eye was trained to love simple lines of architecture, and what a blessing for the whole train of his followers.

Later we spent an hour and a half with [0155] the Madonna, on a ladder, with a good light. How I enjoyed it! Unromantic as it sounds, I enjoyed her red robe falling across her lap, and her green tunic, the most of everything in the picture! They are not repainted at all, and how beautiful the lines of the drapery are, like the clear, nervous lines of sensitive orchid petals.

Then we went to Treviso and spent most of the afternoon in front of the Savoldo alter-piece in San Niccolo. We also got a glimpse of the Titian and Pordenone in the Duomo.

I was ill from the Rovigo poisoning, but I enjoyed myself.

[0156] Monday, November 2, 1891, Stella d'Oro, Treviso

I was so ill that we decided to drive, and we went out to S. Cristina and saw the interesting Lotto there. Then we saw the false Giorgione in the Monte di Pietà, and after luncheon we went to Motta di Livenza. We saw a beautiful, most uniquely quiet little spot, with a delightful Church out of the town, approached by an avenue beside a stream. The picture there is a puzzle – is it Savoldo or Pordenone??⁹³

Then we saw the Scarpa Gallery, and enjoyed some of the pictures immensely.

We had dinner in the kitchen of a little inn, with the MOST BEAUTIFUL Giorgionesque hostess!!!! [0157] The settee running all round the deep fire-place, and the country yokels who came in and sat there in the shadow of

⁹³ In the left margin, written in blue ink: ‘Beccarrizzil!’



the chimney with the firelight on their faces made an indescribably enjoyable 'genre' picture.

Tuesday, November 3, 1891, Italia, Udine

In the morning we saw several churches and finished the notes on the cathedral.

Then we came to Pordenone and saw his pictures⁹⁴ in the Duomo and the town hall, and then came here.

Wednesday, November 4, 1891, Udine

Visited the pictures. What a charming town, an inland, small copy of Venice, the town hall ever prettier than the Doge's Palace. At sunset we climbed to the castle in the site of Attila's stronghold, and saw the [0158] circle of mountains and the sunny plain. How beautiful it was!!

Bernhard thought of nothing all day but Giovanni, Martini, and Girolamo da Udine, and which, if any (or all) was or were Pellegrino di San Daniele.⁹⁵ The problem remains unanswered!!

⁹⁴ Il Pordenone, Giovanni Antonio de' Sacchis (1481-1539)

⁹⁵ Martino da Udine, 'Pellegrino da San Daniele' (c. 1467-1547).



[Vienna]

Thursday, November 5, 1891, Hotel Tegetthof, Vienna

We met the Costas on the train at 7.50 and came on to Vienna, reaching it at 9.30. The carriages were comfortable and the scenery marvellous, and we enjoyed ourselves very much.

We read Villiers de l'Isle Adam's *Nouveau Monde*⁹⁶ and Flaubert's *Trois Contes*.⁹⁷

Giovanni had sweets, which served to beguile the journey.

[0159] * Friday, November 6, 1891,

Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna

We found nice rooms here taken for us all.

Then we went to the Museum — !

x x x x x x x x

“Faster, faster
O Circe goddess,
Let the wild thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms
Sweep through my soul.”

x x x x x x x x

I had a nice long talk with Janet Morison in the afternoon.

Saturday, November 7, 1891, Vienna

At home with a dreadful cold. B. and Costa went to call on Wyckhoff.⁹⁸
[sic]

Sunday, November 8, 1891, Vienna

Cold worse. Could not use eyes.

Janet to call.

[0160] Monday, November 9, 1891,

Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna

Cold impossible, but it had to be endured.

Costa and B. studied Titian at the Gallery.

Janet came to tea and stayed for a little talk, in which Berenson compared the Jesuits' way of roc(o)cofying the different architectures, so that they all came out alike, to their way of treating human characters. Janet appeared horrified at the idea of frankly enjoying people like pictures.

⁹⁶ Villiers de l'Isle Adam, *Le nouveau monde* (Paris, 1880).

⁹⁷ Gustave Flaubert (1821-1888), *Trois Contes* (Paris, 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2246 .T76 1882 [Shelved as SAL.V.3.]**

⁹⁸ Franz Wickhoff.



Tuesday, November 10, 1891, Vienna

We went to the Lichtenstein. I enjoyed most the Franz Hals, and the Verocchio and also the Savoldo.

But it was very cold and I felt ill. I started to go home alone, but lost my way and had to come back, and was, I am sorry to say, horribly cross. It made me unhappy.

Tea with Janet.

Wickhoff called.

Read Goncourt's *Journal*.⁹⁹

[0161] Wednesday, November 11, 1891, Vienna

Went to the Museum in the morning, 10-1.15, and rested in the afternoon till Janet came to tea, when we looked at Giorgione, Titian and Palma photographs.

Did not feel well and had horrible dreams.

Read *Macbeth*.

Thursday, November 12, 1891, Pensione Lejeune, Vienna

We went first to the Czernin gallery, and enjoyed the Ver Meer van Delft. What a wonderful picture!¹⁰⁰

Then we went to the Albertina, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. Mr. Pennell¹⁰¹ had narrowly escaped transportation to Siberia, and his hair was all turned white.

We looked at the Venetian drawings, but found very little.

In the evening we went to hear *Manon*.

[0162] Friday, November 13, 1891, Pensione Lejeune, Vienna

Gallery. Called on Herr Hofrath von Enghert, Director.

Saturday, November 14, 1891, Vienna

Got in by myself and spent hours alone in the Gallery, and enjoyed myself beyond words. "Bleib – du bist so schön!!!"¹⁰²

Tea with Janet.

Sunday, November 15, 1891, Vienna

Finished notes at Academy.

Went to Richter¹⁰³ concert.

⁹⁹ *Journal des Goncourt*.

¹⁰⁰ Johannes Vermeer, *The Art of Painting*, c. 1666, now in the Kunsthistorisches Museum.

¹⁰¹ Joseph Pennell (1857-1926)?

¹⁰² "Verweile doch, *du bist so schön*" – "Stay a while, you are so beautiful". This quotation from Goethe's *Faust* is perhaps the most famous quotation in all German literature and was frequently recited by Bernhard and Mary.

¹⁰³ Hans Richter (1843-1916).



[concert programme pasted down]

Went to drive with Giovanni Costa in the Prater.
Janet to tea.

[0163] x Monday, November 16, 1891, Vienna
Gallery. Walked together afternoon.
Finished Goncourt's *Journal*.
B. reading Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "Titian".

Tuesday, November 17, 1891, Vienna
Special entrance to gallery. Herr Prof. Wickhoff joined us and took up much valuable time.
Began (both) *La femme <an> [de] XVIII siècle* (Goncourt).¹⁰⁴
Began article.

Wednesday, November 18, 1891, Vienna
Gallery. Showed Janet and Mrs. Jäger the pictures.
Wrote article.

Thursday, November 19, 1891, Vienna
Finished and posted article on gallery for *Pall Mall Gazette*.
Went to the gallery from 1-4.
Read a French translation (excellent) of *Hedda Gabler* (Ibsen)¹⁰⁵ in the evening.
Quarrelled.

x Friday, November 20, 1891, Vienna
Great unhappiness at the prospect of going back to London
———!
Gallery in the morning. Saw the Greek bronze(s). Showed pictures to Miss Cooke.
Walked in the afternoon.
Thought of doing work for the Home Reading Room.

Saturday, November 21, 1891, Vienna
We spent the morning at the Albertina looking at the drawing of the "Roman School", but discovered, among the [0164] hundred or more so-called Michelangelos and other great names, very, very little worth looking at, perhaps one of the "school" of Andrea del Sarto and some Baccio Bandinellis.

¹⁰⁴ Edmond de Goncourt (1822-1896), *La femme au dix-huitième siècle*, nouv. éd. (Paris, G. Charpentier, 1878). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC133.8 .G66 1878 [Shelved as SAL.III.5.]**

¹⁰⁵ Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), *Hedda Gabler*, trad. M. Prozor (Paris: Albert Savine, 1892).



In the afternoon we walked, and Janet came to tea.
Finished *La Femme au XVIII siècle*.

Sunday, November 22, 1891,

Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna

I went to the gallery alone while the other(s) went to the Academy.

Met Napier Myles¹⁰⁶ in the crowd coming out.

Read A.L. Burd's *Machiavelli*¹⁰⁷ to B. who had a headache. Lord Acton's

Introduction was interesting.

Read Richopin's *Cauchemars*¹⁰⁸ and *Les Soeurs Hédouin*,¹⁰⁹ which is really very good, by Mélandri.

x Monday, November 23, 1891, Vienna

Went to the gallery. Napier Myles was there, and a deadly mixture of vanity and [0165] philanthropy made me waste two valuable hours upon him. He was *très embêtant*, and cast a dreadful gloom over me. His state of mind – that of a man “trained” at Oxford in literary traditions puffed out with arrogance, catching the trail of a new science and contending with it, and thinking that of course, as an *Oxford* man, he must understand it! – was amusing; but a little goes a long way! He was particularly anxious to be assured that Morelli really was the latest thing, and that he was “recognized” – but a Fiji islander would have found it as easy to understand what Morelli was [0165 bis] about. It made me sad.

Miss Cooke and Mrs. Clarke, whom I took around the gallery on Sunday, were very much struck by the likeness of the youngest man in Giorgione's *Three Astrologers* to Bernhard, and also by certain nuances of likeness in the *St. Sebastian* attributed to Correggio. It is very curious. Giorgione's *Shepherd* at Hampton Court looked so like him, and the young man in the *Three Ages*, and the Portrait by Botticelli in the Louvre. Miss Cooke's “favourites” are the *St. Sebastian* and “das grosse Eccehomobild” by Titian. Mrs. Clarke liked Correggio's *Ganymede* best.

I took tea with Janet. She is in a curious state of mind. She is naturally an intellectual but she has tried too much to squeeze [0165 ter] herself into a moral mould, and the result is a painful contortion, and she doesn't know where she is. She is shocking by dependence. She wants some one to tell her what to think, but when they tell her, she grows stiff and angry if the thoughts don't fit into her perfectly narrow and impossible moral mould. So she is unhappy and undecided, enjoying nothing, useless, except as her

¹⁰⁶ Napier Myles?

¹⁰⁷ Lawrence Arthur Burd, *Il Principe by Niccolò Machiavelli*, intro. Lord Acton (Oxford, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson JC143 .M2 1891**

¹⁰⁸ Jean Richopin (1849-1926), *Cauchemars* (Paris, 1892).

¹⁰⁹ Achille Melandri, *Les soeurs Hédouin* (Paris, 1888).



husband's "helpmeet". Her sister who is here is in love with a man younger than herself, and Janet was in a rage over it. She thought it so "low" and "degrading" and utterly incomprehensible, not "ideal" in it.

Women, women? Why shouldn't a woman love a man younger than herself? Janet's remark was so characteristic. "I can easily imagine falling in love with a man 50 years old. He would represent all my ideals." "Falling in love with your head", I replied, and it made her angry, I fear.

In the evening we read Ibsen's *Fest auf Solhaug*.¹¹⁰

[0166] Tuesday, November 24, 1891, Pension Lejeune, Vienna

Went to the Albertina in the morning and while B. and Costa took notes on the Italian pictures exposed, I looked at the Dürers.

In the afternoon we walked, and in the evening went to the Burgtheater to see Ibsen's *Fest auf Solhaug*. It is one of the most charmingly poetic things I ever read, all the way through like a single simple but kinder ballad. It was acted as only Germans can act tragedy! ———!! B. said he used to blame the German actors, but now he sees it is the German public who heave atrociously bad taste, and he goes as to a Chinese theatre for a study of local taste, not for enjoyment of art. I believe they excel in comedy, and indeed the only part in this play well done was the semi-buffoon of a husband.

[0167] x Wednesday, November 25, 1891, Vienna

Went to the gallery in the morning and called on two of the directors. Herr Frümel was a pleasant little man, embarrassing in his shyness, but very kind and helpful. He spoke excellent literary French, rather slowly, as if he were turning over the leaves of the dictionary in his head.

We saw an unexposed picture, a large *Adoration of the Magi*, by Jacopo and his son Francesco Bassano.

In the evening we quarrelled because B. wouldn't write,¹¹¹ but finally we began an article on the galleries in the smaller towns near Vienna.

Thursday, November 26, 1891, Vienna

Called again on Herr Frümel and saw some of the lower rooms. A beautiful small relief by Moderna pleased me more than can be expressed.

After a "Thanksgiving Turkey" B. and I went again to the Gallery.

In the evening, after Janet had been to tea, we wrote about the Venetian pictures in the Gallery.¹¹²

¹¹⁰ Henrik Ibsen, *Das Fest auf Solhaug* (1888).

¹¹¹ Marked in the left margin with blue crayon.

¹¹² Marked in the left margin with blue crayon.



[0168] x Friday, November 27, 1891, Pension Lejeune, Vienna

We went to the Gallery in the morning and saw the Dürers and the Holbeins first, and then went on to the Italians.

What a curious trait of *intellectual dependence* – or rather intellectual adrift-ness, one keeps coming across in English people! They seem so uneducated, so little alive, so clinging to the one intellectual straw they have got hold of, that when you upset their hobby, or take away their straw, they cry out, as if they are drowning. “O what shall I do? What can I catch hold of?” They often leave Oxford as helpless, intellectually, as children, if they are honest people. Of course a great many get so well “trained” there that the last intellectual word is said for them, and they become successful lawyers, [0169] successful politicians, successful Bishops even.

But the American boy’s tutor, who has come to this pension, is an honest boy, who has taken on none of the Oxford arrogance, and who has not been successfully trained to think himself as an Oxford man equal to anything. He has left Oxford positively, with the intellectual outfit of an infant. He looks upon all “great men” (Englishmen) as a little child looks upon its grown up relations. I remember well the battles I used to have with my little cousins, each one of us contending that my mother, and my way of being brought up was the best in the world. So he left Oxford thinking that Dr Fairbairn, the principal of Mansfield College,¹¹³ was the greatest man in the world, Robert Browning the one poet and Henry Jones (author of “The philosophical [0170] system of Robert Browning”)¹¹⁴ his prophet, and metaphysics the only proper study of Man. He was just girding up his loins to read Kant, in order to get a “basis for religion” and an “explanation of the Moral Law.” (Well! well, do I know the “school” to which this painting belongs!!) I told him that Metaphysics was the last resort for ennui or for prejudice. He gasped, and turned wondering eyes upon me, and when, at some little length I explained my meaning, he said – oh *how* helplessly, how absurdly English !! — “Yes, you are right, but please tell me what I *am* to study.” Imagine Costa (who is just his age), or anybody who is *alive*, asking such a question! It frightened [0171] me so, for he looked so limp and eager for advice, that I only said, “Whatever you would really enjoy. Metaphysics, if you think you would like it”, and fled.

[a newspaper clipping is pasted down,
containing extracts from E. de Goncourt]

E. de Goncourt

¹¹³ Dr Andrew Martin Fairbairn (1838-1912) was a Scottish theological scholar (Congregational), who became the first principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

¹¹⁴ Henry Jones (1852-1922), *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher* (1891).



[0172] Saturday, November 28, 1891, Vienna

We went to the Albertina in the morning and finished our notes.
Afterwards we wrote about the gallery, and went to Löwy's.
In the evening we wrote and read.

Sunday, November 29, 1891, Vienna

We went first to the Lichtenstein, but it was closed, so we went again to the Academy.

At 12.30 we went to the Richter concert, whose programme is below. The clavier-concert was perfect enchanting, like a picture of Watteau, just the same spirit.

In the afternoon Herr Wick(h)off and Mrs. Morison called, and we wrote in the evening.

Two traits have developed themselves today *chez les Américains*. They went out this afternoon to visit the Cemetery, a thing Americans never miss!

The other [0173] national note is the way they treat their tutor. Having hired him, they use him *tout à fait comme leur courrier*. Tonight he had to leave his supper and take the *maid* to the train for Paris. And he is an Oxford man, far more of a gentleman in every way than anyone they are likely to know in America. **They are true barbarians from the point of view of culture.** He must be horrified a hundred times a day!

[0174] Monday, November 30, 1891, Vienna

Our last look at the Gallery. I am afraid we spent part of the day foolishly quarrelling!

At 8-30 I started for London. The next day B. went to Venice, then to Bergamo, then to Milan.

x x x x x x

[letter from Mary in London, dated Dec. 5, 1891 to BB in Bergamo;
Mary in London until Dec. 12]



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[FLORENCE]

[Mary arrives in Florence from London
with her daughters, Ray (Ray Strachey, 1887-1940)
and Karin (Karin Stephen, 1889-1953), and her maid Emma;
her mother arrives on Dec. 29 and leaves on Feb. 6)

Sunday, December 13, 1891,
16 viale Principe Amadeo, [sic] Florence
We met again at 12.40 at night.

Monday, December 14, 1891, Florence
Unpacked. Called on Gertrude Burton, who is very ill.
First glimpse of Uffizi and Pitti. Bliss.
Catalogue in evening.

Tuesday, December 15, 1891, Florence
Santa Croce and shopping and a glimpse of the Pazzi Chapel in the
morning.
Met Costa in the afternoon. Gertrude's children and mine met.

[0175] * Wednesday, December 16 1891, Florence
Uffizi in the morning. Gertrude worse. Discussed metaphysics.
Began Burckhardt, *La Civilisation en Italie au temps de la Renaissance*.¹¹⁵

* Thursday, December 17 1891, Florence
Studied the Venetians in the Pitti and Uffizi.
Italian lessons.
Catalogue.

Friday, December 18, 1891, Florence
Breakfast together.
Went to the Ognissanti, Santa Maria Novella and S. Lorenzo.
After lunch I wrote letters for Gertrude and the(n) took tea with B. and
Costa.

B. had been at Alinari's and calling on Miss Britten.¹¹⁶

In the evening we read Ruskin's *Ariadne Fiorentina*, a book about
engravings of Botticelli's, chiefly done by tenth rate imitators of the people
Ruskin detests most on earth – the Polaignoli!!¹¹⁷ [sic] He speaks of the
Primavera and the *Venus* as tondos! and mixes up Mantegna and Castagno!

¹¹⁵ Not in the Bibl. Berenson. From Vieusseux?

¹¹⁶ In his letters to Mary Bernhard spells her name 'Britton'. A Mr. Britten is
mentioned by Mary in her 1888-1889 *Confessions*.

¹¹⁷ A mistake for Antonio del Pollaiuolo (†1498)?



[0176] Saturday, December 19, 1891,

16 viale Principe Amedeo,¹¹⁸ Florence

Read Maurice Barrè's *Sous l'oeil des Barbares*,¹¹⁹ a weakened, very much weakened Pater, an awful bore.

Met Costa at the Uffizi and decided upon the chronology of the Titians in the two galleries.

Had a bad headache, but **went to Fiesole in the electric tram**,¹²⁰ walking down part way.

Costa came to spend the evening, and we talked pictures.

* Sunday, December 20, 1891, Florence

Went in the morning to S. Marco and the Academy.

In the afternoon I went to talk with Gertrude, while B. read Voigt.

Read the *Journal des Goncourts* in the *Echo de Paris*¹²¹ as lent by Costa.

Monday, December 21, 1891, Florence

Uffizi in the morning and notes on the Venetian pictures.

Looked at the drawings. Costa came but did not stay long.

Walked.

Read Mill's "Subjection [0177] of Women"¹²² and enjoyed it keenly.

* Tuesday, December 22, 1891, Florence

Went to S. Spirito and the Carmini¹²³ [*sic*] and walked out towards San Miniato in the morning.

Called on Gertrude.

Called on Costa's aunt, M^{lle} Miranda, and enjoyed their cordiality surprisingly. I felt rather foolish in going, for I have nothing in common with her.

Costa came back with me and paid a call.

¹¹⁸ Mary and Bernhard consistently put the *numero civico* before instead of after the street name, in the American manner.

¹¹⁹ They read an earlier edition: Maurice Barrè (1862-1923), *Sous l'oeil des Barbares* (Paris: Émile-Paul, 1911). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2603.A52 S6 1911 [Shelved as SAL.IX.2.]**

¹²⁰ Perhaps Mary's first visit to Fiesole?

¹²¹ *L'Écho de Paris* was a daily newspaper in Paris from 1884 to 1944.

¹²² John Stuart Mill, 'Subjection of Women' (1869).

¹²³ Santa Maria del Carmine.



B. finished Voigt¹²⁴ and began Ferrari.¹²⁵

At 7 went to Arezzo

* Wednesday, December 23, 1891, Albergo Victoria, Arezzo

Went to S. Maria del Pieve, the Duomo and the Pinacothek in the morning, and S. Francesco (Pier dei Franceschi frescoes) in the afternoon and a little walk to see the porch of S. Maria delle Grazie by Benedetto da Maiano. The architecture was just like Buonconsiglio's, and *wonderfully* beautiful. The view of Arezzo through the arches was charming. This was a great pleasure, and it was a pleasure, too, [0178] to see the charming little Monte di Pietà in the principal Piazza with its balcony at the top with a fence of vase ornaments.

In the evening I read Layard¹²⁶ and Guy de Maupassant's *Yvette*¹²⁷ and other stories, and B. read Burckhardt¹²⁸ upon Giotto and his followers. He found it excellent.

Delicious night sleep.

* Thursday, December 24, 1891, Florence

We went again to the Duomo and several other Churches, especially to see Bart(olomeo) della Gatta.¹²⁹ Took the train at 1 back. It was pretty cold in Arezzo, but we enjoyed ourselves.

Called on Gertrude.

¹²⁴ Bernhard had mentioned reading Voigt in the love letter to Mary which can be dated Dec. 8, 1891, when she was in London and he in Milan: 'I am reading away at Voigt's *Revival of Learning*. It is more and more fascinating, so that I always look forward to getting back to it, and thus keep my evenings free from ennui, thou dear love.'

Georg Voigt, *Die Wiederbelebung des classischen Alterthums, oder das erste Jahrhundert des Humanismus*, was published in 1859. **Biblioteca Berenson PN734.V5 1893**

¹²⁵ Giuseppe Ferrari (1811-1876), *Histoire des révolutions d'Italie* (1858). **Biblioteca Berenson DG482 .F47 1858**

¹²⁶ Austen Henry Layard (1817-1894), *Handbook of painting: the Italian schools, based on the Handbook of Kugler* (London: J. Murray, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson ND611 .K89 1887** Purchased upon Bernhard's arrival in Paris in July 1887, as noted on the title page of volume 2: 'Bernhard Berenson, Paris, July '87'

¹²⁷ Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893), *Yvette*, dixième édition (Paris, Victor-Havard, 1885).

¹²⁸ Burckhardt, *Cicerone?*

Jacob Burckhardt, *Der Cicerone: Eine Anleitung zum Genuss der Kunstwerke Italiens* (Basel, 1855), p. _____. **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections N6911 .B92 1855 S**

Jacob Burckhardt & Wilhelm Bode, *Der Cicerone: Eine Anleitung zum Genuss der Kunstwerke Italiens, unter Mitwirkung verschiedener Fachgenossen bearbeitet von Wilhelm Bode*, 2 vol. (Leipzig, 1884), vol. _____. p. _____. **Biblioteca Berenson Papiniana O 4 21**

¹²⁹ Bartolommeo della Gatta (1448-1502).



Read Taine on Napoleon's view of religion in the evening,¹³⁰ and Crowe and Cavacaselle on Masolino.¹³¹ Also *The Fountain of Youth* by Vernon Lee's brother.¹³²

Friday, December 25, 1891, Christmas, Florence

Worked steadily on **our catalogue** till 3 as it was raining.

I called on Gertrude and B. on the Ways in the afternoon. [0179]

Read Crowe and Cavacaselle (on) Masaccio in evening.

Saturday, December 26, 1891, Florence

Further notes on the Titians in the Uffizi.

Began type-writing catalogue of Florence Galleries.

B. asked the Ways to tea in the afternoon, and I felt absurdly excited at the idea of meeting her, for he had said so much about how fascinating she was and how much he liked her. Moreover, the fact that she had offered to become his *maitresse* interested me. She also felt intensely curious about me – and the result was funny to a degree. We each were left with the comfortable feeling of superiority, she feeling that I had no “charm” – absolutely none – and I feeling that she had little taste and no intellect. It was hard for me not to have “moral” prejudices against her – so hard, for she is the kind of woman, flirtatious and over-dressed and over-mannered, from whom [0180] I have always fled. But when I am really just, I know that flirting is only one of the escapes from ennui, like religion, or devotion to children, and not so very much worse in its effect on the world. Still I don't like it, and Mrs. Way shocked and shocked and shocked me, so that I was positively embarrassed and scarcely knew what to say. I liked Mr. Way exceedingly; still, on walking back with him, I found him heavy. Mrs. Way shocked me because she dragged all the conversation down to personal badinage, into which she did not even put the sparkle of wit. No doubt I shocked her by trying to talk à la Berenson, but unsuccessfully. B. was thoroughly tired after the ordeal, but he was amused to find that we were each [0181] so calmly conscious of superiority. The truth is our “spheres”, though neither of them domestic, are so utterly different that we haven't the slightest desire, either one of us, to shine in the other's sphere. I am afraid she interests me no more. I believe it was stupid of me to say I would go to see her. Still I will do my best. What interested me most was to see that even a person like B. was not shocked with such arrant flirtatiousness, but on the

¹³⁰ ? Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893), *Les origines de la France contemporaine : La révolution*, 2 vol. (Paris : Hachette, 1878-1881). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC138 .T35 1878 [Shelved as SAL.VII.7.]**

¹³¹ Crowe and Cavacaselle, ?

¹³² Eugene Lee-Hamilton (1845-1907), *The Fountain of Youth: A fantastic tragedy in five acts* (London : E. Stock, 1891).



contrary rather pleased with it. I suppose such a thing as instinctive “male vanity” does not exist in every man. Well, I can’t be jealous of her. I believe even if he should “fall in love” with her I could not now be really jealous.

We read *Candide*¹³³ today and some of the new *Revue Bleue*,¹³⁴ and B. read Grove and Cavalcaselle on Giotto.

Last night up till one o’clock we read Vasari’s *Life of Titian*.

[0182] Sunday, December 27, 1891, Florence

A hard rain. I went down to tell B. I would not go to the Bargello and found him asleep at 9.30!

We spent part of our day and all the evening re-casting our article on Savoldo.¹³⁵

I read *The Wild Duck* (Ibsen) and B. his beloved Ferrari.¹³⁶

I called on Gertrude, who says emphatically out of the fulness of her ignorance that B. is “altogether on the wrong track.” She doesn’t object to anything he does or says or thinks, but to his Soul – a thing about as tangible as the pre-Lockian “Substance”.

Musgrave called on B.

Read Burckhardt.

Monday, December 28, 1891, Florence

Uffizi in the morning.

Walked to San Miniato in the afternoon.

Costa came to dinner and was nice.

I had my first Italian lesson.

[0183] Tuesday, December 29, 1891, Florence

Corsini Gallery in the morning.

I called on Gertrude and Mrs. Way in the afternoon. She was so nice! Either she liked me, or she took me in. But at any rate I enjoyed her, and I understand the way other people enjoy her. She made me quite happy.

We began to re-write our Titian article in the evening.¹³⁷

B. had a cold. It depressed him, and he seemed to think we would be only fair weather friends. *Ca, ce n’est pas vrai. Pour moi c’est pour tout de bon*. He said

¹³³ Voltaire (1694-1778), *Candide ou l’Optimisme*, traduit de l’Allemand de Mr. le Docteur Ralph (London, 1772). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ2082 .C32 1772 [Shelved as SAL.III.3.]**

¹³⁴ The *Revue politique et littéraire*, commonly known as the *Revue bleue*, a French centre-left political magazine published from 1871 to 1939.

¹³⁵ Was this article on Savoldo ever published?

¹³⁶ Giuseppe Ferrari (1811-1876), *Histoire des révolutions d’Italie* (1858). **Biblioteca Berenson DG482 .F47 1858**

¹³⁷ Was this article on Titian published?



yesterday that in arguing with a man you argued with him – with a woman, you argue with what somebody else has taught her to think.

Karin said that Winny had told her that if she wet on the floor, God would write it down in a book, and then the Devil would come and catch her and burn her up in his flames. How *much* simpler to say wetting the floor is not clean!

[0184] Wednesday, December 30, 1891, Florence

Got my permit at the Consul's, while B. attended to his trunks.

He called on the Ways and I on Gertrude.

Worked on our Titian.

Thursday, December 31, 1891, Florence

Breakfast together.

Called for Mother at 9.30.¹³⁸

Morning shopping.

B. with bad cold.

Unpacked books and pictures.

B. reading Ferrari.

¹³⁸ Her mother did not live in the same apartment in viale Principe Amedeo 16.



[1892]

Friday, January 1, 1892, Florence

Tree for children in morning. Emma taken ill.

Walked with B. but unfortunately quarrelled — both our faults!

But I went down to him in the evening and he came to me, and then came back and found me there.

Saturday, January 2, 1892, Florence

Called for B. and went for doctor and nurse in the morning.

Children very trying in afternoon.

B. came in the evening [0185] and we worked on our Titian.

Every girl ought to be made to spend six months taking care of little children before she marries. She would think twice before having children of her own!!

The nurse came at 11!

Children restless all night, and I horribly unhappy at being absent from B.

Sunday, January 3, 1892, Florence

Walked with B. in afternoon. Lovely sunshine but we quarrelled horribly.

* Monday, January 4, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. Made up our quarrel.

Worked in evening.

Tuesday, January 5, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.

Walk. Tea at B.'s.

B. called at Ways.

* Wednesday, January 6, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.

Work in evening.

Thursday, January 7, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.

Went to Ways to dinner. B. very sleepy. Mrs. Way beautifully dressed and [0186] milder in her flirtatiousness than before. She said she and her husband so thoroughly agreed with Mrs. Besant's book on Population.¹³⁹ I am sure if I had asked her which she recommended, the sponge or the syringe, she would have told me, *sans gêne*! Mr. Way said "It is better to be a pig than a prig," and B., speaking of the English aristocracy, said it made a

¹³⁹ Annie Besant, *The Law of Population* (1877).



great difference whether you belonged to the Peerage or the Beerage. He said the patron Madonna of England is Our Lady of Grundy!

Friday, January 8, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in morning.
Called on Gertrude and found her worse.
B. and I went to the doctor's in evening.
Loeser arrived.

[0187] * Saturday, January 9, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.
Saw Loeser. Rainy still.
Tea with B. and Loeser. Unwell. Tired.

Sunday, January 10, 1892, Florence

Received Mr. Pennell's¹⁴⁰ article on the Vienna Gallery.
Went to the Bargello and afterwards to B.'s rooms, where we semi-quarrelled because he would not answer Mr. Pennell.¹⁴¹ He was an angel, and promised to write every day.
In the afternoon I helped Gertrude get off to the Home, and we took a little walk together, and then came back and answered Mr. Pennell's article, and sent it off to the *Nation*.¹⁴²

Monday, January 11, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in morning.
Called on Gertrude.
Tea with B. who went to see Costa, and then dined with Loeser, who was 28.

Tuesday, January 12, 1892, Florence

Uffizi, finished Venetians there.
We called on Costa in the afternoon, and re-wrote our Paris Bordone¹⁴³ article in the evening, and wrote to the Michael Fields.

[0188] Wednesday, January 13, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning and finished re-writing our Paris Bordone.

¹⁴⁰ Joseph Pennell (1857-1926), the printmaker. *The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell*, ed. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, 2 vol. (Boston, 1929; London, 1930). **Biblioteca Berenson NC139 .P4 P5 1930**

His wife Elizabeth Robins is apparently not to be confused with the woman Bernhard travelled with in 1889, a 'Miss Robins'; see letters to Senda 89.13, 89.14, 94.9 (Bernhard visited her on his return to Boston)

¹⁴¹ Marked in left margin with blue crayon.

¹⁴² Was this article published?

¹⁴³ Paris Bordone (1500-1571). Was this article published?



B. went to Costa's and I took mother and Lady Albinia¹⁴⁴ to the Uffizi, and then went to see Gertrude.

Loeser came to dinner with us and we talked and looked at Lionardo drawings and talked — all of us rather bored, I fear.

* Thursday, January 14, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning.

Miss Farnell and Mr. Mitchell called in afternoon.

B. called on Costa.

In the evening we re-wrote our Paris Bordone, which I sent to the Michael Fields.

Friday, January 15, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning, still on the Venetians. Showed Miss Farnell, etc., some pictures which made B. cross.

B. called on Costa.

It was dreadfully raining, so I stayed at home and read Burckhardt.

In [0189] the evening we rewrote our Bonifazio.¹⁴⁵

Saturday, January 16, 1892. Florence

Finished the Venetians in the Pitti.

B. went to see Costa and I to see Gertrude.

He did not come to dinner, and I read Vol. I of Yriarte's *César Borgia*.¹⁴⁶

B. invented the word "Pruritonic." He went to hear *Le Barbire de Seville* with Loeser.

Sunday, January 17, 1892, Florence

Bargello in the morning.

Tea with Loeser at 24 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Bernhard's room, after the two had been to call on the Ways, a proceeding which they compared to a Turkish Bath. Bernhard said that Mrs. Way sighed delightfully. Loeser was rather nice.

¹⁴⁴ Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampden, the wife of the Rev. Stuart Alexander Donaldson (1854-1915), Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; mentioned in several entries: Jan. 20, Jan. 27, Apr. 4, Apr. 13, 1892.

¹⁴⁵ Bonifazio Veronese (also Bonifazio Veneziano; 1487-1553)

¹⁴⁶ Charles Yriarte (1833-1898), *Les Borgia. César Borgia, sa vie, sa captivité, sa mort, d'après de nouveaux documents des dépôts des Romagnes, de Simancas et des Navarres* (Paris: Rothschild, 1889). **Biblioteca Berenson DG797 .82 .Y75 1889**

Autour des Borgia; les monuments -- les portraits, Alexandre VI -- César -- Lucrèce; l'épée de César -- l'oeuvre d'Hercule de Fideli; les appartements Borgia au Vatican; études d'histoire et d'art (Paris: Rothschild, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson DG463.8.B7 Y8 1891**

Had Bernhard already begun to collect fancy expensive books in 1892, or did he take these out from Vieusseux?



In the evening I read Layard and Crowe and Cavalcaselle on Lorenzo Monaco,¹⁴⁷ and Prescott's description of Charles VIII in Italy.¹⁴⁸
Missed Bernhard.

[0190] Monday, January 18, 1892, Florence

* Santa Trinità in the morning to study the Lorenzo Monaco's. Then I got a piano and a bonnet.

In the afternoon it rained, but I took tea with B. after going to see the doctor about Gertrude.

Read Maupassant's *Monsieur Parent*¹⁴⁹ volume.

Tuesday, January 19, 1892, Florence

Went to S. [Jacano] {Jacopo} Soprarno to look (in vain) for a Lorenzo Monaco. Then Costa came and we talked. B. lunched with him.

I went to see Gertrude and told her she was too ill to get off to Switzerland, then came and took tea with Costa and Loeser at B's.

We tried to write our Bonifacio in the evening.

I read Zeller.¹⁵⁰

Wednesday, January 20, 1892, Florence

Studied Lorenzo Monaco in the Uffizi and Academy and the Giotteschi at Santa Croce [0191] in the morning.

Took mother and Lady Albinia to the Pitti in the afternoon.

Had tea with B. and Loeser, and called on Gertrude.

In the evening we finished our Bonifacio.¹⁵¹

B. said most people want in pictures merely illustrations of their own sentiments.

Thursday, January 21, 1892, Florence

San Marco in the morning and Santa Maria Novella.

We called on Loeser and walked up to Bellosguardo in the afternoon, and met Musgrave and went in to call upon him.

¹⁴⁷ Books from Vieusseux? Austen Henry Layard (1817-1894) was a friend of Morelli.

¹⁴⁸ William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859), *History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic* (New York, 1837). **Biblioteca Berenson DP162 .P8 1841**

¹⁴⁹ Published in Paris, 1885.

¹⁵⁰ Eduard Zeller (1814-1908), *Aristotle and the earlier Peripatetics*, trans. Benjamin Francis Conn Costelloe & John H. Muirhead (London & New York: Longmans, 1897). **Biblioteca Berenson B341 .Z5 1897**

The Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics (London, 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson B171 .Z45 1880**

? Jules Zeller (1819-1900), *Histoire de l'Italie depuis l'invasion des barbares jusqu'à nos jours* (Paris, 1853).

¹⁵¹ Was this article published?



Studied Italian and wrote to Gertrude's husband and mother, telling them that the [baccili] ⟨bacilli⟩ of tubercular disease had been discovered in her *sputa*.

Friday, January 22, 1892, Florence

Took the children to school in the morning.

In the afternoon we walked nearly to Maiano – home by S. Domenico.

Spoiled my evening by a long talk with mother following upon the epistle from father:

[0192] 14.I.92

My dear daughter,

Thine with reference to income is at hand. All this can be left until the spring, when I earnestly trust thee will return with thy children. Whatever I may wish to do for my children, I have nothing at command at present beyond what I have been appropriating for them, and this as thee knows has often been with extreme difficulty and inconvenience. It would be social ruin for thee and measureless suffering to thy family for thee to remain when thy children return, and I can contemplate no arrangement save of thy return. Families are dependent on their members reciprocally, and dependence (if it be nothing but pecuniary dependence) and independence do not go together. No claims of selfhood equal those made by parentage while children are young. [0193] It is due to thee that I should lovingly and tenderly (sic!) as a father press these things upon thee.

More than all thee could hope to gain pecuniarily by self support would be lost by the expenses and inconveniences of a separated life. I earnestly advise thee to make the best of thy home. Thee made a false step by refusing the counsel of thy parents and it has turned out only less bad than we expected. And now at this crisis of thy life, yet more earnestly and with far more certainty as to the terrible results, we entreat thee not to desert thy children and family, and involve us all in social ruin. In thy conspicuous position, concealment of the facts of thy absence and the circumstances of thy travelling cannot be hoped for.

In much sorrow, but also much love

Thy Father

“I would simply say to her, use thy allowance decently and not against the primary instincts of nature. It is thine, but not to ruin us all by buying dynamite.” I cannot think it [0194] would be right to give thee a rope with which to hang thyself — that is, to make it easy for thee to wander around Europe in this scandalous manner with a penniless Bohemian. No wise father *could* furnish funds for such a course to any child he loved.”

To mother: “If Mary deserts her children to wander around Europe with B. it shall not be on my money.”



Saturday, January 23, 1892, Florence

Met B. at S. Marco, and went home with him and had a long talk over our affairs.

Called on Gertrude with mother in the afternoon and took tea with B.

He brought Loeser and Costa in the evening. As soon as Costa saw mother, he saw the whole situation, as regards the family. He is delightfully clever. He said he believed [0195] that families who made a profession of the "emancipation of women" were in reality for more tyrannical and oppressive than families without highflown principles. *Que c'est vrai!*

Read the second volume of *César Borgia* by Yriarte.

We are reading *À Rebours* by Huysman(s),¹⁵² *Greek Literature* by Perry¹⁵³ and ever so many German books on Art.

Sunday, January 24, 1892, Florence

Fra Angelico in the Uffizi, and further talk over our affairs.

Tea together.

Monday, January 25, 1892, Florence

Brancacci Chapel.

Read Vasari's Life of Fra Angelico.

Called on Gertrude.

B. went to call on Ways with Loeser.

Tuesday, January 26, 1892, Florence

Read lives of Masolino and Massaccio in Vasari.

Took a long walk behind Bellosguardo in the afternoon, and quarrelled but made it up before we had gone very far.

B. dined with Loeser.

[0196] Wednesday, January 27, 1892, Florence

I took the children to school and B. went with Loeser to the Pitti.

In the afternoon I took mother and Lady Albinia to the Academy, then took tea with B., walked to San Miniato, and read Mrs. Jameson on Masaccio, Ghiberti, etc.,¹⁵⁴ and Crowe and Cavalcasselle.

B. wrote an interesting criticism on *À Rebours* by Huysmans.

¹⁵² Charles-Marie-Georges Huysmans (1848-1907) published his works as Joris-Karl Huysmans, *À rebours* (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2309.H4 A62 1891 [Shelved as SAL.V.5.]**

¹⁵³ Thomas Sergeant Perry, *A History of Greek Literature* (New York, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson PA3054 .P4 1890** Perhaps the copy mentioned here? Perry '65 sponsored Bernhard's first year in Europe.

¹⁵⁴ Anna Jameson (1794-1860), *Lives of Early Italian Painters* (1868) **Biblioteca Berenson ND35 .J36 1868** A translation of Vasari? A revision of Crowe & Cavalcasselle?



In the evening we dined with the Ways and Loeser at the Toscana.¹⁵⁵ In some respects it was amusing, but Mrs. Way ends by being “*assonante*.” She can only talk *in tête a tête*, which is awkward in a party of five. Besides her interests are so very different from mine. She is Gertrude minus the *moral* sentimentality, an improvement, but then she is worse at least as far as I am concerned, because she is so frivolous; her amusements do not interest me. I should be content not to see her again.

[0197] Mother still here. It is a great bore.

Thursday, January 28, 1892, Florence

Academy and Churches in the morning.

Walked in the afternoon, called on Gertrude, who was horribly ill and nervous.

Took tea with B. at Loeser's.

Friday, January 29, 1892, Florence

Wrote to the Michael Field's and copied B.'s criticism of Huysmans' *À Rebours*.

Studied all the Filippo Lippi's. Tea together and a walk.

Saturday, January 30, 1892, Florence

Went to Prato by the 10 o'clock steam tram. Saw the Gaddi's, etc., in San Francesco, also the frescoes in the Duomo and the Gallery.

Then went to the wonderful little Church by Giuliano di San Gallo (in Prato),¹⁵⁶ which was more overwhelmingly beautiful than ever. We had tea together and then a little walk.

In the evening we dined at Loeser's with [0198] Mrs. Way, who was as *bête* as ever, even more so. This was such a dreadful aside for a dinner party of four — !

“Why do you like caviar?”

B. *Parce que ça me remous jusqu'au fond de mon estomac.*”

“Ah” a sigh and a very meaning look. “*Comment est-ce-que vous sentez là?*” ... (silence) ... “*Dites. Moi! Comment est-ce-que vous sentez là - je voudriez tellement savoir!!*”

It only left to be supposed that she wished the natural reply, “*Voulez-vous essayer, Madame?*”, which however was not forthcoming.

Loeser, too, was impossible. He compared Lemaître's *Mariage blanc*¹⁵⁷ to Ibsen! — !

¹⁵⁵ The Trattoria Toscana (given one star in Baedeker's 1886 guide to Florence) was located in Via dei Calzaiuoli. Not to be confused with the Trattoria Toscana in Piazza San Lorenzo 8r today.

¹⁵⁶ Santa Maria delle Carceri, Prato

¹⁵⁷ Jules Lemaître (1853-1914), *Mariage blanc* (1891).



* Sunday, January 31, 1892, Florence

Read Vasari's life of Benozzo Gozzoli.

B. went to see Loeser's reputed Pontormos in the Uffizi. Evidently L. did not know the difference between Agnolo and Alessandro [0199] Bronzino.

I called on Gertrude, who was better.

Had tea with B. Felt cross, but he was so dear and sweet and entertaining that it was melted out of me.

Quant'è bello giovinezza

Che si fugge tuttavia

Chi vuol esser lieto, sia,

Di doman' non c'è certezza.

Wrote to Edith (Kendall? Carpenter?) in the evening and studied Italian.

Monday, February 1, 1892, Florence

A glorious spring day!

Took mother and the children to the cloister of Santa Maria Novella, and then B. and I went to S. Apollonia and S. Egidio to see Andrea del Castagna. [sic]

After my Italian lesson we walked to Certosa.

B. lunched with Loeser who talked much about his former mistress, an actress in Germany. He said he could never love her 'because owing to the birth of a child (not his) her vagina was too large for him. He said it would be a terrible tragedy all through her life — — — !!

B. called on Mrs. [0200] Way in the evening who reproached him with 'enjoying her with only two of his senses, sight and hearing.' She said she could easily fall in love with him. To her all life is wasted that is not spent in sexual love, but she has been stupid enough to idealize it beyond the limits set by nature, to dream of it as something which is to satisfy her being *entirely*. Naturally her husband (who is charming) fails to meet the claims of this Ideal, and she seems frankly to be on the look-out for some one else. She thought she had found it in B. and she is rather puzzled that he does not respond, and can only explain it by thinking that his continual brain-work has 'atrophied what makes him most really a Man.' It is a pity she cannot fall in love with Loeser, they would make an admirable pair, or no, they would not, for he pretends to be intellectual, and she has no pretence to be anything but sensual, [0201] except sentimental, perhaps. She thinks women ought to die at 45! I wonder if she will feel so when she attains that age. She will be simply awful at 35, unless she is too conventional and cowardly.

* Tuesday, February 2, 1892, Florence

Saw the Alessio Baldovinettis in the morning (at the tomb of the Rucellai) and Santa Annunziata and the frescoes at San Minato, in the afternoon.



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The rain has come on again.

Grandma told Karin today that it was not “genteel” to talk of the smell of things you were eating. Karin replied, with admirable impudence, “We talk about whatever we like to talk about.”

Read several volumes of Maupassant’s short stories, and Burckhardt. B. read Perry’s *Greek Literature*.

* 〈Wednes〉day, February 3, 1892, Florence

Saw the Alessio Baldovinetti at San Niccolò.

Then at the Uffizi studied him and Domenico Veneziano and the Polaijuoli and Loeser’s famous false Pontormios.

Musgrave called on me. [0202] We had a nice walk round by Gertrude’s. Gertrude did not enjoy *Sense and Sensibility*! She could “hardly wade through it”, and thought it dreadfully uninteresting compared to *Shirley*.¹⁵⁸

Mrs. Way enjoyed most the story of Maupassant’s called *Imprudence* in which, after making her husband describe his hundred odd mistresses, the wife begins to think that she might perhaps enjoy a variety of men.

I read *Sense and Sensibility* and Burckhardt.

〈Thurs〉day, February 4, 1892, Florence

I took mother to Prato to see Giuliano di San Gallo’s Church, which she wanted to see, as being the most beautiful Church of the Renaissance. She was disappointed at first, but it grew upon her. It took her a long time to enjoy the frieze because garlands were the old-fashioned, stupid thing, when she was at the age of caring about pretty things — an age so [0203] many people quickly outgrow! So she instinctively hates garlands, and feels as if they couldn’t be really artistic, because her grandmother used to arrange flowers in garlands.

When I came back I had tea with B. and we took a walk.

He and Musgrave¹⁵⁹ came to dinner, and M. read us his really excellent translation of Dante, a great improvement upon the preceding translation. His elocutionary way of reading it almost spoiled it unfortunately, and he anticipated all our compliments by exclaiming himself, “What beautiful poetry!” “What subtle rhymes.” “What music in this line”, etc., etc.

I was dishonest about my supposed “teetotalism”, partly from cowardice, but much more from the kindly desire to spare her pain, poor mother, whose universe is founded on the principle, “It is wicked to drink”, although she *eats* zabaiones!

¹⁵⁸ Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley* (1849).

¹⁵⁹ George Musgrave (1855-1932); his translation of Dante published by Macmillan in New York in 1893.



[0204] Friday, February 5, 1892, Florence

Mother tried to mix in a little religion in Ray's matutinal fairy story, and said "so they prayed Jesus to make her good"

"O, don't let's play that", said Ray promptly.

"Well, couldn't they pray for the fairy to come and make her good."

"No, don't let's play that. Let's play she just *came*."

Sensible child! May she always be of the same mind!

We went to see many Ghirlandajos in the morning, and in the afternoon had tea at Loeser's with Mr. Sumner and Miss Thayer of Boston.

In the evening mother and I talked. Poor mother! Poor old people everywhere who try to make over young people's lives according to their pattern, and poor young people! What an awful institution for hypocrisy and oppression the family is!

[in the left margin] There was an old man of Dundee who taught little owls to drink tea. For he said, "To eat mice is not proper nor nice!" This punctilious man of Dundee!

Honesty is the one personal virtue, all one's other virtues are questions of geography [0205] and history. I shall *never* oppress my daughter!

Saturday, February 6, 1892, Florence

I breathe freely at last, for mother is gone. She is so good and kind, but it is deadly to live with people who disapprove of you and who are religious. Still, if she didn't try to interfere with me, and do it effectively by worrying over me, for I hate to give her pain, I could enjoy her so much, even her stupidities, such as talking about women being a "later evolution than man", and her belief in prayer.

I took her to see the famous Giotto's in S. Maria Novella before she started – Ruskin's Giotto's – which is about like saying servant girls' diamonds. She thought it must be a crazy joke.

Then I went to B., but I was so ill, being just taken unwell that I could do nothing.

We spent the afternoon and evening together, and entered in **⟨our Catalogue⟩** the Venetians here, looked at photos of Ghirlandajo and read his article on 'the function of science of art criticism'.

I began *Les Messieurs Golovleff* by Chtchedrine.¹⁶⁰

Yes, I must learn to be honest.

[0206] Sunday, February 7, 1892, Florence

We met at the Academy and looked at the Pesellino and Botticellis. But I was feeling too ill to do much, so we came back.

¹⁶⁰ Mikhail Ievgrafovitch Saltykov-Chtchedrine (1826-1889), *Les messieurs Golovleff*, trans. Marina Polonsky & G. Debesse (Paris, A. Savine, 1889).



I read in the Galignani¹⁶¹ of a woman who domiciled herself in South Dakota in order to get a divorce, so I wrote to Emma Brayton for full information on the subject.

In the afternoon we took a walk and quarrelled dreadfully. When B. begins to talk to me of my family and my relations to them, I behave like the cuttle fish which when it is attacked, squirts out an inky liquid and makes everything murky around it. (Or to be more accurate, like the skunk!) Then he gets angry and we say horrid things.

We dined apart, I was so cross. But I employed the time well in writing home a personal "declaration of independence".

B. dined at Loeser's with Sumner.

* Monday, February 8, 1892, Florence

We love each other too much to stay quarrelled, and on the whole we are both, especially [0207] B., too reasonable. So we had a nice talk in his rooms and then started to grapple with the Correggio article once more, as he has received a request to contribute something to a new magazine a friend of his in Boston is just starting, *The Knight Errant*.¹⁶² We worked at it in the afternoon, took a walk and continued at it in the evening. I think we are clever enough to learn to write fairly well. I hope so, and B. at least has plenty to say. So have I, if I dared to utter all the rage that is in me. B. said, "The beginning of activity is the unconsciousness of ignorance."

Still reading Golovleff, B. reading *Le Prêtre Marié*.¹⁶³

Tuesday, February 9, 1892, Florence

"The sum of the matter is that unless woman repudiates her womanliness, her duty to her husband, to her children, to society, to the law, and to everyone but herself, she cannot emancipate herself."

But I try not to think about myself in general terms, lest, like most badly educated [0208] "emancipated" people, so called ... If all a victim to the latest fashion in Ideals! Probably I am in part that. Sometimes I have just the feeling which is complementary to what I have felt sleeping in the prairies under the open sky. Then I seemed to feel the great swirl of the revolving earth, bearing me along. And so in my ideas and conduct, at times, I realize that I am caught in the swirl, merely a tiny creature at the top, carried irresistibly on by the inevitable rush of ideas. My discontent, my rebellion, even my mistakes sometimes seem less individual than typical.

¹⁶¹ From 1884 to 1904 *Galignani's Messenger* appeared under the title of *Daily Messenger*. Librairie Galignani, 224 rue de Rivoli, Paris.

¹⁶² 'Some Comments on Correggio in Connection with His Pictures in Dresden', *The Knight Errant* 1 (1892?), p. 73-85. A publication not in Samuels' list, p. 437. *The Knight Errant* was founded by Ralph Adams Cram; see Samuels, p. 58.

¹⁶³ Jules Barbey d'Aureville (1808-1889), *Un prêtre marié* (Paris, 1865).



But, curiously, I care all the more, for my sensations at least are my own, and I begin to know sweet from bitter and happiness from unhappiness. I never had such a consciousness of *Life* as I have now, when I realize how little any actions are “free-willed”.

[a new date cancelled out]

Uffizi in the morning and further work on the [0209] Correggio article.

In the afternoon we had a beautiful walk from Fiesole by Poggio and Vincigliata back by Doccia.¹⁶⁴

In the evening Loeser came to dine with me and I talked to him about giving Berenson money. Loeser said some very stupid and some very unkind things, and many which showed him utterly unappreciative, but yet I cannot say that I did not like him in the end better than in the beginning, although I fear the result of my talk is practically nothing. What I liked was that he did try hard to be honest, and that *is* nice. Besides it was impossible for me to keep agreeing with him that B. treats him in a very disagreeable way sometimes.

I said I hoped I would never try to make my children lead my life, and he instantly exclaimed, “O, it doesn’t matter about them, they are both girls! – – ! – – !” Who doesn’t at any rate unconsciously feel so?

[0210] Wednesday, February 10, 1892, Florence

Met Costa and <Carlo> Gamba at the Uffizi.

B. went to see Loeser and they ‘made it up’. It turned out that the real trouble was Loeser’s resentment at the cool letters I made B. write last summer when I so dreaded Loeser’s joining us, or talking to my family about what B. had written. Well, I hope it is all right now.

I called on Gertrude in the afternoon, after a walk with Musgrave, who came just as I was starting out.

Tea with B. and work on our Correggio in the evening.

B. enthusiastic about writing a *Life* of Vasari.

Thursday, February 11, 1892, Florence

Went to S. Ambrogio and several churches in the morning to see Cosimo Rosellis, ending up with the Academy.

Logan sent his story, “An Oxford Idyll” for criticism, but it was really too poor to be worth it. I was horribly disappointed.

Called on Gertrude and took tea with B.

Wrote the Correggio in the evening.

¹⁶⁴ They took the tram up to Fiesole, walked over to Castel di Poggio and then to the castello di Vincigliata, and back to the tram by way of Doccia.



[0211] * Friday, February 12, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning, studying the Credi and Verocchio.

B. lunched here and **we frivoled away the afternoon**, enjoying it very much, till towards sunset, when we had a delightful walk.

In the evening we worked upon the Correggio.

I finished *Les Messieurs Golovleff* and began to re-read *Wuthering Heights*.¹⁶⁵

B. read his Perry and Loti's *Phantome d'Orient*.¹⁶⁶

Saturday, February 13, 1892, Florence

Went to the Bargello in the morning to study the Veroccios, then to the Uffizi. I called on Gertrude in the afternoon and then took tea with B.

Costa came in the evening and we compared notes on Naples, and looked at Lionardo and Botticelli photographs. Costa is so nice.

* Sunday, February 14, 1892, Florence [Mary's 28th birthday]

We worked on our Correggio in the morning, and walked to Mugnone in the afternoon. We had great fun making stepping stones across a brook.

Costa said last night that he had been [0212] fool enough to let Loeser persuade him to go and lunch there to meet a certain Mrs. Way. Loeser told B. this morning that Costa had been so very anxious to make Mrs. Way's acquaintance that he had to arrange a little luncheon for them.

Bernhard was very delightful all day. It is the happiest birthday I can remember.

I read *Agnes Grey*,¹⁶⁷ and Baudelaire's *Poèmes en Prose*.¹⁶⁸

Monday, February 15, 1892, Florence

Pier di Cosimo at the Uffizi in the morning.

Then we went to Gagliardi's¹⁶⁹ to see his *Battle of Centaurs and Lapithae*.¹⁷⁰

Miss and Mr. Britten, Mr. Musgrave and Loeser came to tea at B.'s. I liked Miss Britten very much.

We continued our grapple with Correggio in the evening.

We discussed writing a "History of Taste in Italian Pictures."

B. spoke of Henry James' *American*¹⁷¹ "ending in a marriage which did not take place".

¹⁶⁵ A later edition: Emily Brontë (1818-1848), *Wuthering Heights* (London : Grant Richards, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4172 .W88**

¹⁶⁶ Pierre Loti (1850-1923), *Fantome d'Orient* (Paris : Calmann-Lévy, 1892).

¹⁶⁷ Emily Brontë (1818-1848), *Agnes Grey* (London, 1847).

¹⁶⁸ Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867), *Petites poèmes en prose* (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1885). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2191 .A6 1885 [Shelved as SAL.IV.4]**

¹⁶⁹ L'antiquario fiorentino Guido Chiesa-Gagliardi

¹⁷⁰ Piero di Cosimo, the painting which will be acquired by John Burke.

¹⁷¹ Henry James (1843-1916), *The American* (Boston, Osgood, 1877).



Tuesday, February 16, 1892, Florence

Wrote Correggio morning, afternoon and evening.

Took tea with Loeser.

Karin is really growing very pretty. I have found a good Kindergarten teacher. [words crossed out]

[0213] Wednesday, February 17, 1892, Florence

We looked at Filippino and Ghirlandaio in the Pitti and Uffizi in the morning. Costa joined in. He seemed dreadfully depressed.

In the afternoon I went down to write quietly with B., as the four children and smoky fires made it quite uninhabitable here. But Loeser came in and had tea and interrupted us.

We worked further on the Correggio in the evening, and I began to write children's stories. If they are successful, I ought to be able to support myself by them.

* Thursday, February 18, 1892, Florence

Fra Bartolommeo, Granacci, Ridolfo Ghirlandaio in the morning, also Raffaello Botticini.

We lunched with Loeser, who gave us a capital lunch.

Musgrave came in the afternoon and while B. read Herrick,¹⁷² he dictated to me the first *Canti* of his translation of Dante, which I did for him on the type-writer.

We looked at photographs, and B. almost decided that the so-called Signorelli fresco in the Sistine Chapel is by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo.

Finished our Correggio and sent it off to Cram.¹⁷³

I wrote more of my story.

[0214] Friday, February 19, 1892, Florence

Looked¹⁷⁴ at Fra Bartolommeo drawings in the Uffizi and at the Andrea del Sarto's.

B. had a letter from Ned Warren saying that he could only give him one hundred pounds more, in the middle of May. It was a very nice letter, although it conveyed bad news. Still it is something to have that £100.

Afterwards we came home and talked over our plans very seriously. B. decided not to leave Italy this summer.

In the afternoon he went to see M^{me} Villari, and I went to see Gertrude.

¹⁷² Perhaps Robert Herrick (1868-1938), the author of *The Gospel of Freedom* (New York & London, 1898). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3512 .G67 1898**

¹⁷³ 'Some Comments on Correggio in Connection with His Pictures in Dresden', *The Knight Errant* 1 (October 1, 1892), p. 73-85.

¹⁷⁴ The 'ed' in 'Looked' added in blue ink as a subsequent correction, suggesting that the text of the diary was edited at some point.



Then we looked at photographs <of> Michelangelo, the Ferrarese, and the later Florentines.

We were both sleepy in the evening, so we did not do much except discuss our plans, which are indeed somewhat hard to arrange!

I am reading an Italian translation of Tourghenieff's *Assia*¹⁷⁵ with my teacher, M^{me} Zucchelli.

x Saturday, February 20, 1892, Florence

I went to B.'s and darned some of his stockings.

Then we went to Alinari's and looked over photographs. Costa joined us. He wanted me to come and meet the Countess [0215] Gamba, but I invented an excuse. She is a great gossip, and I don't want to meet her. She is said besides to be noted for "Lesbianism", *qui ne me plait pas au tout*. Still of course that is not my affair.

B. told me that Musgrave is a great haunter of brothels. He said one day to B. and Loeser that whenever he felt he did not want a woman, he knew he was ill, and that when he wanted one, he usually had one, ['which was about every other day' added in blue ink]. Wouldn't mother's and Alys' hair stand on end if they knew he was that kind of a man, and they had so much enjoyed his society and had described him as "a perfect gentleman"! What I hate more about him is that he judges all women by the women he meets in brothels. He said once that the thoughts of all women were centered about the small part of their body occupied by their sexual organs. It was months after I heard that before I could bear the thought of him. *Mais, enfin, qu'est que ça me fait?* He has translated Dante very well, and you can't expect too much of one person — but I LOATHE him, and I wish he'd get syphilis and die in tortures!

B. dined with Loeser and I called on Gertrude and wrote my Cedars Book. [0216]

Sunday, February 21, 1892, Florence

A year ago B. arrived in London. We have had much trouble, but far, far more happiness since. We have been separated very little.

In the morning we went through the Academy with Costa, and then came back and looked at photographs.

The children went to Certosa, and we walked to San Miniato.

In the evening we went over our Hampton Court catalogue and the article on Titian.

My Italian takes so much time. I have no chance to read.

B. had a bad headache in the evening.

¹⁷⁵ Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883), *Assia* (1858).



Ray came back disappointed from Certosa “because there were no monkeys”. She thought when I said “a monk would take her round”, I meant a monkey.

Monday, Feb. 22, 1892, Florence

A rather disappointing day, partly on account of the severe depression which always comes on when one is getting a bad cold.

We went over some of the photographs in the morning, and then went to the Pitti. Costa and Loeser were there. Costa called B. ‘*assonan*’ over an Andrea del Sarto he did not know, and Loeser smiled [the ‘d’ added in blue ink] with most malevolent glee at it. This [0217] made B. so angry that he went away in a rage.

I went with the others to the Martelli collection¹⁷⁶ and saw a young Velasquez (according to Richter), the head of a man with a grey beard and red cap, and 2 Beccafumis, Luper(cali) ... feasts. Besides this, a Donatello heraldic beast in gold on the stair-case, a St. John and the head of a little St. John, and a David which shows clearly where Michelangelo got his inspiration.

After lunch I went with the children to a Washington’s Birthday party which Gertrude gave, a very pretty, dainty little affair, which made a deep impression upon the children.

Then I wrote my Cedars story till B. came.

The evening was sacrificed to a discussion of the quarrel of the morning. B. found me very unsympathetic and insensitive. So I was, I think. My brain felt quite numb. I hope he will not often get so angry with people. Whether they deserve it or not, it doesn’t pay. He determined to drop Loeser, and in that I think he is wise, for Loeser is a simply awful bore. But it would be a mistake to quarrel open with him. Well, it was all rather a bore, yes, a decided bore.

[0218] * Tuesday, February 23, 1892, Florence

Went to B.’s and looked over photos, and read Vasari on Correggio.

In the afternoon I took Mr. Graham Bell to Gertrude’s, and then came back, and all the rest of the time till 10.30 we spent over an interesting and very, very suggestive piece of criticism of B.’s: the “inner law” of literature, the fact that it tends always to be a contemporary description of the struggle of the individual to assert himself against the forces that tend to hold him down.

¹⁷⁶ Il Palazzo Martelli si trova in via Zannetti nei pressi del bivio con via Cerretani. È sede del Museo di Casa Martelli, una casa-museo unica nel suo genere, nata dalla stratificazione creata da una famiglia nobiliare nei secoli.



* Wednesday, February 24, 1892, Florence

Washed my hair so did not meet B. at the Uffizi till 11.30. Looked at Andreas there and at the Pitti.

Walked in the afternoon, and saw the Perugino and the Franciabigio in the (Convento della) Calza, near the Porta Romana. I enjoyed the Perugino very much.

I read a series of *conférences* by M^{me} Marie Deraismes called *Éve dans l'Humanité*.¹⁷⁷ It is not very good, though there are some good things in it.

B. was to have dined with his friend Jenkins, but J. did not come.

[0219] Thursday, February 25, 1892, Florence

Saw the Andrea del Sarto frescoes at the Annunziata, the Scalzo, San Salvi and the Academy.

I paid a short call on Gertrude.

After my Italian lesson I went to B.'s where I had tea and read Huysmans' wonderful little story called "Un Dilemme".

We walked and in the evening I read my children's story to B. I have decided to call it *Linden Stories* or *Summers at Linden*. He was very enthusiastic, to my great delight. How I hope it may turn out to be worth while. I would like to support myself.

* Friday, February 26, 1892, Florence

I went to the tomb of the Medici in the morning.

Gertrude gave me her criticisms on our Correggio article, which she seemed to think very important, but I did not find them worth much.

After my lesson we walked nearly to the Villa Careggi.

Then came home and had tea.

B. read Creighton's *History of the Papacy*¹⁷⁸ and I finished the first part of my *Linden Stories*. B. thought it good.

After he went, I read some of Creighton too.

* [0220] Saturday, February 27, 1892, Florence

Looked at Pontormo and Bronzino in the Pitti and Uffizi.

Coming home I met Edith Kendall who asked me to dine.

I took tea with B. and then went on. On the whole, I was bored. I was never very much Edith's friend, and now I feel as if we had very little in common. She is travelling with an awful brother. She looks very fat and middle-aged, with yellow wrinkles about her eyes. I wonder if I look as old and commonplace to her?! No doubt. Well, I'm not, I know.

¹⁷⁷ Maria Deraismes (1828-1894), author and women's rights activist, *Eve dans l'humanité* (Paris: Sauvaire, 1891).

¹⁷⁸ Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London: Longmans Green, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894**



I went back to B.'s at 9 and found he had had a call from Musgrave.

Read Maupassant's *Clair de lune*.¹⁷⁹ There is no doubt that Huysmans' simple story "Un Dilemme" makes Maupassant's seem very "*prepared*", almost melodramatic.

Sunday, February 28, 1892, Florence

Galleries closed.

Went to see Rossi¹⁸⁰ at San Lorenzo.

Met Costa on our way back and he came to fix my type-writer, which had gone wrong. He stayed all the morning. It wasted some time, but on the whole we were glad to see that he was in no way angry.

In [0221] the afternoon we walked and semi-quarrelled about walking (which I hate), but made up.

Then I took a nap while B. read Creighton's *History of the Papacy*, and then I type-wrote half of my story.

Alas! that time is so short. I had a hundred other things I wanted to do in the day, but I went to bed at 11 *very* tired.

Monday, February 29, 1891, Florence

(Where will we be on the next 29th of February? Together, at any rate.)

Met at S. Lorenzo and looked at Rosso and Bronzino and Sogliani, and the Donatello altars. The Library was closed.

Costa came late, but we met him on our way out and we went to the Gallery connected with Santa Maria Nuova. The Hugo van du Gois impressed me very much.

Then we went to the Academy to look for a Lorenzo Monaco mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle - Milanese.

Then I came home and had my lesson and went to see Gertrude. She says she only reads when she really has nothing else to enjoy. That would be entirely praiseworthy if she did not at the same time pose as a "cultured" person and venture upon literary criticisms.

B. came to tea and read Creighton while I finished type-writing my story.

[0222] * Tuesday, March 1, 1892, Hotel Globa e Londra, Pistoia

We studied Verocchio, Lorenzo di Credi and Ridolfo Ghirlandaio in the Uffizi in the morning.

In the afternoon we went to Pistoia.

¹⁷⁹ Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893), *Clair de lune* (Paris: E. Monnier, 1884).

¹⁸⁰ A reference to the painting by Rosso Fiorentino, *Sposalizio della Vergine* (1523)



I read Creighton on the way, and B. read Symonds' *Essays, Speculative and Suggestive*.¹⁸¹ After a vermouth we walked about and looked at the town.

We had a delicious evening before a fire, I reading Creighton and B. Huysmans' *En rade*,¹⁸² a sort of more realistic, because less romantic and epic *La terre*.¹⁸³ It was delightful.

* Wednesday, March 2, 1892, Florence

We "did" Pistoia, studying especially the Lorenzo di Credi in the Duomo. How fascinating it is to feel that you really *possess* a fresh town!

In the evening we arranged our photographs in the new covers. We were tired.

Thursday, March 3, 1892, Florence

We met in the Strozzi Chapel.

B. was lazy, so we went to Alinari's and then to his rooms, where I wrote to Edith and he arranged photographs. Emma went out in the afternoon so I took care of Karin.

B. came to tea, we had a small stroll, and then continued our photograph work.

In the evening I read Creighton and he [0223] read Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Morelli. Still tired.

Friday, March 4, 1892, Florence

Uffizi, drawings and Bronzino. I stole off and enjoyed myself among the Venetians for a while!

We finished arranging photographs here in the afternoon and took a little walk.

I went to see Gertrude.

Read Creighton. B. read Huysmans' *En ménage*¹⁸⁴ and Eastlake's *Literature of the Fine Arts*.¹⁸⁵

Saturday, March 5, 1892, Florence

I was unwell and felt very ill.

Went to B.'s and helped arrange his photographs.

¹⁸¹ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Essays speculative and suggestive* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1890).

Houghton Keats *EC8 K2262 S890s

Houghton Harry Elkins Widener Collection HEW 11.8.8 [Original maroon cloth]

¹⁸² J.-K. Huysmans (1848-1907), *En rade* (Paris: Tresse & Stock, 1887).

¹⁸³ Émile Zola (1840-1902), *La terre* (Paris: Charpentier, 1887).

¹⁸⁴ J.K. Huysmans, *Un ménage* (Paris, G. Charpentier, 1881).

¹⁸⁵ Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865), *Contributions to the literature of the fine arts* (London, J. Murray, 1848).

A later edition: *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts*, 2 vol. (London, 1897).

Biblioteca Berenson N61 .E37 1897



Began our Lotto article.

He went to Castello to see the Ridolfo Ghirlandaio's and I went to see Gertrude. Her Swiss maid Julia used to be a waitress at a hotel. She said there was not a man who came who did not try to seduce her. She disliked gentlemen least, because they were polite and understood No. She utterly refused to hear of such a thing as a chaste man! O it is so easy to forgive where there is love, so it does not need forgiveness, but the very beauty of that somehow makes the other so disgusting. How it turns my heart to bitterness and I know what I am writing of. But worse still, to try to seduce a girl because she has to work for her living and belongs to a lower class — Ugh! It is horrid. It is uncivilized.

[0224] * Sunday, March 6, 1892, Florence

We took our Perugino photographs and went to see all the Perugino's here, including the Cenacola attributed to Raphael, which Morelli attributed to Manni. It is clearly, clearly a Perugino, however.

I took Gertrude a selection of photographs in the afternoon. She seemed worse.

In the evening I had a terrible headache. B. was so sweet and nice; he sat by the fire and chatted gently, till he drove my head-ache almost away.

We sent the Michael Fields his essay on the 'struggle of the individual' in literature.

Monday, March 7, 1892, Florence

We went to the Uffizi in the morning. It was bitterly cold.

In the afternoon we grappled with something about Art which B. wrote last night.

It is one of our special anniversaries today.¹⁸⁶ A year ago we were at Haslemere. Florence Ayling was there too. What a dreadful year, yet how happy I have been. One could not pay too dear for such joy.

Emma said today, when Karin took a long nap and did not get her dinner till 4, [0225] that she looked at her and thought, "Dining at quality hours!" What an expression!! O Life! That such things should rise naturally to anyone's lips!

B. said that the cult of the Magdalen came in with the Jesuits, a very fruitful subject for thought.

[0225] * Tuesday, March 8, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning.

Took tea with B.

We had dinner together at La Toscana. We had to compose an elaborate lie for Loeser's benefit, but it was rather amusing.

¹⁸⁶ A special anniversary in what sense?



Wednesday, March 9, 1892, Florence

Received news of B.F.C.C.'s election to the County Council.

Worked on photographs all the morning.

Karin's birthday party in the afternoon.

B. called on Costa.

Loeser came to dinner. He was a solid bore.

B. finished *En ménage* and I began it and read it half through.

Thursday, March 10, 1892, Florence (Karin 8 years old)

As it was raining, we spent the morning over photographs.

After lunch we went to a concert. [0226] Costa and Giovanni were there.

Half way through Costa said, "I am boring myself to death," and went out. We followed his example very shortly.

We discussed the heinousness of various offences rather hotly. I must say that going about with prostitutes seems to me about the worst and hatefulest personal vice a man can have, but B. does not agree with me!¹⁸⁷ Some things make me boil over with indignation.

Mother wrote in a letter to Alys, which Alys sent me, that if Alys wanted to go to a certain party, she would send Jessie or Lucy to bring her home in a cab —! Alys is a great strapping young woman of 24, bigger than either of the servants, and fully as well able to take care of herself. Moreover, servants are far more likely to be accosted than ladies. But they are poor, so it doesn't matter. I know society is organized so, but I hate to realize that mother gives it her approval. She would not have before she came to England. Then the utter indignity for a girl like Alys, who calls herself "free," of being sent for. I would rather be Lucy or Jessie than a helpless [0227] creature of 24 who can't go about London alone. — But such thoughts are too sickening.

I went to see Gertrude.

B. began Vol. II of Creighton's *History of the Papacy*.

* Friday, March 11, 1892, Florence

Uffizi. Shopping.

B. lunched here.

Edith Carpenter's¹⁸⁸ cousin, Miss Mary Foote, called here. She talked thoroughly New Englandy gossip about Edith's moral qualities and described Bond as "so just." It amused me immensely. She thought every man ought to go into business.

¹⁸⁷ In *Sunset and Twilight*, p. 244, Berenson mentions some 'pickups' from before 1890: 'a girl in Milan ... a sweet child in Ferrara ... an innocent little cow in Rome'.

¹⁸⁸ Edith Carpenter Thomas, (1863-, married 1886), the wife of Bond Thomas see Samuels (1897), p. 289: 'Bond and his wife Edith Carpenter, now making a name as an author and dramatist.'



We had a rather lazy evening, with music, etc.

I am reading Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*¹⁸⁹ to Ray.

I wrote more of my story.

B. read the *Revue de Deux Mondes* upon the recent Rembrandt books.

Saturday, March 12, 1892, Florence

San [*sic*] Spirito, several other Churches and the Uffizi in the morning.

In the afternoon we walked out to a convent school, La Quiete, near Castello to see some Ridolfo Ghirlandaios. It was a beautiful afternoon.

In the evening I wrote my story and read *En ménage*.

B. continued with Creighton. Began *Tanglewood Tales*¹⁹⁰ with Ray.

[0228] Sunday, March 13, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning, and further arrangement of B.'s photographs.

After lunch B. called on Gertrude while I wrote my story. Then I took Ray to call upon the Footes, while B. went to call upon a disconsolate honeymoon couple named Adams, who have been married a fortnight and are nearly bored to death.

[marginal note: 'They separated for good a few months later.']

Why will Americans always talk about oysters and sweet potatoes and things to eat in general? My Americans appeared to travel from *table d'hôte* to *table d'hôte*, chiefly for the purpose of proving that no place is so comfortable as America. Well, they are welcome to go back and welter in it!

Then I went to see Gertrude for a little while.

In the evening we wrote our *Lotto*.

* Monday, March 14, 1892, The King's Birthday, Florence

Being a popular holiday, with the Galleries closed, of course it poured. We arranged photos, all the morning.

Loeser came in.

In the afternoon we had a walk. Were too tired in the evening to do much, so I read and finished *My Trivial Life and Misfortune*,¹⁹¹ and B. went on with Creighton. He is reading Huysmans' *La Bas*.¹⁹²

¹⁸⁹ Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), *A Wonder book for girls and boys* (Boston: Houghton, Osgood; Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1879). **Biblioteca Berenson House PS1850 .E86 [Shelved as C.XXIX.1.]**

¹⁹⁰ *Tanglewood tales for girls and boys : being a second wonder-book*, 13th ed. Boston ; New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, c. 1881 (Cambridge, Mass.: The Riverside Press). **Biblioteca Berenson House PS1850 .E86 [Shelved as C.XXIX.1. Library had 12th edition.]**

¹⁹¹ Catherine Barter, *My trivial life and misfortune. A gossip with no plot in particular, By a plain woman*. (Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1888). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3991.A6 P6 1888 [Shelved as L.R.II.1.]**

¹⁹² J.K. Huysmans (1848-1907), *La Bas* (Paris : Tresse & Stock, 1891).



It is strange how little most “serious” people think about *l’art de vivre*. Truly it is a most difficult art. How rare are [0229] the successes. Yet when we grow old, we won’t look back upon our famous books, on the flattery we have had, but to our early loves, to our real *enjoyments*, perhaps after those in which the intellect has had little part. I shall never forget the charm of these days, not only for the awakening of my intellect, delightful as it is to begin to think freely, but because Bernhard looked in such and such a way, and spoke in sweet, deep tones, and because Ray came every evening and laid her selfish little head against my knees, while I read the *Wonder Book* to her. Ah! How happy, happy I am. Truly this is a marvellous year. There is only one cloud, and that is that in spite of our promises, we never seem to work upon our Hampton Court Guide. We planned to do so much this winter, and Bernhard has often promised he would have it ready for me to take back to London when I go, but I doubt it. Alas! it will make everything much, much harder for me. Still I could bear that well enough if I were really convinced that it is not worth spending time over, but I am not convinced of that.

[0230] Tuesday, March 15, 1892, Florence

We went to the Palazzo Vecchio this morning and had a look all round. The Salvatis and Vasaris were awful. But to make up for all, we came at the end upon a wonderful little chapel, the private chapel of Eleanora of Toledo, decorated with marvellous frescoes by Bronzino. One of them, the drowning Pharaoh’s army in the Red Sea, had as wonderful a stretch of sunset coloured water as even Besnard could have painted! It reminded us both of Besnard. The figures, too were drawn with his delicious precision, that gives one such a sense of *completeness*. There is no hesitation, nothing tentative about him. What he undertakes to do, he carries through perfectly.

Then we went to the Badia, and then to the Uffizi, where we met Costa, with whom we walked back.

I had an Italian lesson.

Then the little Foote boy, and Arnold and Harold and Yvonne came, so that there was a merry party of children.

Then I went to B.’s where we had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Mr. Jenkins. Deadly!

In the evening I wrote my story and B. read Creighton.

[0231] It would be hard for me to put into words the unhappiness that comes over me sometimes when I see that, even where he has solemnly promised to do it, and where there is every motive to lead him to work, Bernhard will not take the trouble. We often quarrel over it. If I could make up my mind to it, it would be easier. But he promises me each time that he will do it, and is hurt and discouraged when I cannot believe him. I can’t do the work. I would so gladly. Of course when I see him like this in regard to



the Hampton Court Guide, I cannot help foreseeing that it will be equally easy for him all along to find excuses for not doing any work of the kind. It is so easy to think that it will be hard to get things published, or that nobody wants them, about anything he is likely to write. I see that the same thing will happen to the Vasari he sometimes talks of writing next summer. **He is unwilling to do work that is disagreeable, and writing is disagreeable to him.** I think he is wrong, and it makes me unhappy. I cannot blame myself for having set my heart on doing the Hampton Court Guide, for at one time he was as enthusiastic as I over it, and he has promised me, so many times, to do it this winter. What have we done? We have [0232] perhaps out of all the winter spent a dozen hours over it, **re-writing the Savoldo, the Paris Bordone, and the Bonifazio, and going over the Titian.** I believe that not once have we begun it without decided protest on his part, and his trying to make me feel that it was stupid of me to urge it *just then*, when he would be so much better occupied with something else. It is unkind of him, for he ought to know how *much* I care, by this time. But it is not only the personal feeling shown about it, as the knowledge that his failure, if he does fail in this, is what I must expect in him all through our lives.

It reminds me, in some ways so horribly, of promises B.F.C.C. kept making me, especially after I had got cross and discouraged over it, really to give up a little time to writing what I hoped for, a 'primer' of philosophy. I do not mean the things are at all the same, but they treated it in the same way. If B. would say at once, 'I won't do it, I don't consider it worth wasting my time on', I would have to give it up. Of course I would be awfully sorry, but it would give me more [0233] hope for the future than his present way of dealing with it, which is to acknowledge that it ought to be done, to promise to do it, and then to put every obstacle in the way when any chance comes. Yet he expects me to believe that he has the capacity for work of this kind! He often talks about the books he means to write, but more and more, as I have to judge him by what he does now in regard to the thing in hand, my heart sinks when he talks of these books. It is not that writing is the one occupation worthwhile. But it is worthwhile not to let momentary laziness and weakness interfere with what you have made up your mind it is best to do. It is so easy to find excuses, a much less clever person than B. could find a hundred reasons why the Hampton Court Guide isn't worth writing. It would be more than easy for me to find reasons for not writing my child's story. Indeed, it is hard to find reasons for going on! But I notice he does not encourage me to yield to pleasanter things and put the story by. The excuse is that my story may probably bring in immediate money, whereas all writing is, at any rate at first, unremunerative. He often speaks as if he thought he might make money by it in the end, but you don't reach [0234] the end without beginning.



Now, we are assured of a certain amount of money, at least we will probably have it, so that I could easily say, "O, why should I bother myself with these stupid children's stories." But I want us to be independent. It is horrible to me to take money from Frank. No doubt it is a kind of pride, but I want everyone who knows us to feel that we are able to be independent. And if we are, if one of my books succeeded, I should be sorry to have it all my work. B. had a little while ago a feeling as if he would like to show everyone that he is worth something. Well, I would like it too, and very much. I would not like it, if I thought it would be really bad for him. But alas! I feel that it would be good for him, and that it is the nicest thing for him to do, now that he no longer goes among people to give them his ideas, and especially when he makes a point of *not* giving them.

I feel stupid, as if I could not exactly reach the bottom of the feeling I have about this. Not I have a strong [0235] feeling about it, which makes me at times very unhappy. He cannot blame me for having had hopes that he would stick to this. He is failing to justify my hopes, without convincing me that I am wrong. That is miserable, it is sometimes in my mind when I am happiest, the feeling that our position is so insecure and that he will not help me to make it more secure. Of course it would be thousand times easier for me to demand money to carry out all my schemes with him, if I could point to a finished work which was the result of our being together. But if all I have to show for my winter with him is a child's story, which I could have written as well at home. I know father, and mother, too, will put more difficulties in my way, than they would if I said, "We have done this", "we are going to continue working. We need to be together for our work." People always go by what you can show, not by what you are in yourself. Besides, they know too little to appreciate what I may have learned.

B. knows all this as well as I, and he won't help me, simply because it involves sacrifice of time on his part. I am quite sick of asking him to do it. Sometimes I think I will throw it all into the fire. But I hate not to leave the chance open to him, [0236] small as it is now, when more than three months have slipped away.

I wonder if all these thoughts make me love him less. Certainly they make me feel as if I could not count upon him to help me practically. Now, particularly in such a situation as ours, somebody must be a little practical, of course the less we are associated in drudgery, the more will it fall upon me alone to do, particularly if my family get any inkling of the fact that I am writing my child's stories in order to have money to give to him, while he sharpens for his pleasure (and for mine) his eye and his intellect.

Still, the practical side is not all. It is the queer feeling you have for a grown up person who promises to do a thing, and then lets every obstacle come in his way, without facing it and saying clearly I was a fool to undertake it. I know he would be disappointed if I let my stories fall through, saying at the



same time, 'O, I mean to write them.' 'I ought to do it.' He would be disappointed practically as I am, because of the advantage we hoped for from them, and [0237] naturally he would feel somewhat more alone, cast on his own resources, without anyone willing to do much to help him. And he would be too clever to hope much from any similar undertaking of mine, altho' of course a lucky chance might make me hit on something pleasant all the way through. But he would not help drawing inferences as to my future, particularly if I talked much about the writing I was going to do.

I am going to show him this. I think it is clearer than I could *say* it, although not very clear! But I am apt to lose my temper if I try to say things, or else I cannot think of everything at once, and what I say sounds silly.

I do not like to give up altogether the idea of our making use of what we know in writing, neither do I like to think of myself as being the member of the firm to have all the bother of writing.

[in blue ink, written at the bottom of a page left blank]

A Year later

All the same he was right about the Hampton Court Guide being a perfectly unpublishable affair!! But I cannot complain now of his being lazy in writing, the dear!

[0238] Wednesday, March 16, 1892, Florence

Met at the Annunziata, looked at all the pictures in the church, ditto San Marco. Then the Innocenti. Then we found the fresco by Raffaellino di Carli said to be at St. Maddelena [*sic*] dei Pazzi, but in a school-room near by. Then we went through the Museum of Antiquities. All this time we were rather quarrel-y.

B. came to tea.

In the evening we talked over what I had written. He was very nice. He promised to do the Hampton Court Guide for me. He said my feeling so, was about as silly as if he should fall into utter discouragement because I failed to get up much interest in the Florentines. The parallel was too good for me to deny.

Thursday, March 17, 1892, Florence

Met at S. Maria Novella, looked at the Bugiardini.¹⁹³ Then went to the Corsini Gallery and then to the Uffizi.

I called on Gertrude.

B. lunched with Jenkins, who offered him his rooms for next winter.

We walked in the Boboli Gardens, and then I went to call on the Footes.

After dinner we worked on our Lotto.

¹⁹³ Giuliano Bugiardini (1475-1555).



Gertrude is going to send Miss Bliss away.

[0239] * Friday, March 18, 1892, Siena, Pensione Tognazzi¹⁹⁴

We came over to Siena. The journey took 5 hours, from 9 till 2!

In the afternoon we walked about the town, and sat in the Cemetery. The first impression of the Piazza is a thing never to be forgotten in any detail. I feel at home with these marvellous views. They remind me of the great stretches of blue mountains and rather bare plain I knew in the West.

In the evening B. read Layard and I read *Là Bas*.

Saturday, March 19, 1892, Siena

S. Francesco, S. Domenico and the Gallery in the morning.

After lunch we strolled out and looked at the Raffaellino di Fiorenza (Crolì?) of Santa Maria dei [sic] Angeli.¹⁹⁵

Then we wandered on and on over the hills, entranced with the view. We had a marvelous view from a high hill opposite. The ways were so winding that it took us twice as long to get home as we expected, and I got rather tired. But a Vermouth and some nice cakes freshened us up.

I finished *Là Bas* in the evening, and at half past 8 (!) we dropped asleep from sheer exhaustion. We slept till 6.30.

[0240] Sunday, March 20, 1892, Siena, Pensione Tognazzi

I awoke at 6.30 and saw the glorious hills and mountains in the early morning mist and the brilliant sunshine.

We had breakfast at 8.30 and then went out to the Municipio where we looked at the Sodomas and Lorenzettis and Beccafumis. Then to the Duomo and home for lunch.

In the afternoon we walked out to the Osservanti, where we saw lovely altar-piece by one of the Della Robbia, the Coronation of the Virgin with Saints. It was a lovely walk.

In the evening we wrote our *Lotto* and read. I am reading the second volume of Creighton.

Monday, March 21, 1892, Siena

In the morning we went to San<to> Spirito and the Servi, ending up at the Opera del Duomo. There we quarrelled, because I did not think Duccio's compositions so beautiful as Bernhard thought them. [marked with an X in the left margin]

¹⁹⁴ Pensione Saccaro (formerly Pensione Tognazzi), was located in via Salustio Bandini 19; see William Heywood & Lucy Olcott, *Guide to Siena, History and Art* (Siena: Enrico Torrini, 1905), p. 362. Why didn't they stay at the Pensione Chiusarelli in via Curtatone, where Bernhard stayed in 1889?

¹⁹⁵ In via Enea Silvio Piccolomini, on the Via Cassia towards Rome.



In the afternoon we had the most heavenly and delicious drive to Belcaro. What an afternoon, such sunshine, "such shapes of sky and plain!"

In the evening we wrote our introduction to our Hampton Court Guide and I wrote my Linden story.

Read Creighton and Vasari.

Our quarrel was not serious.

Tuesday, March 22, 1892, Siena [marked with an X to the right]
Went to S. Agostino to see Perugino and Sodoma.

Coming back to Perugino has all the charm of [0241] coming back to the prescribed ritual after no matter how great eloquence of Methodists and such. The well-known form, the reserve and dignity, and tested appropriateness more than make up for the originality in the other — e.g., this is *my* comparison, not Bernhard's! Then we went to the Baptistry and Libreria of the Duomo and saw the Pinturicchios and one of the books by Liberale. It was a delightful morning.

In the afternoon we went to the Poor House (to see a Balducci) and to Fonte Giusta, and then wandered about and ended up in the warm loggia of the cemetery where we watched through a long afternoon the changes of light on the hills and mountains.

I wrote the Linden Story and B. the sketch of the Venetian School for the Hampton Court Guide.

* Wednesday, March 23, 1892, Siena

Went to the Municipio to see especially the Beccafumis. How surprisingly modern some of them are!

Then to the Poor House to see a fresco of Beccafumi that Signor Frizzoni wrote to Bernhard about, asking if it might be a Peruzzi.

Then to the Gallery, where we delighted in the charming Beccafumi, St. Catherine receiving the stigmata. Also the Paris Bordone. [0242]

At 130 we started out with the horse and little trap and drove to S. Ansano in Dofana¹⁹⁶ about 9 miles away. There we found a very nice Peruzzi in a dear little country church, a Madonna and Child, somehow recalling the decision and *chic* of Bronzino.

We went to see a little octagonal chapel built by Peruzzi close by, said by Baedeker to contain a Pietro Lorenzetti. This, however, was taken to the Belle Arti ten years ago. We did not get back till 6.30. It was a delicious drive!

In the evening we worked and read.

¹⁹⁶ Santa Maria a Dofana, una località on the Arbia, where St Ansano was martyred, just south of Montaperti, in the comune of Castelnuovo Berardenga.



* Thursday, March 24, 1892, Pensione Tognazzi, Siena

In the morning we went to the house of Catherine of Siena (built by Peruzzi), to the Baptistry and then to the Libreria del Duomo. There we looked over the illuminated Missals of Liberale. Then we looked at the Pinturicchios.

After lunch, we went to have a last look at the Belle Arti, and then bought some photographs, and some little toys. Then we took a walk, ending up with another glimpse at the Sodoma, Balducci and Pacchia in San(to) Spirito.

In the evening worked and read as usual, and so endeth our happy week.

Bernhard said it is as absurd to take our ideas of ordinary Roman thought and conversation from their orations, as to imagine that they always stood in the poses of their sculpture. [0243]

Friday, March 25, 1892, 16 viale Principe Amedeo, Firenze

We left Siena at 7.53, a glorious morning.

B. read *My Trivial Life and Misfortune* and I read Creighton on the train, and finished the 2nd volume.

We reached Empoli about 10, and leaving our baggage we went to explore the town. The result of our search was a Lorenzo Monaco and a possible small Masaccio in the Galleria del Duomo, and a marvellously beautiful St. Sebastian in marble by Rossellino and some pictures (which interested Bernhard) by Botticini's father.

We walked to Pontormio, 1 kilometer away, and in the church there saw some (hitherto unnoted) Pontormos. We had some light pastry and Vermouth at a pastry cook's, and then a plate of cold meat and some excellent coffee at the station, and then came on to Florence, arriving here at 2.30.

Ray and Karin were delighted with their presents. Ray had a little headache, so I read her "The Dragon's Teeth."

Then I went to see Gertrude, and found her no better. She has been going through various grapples with Miss Bliss and Julia.

Emma tells me that Miss Bliss offered to take the children any afternoon while Emma wanted to go out. "Now's your chance," she said, "while Mrs. Costelloe's away!!" Emma has found a young man, the chemist at the stores. He asked her to go to the Theatre with him on Monday and gave her his card. He is English. He said he had been watching for her to come back again. She is very much elated over her conquest. Julia has 'fallen in love' with the linen-draper in the Piazza Cavour. How funny the life of servants is!

[0244] Saturday, March 26, 1892, Florence

Rain beginning again. Met at Pitti.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Wrote and read in afternoon.

Lotto in evening. Story.

Sunday, March 27, 1892, Florence

Took Emma and the children to the Gallery in the morning. Karin was much bored. The only really delightful thing to her was climbing on the seats. Ray liked the picture stories and the two Heads of Medusa. But sculpture interested her much more, and even Karin went so far as to kiss the Boar's snout.

In the afternoon I wrote and read to Ray and went to see Gertrude.

Bernhard began his Preface to the Hampton Court Guide and wrote 3 hours. What a dear he is! He is getting really interested in it.

In the evening we worked upon our *Lotto*.

Both read Creighton vol. III.

Wrote my story.

Monday, March 28, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning.

B. wrote again for 3 hours, and read Eastlake's *Fine Arts*.

I finished Creighton Vol. III.

We wrote our *Lotto*.

I called on Miss Britten, who was out.

B. called on Loeser.¹⁹⁷

* Tuesday, March 29, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. I tried copying ears, but without much success.

In the afternoon Bernhard again wrote for three hours.

We finished [0245] our *Lotto* in the evening and Bernhard finished Creighton and read Lady Eastlake on Michelangelo.

I called on Gertrude. She bores me nearly to death. She seemed so honest at first, but now I see little but affectation of a peculiarly sickening kind because it calls itself "noble ideas." Really she is old enough to drop that juvenile rot.

I read *Confessions d'un Amant* by Prévost,¹⁹⁸ a very poor affair.

Wednesday, March 30, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. I felt rather ill, so Bernhard went on to the Pitti alone. I rested.

After luncheon he wrote for three hours.

I went to see Gertrude and then wrote my story.

¹⁹⁷ Loeser had moved to Via Garibaldi 2 by March 25, when he signed the *Libri dei Soci* at the Gabinetto Vieusseux.

¹⁹⁸ Marcel Prévost (1862-1941), *La confession d'un amant* (Paris: A. Lemerre, 1891).



I read Lady Eastlake on Michelangelo and Bernhard read Lorenzo di Medici by Reumont.¹⁹⁹

We worked on and finished ! our Giorgione in the evening.

Bernhard is truly an angel about the Hampton Court Catalogue. When I showed him my mournful outburst of a few pages back, he decided to relieve my woe at any cost, though he didn't at all believe in the affair. So he began to work. Now he says he really enjoys it. It is nice of him, how nice no one but I can know!

He had a letter this morning from his friend Cram, accepting his article on Correggio, asking for one on the Venetians.

[0246] Thursday, March 31, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. Bernhard met Mrs. Bywater.²⁰⁰

I felt very ill. We read and loafed all the afternoon. I went to bed feeling ill.

In the evening we dined with Loeser and he took us to the Opera to hear Saint-Saëns' *Sansone e Dalila*, which was really good.

Friday, April 1, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning.

B. came to lunch and wrote his Venetian introduction here, while I slept, again feeling ill. I had an awful headache during the afternoon and evening.

* Saturday, April 2, 1892, Florence

I took the children to be photographed and then joined Bernhard in the Pitti.

He had a letter from his friend²⁰¹ which, after much discussion, turned the scales in favour of his going on to Paris. It made me feel very happy, for I hated to think of his missing the Salon. It doesn't pay to miss a whole year of the wonderful time in France. The decline is likely to begin at almost any time. O I am very happy to think he is going! We each did our own writing in the afternoon, and then took a short walk together.

In the evening we went over our Mantegna [0247] and actually finished it! We were both pleased to find how good it already was.

[marked with a blue crayon in left margin] Ray assumed a most heavenly and enchanting expression of face when she was sitting on my lap and the subject of cake was introduced. She looked as ecstatic as a little St. John

¹⁹⁹ Alfred von Reumont (1808-1887), *Lorenzo de' Medici Il Magnifico*, 2nd ed. (Leipzig, Duncker & Humblot, 1883). **Biblioteca Berenson DG737.9 .R44 1883**

²⁰⁰ The wife of Ingram Bywater, 1840-1914, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, 1893-1908.

²⁰¹ ?



adoring the infant Christ, as she described alternate layers of jam and chocolate and cream and sponge cake in this apotheosis of a *gateau* that her imagination offered to her inner eye.

Sunday, April 3, 1892, Florence

Gertrude sent for me and then began the utterly nauseating and wearisome melodrama of Miss Bliss' Return Ticket. At first Gertrude gave her 500 francs and said make your way home on that. I don't care how. Today, Miss B. having sent her a rather heartless letter, Gertrude turned Indian giver. I advised her to let it go. She would worry herself into a fever, but having an utterly vacant mind she began brooding over all Miss Bliss' misdeeds, which are truly legion, and so at last, on purely ideal principles of "the perfectly Just Thing", she determined to send Miss Bliss home her way and give the girl no choice as to route or time.

Then I went to Bernhard's and we went to the Pitti. There [0248] was more Gertrude in the afternoon.

In the evening we read <in manuscript?> Edith Thomas' stories and her essay on Lorenzo,²⁰² which she had sent for my criticism. One story, "Faint Heart", struck me as good. But the printed novel was Trash, and the historical essay poor to the last degree. It was an example of how a person acquires a reputation for learning by making a bad hash of a dozen (in her case it was about 3) good books. I supposed it made an impression on her relative because of the Mesopotamia sound of "Lorenzo" and "the Renaissance". These words ring sweet in the ears of the semi-cultured, particularly in America. I wrote to her.

Monday, April 4, 1892, Florence

More Gertrude rubbish all day. I must say I take Miss Bliss' side, bad as she is. Gertrude is certainly responsible for a good deal of her badness.

Karin was feverish, and I had to have Ray. We took her to the Ricardi Palace, but she "didn't enjoy it very much." A timely visit to a cake-shop, however, prevented the expedition from being a failure.

I took tea with Bernhard, after a pleasant little chat with Lady Albinia at Vieusseux's.²⁰³

Read [0249] his wonderfully clean and logical sketch of Venetian Art.

Then I called on Jenny Cobden,²⁰⁴ who is now Mrs. Fisher-Unwin. I found her *laced!*, but agreeable. She says she is thoroughly disgusted with Liberal politics.

²⁰²

²⁰³ On what dates did they sign the Libro dei Soci at Vieusseux?

Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampden, the wife of the Rev. Stuart Alexander Donaldson (1854-1915), Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

²⁰⁴ ?



In the evening we read Edith's "Lorenzo"²⁰⁵ and jotted down a few obvious criticisms. It bored us both nearly to death.

Tuesday, April 5, 1892, Florence

Gertrude had a hemorrhage as the result of her machinations against Miss Bliss, so the burden of unpleasantness fell on me. If Gertrude were not so ill, I would tell her what I think of her conduct. Since she has drawn me in, I would give myself the pleasure of speaking my mind. But she is too ill to bear it. Miss Bliss showed me a letter from Gertrude which amply justifies me in my belief that it is all Gertrude's own fault. She completely turned Miss B.'s rather weak head with fulsome flattery and sickening talk. She said, "You have the fine strong spirit that conquers and commands"!!

We went to the Uffizi and Pitti, and wrote as usual.

Karin is worse, threatened with bronchitis.

We worked on our Palma.²⁰⁶

Dr. Baldwin came.²⁰⁷ He says he is very much less hopeful about Gertrude. Her Consumption is growing steadily worse. Poor girl! Poor girl!

[0250] Wednesday, April 6, 1892, Florence

[marked with an X in blue crayon to right]

Uffizi and Bargello. Met Loeser and Parry.²⁰⁸

Karin ill, and all the afternoon flew by in doctor and medicine and nursing. Miss Britten called.

In the evening we finished our Palma, and Bernhard finished Creighton.

I told Parry that the Arundel Chromes²⁰⁹ are like opera tunes on a barrel organ. I must have taken this from Bernhard, I am sure. He is such a dear! **He writes every day for three hours**, in spite of the heat and general flabbiness of the weather.

Thursday, April 7, 1892, Florence

Met at 10 at the Uffizi. After a while Mr. Parry joined us, and we looked at many things, chiefly portraits in the Uffizi and in the Pitti.

²⁰⁵ Edith Carpenter Thomas.

²⁰⁶ Is this an article, or entry in their Catalogue?

²⁰⁷ Dr W. W. Baldwin (1890); mentioned in the life of Henry James by Leon Edel, vol. 3, p. 224. Also in the 1886 Baedeker, via del Moro 1, as the American physician in Florence.

²⁰⁸ In the list at the end of the diary, 'Sidney Parry, Newman House, 105 Kensington Road, London S.E.'

Perhaps Sidney Gambier-Parry (1859-1948), an architect?

²⁰⁹ Chromolithographs (reproductions) published by the Arundel Society.



Bernhard wrote, while I took care of Karin in the afternoon. Then Parry came and we discussed photographs. His great idea is somehow to wake Oxford up to a real study of the Renaissance. He is a nice boy.

In the evening we went over and finished our Tintoretto, and read poetry, chiefly Matthew Arnold.

* Friday, April 8, 1892, Florence

We went to Prato with Parry, and after luncheon drove over to Poggio a Caiano. We missed our train on the way back and drove home. We all enjoyed it very much, and Bernhard and I liked Parry. He is a very "English", that is to say Protestant, Catholic – very – he even believes in Divorce! And he hates the [0251] Jesuits almost as much as Bernhard does.

We were pretty tired in the evening.

Today began the thrice accursed Reign of Fleas!

It was a keen delight to see the Pontormo at Poggio a Caiano.

Saturday, April 9, 1892, Florence

Finished our catalogue notes at the Uffizi. Then we quarrelled a little, but not seriously. I called on Edith Kendall.

Nana²¹⁰ was dead tired, so I took care of the children in the afternoon, till Mr. Parry came.

We all three went over photographs, etc., and Mr. Parry, English-wise, began to abuse his relatives, particularly his mother, and his younger brother, who is addicted to gambling.

The evening was largely taken up with stupid business notes, but (after a quarrel!) we read what Bernhard had written about Tintoretto and Paolo and the Bassani. I found it excellent.

Gertrude is dreadful. She would be deeply indignant, oh! absolutely outraged, if you said she was not intellectual.

Here is a list of books she marked as the ones she would like to get from Vieusseux's:

Life of Louisa Alcott

Letters of T. Carlyle and his Wife

Life of Browning

English Life thro' Yankee Eyes

Florentine Nights, Heine

True Stories from Italian History, Harrison

Social Diseases and Worse Remedies, Huxley

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²¹⁰ Who is Nana? Her mother? But she went home already.
One of her maids?



The Lily of the Arno, Johnson Kelly²¹¹
*Louisa of Prussia*²¹²
Life of Edmund Kean
Vittoria Colonna, Lawley
Love Letters of Famous Men and Women
Letters of Mary Shelley
Lives of 12 Good Men
*Mary Queen of Scots and the Casket Letters*²¹³

-
[0252] Correspondence of Motley
Dante
Mrs. Oliphant²¹⁴
Life of Keats
Yankee at Arthur's Court, Mark Twain
In God's Way, Björnson²¹⁵
Sidney, Margaret Deland²¹⁶
Miss Nobody of Nowhere, Gunter²¹⁷
The Aspern Papers, James
Sandra Belloni, G. Meredith
*One of Our Conquerors*²¹⁸
A teacher of the Violin, Shorthouse²¹⁹

-
Russian Peasantry, Stepniak
Trials of a Country Parson, Jessop
The Massage Case, C. Burnett
Romance of a French Parsonage, Betham-Edwards²²⁰
Gallagher and Other Stories, Davis
Hotel d'Angleterre, etc. Falconer²²¹
The World's Disease, Haggard Lang

²¹¹ Virginia Wales Johnson (1849-1916), *The Lily of the Arno*, or, *Florence, Past and Present* (1891)

²¹² L. Mühlbach.

²¹³ A. E. MacRobert

²¹⁴ Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant (1828-1897, née Margaret Oliphant Wilson), was a Scottish novelist and historical writer.

²¹⁵ Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.

²¹⁶ Margaret Deland (née Margaretta Wade Campbell) (1857-1945), *Sidney* (1890).

²¹⁷ Archibald Clavering Gunter (1847-1907), *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* (1890).

²¹⁸ George Meredith.

²¹⁹ J. H. Shorthouse.

²²⁰ Matilda Betham-Edwards (1836-1919), *Romance of a French Parsonage* (1892).

²²¹ Lanoe Falconer (pseudonym of Mary Elizabeth Hawker), *The Hôtel D'Angleterre and Other Stories* (1891).



Hauntings,²²² *Amour Dure*²²³ di Vernon Lee
Story of a Spring Morning, Molesworth²²⁴
Sunny Stories, J. Payne²²⁵
3 by Frank Stockton²²⁶
Physiologie de l'amour moderne by Bourget²²⁷ (in which B. said she would be terribly disappointed as it is not prurient)
Tar(tarin de) Tarascon, Daudet
*Middlemarch*²²⁸ (translated!!)
Several of Tolstoi
-
Paroles sincères, Coppée²²⁹
La Parisienne au point de vue de l'amour, Zed²³⁰
Sarah Jewett²³¹ (translated!!)
Roman d'un Infant,²³² Loti
Carmen Sylva,²³³ "Qui Frappe?"

This out of all Modern literature, French and English !!!

Sunday, April 10, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning. Bernhard wrote as usual and I gave Emma a rest, as she was quite worn out with Karin's wakefulness.

Parry came to tea at B.'s.

Edith Kendall and her brother came to dine with me. They insisted on arguing about Women's Rights. I only said one thing worth remembering, it was a comparison of the present waking up of women to the consciousness of personality to what happened in the Renaissance.

B. called on Loeser.

²²² Vernon Lee (Violet Paget, 1856-1935), *Hauntings* (1890).

²²³ 'Amour Dure: Passages from the Diary of Spiridion Trepka', *Murray's Magazine* 1 (January 1887).

²²⁴ Mary Ellen Edwards Molesworth (1838-1934, also known as MEE), *The Story of a Spring Morning and other tales* (1890).

²²⁵ James Payne, *Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones* (1891).

²²⁶ Frank Stockton (1834-1902), *The House of Martha* (1891)?

²²⁷ Paul Bourget (1852-1935), *Physiologie de l'amour moderne* (1889).

²²⁸ George Eliot, *Middlemarch* (1874).

²²⁹ François Coppée (1842-1908), *Paroles sincères* (1890).

²³⁰ Albert de Maugny (1849-1909), *La Parisienne au point de vue de l'amour, par Zed* (1889).

²³¹ Sarah Orne Jewett (1849-1909).

²³² Pierre Loti (1850-1923), *Le Roman d'un Enfant* (1890).

²³³ Pauline Elisabeth Ottilie Luise zu Wied ('Carmen Sylva', 1843-1916), the wife of King Carol I of Romania, *Qui Frappe?* (1890).



[0253] Monday, April 11, 1892, Florence

A day of quarrels, alas! over plans and over the general tendency of children to engulf the personality of the mother, at any rate her intellect. I did a good deal of the quarrelling, perhaps all, but I thought better of it in the night. After all it is stupid of us ever to quarrel. [this text marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

We went to the Pitti and I got quite tired out.

Loeser came in completely overcome with a set attack made upon him by Juliet Temple and her chaperon Mrs. Sumner. Juliet is determined to marry him (she told Logan so), but she has too little tact to succeed. He was literally gasping for breath. Mrs. Sumner had evidently played about as creditable part as the “go-between” of a brothel.

* Tuesday, April 12, 1892, Florence

We worked over Bernhard's “Venetian School” and then went to the Opera del Duomo, a most enchantingly arranged little museum.

We spent all the afternoon and evening on the Venetian School and even got a few pages type-written.

Of course we made up our quarrel, and vowed never to quarrel again. [this text marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

If I could only learn to be quite straight-forward things would go much more smoothly. I mean to try, at any rate.

Ray's first metaphor: “Put a marker in your mind, Mary, to remember to tell me that story tomorrow.” [this text marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

[0254] * Wednesday, April 13, 1892, Florence

After helping Bernhard a little with his packing²³⁴ — over which he is about as nervous as a cat! — I did the polite ⟨visit⟩ to the Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampton,²³⁵ and got pretty much bored as a reward for my pains. She is talkable to, that is all. Still, that is a great deal when you remember how horribly hard it is to get most people to talk impersonally at all. She thought Bronzino's pictures ‘very clever, and all that you say,’ but “so inartistic”, a curious phrase. I do wonder what “artistic” means. I suppose it is the thing people mean when they say “it is as pretty as a picture.”

Bernhard came to lunch, and we went on with his Venetian School.

Then we took a walk in the rain and had tea with Loeser, who was hiding away, having left Juliet and Mrs. Sumner under the impression that he was going to Perugia today. He said Juliet was much nicer yesterday. She had evidently changed her tactics, but too late!

²³⁴ To go to Viareggio.

²³⁵ Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampden, the wife of the Rev. Stuart Alexander Donaldson (1854-1915), Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge.



A few days ago he said Mrs. Way was surrounded by a whirl of society. Now he says she sees no one, and Mr. Way keeps a jealous guard over her and won't allow her to exercise her natural gifts for flirting. I suppose some catastrophe mild or violent has happened, as was indeed inevitable with such [0255] a reckless woman. It is a comfort to find the explanation of certain things in her conduct, and I think I have found it. She feeds upon "highly spiced" French novels, novels which do nothing but ring the changes upon the ecstasy [*sic*] of the supreme moment of sexual passion. This, I am pretty sure, is a fiction created by men novellists, [*sic*] who no doubt are taken in by the cleverness of the people whom they hire (in one way or another) to give them so much rapture for so much pay. So they believe women feel as men do, and even more. I do not believe it, and I think Mrs. Way is taken in by all this writing, and thinks there is such a thing for women to feel, and that, since she does not feel it with her husband, she might perhaps feel it with another man. Hence her keen interest in the subject, and her evident longing to have a lover.

Huysmans, in *Un Ménage*, describes such a case, and of course the woman felt no otherwise, before she had got her lover. Not loving him at all, of course the experience was dust and ashes to her. This really explains many more things in Mrs. Way's behaviour than I have written here. It explains why she said several time to B. that although she loved her husband of course, yet he did not really satisfy her, and she felt that she could love some one else, himself for example, more completely and wildly.

In the evening Bernhard had a bad headache.

[0256] Thursday, April 14, 1892, Florence

I helped Bernhard pack for several hours, and then, on the way home, we stopped in to look at the Andrea frescoes in the Santa Annunziata.

Mr. Hezeltine strolled through while we were there, doing his duty by Andrea by spending about thirty seconds before each picture. He went away looking wonderfully virtuous.

Edith Kendall came to luncheon at 1.30, and we talked till 7. She was quite enchanting, a delightful specimen of America at its average best, a girl without much culture, but no prejudices, having been brought up a Unitarian. I really enjoyed her. We took a little drive in the Cascine, where the young budding leaves against the dark stems made an enchanting effect. Edith's charm is that she forces you to tell almost no lies.

Bernhard walked up to San Miniato with Loeser, who uttered the profound remark that after the disappearance of Christianity the cult of the Family would be the popular religion. It is about like suggesting that after Democracy Feudalism will come back.

In the evening we went on with our "Venetian School."



Bernhard read Hennequin's²³⁶ *Critique scientifique* and found some of his own pet ideas foreshadowed there.

We did not quarrel.

I asked Ray today [0257] if she was glad to be alive. "I can't tell you," she replied ... "That is the most difficult question in the world."

O, I am glad to be alive, so glad!!

* Friday, April 15, 1892, Florence

Met Costa and Richter and Loeser in the Uffizi, and then went to see an interesting picture by Domenico Morone and assistants, which belongs to Dr. Richter.

M^{me} Zucchelli and her daughter called, and we went to look at a house for next year, unsuitable.

Bernhard called on Miss Britten and Miss Loope.

Left a card on Mrs. Way.

I had a little headache in the evening, but we went on with our work.

No letters to Senda after July 11, 1889 until April 16, 1892:
from here on comparisons can be made

Saturday, April 16, 1892, Florence

A last look at the Uffizi. Afterwards much packing and a little work on the Venetians.

We had tea at Bernhard's room, and then left cards on Miss Britten (I) and Miss Madeleine Fleury (B.) who were both out.

Worked in the evening.

Sunday, April 17, 1892, Easter Sunday, Florence

We visited various churches in the morning and lunched together at the Toscana.

Then we came back and worked till 5, and Bernhard went to find Miss Fleury. He said she and her mother were thoroughly French and delightfully impersonal in their conversation. They asked him, however, what he was doing. When he replied, "Applying [0258] Darwin to Painting", they laughed politely in such a way that he felt sure they had never heard of Darwin.

²³⁶ Émile Hennequin (1858-1888), *La critique scientifique* (Paris: Perrin, 1888).

Biblioteca Berenson House BH192 .H3 1888

Écrivains Français (Paris: Perrin, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ51.H46 E3 1890 [Shelved as SAL.II.8.]**

Études de critique scientifique. Quelques écrivains français; Flaubert, Zola, Hugo, Goncourt, Huysmans, etc. (Paris, Perrin et cie, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ294 .H5 1890 [Shelved as SAL.II.8.]**



In the meantime I called on M^{lle} Miranda,²³⁷ and then (by special invitation) on Mrs. Way, who again flirted with me in so utterly bewitching a manner that I quite lost my head. She is adorable for an occasional *tête-à-tête*. In the evening we worked and Costa called.

Monday, April 18, 1892, Hotel de Russie, Viareggio

I came here with Emma and the children, while Bernhard (very wisely!) remained behind to have a last look at the pictures and to show them to M^{me} Fleury.

The journey was awful. We had 18 packages, some of them HUGE!! The sea was roaring in the sand when we came, and the wind blew a hurricane. When you forget the discomfort, it was very beautiful.

What a sham it is to think of us richer people as really more refined than poorer people. I never felt it more keenly (though I have often felt it) than tonight. Emma walked out with me to the other hotel where I engaged a room for Bernhard. "Why doesn't he stay at our hotel?" she asked. "Mr. Smith²³⁸ thinks it better for us to stay in different hotels," I replied. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed, [0259] quite astonished. "Do you think so too, Madam?" she asked. "No," I said. "Of course not." "Neither do I," she said. "When I went for my holiday to Brighton with my young man, we stayed in longings together and had the same sitting room. It was all right."

And to think that the advantage we get from being "superior" is that our women can't be trusted as much as women like Emma.

Bernhard very much enjoyed his visit to the Uffizi with M^{lle} Fleury. She told him that painters now-a-days have their architecture and perspective all drawn for them by people especially trained to it.

* Tuesday, April 19, 1892, Viareggio

Bernhard came at 9.30, and I met him at the station. The history of our day is walks interspersed with writing our *Venetians* — or rather the other way about.

It was gloriously sunny in the afternoon, and after a rest, we walked in the pine forest. The children were enchanted with the sand and the waves.

[0260] Wednesday, April 20, 1892, Hotel de Russie, Viareggio

Wrote and walked.

Bernhard finished *Les Soeurs Vatard* by Huysmans²³⁹ and began *Marthe*.²⁴⁰

Thursday, April 21, 1892, Viareggio

Finished our *Venetians* on the beach in the morning.

²³⁷ Enrico Costa's aunt.

²³⁸ Mary's father.

²³⁹ J.-K. Huysmans (1848-1907), *Les Soeurs Vatard* (Paris, 1879).

²⁴⁰ J.-K. Huysmans (1848-1907), *Marthe : histoire d'une fille* (Bruxelles : Jean Gay, 1876).



Walked in the woods in the afternoon.

Type-wrote in evening. I tried to cheat Bernhard, but repented.

* Friday, April 22, 1892, Albergo di Corona, Lucca

We came over in the 11 o'clock train and lurked about the town all the afternoon, dropping in at all the churches and the gallery, and taking a general view.

Towards sunset we walked all about the lovely town walls.

Saturday, April 23, 1892, Lucca [an X in blue crayon marked above]

Took notes on the pictures in the morning, and after lunch in the gallery. Then we took the steam tram to Ponte a Mariano, and there made a bargain with a reluctant cabby to take us up to La Pieve di Brancoli. After declaring that he would not walk with us there for four francs, he drove us there for three, but it was indeed a climb! At the top we found a quaint 12th century church, with rude [0261] stone figures, like children's figures of men, carved on the lintels.

[an example sketched in, four lines high]

It had also an interesting font and a pulpit in the Pisan style, and behind the High Altar an excellent terra cotta plaque of St. George and the dragon, of the della Robbia School. The dragon was quite Japanese in colour, and in form too. Our visit aroused wild interest, and we were invited in to the priest's house where we partook of wine and honey cakes, no doubt such fare as they ate in Homer's day. They asked us if we came from Lucca, evidently the greatest metropolis they could imagine, and as far away as they could conveniently think of. The elder priest was fat and Boccaccioesque, and took snuff. His favourite was a young chaplain who had a "gran'ingegno" for languages, and was actually learning English. He even said for our benefit, and to astonish the others, "Are you En-gleesh?" and "Good Bye." The jovial priest explained the crown of priests gathered in his parlour by the fact that it was a festival in his church, and they always visited each other [0262] whenever there was a festival anywhere. They had preserved Signor Frizzoni's memory from two years before, and no doubt will preserve ours for many years to come before another stranger comes their way. Frizzoni they described as coming from Udine, and being a Professor in Rome!

Sunday, April 24, 1892, Viareggio

We went to the Duomo and to the gallery in the morning, finished our notes and had lunch.

Then I came here and B. went to Pisa. I thought I should enjoy a long afternoon with the children, but no — their life is too much grown-up life in miniature — the pleasure of every moment spoiled by an incipient



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quarrel or dispute. All the other person is good for is to arrange terms of 'peace' and that is very weary.

I finished *Les Soeurs Vatard*. As Bernhard says, Huysmans is "*unmitigated* life."

* Monday, April 25, 1892, Hotel Washington, Pisa

Arrived at 11 and went straight to the gallery.

After lunch we went to the Duoma and the Campo Santo. I actually began to get interested in the Lorenzetti!

In the evening we wrote our²⁴¹ Bassano.²⁴²

Bernhard finished and I began and finished Huysmans' earliest work *Marthe*, and he went on with von Reumont's *Lorenzo dei Medici*.²⁴³

I had an awful [0263] attack of pain in the night, attended with that common delusion that the covers were slipping off. I took some brandy which sent me to sleep. It was the severest pain I have ever had except child birth, or when the dentist is actually touching a nerve in a tooth.

Tuesday, April 26, 1892, Albergo Nazionale, Volterra

We visited several churches, etc., (in Pisa) in the morning.

At Santa Cat(e)rina, in the seminary attached to it, we found a wonderful altar piece in many compartments by Simone Martini. It was half hidden, and dreadfully neglected. Bernhard roused the head of the Seminary, an unassuming young priest, to great interest in it, and he promised to clean it and set it up together in the form of an altar. We saw, too, some wonderful Ghirlandaio's, best of all a St. Rock, of whom no one makes mention.

Then we came here, a 3 hours railway journey, with 2 hours staging at the end.

I read a stupid American novel, finished my Creighton and began his *Cardinal Wolsey*.²⁴⁴ Bernhard read von Reumont.

When we reached here, we loitered about the town for a while, and dropped in at the Duomo, and saw some most interesting pictures, among them a fine Signorelli.

We had a nice dinner, seasoned with hunger, and in the evening we polished up the Bassano and read.

²⁴¹ chapters in *The Venetians*?

²⁴² Jacopo Bassano (1510-1592).

²⁴³ Alfred von Reumont (1808-1887), *Lorenzo de' Medici Il Magnifico*, 2nd ed. (Leipzig, Duncker & Humblot, 1883). **Biblioteca Berenson DG737.9 .R44 1883**
Lorenzo de' Medici, trans. Robert Harrison (London: 1876).

²⁴⁴ Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), *Cardinal Wolsey* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson DA334.W8 C9 1891**



[0264] * April 27, 1892, Albergo Nazionale, Volterra

We spent the morning sight-seeing and taking notes on pictures. In the afternoon we began to write our "Correggio" for Hampton Court, and quarrelled atrociously over it!

However, after a Vermouth we were in a better temper, and it went like magic! Bernhard discovered Correggio's "Law." After that the interest of working it out became absorbing. We finished writing it. [marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

Thursday, April 28, 1892, Volterra

Finished our notes in the Duomo, and walked out in the rain to San Giusto, but found no picture. Crowds of little boys gathered silently about us, like cherubs or putti winging about a Madonna. [marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

In the afternoon we walked to S. Girolamo, a lovely walk through lanes all fragrant with the heavy rain. We found some interesting pictures and della Robbia altar-pieces.

In the evening we printed the Bassani and Correggio.

I read *Charles V*²⁴⁵ and Bernhard *Lorenzo de' Medici*.

Friday, April 29, 1892, Albergo Leon[e] Bianco, San Gimignano

Our friend, Vittorio Caparini, came to drive us over here, 30 kilometers, up and down hills. Such a nice man, a "firiio unico" of "Volterra" as [0265] he called these words, changing the l's to r's.

On the way Bernhard gave him one of his cigarettes. He did not like it much, and said, "È lo stesso di dar confetti al bove." The Volterra hotel²⁴⁶ was one of the best I ever was in (see Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie*).²⁴⁷

Arrived here. I felt much below par, but we wandered about a little in the Municipio, San Agostino, and the Duomo.

Bernhard is beginning to be eaten up with **an absorbing interest in the XIV Century Siena painters!** [marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

* Saturday, April 30, 1892, San Gimignano

We took notes in the Duomo in the morning, and in the afternoon walked out to a little Church about 3 miles out, called S. Andrea.²⁴⁸ There we found a fine Benozzo Gozzoli. The whole population of the village came in to the Church to watch us, silently but with determined curiosity. The little priest

²⁴⁵ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**

²⁴⁶ Albergo Nazionale, Volterra. <http://www.hotelnazionale-volterra.it/hotel/>

²⁴⁷ Paul Bourget (1852-1935), *Sensations d'Italie* (Paris, 1891).

²⁴⁸ Località Sant'Andrea, north of San Gimignano.



was too shy to invite us to have any refreshment. The walk was enchanting beyond words.

We nearly finished our Titian in the afternoon and evening.

[0266] * Sunday, May 1, 1892, Albergo dell'Aquila, Poggibonsi

We walked out to Mont'Oliveto²⁴⁹ and found several interesting *quadri* there, and then on to Santa Lucia, where we found a Benozzo and a Fra Paolino. Again the village came to watch us with polite but raging curiosity. We got caught in a thunder storm walking back.

Finished our Municipio notes, and S. Agostino, had a glimpse of two other churches, and of the enchanting wash-place outside the old gate, and then drove here through the rain. What an enchanting country, and now full of "living odours."

We walked up, still in the rain, to San Lucchese, and found a truly astonishing Gerino in the Church. The "Signore" who owned the old monastery would not let us see Gerino's fresco in the Refectory, but with the aid of a sympathetic priest and of his young brother, we managed to peep at it through a hole in a sort of barn door.²⁵⁰

Coming back, we heard nightingales singing near an operatic grotto, arches and ivy and clear water and all complete, and tried to experience the proper emotions. We were not successful, but probably the scene will arrange itself suitably, emotions and all, in our memories.

[0267] Monday, May 2, 1892, Hotel Pellegrino, Bologna [an * deleted]
Arrived at Florence 10.30.

Bank, etc., etc.

Said goodbye to Gertrude. It was hard to listen to her vapourings about Julia's "sympathy with childhood," etc., etc., when all the women of the Pension²⁵¹ had besieged me on the stairs to tell me that Julia was very cruel and kept the children crying all day long!

We came on at 2.30 to Bologna, with some nice Americans, and had a little look around the splendid town.

* Tuesday, May 3, 1892, Bologna

Churches in the morning and the gallery in the afternoon. Then a little rest (for I was dead tired) and another stroll. Saw Palazzo Bevilacqua.

²⁴⁹ Abbazia Monte Oliveto near San Gimignano. www.monteoliveto.it

²⁵⁰ Now part of Hotel Villa San Lucchese.

²⁵¹ Gertrude's Pension could be recovered if she signed the Libro dei Soci at Vieusseux.



Bernhard is reading Michelet's *History of France*,²⁵² the volume on the Renaissance. I am reading Symonds' *Catholic Reaction*.²⁵³
Finished our Titian in the evening.

* Wednesday, May 4, 1892, Bologna

Went to Ferrara for the day to see the gallery and an exhibition of pictures from private collections. This was all worth seeing as it made us acquainted with Coltellini,²⁵⁴ and there was a splendid Tura among them.

Bernhard went [0268] on with his Michelet, and I read *La Fille Éliza* by Edmond de Goncourt,²⁵⁵ a depressing psychological study, which tastes too much of the note-book to be a really great novel.

* Thursday, May 5, 1892, Hotel Pellegrino, Bologna

Went to many Churches in the morning and to the Gallery in the afternoon. Afterwards we walked out to S. Michele in Bosco, and then along woody paths where the nightingales were singing their bravest. A lovely day.

Wrote our Bissolo in the evening.

Talked to some Boston ladies at dinner, who adored Guido Reni.

Friday, May 6, 1892, Hotel d'Italia, Modena

Came at 10.35 to Modena and saw the Duomo.

After lunch we went to the Gallery, still unhung after ten years of storage! and reviled in the Dossos. We discovered a Licinio.

Saturday, May 7, 1892, Hotel de Roma, Cremona

A good hotel. [crossed out, 'No' written above]

It was pouring in the morning, but we conscientiously "did" Piacenza, enjoying particularly the architecture of the little church of San Sisto.

Then we came to Cremona and had a peep at the Duomo before dark.

Wrote our "Dosso".

[0269] * Sunday, May 8, 1892, Hotel Cambria, Brescia

We saw the churches in the morning, and then nearly killed each other quarrelling. But we made it up in the cathedral where we studied the frescoes.

Then {from Cremona} we came to Brescia.

I finished Symonds' *Catholic Reaction*, and began Michelet's *Renaissance*. B. is going the other way.

²⁵² Jules Michelet (1798-1874), *History of France from the earliest period to the present time*, trans. G. H. Smith (New York : D. Appleton & Co., 1845-1848).

²⁵³ A later edition: John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Renaissance in Italy: The Catholic reaction*, 2 vol. (London: Smith, Elder; New York: Scribner's, 1900). **Biblioteca Berenson DG533 .S94 1900**

²⁵⁴ Michele Coltellini (1480-1542), active mainly in Ferrara.

²⁵⁵ Edmond de Goncourt (1822-1896), *La fille Élisa* (Paris: Charpentier, 1877).



Monday, May 9, 1892, Albergo Concordia, Bergamo

After a dozen churches and two important galleries there wasn't much left of us, but what there was, came here in the evening.

> Tuesday, May 10, 1892, Bergamo

We tried to go to Alsano in the morning, but were deceived as to the train, so, after wasting an hour (reading, however) and much temper, we came back and worked on **our book**.

In the afternoon we did get there, but it was too wet and dark to see the Lotto. Bernhard wasted much vital energy upon a vain quarrel with the Railway Company.

In the evening we wrote.

All this was Wednesday. ☞

[0270] x Wednesday, May 11, 1892, Albergo Discordia,²⁵⁶ Bergamo

☞ (This is really *Tuesday's* record) ☞

San Bartolomeo, San(to) Spirito and San Giovanni, with *culminatingly* beautiful Lottos. We were adorably happy over them. We saw other churches, including the wonderful Tiepolos in the Colleoni Chapel, and the Lotto intarsias.

In the afternoon we saw the gallery, and had an enchanting walk up to the Castello.

Worked in the evening.

* Thursday, May 12, 1892, Bergamo

After various churches we went to the Gallery.

After lunch we wrote till 4 when we went to Trescorre to see the Lottos, and then to the Suardi's other villa to see another Lotto.

Passed Costa and Frizzoni in the train coming back.

Finished our (Hampton Court) Guide in the evening.

> Friday, May 13, 1892, Milano

Brera, Poldi-Pezzoli, Borromeo Collection, Tiepolo's and a Church.

I was tired but happy.

We talked to Jens Thiis, Conservateur de la Musée de sculpture à Christiana in [0271] the Brera. He hardly knew whether he were on his head or his feet when Bernhard said the Florentines were not Painters. He has a private *cult* for Botticelli.

The children arrived at 7.30 and I came away with them at 10.20, leaving Bernhard at the Bella Venezia.²⁵⁷

²⁵⁶ A mistake for 'Concordia', or was Mary quarrelling with Bernhard?

²⁵⁷ The Albergo La Bella Venezia (Hôtel Belle Venise) was located in Piazza San Fedele in front of Palazzo Marino.



Saturday, May 14, 1892, Milan, Train to Paris

An awful day of heat and dust for me. The **children** enjoyed it.

I reached Paris at 6.30 and went to Logan's apartment, 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière.²⁵⁸

At the bottom of a page partially left blank
and marked in blue crayon in the left margin:

I could not continue a separate journal.²⁵⁹ It was too dreary being away from Bernhard.

[no entries from May 15 to June 9]

²⁵⁸ Located just southwest of Luxembourg Gardens.

²⁵⁹ By 'separate' Mary perhaps means that Bernhard occasionally contributed to the writing of the journal?



[FRANCE]

[0272] * Friday, June 10, 1892, Écu de France, Amiens
We met at 4 o'clock and were very happy.

x Saturday, June 11, 1892, 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris
We saw the cathedral and several churches (in Amiens) and then the delightful decorations of the Musée by Puvis de Chavannes. These we enjoyed beyond words. We took the afternoon train for Paris.

Bernhard brought his friend Maude²⁶⁰ to see me in the evening. She was very sweet and sympathetic and we loved each other at once.

x Sunday, June 12, 1892, Paris

Went with Maude to the collection Petit, where we saw many works of the Barbizon school, a Manet, a Moroni, a Guardi, some Rubens, 2 Frans Hals, a Terburgh,²⁶¹ etc.

Went to the Salon after lunch, and especially enjoyed Richemond²⁶² and Collin.²⁶³

In the evening we dined with Maude and her sisters. American-wise, the conversation was broken into interrupted [0273] tête-à-tête.

* Monday, June 13, 1892, Paris

I went to see Carey Thomas,²⁶⁴ and then we met at the New Salon.

In the afternoon we met Maude and went through Durand-Ruel's astonishing private collection of pictures by Manet, Monet, Pissaro, [*sic*] Sisley, etc. The Manet dancing scene was especially wonderful.

Maude came to spend the night.

x Tuesday, June 14, 1892, Paris

Went early to the New Salon, and shamelessly "got it up." Carey and Mamie Gwinn came at 10 and I took them round.

Maude in the evening.

* Wednesday, June 15, 1892, Paris

Louvre. New Salon.

Maude to dine, and the *Troyens* in the evening. What beautiful music.

> Thursday, June 16, 1892, Paris

Pictures, I forget what.

²⁶⁰ Maude Mosher, later the wife of John M. Robertson.

²⁶¹ Gérard Terburgh, 1608-1681.

²⁶² George Richmond (1809-1896), a portrait-painter?

²⁶³ Raphaël Collin (1850-1916), a French painter

²⁶⁴ Martha Carey Thomas (1857-1935) was an American educator, suffragist, linguist, and the second President of Bryn Mawr College.



Dined with Carey who read and liked the manuscript of "The Venetian School."

Mr. Burke arrived.²⁶⁵

[entries for June 17-18 omitted]

<June 19, 1892>

[0274] For a few days I forgot to keep a record, but the programme was nearly always the same: pictures, lunch, a rest, and Burke and Maude in the evening.

Burke took us again to *Les Troyens*²⁶⁶ which we enjoyed even more than before. Bernhard developed his "Law of Schock."

Monday, June <20> [19], 1892, Paris

We spent the day with Mr. Burke and his friend Mr. Irwick, first at the New Salon and then at the two Duran(d)-Ruel's collections.²⁶⁷ Bôcher was with us.

The "Mikes" arrived in the evening, to stay with me, and after dinner came a dreadful letter from mother, urging me to go home and work for Frank's election — !! It nearly broke my heart.

x Tuesday, June <21> [20], 1892, Paris

Answered mother in the morning, [0275] while Bernhard took Burke to the Luxembourg.

Took Michael Field (Miss Cooper and Miss Bradley) to the new Salon after lunch, and then came home and rested. They were overcome with joy.

In the evening they went with Mr. Burke and Mr. Irwick to *Les Troyens*.

Wednesday, June <22> [21], 1892, Paris

We studied the Sienese and Florentine pictures in the Gallerie [*sic*] de Sept Mètres²⁶⁸ with Burke in the morning, and after lunch took the Mikes to the New Salon.

Burke came to tea, and after dinner Maude came and played to us on her violin and told us any quantity of funny stories. One was of a man who exaggerated fearfully. A friend remonstrated with him. He said he was very sorry, he did not mean to, he was carried away by excitement, but he would be grateful if the friend would give him gentle reminders, a poke or kick, if he [0276] caught him at it. So his friend promised to remind him. Soon after the man began to describe a wonderful building he had seen when he was

²⁶⁵ The first mention of John Burke.

²⁶⁶ Hector Berlioz, *Les Troyens* (1863).

²⁶⁷ Paul Durand-Ruel (1831-1922) was one of the first art dealers who supported painters with stipends and solo exhibitions. In 1867 his gallery moved from 1 rue de la Paix to 16 rue Laffitte, with a branch at 111 rue Le Peletier.

²⁶⁸ ? a collection of *primitifs italiens* in the Louvre?



“abroad”. “It was 2,000 feet broad and 5,000 feet long”. Here his friend gave him a violent kick, “and two feet high!” But I cannot remember all the stories.

We said goodbye to Maude, who was going to Brittany.
I wrote to mother and B.F.C.C., full and honest letters.

Thursday, June 23, 1892, Paris

More work in the Louvre with Burke all morning.
After lunch we went to see the Puvis de Chavannes at the Nouvelle Sorbonne. It left me cold this time.

Then I came home and Bernhard took Burke to the Old Salon.

Florence Ayling called on me.

Burke came to tea.

At luncheon Bernhard said that “Michael” wrote of love as Lionardo painted rocks, the rocky idealization of a dweller in the plain.

[0277] * Friday, June 24, 1892, Paris

“Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper, the quaint English poets who have a sort of hope that two female poets ought to be worth one male. So they call themselves “Michael Field”, and believe that nobody would know from their verses that they are unmarried women.” B.B. (letter to his mother).

We went to the Louvre, after showing the Michaels through the Luxembourg. B. described the Manet as “la Prostitution Eternelle”.

We worked in the Louvre, and after lunch came home.

After tea we read Lionardo²⁶⁹ and after dinner Bernhard gave some capital criticisms on *Sight and Song* which they took in very good part. He said that the rhythm in verse is like the orchestra in music, and that the single word has to be of the most distinct and direct kind to produce an impression not entirely overborne by the rhythm.

Saturday, June 25, 1892, Paris

Studied drawings in Louvre. Bernhard discovered a Cariani.²⁷⁰ The Wateaus were enchanting.

After lunch we joined Michael at the New Salon, and enjoyed Zorn²⁷¹ and Besnard.²⁷²

After tea Bernhard went to call on M^{lle} Madeleine Fleury, and came [0278] back saddened, because she was so ill. She has to leave Paris for two years.

After dinner we talked and read Browning, while Edith Cooper “killed adjectives” in her notes, “The Doctrine”, as they call Bernhard, having

²⁶⁹ p

²⁷⁰ Giovanni Cariani (c. 1490-1547).

²⁷¹ Anders Zorn (1860-1920), a Swedish painter and printmaker

²⁷² Paul-Albert Besnard (1849-1934), a French painter and printmaker.



declared that they ought not to be used in poetry, except when they were so vivid as to be alive.

Letters from home all these days which sadden me. They have no right to be unhappy over me. It is a horrible, unjustifiable tyranny. But I cannot help feeling it a little. I suppose I should not feel it at all, if it were not for my dull ache for Ray's sweet ['sweet' deleted] presence.

Sunday, June 26, 1892, Paris
Bernhard's 27th Birthday

* * * *

[no entries after June 26 until July 13]

[0279] Wednesday, July 13, 1892, Paris

"Michael Field" went this morning. We have all enjoyed each other very much, and all of us have especially enjoyed "The Doctrine", as we united in calling Bernhard.

But it has been a curious three weeks. I have been ill, and so miserable I thought of killing myself, and if I could I would have killed Bernhard. I suppose, I know, I was crazy. I am getting better now, but I am rather feeble. I was at one time threatened with peritonitis and I had a good deal of pain. But that was nothing compared to the depression.

Bernhard has been most fascinating all the time. We have all been hanging on his words.

A youth named Norman Hapgood has turned up from **Harvard** (a Law Student) and he, too, is of the faith.

Meanwhile, my family affairs have been going forward, by the Vale of Tears. I wonder if there ever was a family that did not bring more pain than [0280] pleasure to the members thereof? No, of course the family was the best thing for its time, but now it is obsolete and so a terrible chain. We all tried to think last night of a single case in which the family experiment had turned out happily. We could not think of one. Miss Bradley said that if she were young she would not dare to marry, that she could not take it upon her conscience to found a thing she so thoroughly disapproved of. Edith we called "Liberanda", because she is going to try to throw off her father's yoke a little.

Hapgood is as much oppressed as any woman. He has plenty of money, but his parents insist upon his going into a lawyer's office in Chicago. He has grown apathetic from living too long in Cambridge. He says he knows it isn't life, but he prefers Cambridge. Silly child!!

Well, I have had many letters from poor mother. I will copy extracts from some when I feel a little stronger.



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Bôcher has been here, and I have seen Marion Lawrence once or twice, and Jens Th(i)s,²⁷³ the Norwegian youth who is trying to understand all the Arts in one year.

[0281] Thursday, July 14, 1892, Paris

We are reading aloud Creighton's clear little book on "The Elizabethan Age".²⁷⁴

The Mikes went yesterday.

...

... "The one element thee seems to leave out is thy duty to other people. I mean the fact that in marrying thee took upon thyself certain duties towards thy husband and children that it seems to me ought to be fulfilled at whatever sacrifice to thyself. (!!) Of course these may be old-fashioned ideas of mine, but such as they are, I cannot get rid of them. It seems to me thee ought as a wife to help Frank forward in his plans of life as far as thee possibly can and the(e) ought to make things as easy for him as possible."

... and now for myself. I recognize all thee says, and have no doubt it is all true. But the fact is I was brought up to believe that it was a wife's *duty* to love her husband, and if she could not really love him, it was her *duty* to pretend she did. All the trend of my whole religious experience until within the last few years was to make me believe that as a wife the first [0282] and foremost duty of my life was to make my husband happy and to minister to his peculiarities and yield to his demands. I can see now that this was a very exaggerated view, but at the time it seemed to be the only Divine view — (!!) and my life has been one long struggle to conform to it. I was taught that if I pretended to love, the love would come, and every rising of independence in my nature seemed to me a direct and wilful [*sic*] sin. *It was my very desire to do right* that led me into the things that seem to thee so wrong. I have always deplored it unspeakably, but have thought it was innate wickedness in me that made things what they were. I cannot expect thee to understand me, but this may perhaps account to thee for two things: (I) my own life of submission to shams; and (II) my determination never to give you any false consciences if I could help it. In both I have been extreme no doubt, and had I lived in this generation, things would have been clearer to me. But this is my excuse, such as it is ...

There is one difficulty I have always had to contend with that thee is spared, and that is father's nerves. At the least opposition he has always become so nervous that one's pity was at once excited, and it seemed worthwhile to do anything to save him from such suffering. Many a night in

²⁷³ Jens Thiis (1870–1942), a Norwegian art historian, conservator and director of the National Gallery in Oslo from 1908 to 1941.

²⁷⁴ Mandell Creighton, *The Age of Elizabeth* (Boston, 1876). A later edition: **Biblioteca Berenson DA357 .C9 1899**



the past I have been waked up by hearing him leave the house half dressed in the middle of the night and walking up and down the garden, or, in the country, up and down in the roads for hours together. And I never knew whether he would not [0283] be brought home from these wanderings dead. Sometimes he would get wild and dash his head against the wall and groan and cry out in apparent agonies of distress. And finding that opposition of any kind, even difference of opinion would produce these spells, I gradually became convinced that he was not to be treated as a reasonable being. I do not feel as if our cases were at all similar. I sold myself, as thee calls it, as much out of pity as out of a desire to keep a home for my children. Some day, if I can ever tell thee the story, I think thee will thyself say I could hardly have done differently. But for my sticking to him, I believe he would to-day have been in an insane asylum; and, with my views of duty, I *could not* have forsaken him on account of his health, apart from every other consideration. My life has not had only simple issues, but many complications arising from my ideas (in some respects mistaken) of duty, and from father's health."

...



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[ENGLAND]

Friday, July 15, 1892

We crossed, via Dieppe, from Paris to London.

Bernhard went to join his sister at 16 North Street.

Saturday, July 16, 1892, London

Bernhard's first lecture, to a fairly large and very much interested class. He did well.

I came to Friday's Hill.

[0284] Sunday, July 17, 1892

Bernhard in London, I at Friday's Hill.

x Monday, July 18, 1892

I met B.F.C.C. at 44 Grosvenor Road.²⁷⁵ He said he had made the children Wards of Chancery. He said he had *proofs* of my adultery with Bernhard. I said that it was impossible, although I knew he might easily have what would suffice before a British Jury. He could not show me the proofs, but he said he had laid them before Sir Charles Russell.²⁷⁶

I went away to think it over. I saw Frank in the evening, and told him that I found I had not the courage, considering my parents and the children and my own poverty — dependent as I am at present upon father — to insist upon a divorce. It is [corrected from 'was'] his interest, too, to keep it quiet, so we decided to make a deed of Separation.

I think it very likely that some day I will insist upon his producing all those proofs he speaks of, and, if they are really sufficient to give me a divorce, getting it.

Tuesday, July 19, 1892

He [corrected from 'we'] made our deed of Separation and took it to read to mother and father and Logan, who had come up for the purpose. Poor mother was in genuine anguish, tempered by the feeling [0285] that, since it was so, it was God's Will. Father had a pompously solemn face, but secretly he enjoyed playing the part of the Parent in a Tragedy. It was a real interest. But I am sure he *thinks* he is miserable. Logan realized that it wasn't his business, after all, and thanked his stars he wasn't married. Afterwards he said it was ridiculous not to make marriages "on approval". I said Frank was acting "nobly" from the point of view of old-fashioned literature, but abominably from the real point of view, I mean the contemporary point of view. He had absolutely no right to make my children Wards of Chancery

²⁷⁵ on the Chelsea Embankment.

²⁷⁶ ? perhaps The Rt Hon Sir Charles Russell, 1st Baronet, KCVO (1863-1928), an English lawyer.



without consulting me. It makes me indignant to think of it. And that anything I might choose to do, or he might think I had deliberately chosen to do, could justify him, I cannot see. However, it may really be all right for them, because I realize that a young person like myself, in the throes of emancipation, is not a good education for very little children. Something settled is, I believe, better for them. At any rate, I am never to be denied access to them. But I am really too ill to think.

Afterwards, I came down to Friday's Hill. The "Mikes" spent the night. They were simple angels to me.

[no entries from July 20 to August 8]

[0286] ⟨Tuesday,⟩ August 9, 1892, Birch Hall, Windlesham

I was ill with inflammation of the bowels and worry combined. In fact, when I signed the Deed I was ill, too ill not to be a coward.

Afterwards I spent a long time in bed at Haslemere, suffering a great deal of pain. Ray was very sweet.

Bernhard stayed with his sister and Miss Jordan in London, and then with the Burkes here.²⁷⁷ Then, on Mr. Burke's invitation, I came here. What a pleasure it has been to see Bernhard. He is more dear to me than ever.

His sister is here also, and she hates me, as Alys and Logan hate Berenson.

[no entries from Aug. 10 to Aug. 15]

²⁷⁷ See Bernhard's letters to Senda, 1892.3-5.



[FRANCE]

x Tuesday, August 16 [15], 1892, Hotel Dauphin, Rouen
Crossed from Newhaven.

How good it was to get away. It has been a horrible month in England, but it is over.

* Wednesday, August 17 [16], 1892, Hotel du Grand Cerf, Nantes

I was surprisingly well, and we went about to see the sights, the Cathedral and St. Ouen, the back of which outside we particularly enjoyed, (and) the Musée, where we found a Longhi [0287] and 3 pradelle by Gerino da Pistoia and a picture by Balducci (called Botticelli), and the Puvis decorative paintings which are not to be compared with those at Amiens.

Then we came here. Read *Liaisons Dangereuses*.²⁷⁸

x Thursday, August 18 [17], 1892,
14, rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

Saw the cathedral of Nantes and came here.

x Friday, August 19 [18], 1892, Paris

Went to the Louvre and began our notes.

I was not very well, and I felt very cross at meeting Bôcher unexpectedly. Bernhard lunched with him. I decided not to bear malice against him for his garrulity, so I wrote him a peace-making note.

Saturday, August 20, 1892, Paris

Notes in the Louvre. Bôcher came to tea.

Sunday, August 21, 1892, Paris

Notes in the Louvre. I began to feel ill.

Finished Creighton's *Simon de Montfort*.²⁷⁹

Monday, August 22, 1892, Paris

I was much worse. But we went to Durand-Ruel's with Bôcher and saw a new Besnard, Degas, etc.

Went to the Exposition des Arts de la Femme, and amused ourselves over the old fashions.

²⁷⁸ Pierre Choderlos de Laclos (1741-1803), *Les liaisons dangereuses* (1782). Later editions:

Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ1993.L22 L5 1795 S

Biblioteca Berenson House PQ1993.L22 L5 1869 [Shelved as SAL.VII.1]

Biblioteca Berenson House PQ1993 .L22 1891 [Shelved as SAL.VII.4]

²⁷⁹ Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), *Life of Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester*, 2nd ed. (London: Rivingtons, 1877). **Biblioteca Berenson DA228.M7 C7 1877**



[0288] 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris,

Tuesday, August 23, 1892,

I felt much worse and did not go out. Read *Adolphe*.²⁸⁰

Went to Dr Laudonzy at 4. He said I had inflammation of the womb and ovaries, besides my stomach. He prescribed a very strict diet and absolute rest. I had a great deal of pain.

Bernhard dined with Bôcher.

* Wednesday, August 24, 1892, Paris

A dreadful day. I could not read, but bored myself all day and tormented both of us. I felt very unhappy.

Thursday, August 25, 1892, Paris

Still on my back. Burke came in while we were at breakfast. Bernhard took him to Durand-Ruel's to see the pictures he wants to buy.

After lunch they went to the Hotel de Ville. They liked the Lerolles.²⁸¹

I read *La Bête Humaine*.²⁸²

I have read a great many of Zola's novels. Let me see how many: *L'Oeuvre*,²⁸³ *La Curée*, *Germinal*, *Nana*, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, *La Rêve*, *Pot-Bouille*, *La Joie de Vivre*, *Au Bonheur des Dames*, *Les Contes à Ninon*.²⁸⁴ I do not remember any others.

Bernhard is reading *Germinie Lacerteux*,²⁸⁵ and we are reading aloud, for the second time, Creighton's *History of the Papacy*.²⁸⁶

Burke came to tea.

[0289] Friday, August 26, 1892, Paris

Bernhard went with Burke to the Louvre.

²⁸⁰ Benjamin Constant (1767-1830), *Adolphe: anecdote trouvée dans les papiers d'un inconnu* (London: 1816). A later edition **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2211.C24 A3 1946 [Shelved as SAL.VI.7]** *Adolphe* is a classic French novel by Benjamin Constant, first published in 1816, the story of an alienated young man, Adolphe, who falls in love with an older woman. Their illicit relationship serves to isolate them from their friends and from society at large.

²⁸¹ Henry Lerolle (1848-1929), a French painter,

²⁸² Émile Zola (1840-1902), *La Bête Humaine* (Paris: Charpentier, 1890).

²⁸³ Émile Zola (1840-1902), *L'œuvre* (Paris: Charpentier, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2489 .A1 1886 [Shelved as SAL.I.3.]**

²⁸⁴ Émile Zola (1840-1902), *Contes à Ninon* (Paris: Charpentier, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2499.C7 A1 1886 [Shelved as SAL.I.1.]**

²⁸⁵ Edmond de Goncourt, *Germinie Lacerteux: pièce en dix tableaux, précédée d'un prologue et suivie d'un épilogue, tirée du roman* (Paris, 1865).

²⁸⁶ Mandell Creighton, *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894 v. 1-5**



I read Diderot's *La Religieuse*²⁸⁷ and *Le Neveau de Rameau*.²⁸⁸

Had a nice letter from Michael.

Burke came to tea and he and Bernhard went off to the Mairie 1^{re} Arrondissement to see the Besnards.

I read Paul Margueritte's *Maison Ouverte*,²⁸⁹ a miserable book. Quite as bad, although not so lang as Trollope's *The Life We Live*.²⁹⁰ *J'ai assez de Margueritte. Il est très faible.*

Read Creighton aloud in evening.

* Saturday, August 27, 1892, Paris

Not so well.

Read *The Red Spider*²⁹¹ by Baring Gould, awfully poor.

Burke sent me the Degas,²⁹² the corn-cutter, pedicure, and the Besnard he bought. What delicious pictures! I have enjoyed them so much.

He came to tea and said goodbye, as he went off to Vienna. We gave him notes on the Vienna pictures.

In the evening we began Mrs. Creighton's *Black Prince*.²⁹³

It is curious that Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Green,²⁹⁴ and Mrs. Gardiner²⁹⁵ all write histories on their own hook.

Miss Bradley wrote that some one had sent her a packet of cigarettes. She sat down to smoke amid the consternation of her spinster household. The little maid said, "Is it for your health, Miss Bradley?" "No, Alice for my pleasure!" was her immortal reply. But I wonder if it was?!

Bernhard seemed very ill, but it turned out to be nothing but a cold inside.

²⁸⁷ Denis Diderot (1713-1784), *La religieuse* (Paris: Dentu, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ1979 .A76 1892 [Shelved as SAL.VIII.3.]**

²⁸⁸ Denis Diderot (1713-1784), *Le neveau de Rameau* (1823), a translation of Goethe's German version.

²⁸⁹ Paul Margueritte (1860-1918), *Maison ouverte* (Paris, A. Savine, 1887).

²⁹⁰ A mistake for Anthony Trollope (1815-1882), *The Way we live now* (1875).

²⁹¹ The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-1924), an Anglican priest, hagiographer and antiquarian, *The Red Spider* (New York: Appleton, 1887).

²⁹² John Burke lent Mary his painting of Degas, *Pédicure*, now in the Musée d'Orsay, which was sold to the Parisian collector Camondo by Durand-Ruel in 1899, although the Havemeyers had expressed an interest in it. A Durand-Ruel reproduction of it is at I Tatti.

²⁹³ Louise Creighton (1850-1936), *Life of Edward the Black Prince* (London, 1890) **Biblioteca Berenson DA234 .C7 1890**

²⁹⁴ 'Mrs. Green': Alice Stopford Green (1847-1929), *Henry the Second* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1888).

²⁹⁵ Mrs. Gardiner?

Perhaps the wife of Samuel Rawson Gardiner, *The Thirty Years' War, 1618-1648* seventh edition (London, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson D258 .G25 1886**

The Mrs. Gardiner in *Pride and Prejudice*?



[0290] x Sunday, August 28, 1892, Paris

Finished the *Black Prince*.²⁹⁶

Read Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*.²⁹⁷

Read Morelli.²⁹⁸

Bernhard went to the Louvre.

Monday, August 29, 1892, Paris

Read a story of Potapenko in *La Revue Bleu*. Also much more of Creighton²⁹⁹ and Mrs. Jameson.

Enjoyed the pictures to the full.

Began *La débâcle*.³⁰⁰

Bernhard finished *Germinie Lacerteux*.³⁰¹

Tuesday, August 30, 1892, Paris

Read *La débâcle*.³⁰²

Went to doctor and received a most discouraging report which made me very blue.

Read Creighton.³⁰³

Hapgood came to tea.

Wednesday, August 31, 1892, Paris

Louvre in the morning.

Met Hapgood and his friend <Janet> Dodge, a Ruskinite.

Lunched with Hapgood and then went to the Hotel de Ville and saw the Besnards, Le Rolle³⁰⁴ and Carnières.³⁰⁵

Saw Dr Remet.

Read Creighton³⁰⁶ and *La débâcle*.³⁰⁷

(No, this was Thursday; see Thursday for Wednesday.)

Thursday, September 1, 1892, Paris

Feeling very ill, did not go out.

²⁹⁶ Louise Creighton (1850-1936), *Life of Edward the Black Prince* (London: Rivingtons, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson DA234 .C7 1890**

²⁹⁷ Anna Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art* (London, 1874) **Biblioteca Berenson N7830 .J2 1874 v. 1-2**

²⁹⁸ Ffoulkes?

²⁹⁹ ?

³⁰⁰ Émile Zola, *La débâcle* (Paris: Charpentier, 1892).

³⁰¹ Edmond de Goncourt, *Germinie Lacerteux : pièce en dix tableaux, précédée d'un prologue et suivie d'un épilogue, tirée du roman* (Paris, 1865).

³⁰² Émile Zola, *La débâcle* (Paris: Charpentier, 1892).

³⁰³ ?

³⁰⁴ Henry Lerolle (1848-1929), a French painter and art collector.

³⁰⁵ Carnières?

³⁰⁶ ?

³⁰⁷ Émile Zola, *La débâcle* (Paris: Charpentier, 1892).



Marion Lawrence³⁰⁸ came and bored me nearly to death.

Hapgood came in the afternoon and we went to the Pont d'Austerlitz and dined together.

[0291] Friday, September 2, 1892, Paris

Louvre. Met two American school-teachers who were trying, without success, to enjoy a false Raphael. They had travelled a good deal with the feeling that they just missed the enjoyment they *might* have if they knew a little more.

After lunch we went with Hapgood to St. Denis, which we enjoyed thoroughly, along with Bernhard's clear explanation of what "Gothic" means.

Saturday, September 3, 1892, Paris

I was unwell, but still we went to the Louvre about noon, and took notes on the remaining Florentines in the Galerie de Sept Mètres.

In the afternoon I read *La débâcle*,³⁰⁹ and Bernhard read Monk Lewis, *Rosario*.³¹⁰

Burke returned from Vienna and we dined with him.

Read Creighton.³¹¹

Sunday, September 4, 1892, Paris

Went to the Louvre, and Bernhard's flock of myself, Burke, Hapgood and Jens Thiis³¹² gathered round him.

We lunched together (all but Thiis) and then went to the Exposition des Arts de la Femme. We were interested in the fashions and coiffures, also some lovely Tanagras³¹³ and Japanese things. Outamaro³¹⁴ is as elegant as Parmigianino.

[0292] * Monday, September 5, 1892,

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

Went to Durand-Ruel's with Burke and Hapgood in the morning and saw a marvellous Whistler. It beggared everything. Saw the "Indépendants" who might be called the Imitators.

³⁰⁸ a second cousin; for a photograph, www.npg.org.uk/collections/search/portrait/mw211774/Marion-Lawrence

³⁰⁹ Émile Zola, *La débâcle* (Paris: Charpentier, 1892).

³¹⁰ Matthew Gregory Lewis ('Monk Lewis' pseudonym, 1775-1818), *Rosario, or The female monk: A romance* (London, 1796).

³¹¹ p

³¹² Jens Thiis (1870-1942), later director of the National Gallery, Oslo.

³¹³ Greek figurines.

³¹⁴ Kitagawa Utamaro (1753-1806), a Japanese artist.



Went to the Chapel of St Vincent de Paul³¹⁵ and were much impressed with the Flandrins.³¹⁶ They evidently inspired Puvis.

After lunch I shopped and wrote an article on the Women's Exposition,³¹⁷ and Burke came in after dinner.

x Tuesday, September 6, 1892, Paris

Louvre. Bernhard lectured on Milanese to Thiis, Burke, Hapgood and myself.

I went to the doctor's, who gave a favourable verdict and made us happy.

Bernhard read and swore at Freeman's *History of Italy*³¹⁸ in the evening, while I wrote. It is edited by Freeman, written by one Hunt.

Wednesday, September 7, 1892, Paris

Went with Burke and Hapgood to Fontainebleau 9.15. We enjoyed the architecture of the Chateau immensely, but were disappointed to find no real Rossos, as Signor Frizzoni had said there were 6 fine ones. Found a Fra Paolina in the Chapelle de la Trinité, a Pietà.

After lunch we wandered about in the Park and enjoyed ourselves, and then came home at 5.

Burke went to London 8.35.

I read Poggio's letter from Baden³¹⁹ in the train, and enraged myself with George Moore's article on Monet and School in the *Speaker*.³²⁰

[0293] Thursday, September 8, 1892, Paris

Went to Louvre and met Hapgood and Thiis. Later Florentines and drawings.

Bernhard took Prof. Bôcher to the Luxembourg and I took Frank Whitall and Will Nicholson (first cousins whose births I can remember, now tall young men with incipient moustaches!) to the Pharmacie, New Sorbonne, Hotel de Ville, etc. Frank, like so many intellectual Americans, knew about twice as much of what Art *ought* to be as people who have studied it for years!

In the evening we went for the third time to hear *Les Troyens* at the Opéra Comique. Marie Delna³²¹ sang, more gloriously than ever, and we were simply enraptured with the music.

³¹⁵ The chapel of the motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul at 140 rue du Bac.

³¹⁶ Jean-Hippolyte Flandrin (1809-1864), a French painter.

³¹⁷ For the *Woman's Herald*; see Samuels, p. 157.

³¹⁸ William Hunt, *History of Italy*, ed. Edward Augustus Freeman (London, 1874).

³¹⁹ Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) visited Baden in 1416, where he wrote a letter to Niccolò de' Niccoli.

³²⁰

³²¹ Marie Delna (1875-1932), a French contralto.



x Friday, September 9, 1892, Paris

Louvre in the morning, Hapgood and Thiis. Umbrian School.

Lunched with Hapgood who came here and looked over the Lionardo book and talked.

Then we drove with him in the Bois and Bernhard talked "doctrine" which Hapgood drank in. He is astonishingly honest and free from vanity.

We dined together. We discussed *genre* and came to the conclusion that the term has no meaning now.

Bernhard compared the growth of Art to *hair*. It depends on the general state of the body (Society), yet has an independent growth from itself. It is a capital idea. I mean it clears up a great deal for me that had been confused.

I read *Rosario*³²² in the evening, and Bernhard *Charles Demailly*.³²³

[0294] * Saturday, September 10, 1892, Paris

Louvre in morning, Hapgood and Thiis. Raphael and School.

Met Giovanni Costa.

Wrote to Rukhmabai.³²⁴

Giovanni came to tea. He told us about the original of des Esseintes in Huysmans' *À Rebours*, Le Marquis de Montesquieu, who has just published Vol. II of his verses called *Chauve-Souris*,³²⁵ the first volume never having appeared!

Dined with Hapgood who came and spent the evening.

Bernhard felt ill from an ice.

* Sunday, September 11, 1892, Paris

Louvre. Thiis and Hapgood. Chiefly Titians.

Wrote to Maude and Michael Field, and finished article on l'Exposition des Arts de la Femme and sent it off.

³²² Matthew Gregory Lewis ('Monk Lewis' pseudonym, 1775-1818), *Rosario, or The female monk: A romance* (London, 1796).

³²³ Edmond de Goncourt, *Charles Demailly* (1860).

³²⁴ Born in 1864, Rukhmabai was married at 11 years to Dadaji Bhikaji, then aged nineteen. When her in-laws insisted that she move into the marital home some years later, Rukhmabai refused and the case was brought to court. The case came to the attention of the British press as the issue of child marriage and the rights of women were brought to the fore. Although the case went in Rukhmabai's favour, an appeal went in Dadaji's favour. A fund was raised for Rukhmabai to travel to England to study medicine.

In 1889, she arrived in England. She enrolled in the London School of Medicine and qualified as a doctor in 1894.

She then returned to India and worked as the Medical Officer for Women in Surat for twenty two years and then in Rajkot for twelve years.

³²⁵ Robert de Montesquiou (1855-1921), *Les Chauves-Souris, Clairs obscurs* (1892), with drawings by Whistler and others. **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2625.039 C53 1907 Shelves as SAL.II.8**



Monday, September 12, 1892, Paris

Met Hapgood at lunch and went out to St. Cloud. Enjoyed ourselves immensely. He tried to defend George Meredith's poetry.

Very tired at night.

Tuesday, September 13, 1892, Paris

Packed in the morning and quarrelled like two geese.

Met Hapgood and Thiis at the Louvre at 2 and went to see the Spitzer [0295] collection (33 rue Villejuste). We were simply overwhelmed with the Tanagras, particularly the marvellous groups, a youth and maiden and a man in a boat (Charon?), a Nymphe and Satyr dancing, etc., etc.

Afterwards we had an ice-cream with Hapgood and a drive in the Bois.

Then the train at 9. I took sulfonal³²⁶ and slept like a top, till:

³²⁶ Alfred Kast, *Sulfonal, ein neues Schlafmittel* (Berlin, 1888). Edmund C. Wendt, 'Sulfonal, a new Hypnotic', *The Medical Record, New York* 33/22 (1888), p. 597-598.



[ITALY]

x Wednesday, September 14, 1892,
Hotel Centrale, Turin

We arrived here at 2. We were both dead tired. After washing up, we went to the Gallery, but it was too late to get it. We strolled down to the Po, dead, dead tired!

Read Goncourt's *Soeur Philomène*.³²⁷ Bernhard read *La religieuse*.³²⁸

Thursday, September 15, 1892, Turin

Gallery from 10-1. Took notes. After lunch the Accademia. Then we went to the Superga and walked down.

Sent **the Deed of Separation** to Mr. Arford, the Solicitor, with a letter.

* Friday, September 16, 1892, Turin

Finished Gallery notes in the morning.

After lunch went to the Museo Civico and [0296] saw the Missal of Cardinal della Rovere with miniatures by some painter extraordinarily close to the author of Lady Eastlake's little pictures. Found an Antonio Vivarini³²⁹ there too.

After a rest, we went to the Cathedral.

Wrote to Lady Eastlake after dinner.

Saturday, September 17, 1892,
Hotel della Croce Bianca, Varallo³³⁰

Left Turin 8.30 and reached Novara at 10.30. Saw the Gaudenzio³³¹ in San Gaudenzio, and in the Duomo, also the Lavinis.³³²

Came on to Varallo at 1.10 reaching here about 4. Took a peep at the Gaudenzios.³³³ Bernhard was not so much enchanted by them as he was two years ago.³³⁴

I was rather disconsolate with sore-throat and general dilapidation.

³²⁷ Edmond de Goncourt, *Soeur Philomène* (1861).

³²⁸ Denis Diderot (1713-1784), *La religieuse* (1796). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ1979 .A76 1892 [Shelved as SAL.VIII.3.]**

³²⁹ Antoni Vivarini (c. 1440-1480), a Venetian painter.

³³⁰ north of Vercelli.

³³¹ Gaudenzio Ferrari (c. 1480-1546)

³³² Giuseppe Lavini (1857-1928),

³³³ In the chapels at Sacro Monte di Varallo.

³³⁴



Bernhard read ⟨Diderot's⟩ *Le neveu de Rameau*³³⁵ and I read ⟨Diderot's⟩ *Jacques le Fataliste et son Maître*.³³⁶

x Sunday, September 18, 1892, Varallo

Finished *Jacques le fataliste* after enjoying it almost as much as Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.³³⁷

Bernhard read ⟨Potapenko's⟩ *Le Roman d'un homme raisonnable*.³³⁸ He finds in the author, Potapen[c]ko, the influence of Ibsen.

We went in the morning to San Francesco and studied the frescoes. Then we took a walk up the mountain stream,³³⁹ and I had a delicious swim in a deep green pool, and a sun-bath on a secluded beach.

In the afternoon we walked out to San Marco in the hope of finding my opera glasses which I had left on a seat outside [0297] the Church. Not finding them, we walked in to the house of the Sacristan, and knocked up the woman who had let us into the Church. She and her husband and her children and a horde of friends came out with a candle. When we got to the seat, she began a long and animated description of having seen a boy go by and snatch up something which she thought was a purse, and which, when she came up he "fut' in tasca." At this word her husband gave her a nudge, and the whole party burst into laughter. Fresh from Diderot, I understood the joke, and could not help laughing too!

A railway man joined the group, and he took my card and said he knew the boy and would get it and send it on. Then we all parted with handshakings and compliments, and we came back while the party with their candle remained a long time on the spot acting the scene over again and studying my card. The dialect is hard to understand. Bernhard says it is like trying to read fine print with very dusty glasses.

I read *Oliver Cromwell* by F. W. Cornish,³⁴⁰ *B. Liaisons dangereuses*.³⁴¹

Monday, September 19, 1892, Albergo Concordia, Bergamo
Left Varallo at 9 and Novara at 11.35, reaching Milan at 1.10.

³³⁵ Denis Diderot (1713-1784), *Le neveu de Rameau* ?

³³⁶ Denis Diderot (1713-1784), *Jacques le fataliste et son maître* (Paris: Buisson, 1796). *Oeuvres de Denis Diderot publiées sur les manuscrits de l'auteur, par Jacques-André Naigeon*, 15 vol. (Paris, 1800). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ1979 .A8 1800 [Shelved as SAL.VIII.3.]**

³³⁷ Lawrence Sterne (1713-1768), *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (London & New York: Routledge, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3714 .S4 1886 [Shelved as C.W.I.1.]**

³³⁸ Ignaty Nikolayevich Potapenko (1856-1929), *Le Roman d'un homme raisonnable*, trans. Marina Polonski (1892).

³³⁹ Sesia? Torrente Mastallone?

³⁴⁰ Francis Warre Cornish (1839-1916), *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (London: Rivingtons, 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson DA426 .C6 1884**

³⁴¹ Pierre Choderlos de Laclos (1741-1803), *Les liaisons dangereuses* (1782).



After lunch we spent a very short hour and a half in the Brera and then came on at 4.30 to Bergamo.

Here, letters from London started us talking over our difficulties, which made us both very unhappy, or rather, stirred up the unhappiness there was in us.

[0298] x Tuesday, September 20, 1892, Albergo Italia, Bergamo
Moved here for quiet.
Spent an hour in San Bartolommeo looking at the Lotto.
After lunch read our article on Lotto, rested, and went to Gallery.
Finished *Oliver Cromwell* and *Liaisons Dangereuses*.
Wrote letters in evening.

Wednesday, September 21, 1892, Bergamo

Saw the Picinelli collection in the morning. Madame Picinelli was charmingly affable, such a lovely house, such pictures, her children, her own two nice daughters, money, respectability. I was tempted to envy her, but was saved by that spirit in us which makes us reason things about till we become equal to anyone.

Then we went to San Spirito, and after lunch to the Gallery where we wrote a good deal of our article on the Morelli Collection.

In the evening we wrote and Bernhard finished *Liaisons dangereuses* and I read Mrs. Creighton's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.³⁴²

Thursday, September 22, 1892, Bergamo

A very black day on account of our worries. But we did enjoy writing in the Gallery [0299] both in the morning and afternoon, and working over it in the evening. The Secretary of the Academy took us to see some further pictures at Signor Picinelli's (copies of Titian and Savoldo), and to see a very fine Moroni at Signor Locatelli's.

Finished *Sir Walter Raleigh*. Bernhard read Creighton's *Papacy*.³⁴³

Friday, September 23, 1892, Bergamo

Another black day. I felt very ill.

We went to the Gallery and wrote, and in the afternoon to Signor Baglioni's, where we saw some interesting pictures.

In the evening we wrote.

I read Mrs. Creighton's *Duke of Marlborough*.³⁴⁴

³⁴² Louise Creighton (1850-1936), *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1872).

³⁴³ Mandell Creighton, *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894 v. 1-5**

³⁴⁴ Louise Creighton (1850-1936), *Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough* (London: Sinnington, 1889). **Biblioteca Berenson House DA462.M3 C76 1889**



Saturday, September 24, 1892, Bergamo

Very tired after an almost sleepless night.

Went to the Duomo, the Colleone Chapel and to see Lotto's fascinating intarsias in Santa Maria Maggiore.

Wrote home about my affairs and went out to Alzano and saw the Palmesque Lotto there.

Packed.

Finished the *Duke of Marlborough* and read some of Diderot's *Contes*.³⁴⁵ Bernhard read *Jacques le fataliste*, and the time-table!

— O Ray, how can I give thee up!

[0300] Sunday, September 25, 1892, Hotel Metropole, Genoa

Last look at Gallery.

Bernhard found "Vernon Lee's" card. We must have seen her in the Gallery, a fright, but seeming rather intelligent about the pictures.

I found a letter from Lady Eastlake.

We came to Genoa, hoping to find an Esposizione di Quadri Antichi to repay us.

Monday, September 26, 1892, Genoa

Went to the Brignole-Sale Gallery and found some Paris Bordones. Saw the Municipio.

Met Signor Barozzi of Venice at the Esposizione. We found very few things there to reward our journey, perhaps a portrait by Bartolommeo Veneto was the only other thing we would not naturally have seen whenever we came here.

In the afternoon I wrote to Mr. Arford, my solicitor, sending him some questions for Counsel's opinion.

Then we went to the Palazzo Marcelli-Durazzo, and found nothing, but a fine stair-case and Guidos and Reubens, etc.

Then to the Balbi-Senegara and found an overwhelming Titian, marvellously beautiful, worth any journey!

Afterwards we saw the sunset from the town of S. Maria di Carignano.

Wrote in evening. Read *Charles V*.³⁴⁶

[0301] x Tuesday, September 27, 1892, Genoa

Went to S. Ambrogio and the Cathedral in the morning. I felt too tired to go on, but Bernhard went to the other churches and wandered all about the town. We went to the Doria Palace in the afternoon, and then came home and began to type-write our article on the Morelli Gallery.

³⁴⁵ p

³⁴⁶ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**



Went to bed early. Read *Charles V*.

* Wednesday, September 28, 1892, Albergo Roma, Vicenza

Left Genoa at 6.30, reaching Milan at 9.30.

After a caviar sandwich and a beer, we went to the Ambrosiana. I liked the Bassano best, and I discovered a Bartolomeo Veneto, only to find that Loeser had discovered it before.

Then I went to the Museo Civico, while Bernhard went for photos to Marcozzi. I identified a Correggio, a Foppa, a Sodoma, a Beccaruzzi, a Brusasorci, an Antonello, a Licinio, a Cariani, a Morone, but made several mistakes, taking a Cariani portrait for a Cicinio, two Crivellis for false Crivellis, and a false Moroni for a real one. I know the general features of each school, but I am not a *fine* connoisseur yet.

Saw the Davises at lunch.

Vernon Lee and her friend³⁴⁷ were in the train. Bernhard had 5 minutes talk with her in which she mentioned staying with two countesses, and their possessions, and said Mrs. Zilleri³⁴⁸ was “only the daughter of a maid”.

Arrived here 5.30.

³⁴⁷ Kit?

Bernhard met Vernon Lee — apparently for the first time — on April 6, 1889; see his diary entry, **April 6, 1889** (p. 39, scan 0044):

I met “**Vernon Lee**” to-night, and she strikes me as being just like my friend Marion McIntyre: only that Vernon Lee has been all her life in Florence in an atmosphere of art and refinement, while Marion McIntyre has spent her days thus far in Boston in no atmosphere at all.

³⁴⁸ A reference to the Zileri family of Vicenza, ancestor of ing. Casalini, the owner of Villa La Canovaia?

Bernhard procured the Giorgione, a small panel depicting Christ on the Cross, from the Zileri family's Palazzo Loschi in Vicenza in 1896. See Samuels, p. 248.



[VENICE]

[0302] Thursday, September 29, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Saw the Loschi Giorgione, Christ bearing Cross, repainted but unmistakable.

Then we drove up the Monte Berico and saw the Montagnas and the made-over Paolo, which is not so much made over as to have lost his characteristics.

Then we went to the Villa Valmarana and saw the Tiepolos. This is the plan of the small villa:

[insert plan]

a Palladian building of one story and attics, a summer villa, with its small rooms decorated in fresco by Tiepolo, with the nearest approach to *genre* he could get. Louis XV, minuet *genre*, deliciously human and sympathetic even if fashionable. In some scenes he was very close to Longhi.

The other villa at the end of the garden was filled with his frescoes too, the story of Dido, gods and goddesses, etc. The brush work in places was not unlike Besnard.

[0303] After lunch we went to the Gallery and then to the Duomo and took the 5.14 train to Venice. An American mother and daughter were in our carriage. We exchanged a few words with them. Their only idea of travelling was evidently scenery, and they compared Italy unfavourably with America and Switzerland.

x Friday, September 30, 1892, Venice

Spent the morning in San Marco and the Doge's Palace.

I was tired in the afternoon and stayed in but Bernhard went to the Gallery.

Read *Charles V*.

Bernhard is reading Balbo's *History of Italy*,³⁴⁹ and finds it good, though absurdly old-fashioned.

> Saturday, October 1, 1892, Venice

San Marco, San Giorgio in Bragora, the Scuola di San Giorgio Schiavoni, San Francesco della Vigna, San Giovanni e Paolo, and Santa Maria Formosa in the morning.

San Giorgio Maggiore and San Giuseppe in Castello in the afternoon, and a gondola ride.

Met the Americans being hurried about by a courier.

³⁴⁹ Cesare Balbo (1789-1853), *Della storia d'Italia dalle origini fino ai nostri tempi*, 12th ed. (Turin: Unione tipografico-editrice, 1865). **Biblioteca Berenson DG467 .B18 1865**



Wrote our Morelli article.³⁵⁰

[0304] Sunday, October 2, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Went to the Accademia, and I re-discovered Bernhard's Cariani,³⁵¹ a puzzling picture called Martino da Udine.³⁵²

Wrote the Morelli article at intervals all through the day and in the evening.

In the afternoon we went to San Rocco with the two Americans, a Mrs. Sperry and her daughter, millionaires from San Francisco.³⁵³ They were not wildly intelligent.

Then we went to the Frari and afterwards saw the sunset from the Giudecca.

Monday, October 3, 1892, Venice

I was unwell.

We met the Sperrys at San Marco and took them to the Redentore, the Scuola di San Giorgio and Santa Maria dei Miracoli. Then, after lunch, we went with them to the Academy.

Signor Barozzi drew Bernhard into his den and had a chat with him, telling him all about Robert Browning's Boston friend, Mrs. Bronson, who collected all the newspaper, etc., notices of him after his death, a pile many feet high. She also has the chair he sat [0305] in with a gold chain fastened across it, that no one else may profane the holy resting place!

After the Academy we went, still with Mrs. and Miss Sperry, to Murano and saw S. Pietro, Santa Maria dei Angeli, and the Duomo.

I am still on *Charles V*, and Bernhard is reading Eastlake's *History of Oil Painting*.³⁵⁴

x Tuesday, October 4, 1892, Venice

San Giuliano, San Salvador, and Santa Maria Mater Domini, in the morning.

In the afternoon we went back to San Salvador and the sacristan actually took down the horrible affair on the High Altar and we saw the glorious Titian Resurrection.

Then we went to San Zaccaria and came home and finished the Morelli article.

³⁵⁰ Is this the unpublished review or the obituary on Morelli?

³⁵¹ Giovanni Cariani (c. 1490-1547).

³⁵² Pellegrino da San Daniele, also known as Martino da Udine (1467-1547).

³⁵³ Austin Sperry (†1881) founded Sperry Mills in Stockton. Sperry Drifted Snow was first packed in Salinas in 1881. Sperry Flour Company became part of General Mills.

³⁵⁴ Charles Locke Eastlake (1793-1865), first Keeper of the National Gallery, *Materials for a History of Oil Painting* (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847).

Biblioteca Berenson ND50 .F2 1847



In the evening we called for Mrs. Sperry and her daughter and went out on the lagoon in the moonlight. They are a pathetic pair: the old mother fancying she is living for her daughter, dragging her old bones about the Continent to please her, while the daughter feels, "O, if I were only free to go my own way and be with people of my own age, how happy I should be!"

[0306] Wednesday, October 5, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Met Sperrys at 10, and went with them to San Salvador, San Giovanni Grisostomo, Santi Apostoli, San Felice, Santa Maria del Orto, and the Gesuiti. They are rather desolating; they want to get out of a church the instant they have looked about once, particularly the mother, who does not revere Bernhard's opinion as the daughter does.

After lunch we went to the Palazzo Grassi and saw the incomparable Longhi.³⁵⁵ They are such kindly comments on his own day, full of genial sympathy with all its amusements and foibles. There is no trace of haughtiness or sternness. He is in a way Hogarth's double, but with sympathy instead of satire. His figures are all loveable, sweet, gracious, really aristocratic. As painting, it is really superb, and I know nowhere finer decoration. The harmony of colour is delicious, all kept in as perfect tone as a modern master.

After seeing them, we went to the Carmine and the Scuola, and then home by the Lagoon.

In the evening we all went out to hear the singing under the Rialto. It was full moon.

Thursday, October 6, 1892, Venice

A rainy day.

We met the Sperrys in San Marco and went to the Palazzo Reale and the Correr, but it was really too dark to see anything [0307] to advantage. The Sperrys were absolutely desolating. They grow more so every time one sees them. Immensely rich, and travelling without taking the least pleasure in anything, they are simply the prey of all the human sharks in the shape of waiters and people with things to sell who cross their paths. Aesthetic enjoyment is utterly unknown to them. All they want to know is the subject of a picture. Their curiosity is insatiable, because it comes from absolute ennui and lack of interest. The girl is not so bad, because she is young. But the mother weights on her young life like the Old Man of the Sea. She won't let her read anything but the things she read when she was young: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Scott, etc. In short, the poor young

³⁵⁵ Pietro Longhi (1701-1785), a Venetian painter.



creature is absolutely starving in the midst of intellectual plenty. Alas! How many mothers are like that!

After lunch we went to the Accademia, as happy as larks to be away from people whom pictures bore. We never enjoyed the pictures so much.

Then we came back and had tea, and Bernhard finished reading aloud Vol. II of Creighton, while I did some sewing.

Miss Jordan sent him some American poems, *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'leven More Poems* by James Whitcomb Riley,³⁵⁶ scarcely distinguishable from tame prose but for (so-called) dialect spelling and halting rhymes. There is no life in them.

Called on Sperry in the evening and said goodbye to them.

[0308] > Friday, October 7, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Salute, Gesuati, San Sebastiano and (Santa Maria dei) Carmini in morning. Doge's Palace and Lido (where I had a swim).

In evening I began my "Salons of the XIV and XV Centuries", and Bernhard read Eastlake's *Oil-Painting*.

Letter from Michael Field.

xx Saturday, October 8, 1892, Venice

Santa Maria Zobenigo, San Stefano, San Fantino, S. Leo, S. Bartolomeo in Rialto, S. Giovanni Crisostomo, S. Cassiano, S. Giacomo in Orto in the morning.

In the afternoon we went out to the Lido and I had a swim while Bernhard remained shivering on the shore, to my disgust. I quarrelled with him, but as it is no use being on bad terms with each other, we made it up.

He read Balfour's *Essay in Progress*,³⁵⁷ and found it destitute of ideas and very dull.

In the evening I went on with my "Salons" and Bernhard read Eastlake.

Sunday, October 9, 1892, Venice

Went to Correr, S. Marcuolo and S. Giobbe in the morning, and the Querini-Stampalia and Lido in the afternoon. I had a splendid swim.

I read Balfour's "Progress" and found it dreadfully insipid.

Classified my notes in evening.

At meals I read *Charles V* and Bernhard reads Eastlake.

* Monday, October 10, 1892, Venice

S. Vitale, S. Pantaleone, S. Polo, Frari in the morning. S. Catarina and S. Maria del Orto in the afternoon.

Worked and read in the evening.

³⁵⁶ James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916), *The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems* (1883). **Biblioteca Berenson House PS2704 .O6 1888 [Shelved as R.S.III.3.]**

³⁵⁷ Arthur James Balfour (1848-1930), *A fragment on progress* (London, 1892).



[0309] Tuesday, October 11, 1892, Venice

My money came, but less than half of what I expected, which cast a gloom over our plans and over us.

We went to S. Zaccaria to negotiate [*sic*] about an old picture frame we went to get for Burke.

Then we went to the Seminario, and I being tired came in, while Bernhard went to the Doge's Palace.

After lunch we went to the Academy.

Then Bernhard concluded **his purchase of the frame** and I added to my book, which I shall call "The Book".³⁵⁸

Read Robertson and Eastlake.

Bernhard wrote to Maude.

Wednesday, October 12, 1892, Venice

Gallery in morning and Doge's Palace in the afternoon.

Bernhard sent off the frame to Burke after much trouble.

I finished *Charles V*.

Packed and wrote in the evening.

³⁵⁸ Does this item still exist?



[ROMAGNA, LE MARCHE, TUSCANY, UMBRIA]

Thursday, October 13, 1892, Hotel San Marco, Ravenna

Arrived in Padua at 10. Saw Santa Giustina and the splendid Paolo,³⁵⁹ the Santo, and the Gallery. Then Bernhard discovered an Alvise Vivarini, and I a Licinio. He also found that Speranza's pictures (last year's attributions) were done by Filippo da Verona, a sad discovery!

Then we went to the Arena and saw the Giotto's and came in by the 3 o'clock train, arriving at 7.30.

I read Morley's *Diderot*,³⁶⁰ written in a vulgar newspaper style, but very interesting.

[0309a] * Friday, October 14, 1892, Hotel San Marco, Ravenna

Went to the Duomo and the Pinacoteca and the Museo Byzantino in the morning. Discovered an unfinished Ercole Roberti.

In the afternoon we drove to S. Maria di Porto Fuori, S. Apollinare in Classe, and the Rotunda [*si*] (Tomb of Theodora), and went to San Vitale. Bernhard then strolled around looking at palaces while I rested.

In the evening I worked and Bernhard read Burckhardt on Romanesque architecture.³⁶¹ I finished Vol. I of Morley's *Diderot*.

It gives me a curious despair about the improvement in the lot of women, since I, who am (presumably) in the van, find it such a struggle to choose definitely between being a person and being a mother. I know that all that is personal in me, all that means self-development, real education, knowledge, enjoyment, is with Bernhard. With Ray I could not help sinking to mere instinctive motherhood, that is, with Ray and without Bernhard, the only possible present condition. Yet even knowing this with certainty, the struggle against the chains of womanhood, the *inside* chains, is a terribly hard one. Still, if laws were just to women, there need not be a quarter ⟨of⟩ the struggle.

[0309b] Saturday, October 15, 1892, Hotel Masini, Forlì³⁶²

Went to S. Giovanni Evangelista, S. Apollinare Nuovo, S. Maria in Porto (beautiful Renaissance architecture), S. Agatha, S. Francesco, Dante's Tomb and Santo Spirito in the morning.

³⁵⁹ Paolo Veronese, *Il martirio di Santa Giustina* (1572).

³⁶⁰ John Morley, *Diderot and the encyclopedists* (London, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House B2016 .M6 1886**

³⁶¹ Jacob Burckhardt

³⁶² *** Masini Hotel, situato in pieno centro a Forlì, si trova nell'edificio storico che fu ultima dimora dei Conti Teodoli. www.masinihotel.it



In the afternoon went to S. Domenico, S. Vitale, and the Tomb of Galla Placidia in the afternoon. What wonderful mosaics in her tomb, what decoration, what sense of colour, what drawing, what appropriateness! We were enchanted.

Then at 4.40 we came to Forlì by steam tram reaching here at 6.30. Found in my dressing table a paper written in English, "Look out for yourself tonight, Sherlock Holmes", but after enquiry of the hotel people decided that it must be a "drummer's" practical joke. Perhaps, however, it meant the fleas, which are hopping about the beds. I caught two on me when I undressed. I am literally eaten alive, and nothing does any good. I am saturated with the camphor which is sewed all over my clothes, and the fleas seem to like me the more, even though I bathe in camphorated water every day!!

[0310] Sunday, October 16, 1892, Aquila d'Oro, Rimini

Started out at 8.15 (after breakfasting for 2^d each), saw S. Mercuriale, the Duomo, S. Biagio and the Pinacoteca.

Took the 12.59 train to Faenza, where we saw first La Magione with frescoes by Girolamo da Treviso, the Duomo, and at last, after infinite trouble and sending 2 men out into the country for the custode, the Pinacoteca. The most beautiful thing was Donatello's head of the young Baptist. Palmezzano shines among these local painters! The architecture of the Duomo was rejoicing. I sat and enjoyed it while Bernhard went to S. Francesco to hunt up a mythical Crowe & Cavalcaselle Crivelli. It was XV century, something like S. Lorenzo, but with a different roof and the columns varied.

In the evening we came to Rimini, pretty tired.

x Monday, October 17, 1892, Albergo Zongo, Pesaro

We saw Sigismondo Malatesta's marvellous Temple in the morning, and the no less marvellous Gate of Augustus, which vies in every way with the most perfect building of the Renaissance. We saw the Pinacoteca, and after lunch the Roman Bridge and a picture in S. Giustiniano which seems to be, in part at least, really by Paolo.³⁶³

After dinner I began to [0311] write an article for *The Woman's Herald* on "Pictures in Venice as documents about Venetian Women." I enjoyed writing it.

Tuesday, October 18, 1892, Albergo Italia, URBINO!

We started out at 8 and reached here at 12.30, a delightful drive. We lunched with an interesting party of Italian engineers who are building the

³⁶³ Paolo Veronese?



railroad here. All of them had such intelligent faces, which showed the modelling of intellect when it is exercised.

After lunch we went to the Palace of Federigo di Montefeltre. I feel as if no one could know anything really about the Renaissance unless they had seen it. But I cannot describe it.

After dinner I continued writing my article, and Bernhard wrote to "Michael" to explain why women never wrote poetry and why they are beginning now. It is because poetry and wooing go together in the human creature just as song and wooing go together in birds. I believe this is the explanation, or part of it.

Sono mangiata da pucci!!

[0312] x Wednesday, October 19, 1892, Albergo Zongo, Pesaro

We went to the Ducal Palace at Urbino again, and to the Duomo and S. Francesco, St. Spirito and Raphael's House, and the Casa Albani, where we found, in the midst of rooms of rubbish a genuine and most interesting Savoldo.³⁶⁴

Bernhard went to S. Giovanni, too, to see some frescoes dating from 1416.

It rained hard after lunch, but cleared up, and we started back at 2.30 in sunshine, but were overtaken by rain again.

Pretty tired and lazy in the evening.

Thursday, October 20, 1892, Albergo Roma, Ancona

Had a splendid light on the Bellini in Pesaro, and discovered two Bellinis in the Pinacoteca — !!

At 12.30 went to Fano where we had lunch. In the piazza, looking for the entrance to the Teatro where there were said to be pictures, we asked the way of a well-dressed man. He took us to a youth and commanded him to show us "nostra camera nel Municipio", from which we inferred that he was no less a personage than Il Sindaco himself. Our guide confirmed this and told us he was the Duca di Montevecchio. We found nothing [0313] either in the Theatre or Municipio, but in the Churches we saw two Giovanni Santis and two Peruginos, one with charming predelle.

We reached Ancona at 7.

Friday, October 21, 1892, Ancona

The heavens were opened, but we swam up to S. Domenico and had an hour and a half over the glorious Titian there. Then we had an hour in the Pinacoteca.

After lunch I finished my article for *The Women's Herald*.

³⁶⁴ Girolamo Savoldo (c. 1480-1548).



Bernhard went to the Duomo. I went later, when I had finished my writing, thinking I might join him there, but we missed. Hence a dreadful quarrel, which made us both unhappy.

Saturday, October 22, 1892, Ancona

Spent the day at Jesi, where we saw a great many wonderful Lottos.

Sunday, October 23, 1892, Ancona

Loreto 9-12.30.

Saw the Melozzos, Signorellis and Lottos.

Drove to Recanati. We found the librarian (a priest) away for the day, and so we could not see the Lottos! Great rage and useless indignation. [0314]

Monday, October 24, 1892, ** Albergo Milano, Macerata
diretto da Cesare Fratini

Drove again to Recanati. On the way we bought some grapes of several intelligent contadine. They asked where we came from. "Inghilterra". They looked blank "Non avete sentito mai dell'Inghilterra?" "No, Signore, mai, mai!"

We succeeded in seeing the Lottos this time and found them very interesting.

We walked out to look at a wonderful view of snow mountains. A young woman with a baby followed us. We told her we were from America and asked her if she had ever heard of America. "Chi lo sa!" was her answer.

We drove on here, reaching here about 6. The cooking is simply marvellous here!³⁶⁵ ...

Flea powder, applied lavishly, banishes fleas, but it is horribly dirty. Still I prefer dirt to fleas!

Tuesday, October 25, 1892, Macerata

Drove to Monte San Giusto and saw a Crucifixion by Lotto which is perhaps his masterpiece.

They had no coffee in the town! As it was a *festa*, the whole population followed us everywhere and cheered us when we drove off. I suppose they had never seen a female "forestiere" before. On our way back we took in Pansula, where we discovered a Crivelli!

We both seem rather cross these days, and I am unhappy except when I am at work. Each little thing I see keeps reminding me of [0315] Ray, and it seems as if I *could* not give her up. I know so clearly in my mind all that is to be said, and I realize how clinging to her will make me unhappy and worse still Bernhard, and won't do her much (if any) good. Yes, I see it all as clearly as a mathematical problem, I fear. Yet I cannot — ! This struggle

³⁶⁵ Is this the Julia's mentioned in the entry for Nov. 11, 1892?



going on from day to day is very painful. Yet after I cut it, I know it will be far more painful. Bernhard's patience is giving out, too, I can see so well. He finds almost everything I do amiss, and shows at every moment his contempt for the feeling I have for Ray which he thinks is mere brute instinct, simply killing my personality. He said if I gave her up he would be prepared for my being unhappy a long time, but eventually getting over it. Alas! I am sure he would not have the patience to bear with me during that time. It is very natural he should feel so. He has no family ties, life is full of all sorts of marvellous possibilities for him, and a great deal is spoiled because of my mistake, because of my child, whom he thinks a rather detestable specimen of humanity in herself.

Thus are we entered upon that stormy era which in matrimony usually precedes shipwreck, where one wishes and natural inclinations pull different ways, and where we begin to "get on each other's nerves".

Alas, I do love him so!

[0316] * Wednesday, October 26, 1892, Albergo Milano, Macerata

Drove to Cingoli, missing our way and passing through Arpignano and Arulane. A fearfully steep climb to Cingoli, which is on one of the highest spurs of the Appenines. From the town wall we saw about a fourth of the whole Adriatic coast, a superb panorama. It makes it so enchanting too, to have each hill crowned with an old fortified town, and to be sure that each one holds beautiful palaces, interesting historical relics of all kinds, and perhaps marvellous pictures.

Cingoli, a deserted, inaccessible place, has a magnificent Palace, Egidio of Viterbo (1531) on the Piazza, and in the Church a Lotto!! We spent an hour and a half in rapture before it. It was hard to come away.

The little Albergo there (Via Cavour) seemed nice. We had a good lunch of eggs and sausages and veal and fruit and a glass of Marsala and coffee for 85 centimes each!!

Thursday, October 27, 1892, Macerata

A cloudy day, but we drove to San Severino and saw the Pintoricchio,³⁶⁶ the Bern(ardino di) Mariotto³⁶⁷ and the Nic(ola) da Foligno.

On the way back we took in Tolentino, and found a magnificent Tomb of S. Niccolo in the Church, also fine cloisters.

The "Triumphal Arch" guide books are so loud in praise of, does not exist, nor has ever existed! It is the portal of the church, put up by Nic(ola) Piccinino. Now having come to such an out-of-the-way spot to verify the

³⁶⁶ *Madonna della Pace* (c. 1490).

³⁶⁷ Bernardino di Mariotto (c. 1478-1566).



original mis-translation from XV century Latin, the legend of the Triumphal [0317] Arch has been handed finally down.

On the road coming back we passed a perfectly preserved Castle with turrets and battlements and towers complete, a most picturesque building. Not mentioned in the guides!

I was very ill in the night, in horrible pain.

* Friday, October 28, 1892, Aquila d'Oro, Matelica
(Giuseppe Amici, albergatore)

"Did" Macerata with the assistance of the Canonico Bettucci whom we met in his Church of San Giovanni. He took us to a little Church, S. Maria della Misericordia, where there is a mysterious alter-piece ascribed indiscriminately to Crivelli and to Perugino! It was almost hidden by a wooden case, but we climbed up and saw what we could, and that little looked like Melozzo. This disconcerted him, as he has prepared a history of the Church which is all ready to be printed, except for the author of the picture. He came to see us off at the Station and presented us with a book he wrote to refute somebody who dared to deny that Tasso ever submitted his *Gerusalemme Liberata* to the Macerata Academy.

We arrived here in a perfect evening, with bright moonlight.

Unfortunately we both have colds.

[0318] Saturday, October 29, 1892, Albergo Campana, Fabriano

"Did" Matelica. Quarrelled.

Drove to Albacina and came by train to Fabriano. There was little to see here, but we found some Filippo da Veronas in the Pinacoteca.

I began to write my article on "The March of Ancona" for the *Woman's Herald*.

Bernhard is reading Diderot's short stories, and I am finishing Vol. IV of Creighton.

Was unwell.

x Sunday, October 30, 1892, Fabriano

Drove through the mist to Arcevia and saw two Signorellis. It was about 20 miles and took all day.

On the way back we "did" Sassoferrato.

Tired and sleepy; slept 12 hours.

x Monday, October 31, 1892, Albergo Canoniera, Città di Castello³⁶⁸

Went to Gubbio and had three delightful hours there.

Letters from Burke and Maude.

³⁶⁸ Perhaps Albergo Cannoniera is to be identified with the Residenza Antica Canonica in Via San Florido 23?



Came here and wandered about the town enjoying the architecture, particularly of the Duomo and of the Palaces.

I read *The General's Daughter* by Potapen[c]ko³⁶⁹ and Morley's second volume of Diderot.

x Tuesday, November 1, 1892, Città di Castello

Saw Churches and the Pinacoteca.³⁷⁰ Discovered a Pier dei Franceschi.

Rain came on.

Bernhard finished *The General's Daughter*, and walked out to S. Maria di Belvedere, after we had seen a charming little palazzino in the [0319] garden of the Vitelli palace near the station, now belonging to Principe Boncampagna. Fish-pond and all were quite like a Roman Villa.

I wrote my article. A splendid inn, but not cheap.

x Wednesday, November 2, 1892, Albergo Inghilterra, Arezzo

Left Città at 9.45 for Sansepolcro.

We were so absorbed in our books (Burckhardt) and Morley's *Diderot* that we passed the station without noticing, and had to walk back two km., not much and it was deliciously warm, like a spring day.

We saw a Genio da Pistoia³⁷¹ in San Agostino, and another and a Perugino in the Duomo.

After lunch we saw the Pier dei Franceschi and a Rosso, and discovered a Pontormo to our delight.

It rained in the afternoon and we reached here at 7 in a heavy pour.

Bernhard is reading Creighton and I have begun Greene's *Thirty Years' War*.³⁷²

x Thursday, November 3, 1892, Arezzo

Wandered about in Arezzo and saw the Churches and pictures.

In the afternoon we drove (for six hours) to Monte Sansevero, where we saw in a narrow street a marvellous palace facing an open loggia, both by Antonio di Sangallo the elder, both wonderfully [0320] beautiful, and

³⁶⁹ I. N. Potapenko (1856-1929), *The general's daughter*, trans. W. Gaussen (London: Unwin, c. 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House PG3470.P63 G413 1892**

³⁷⁰ Palazzo Vitelli alla Cannoniera, così chiamato perché sul luogo sorgeva un deposito (o una fonderia) di cannoni, è uno dei cinque Palazzi che la famiglia Vitelli eresse a Città di Castello tra la fine del Quattrocento e la seconda metà del Cinquecento. È sede della **Pinacoteca** (seconda in Umbria, per importanza di opere custodite, alla sola Galleria Nazionale di Perugia) che conserva lavori, tra l'altro, di Luca Signorelli e Raffaello.

³⁷¹ Gerino di Antonio Gerini dit Gerino da Pistoia (1480-1529) est un peintre et dessinateur italien de la Renaissance, qui a été l'élève du Pérugin.

³⁷² 'Greene' — a mistake for Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1829-1902), *The Thirty Years' War, 1618-1648*, 7th ed. (London: Longmans, Green, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson D258 .G25 1886**



suggesting what a Roman street may have looked like. The Loggia (dei Mercanti) was the finest reconstruction of Roman architecture Bernhard had seen. We saw too some fine terra-cottas modelled by Andrea Sansovino.

Very tired, went early to bed.

Friday, November 4, 1892, Nazionale, Cortona

Took the 8.25 train and arrived here about 9.

Found a B. della Gatta³⁷³ and enjoyed the pictures and architecture as much as is possible when followed by an army of dirty, sniffing, shuffling, curious, greedy (and needy) hangers on.

In the afternoon we drove to Castiglione (Castel Fiorentino) to see B. della Gatta. **I wrote this too soon, we did not go,**³⁷⁴ but spent several hours instead enjoying the marvellous Signorellis in S. Niccolo.

Then I sat on the town wall and saw the sunset while Bernhard explored two of the Renaissance Churches.

We had a nice dinner at the Garibaldi.

Saturday, November 5, 1892, Belle Arti, Perugia

We got up early and I managed to get to both the marvellous churches Bernhard had seen the day before, Santa Maria Nuova and Santa Maria [0321] del Calcinaio. Even a short glimpse was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

We reached Perugia at 11 and after lunch I had my first glimpse of the Gallery. Then I came back and finished and sent of(f) my *Woman's Herald* article on The March of Ancona, while Bernhard stayed for further study.

We went to the piazza and saw the sunset, and then went into the Duomo.

Afterwards we hunted all over the town for a bookshop, and found only one and a very poor one. The Library moreover is open only in the morning!!

x Sunday, November 6, 1892, Perugia

Went to the Duomo and then to the Gallery.

After lunch we walked to S. Maria del Monte Luce and came back round the town.

Monday, November 7, 1892, Perugia

Bernhard wants me to write what I have just said, that I will always love him as much as I do now, and always want as much to be with him.

³⁷³ Bartolomeo della Gatta, pseudonimo di Pietro di Antonio Dei (1448-1502).

³⁷⁴ Mary makes entries in the diary in the course of some days.



We went to San Pietro in the morning, and the Gallery, San Severo, S. Bernardino, etc., in the afternoon. Enjoyed the Oratory of La Chiesa Nuova.

[0322] x Tuesday, November 8, 1892, Todi

Bernhard's long desire is accomplished: we have seen the Church at Todi. To our surprise, Todi itself turns out to be a more important town, with a fine gothic cathedral, Renaissance palaces, a well-preserved side of a Roman Basilica, etc.

The hotel is impossible, but the Restaurant (del Teatro) is good,³⁷⁵ and they found us sleeping places in a palace close by S. Fortunato.

We drove here, starting on 8 and reaching here at 1.30. We "did" Diruta on the way, finding a Fiorenzo and an Eusebio. We spent all the afternoon in and around the glorious Church.

x x x x x
!!!!

It was one of the Great Experiences of our lives. Drive 25 francs.

Wednesday, November 9, 1892, Belle Arti, Perugia

We saw Todi in the morning, all too hurriedly, and started at 12.

Stopped at S. M. di Consolazione again of course, and also saw another fine church, from 1591 outside another gate.

Reached here about 5.30 and dined at the Progresso,³⁷⁶ which seems rather nicer than this place. Wrote letters, but were rather tired and sleepy.

[0323] "The Italians took *space* for a language just as the musician takes sound. The Italians wanted harmonious symphonies. They strove so to work upon you that the moment you entered a church you should feel the existence of space as a *positive*, instead of as a merely negative fact, as a *material* instead of as a void, and as a [1.3] material capable of being shaped in the subtlest fashion. ... Of course no architectural form can make you feel space so much as a dome resting on grand arches. These arches must be of such a depth that the moment you enter you are struck by the effect of space. If the arches were less deep, the dome would not look imposing enough, just because it might seem to(o) heavy for its supports. ... To make the arches on which the dome rests so long that you do not at once seize the complete effect of the dome and the arches, is absurd; for all the extra depth is then useless, considering always that the aim is this effect of perfect space. Having the arches of more than the necessary depth is not only useless, but a positive evil. It came about in this way. The moment you enter a building you can't help seizing the effect of what seems the whole. Now when the arches supporting a dome are so deep that your first impression

³⁷⁵ Caffè Ristorante del Teatro, Via Mazzini 1-3, Todi.

³⁷⁶ A restaurant located in via del Progresso?



on entering does not include the dome, as soon as you discover that the dome is the real point, and not the arches, there is a fight in your head between the two [0324] impressions. It will end in the triumph of the second impression, but one's feeling of harmony has meanwhile been very much disturbed, and the effect should have been perfectly harmonious.

[this paragraph not in the letter to Senda 1892.12 dated Nov. 9, 1892:]

... Size beyond a certain point seems of as little importance in giving us a perfect effect of spaciousness as length is necessary to the beauty of a symphony ...

If you seize the meaning of these few pages, you will see at a glance why it was that the great problem of the Renaissance was the *cruciform dome church*. It had to be domed, because, as I have tried to show, the perfection of space is attainable only the meeting of four arms under a dome. The arms are the arches I have been speaking of all the time. It had to be cruciform, that is to say, the arms had to be of equal [2.3] length, so that from whatever arm you entered you at once got the complete effect of the interior. No arm could be longer; in other words, no arch deeper.³⁷⁷

... **I have copied the rest of this elsewhere so I will not go on.** I hope it has in it the germ of a very fruitful idea of Bernhard's upon Renaissance architecture.

[0325] * Thursday, November 10, 1892, (Hotel) Subasio,³⁷⁸ Assisi

We saw the Cambio and finished our notes on the Gallery in the morning, and then drove here (12 francs), stopping at La Bastia and Santa Maria degli Angeli on the way.

A lovely sunset, and such a beautiful view from the windows!

But the dinner has been so awful that we cannot stay long here.

Friday, November 11, 1892, * Albergo della Posta, Foligno

The dinner was worse than poor, it was poisonous, and Bernhard was horribly ill in the night.

We saw the town and the church of San Francesco in the morning, particularly the Martinis and Lorenzettis. Neither of (us) could eat any lunch, so we had some coffee and drove on to Spello, where we saw the Pintoricchios and Peruginos, etc., and then here (8 francs for the drive).

We found this a splendid hotel, cooking almost as good as "Julia's" of Macerata.³⁷⁹

³⁷⁷ Bernhard's comments, copied from the letter to Senda, November 9, 1892 (1892.6 [221]).

³⁷⁸ Monte Subasio is apparently near Assisi.

³⁷⁹ See above, October 26, 1892, Albergo Milano, Macerata.



Saturday, November 12, 1892, Albergo della Posta, Foligno

"Did" Foligno and in the afternoon drove to Montefalco and hurriedly saw the Benozzos there. We must some day study this school to the bottom.

A young doctor came in the carriage coming back, and was very interesting in conversation. He said the people here live on 50 centimes a day, Municipal and Professional salaries vary from 2000 to 3000 francs. How temperate the Italians must be!

[0326] Sunday, November 13, 1892, Albergo Lucini, Spoleto

Saw the Pinacoteca at Foligno and the Ottaviano Nelli³⁸⁰ frescoes in the Municipio and came by the 10.30 train to Trevi, a desolate town in a sharp conical hill. There were Lo Spagnas to be seen, a fine altar by Rocco da Vicenza, and a good modern church.

Lunch at a little trattoria was charged 3 francs. "Credo che due cinquanta è basta," Bernhard said, and there was no opposition. The Italian way of doing business!

It rained as we left Trevi in a carriage (8 francs), but cleared up and we saw the charming little Temple on the Clitannus, and the Springs, and some Lo Spagnas in S. Giacomo, these by candle-light.

Arrived here to a hotel starred by Baedeker, which alas! has changed hands and is now fearfully poor.

Monday, November 14, 1892, Europa, Terni

Saw the Duomo with its splendid porch.

A Canonico escorted us to the ruins, etc., and then sent us his two books, one against Darwinism and the other against cremation, with wishes for a "vita lunga e piena di felicità."

Saw S. Agostino and S. Pietro in the afternoon and came here.

Quarrelled, or rather were cross. The door of S. Pietro is *splendid*.

[0327] Tuesday, November 15, 1892, Grandori, Viterbo

Left Terni at 8, reaching Orte at 9.

Drove here, a very wonderful drive on the edge of the Cinimian forest, in a Claude-Poussin landscape.

On the way we stopped to see the * Villa Lante at Bagnaia (4 kilometres from Viterbo) The architecture was most interesting, being a cross between the Farnesina and the Palazzo del Tè, perhaps Raphael, or Giulio Romano young, or could it have been Vignola? Whoever it was, it was very fine. Hundreds of fountains and running streams splashed about. The basins and urns and terraces, etc., were all fine and strong, evidently the work of a great artist.

³⁸⁰ Ottaviano Nelli (1375–1444) was born in Gubbio and active there and in Perugia.



Then we stopped to see the Madonna della Quercia (of 1538, Paul III) with its fine Bramante tower, and early Renaissance interior, and two most interesting cloisters.

In the afternoon looked at the Sebastiano del Piombo in the Pinacoteca and saw the Duomo, etc.

Found a really good restaurant, the Schenardi.³⁸¹

Quarrelled.

Wednesday, November 16, 1892, Grandori, Viterbo

Quarrelled.

I was ill and stayed in bed all the morning.

Bernhard went to see [0328] various things. We went together after lunch to see the Lorenzo da Viterbos, an astonishing and utterly unknown painter almost equal to Melozzo!

Drove out at sunset to Santa Maria della Quercia and saw the cloisters again.

Thursday, November 17, 1892, Aquila Bianca, Orvieto

Drove here from Viterbo, lunching at Bolsena.

There is a beautiful Church façade put up by Leo X while he was Cardinal, and other interesting things. We stopped at Montefiascone by the way and saw the Romanesque church, S. Flaviano, and the domes Church by Sanmichele.

Found this a nice hotel.³⁸² The day was as warm as summer, and the drive was enchanting.

x Friday, November 18, 1892, Orvieto

Saw the Duomo and enjoyed the façade, although it is Gothic!, to the utmost. The interior is splendid, in spite of the inadequate choir and the horrible mistake of slitting in windows between the side chapels. The Signorellis disappointed me. I expected to be *carried away*, and instead, the faults of composition and the lack of decorative effect bothered me, in spite of the wonderful [0329] strength of it all, and the beauty of some of the episodes.

Wrote my article on Assisi.

Bernhard still reading Burckhardt on Architecture.

Bernhard had a splendid walk.

* Saturday, November 19, 1892, Orvieto

Cathedral in the morning.

³⁸¹ According to an article in *Il Messaggero*, Oct. 6, 2013, il caffè Schenardi at Viterbo was closed by its owner, Segafredo.

³⁸² Albergo Aquila Bianca, Via Garibaldi 13, 05018 Orvieto.



I was tired and rested and wrote all the afternoon, finishing my article, while Bernhard had another beautiful walk.

The town rests like the Ark on the top of huge rocks. The Signorellis please me more.

Sunday, November 20, 1892, Orvieto

I managed to walk around the town a little to see the views and some churches and palaces, etc. Then we went to the Duomo.

In the afternoon I sat in the sun on the wall, while Bernhard walked to the Campo Santo, etc.

I finished Gardiner's *Thirty Years' War*,³⁸³ and Bernhard finished Burckhardt.

I enjoyed the Signorellis most of all today.

³⁸³ Samuel Rawson Gardiner, *The Thirty Years' War, 1618-1648* seventh edition (London, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson D258 .G25 1886**



[FLORENCE]

Monday, November 21, 1892,³⁸⁴ Florence

Had a last look at the Cathedral before coming away. Mass was being gorgeously sung, with a congregation of three or four old women and men. What a contrast to a Protestant service, where everything depends on the audience and the newspapers' report, so to speak. The Mass carries on the real tradition of sacrifice and worship. [0330] As it is offered to God, it taken no account of the congregation. From this side Catholicism is delightful; even I, who hate it inexpressibly because it is ruining, or nearly ruining my life, feel a tenderness and delight in it from this point of view. I have been so busy hating it, however, and dreading it for Ray, that, until this morning, I have not been able to enjoy anything about it.

We came in the 11 o'clock train here, reaching here 2.30.

After much grappling I found nice rooms, 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, for 75 francs a month, "tutto compreso".

Began Thomas Adolphus Hare, *Lenten Journey*.³⁸⁵

Tuesday, November 22, 1892, 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Settled in our separate apartments, unpacking, etc., all the morning. Worked on our *Quadri* and I finished the *Lenten Journey*.

* Wednesday, November 23, 1892, Florence

Costa came in the morning and told us about his trip with Frizzoni to Spain.

We went to the Uffizi and 'glimped' about.

Worked a little more on our *Quadri*. I felt rather ill.

Thursday, November 24, 1892, Florence

I read Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*³⁸⁶ and had a [0331] German lesson.

Unwell.

Bernhard went to the Pitti and discovered a Lo Spagna, and went to Fiesole with Costa in the afternoon. They both came in to tea.

Quadri in the evening.

Friday, November 25, 1892, Florence

Another lesson.

³⁸⁴ Bernhard signed the Libro dei Soci at Vieusseux on this date.

³⁸⁵ Thomas Adolphus Trollope, *A Lenten Journey in Umbria and the Marches* (London, 1862).

³⁸⁶ Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), *Emperor and Galilean* (1873). Included in *Ibsen's prose dramas*, 5 vol. (London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribner, 1890-1891). **Biblioteca Berenson House PT8852.E5 A7 1890 [Shelved as C.XXVII.2.]**



Read De Brosses' *Lettres sur l'Italie*.³⁸⁷

Bernhard went to see churches and we worked on our *Quadri*.

Saturday, November 26, 1892, Florence

De Brosses and *Quadri*.

Costa (and) his brother came to tea.

A propos of England becoming Catholic B. said, "They will never put their whole literature on the Index — nor their history!"

Sunday, November 27, 1892, Florence

Worked on photographs and then went out to the Pitti, where I re-discovered the Lo Spagna.

Met Jenkins at lunch.

Bernhard spent part of the afternoon at Costa's, looking over books, and came here to tea with Jenkins.

Afterwards we continued our *Quadri* and began Geymüller's book on St. Peter's.³⁸⁸

Tired.

x Monday, November 28, 1892, Florence

I was not feeling well, so I scarcely went out, except to lunch and dinner.

Bernhard went to [0332] the Opera del Duomo.

We worked on our *Quadri* and nearly brought it up to date.

I began Geymüller's book on *Bramante and St. Peter's*.

Bernhard is reading Machiavelli's *Storia Fiorentina*³⁸⁹ and also the *Sacco di Roma*,³⁹⁰ both of which he says are simply fascinating.

³⁸⁷ Charles de Brosses (1709-1777), *Lettres historiques et critiques sur l'Italie* (Paris, 1798).

A later edition: *Lettres familières sur l'Italie* (Paris, Firmin-Didot et Cie, 1931).

Biblioteca Berenson House DC135 .B8 [Shelved as SAL.IX.7.]

³⁸⁸ Heinrich Adolf Geymüller (1839-1909), *Die ursprünglichen entwürfe für Sanct Peter in Rom von Bramante* (Vienna, 1875). **Biblioteca Berenson NA5620.S9 G49 1875**

³⁸⁹ A mistake for

Benedetto Varchi (1503-1565), *Storia Fiorentina*, 3 vol. (Firenze, Società ed. delle Storie del Nardi e del Varchi, 1843-44). **Biblioteca Berenson DG736.3 .V37 1843**

Earlier editions:

Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections DG738 .V37 1721 L

Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections DG738 .V37 1803 M

Or perhaps for:

Francesco Guicciardini (1483-1540), *Storia Fiorentina dai Tempi di Cosimo de' Medici a quelli del Confaloniere Soderini* (Firenze: Barbéra, Bianchi & Comp., 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson DG738.14.G9 A2 1895**

³⁹⁰ Perhaps: Leonardo Santoro da Caserta (c. 1475-1569), *Dei successi di sacco di Roma e guerra del Regno di Napoli sotto Lotrech* (Napoli: Stabilimento tipografico di P. Androsio, 1858). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections E125.V5 L37 1787 M**



Tuesday, November 29, 1892, 14 Lungarno Accaij(u)oli, Florence

B. read an article on "The Next Conclave" to me while I arranged photographs.

We finished our work on the *Quadri* and read until lunch time.

In the afternoon Bernhard took a long walk with Mr. Jenkins, and they both came back to tea. **Jenkins said a man could live very comfortably here in Florence on £50 a year.**

I finished Geymüller, and Bernhard lost himself in Burd's edition of *Il Principe*.³⁹¹

* Wednesday, November 30, 1892, Florence

I read a play of Ibsen's *Lady Inger of Ostrat*,³⁹² but did not see anything in it.

Went to the Duomo and the Sacristy.

Costa came in the afternoon, and was very nice.

[0333] Thursday, December 1, 1892, Florence

I read *The Pretenders*³⁹³ and saw a good deal in it.

Met Costa and saw the Ghiberti, Donatellos, and Lucca della Robbias of the Duomo and then went to the Riccardi Palace to see the Benozzos.

In the afternoon and evening, lunched over my article on Potapen[c]ko, while Bernhard enjoy(ed) himself reading magazines.

x Friday, December 2, 1892, Florence

Wrote, and Bernhard lunched with me. The ideas of the darned article are "stupendo", but they aren't said clearly or nicely.

We went to the Bargello and enjoyed ourselves.

Bernhard walked in the Cascine, and Costa came to call, and again was very nice.

Type-wrote the article, such as it is.

Bernhard gave birth to several ideas, such as the Law of Popularity for books, and the law of their *living*. The former is a book that describes the contemporary phase of the struggle for existence, the latter book that *adds to the world's capital*. Of course they may go together.³⁹⁴

³⁹¹ Niccolò Machiavelli, *Il principe*, ed. L. Arthur Burd, intro. Lord Acton (Oxford, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson JC143 .M2 1891**

³⁹² Henrik Ibsen, *Lady Inger of Östrat*, in *Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas*, vol. 3, trans. William Archer (London, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House PT 8876 .A35 1927**

³⁹³ Henrik Ibsen, *The Pretenders*, in *Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas*, vol. 3, trans. William Archer (London, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House PT 8876 .A35 1927**

³⁹⁴ This paragraph marked in blue pencil in the left margin.



[0334] Saturday, December 3, 1892, Florence

Alas! Alas! I must go away today. Please, sweet Bernhard, be happy while I am gone. I *hate* to leave here.

We corrected the article on Potapenko in the morning and began another. Bernhard was mean enough to have an idea deeper than any we had put into my article, explaining in fact half of what I said! So he began to work that out.

After lunch we looked over the Lottos and Crivellis and read and packed and entered the dates of Vienna and the National Gallery into our *Quadri*.

O happy, peaceful intellectual life! How I hate to go away. But I must go at 9.30 and it is now 9.

+ + + + +

[no entries from December 2 to December 30, 1892]

x Saturday, December 31, 1892, Florence

Four weeks of London fog, but Ray was enchanting.

Home was like Hell, father tormenting everybody and everybody deceiving him.

Burke came to spend 10 days with Bernhard and was delightful. He bought [0335] Gagliardi's Pier di Cosimo. Bernhard says he is one of the profoundest thinkers of our generation.

I saw the Mikes and they were so comforting and sympathetic.

I spent Thursday in Paris with Maude, and reached here at 6.40 this evening.

I went to the Brera in the morning, between trains.

We were so glad to see each other that it is no use speaking of it!



[1893]

* Sunday, January 1, 1893, Florence

Read and walked up to San Miniato and enjoyed ourselves.

We have both read Ranke's *History of the Popes*,³⁹⁵ and Bernhard has read Philippson's *History of the Counter Reformation*.³⁹⁶ I am hurrying up to learn German so that I can read it, and fill up the intellectual gulf that my ignorance of German creates between us. He has also read Merimée's novel about Charles IX.³⁹⁷

* Monday, January 2, 1893, Florence

Read Ibsen's new play, *Master Builder Solness*,³⁹⁸ but did not quite see through it.

Walked and talked and were happy.

[0336] Tuesday, January 3, 1893, Florence

Bernhard discovered he had earned £200 by getting Burke's picture for him for 600 instead of 800.³⁹⁹ Burke is going to invest it for him. We feel rich, and for once kindness and gratitude have met. We sang Burke's praises to each other all day long.

I had a German lesson while Bernhard shopped for me. Then we walked in the Cascine. After tea, I made up an account while he wrote to Burke, and after dinner we looked at photographs and read.

He has just finished and I am just beginning Ranke's *Histoire de France*.⁴⁰⁰

³⁹⁵ Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), *The ecclesiastical and political history of the popes of Rome during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries*, 3 vol. (London : Murray, 1840).

Biblioteca Berenson BX955 .R35 1840

³⁹⁶ Martin Philippson (1846-1916), *Westeuropa im zeitalter von Philipp II, Elisabeth und Heinrich IV* (Berlin, Grote, 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson D20 .O58 1882**

Les Origines du catholicisme moderne: La contre-révolution religieuse au XVI siècle (Brussels & Leipzig, 1884).

³⁹⁷ Prosper Merimée (1803-1870), *Chronique du règne de Charles IX* (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC116 .M4 1892 [Shelved as SAL.IV.9.]**

³⁹⁸ Henrik Ibsen, *The Master Builder*, in *Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas*, vol. 3, trans. William Archer (London, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House PT 8876 .A35 1927**

³⁹⁹ Piero di Cosimo, *Battle of Centaurs and Lapiths*, now in the National Gallery, London. On the painting, see Caroline Elam, 'Piero di Cosimo and centaurophilia in Edwardian London', *The Burlington Magazine* 151 (September 2009), p. 607-615, especially p. 609 and notes 17-18, where the information on John Burke which was provided by Samuels is largely inaccurate.

⁴⁰⁰ Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), *Histoire de France, principalement pendant le XVI^e et le XVII^e siècle*, 6 vol. (Paris : Friedrich Klincksieck, 1854-1889). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC121 .R3 1854 [Shelved as C.XXIX.3.]**



Wednesday, January 4, 1893, Florence

I began Perry's *Greek Literature*.⁴⁰¹ It is one of the most fascinating books I ever read.

Studied German and wrote to Lady Eastlake, while Bernhard went to the Panciatichi Gallery.⁴⁰²

After lunch we walked through the Uffici and Pitti and over Bellosguardo, meeting Mr. Way who was walking there alone looking sad.

After tea Bernhard called on William James, whom he found as charming as ever, but full of vain talk [0337] about A - A - A - A - Art!! Yet he is ready to massacre anybody who speaks of Doubt. Bernhard had said the spread of common sense over the various departments of human intelligence is like the spread of civilization over the world. Most people in the region of Art are still fetish-worshipping savages. How well Perry brings that out in regard to the once prevalent view of Literature!

In the evening we read Bridges'⁴⁰³ poetry, but did not find much life in it.

* Thursday, January 5, 1893, Florence

Read Perry, studied German.

I went to the Pitti to speak to Prof. James, and then to the Panciatichi collection with Bernhard. We saw the most lovely of all Crivelli's, a smallish Pietà, of perfect, compact composition. There were fine Japanese things too, and a couple of delicious small Tura's.⁴⁰⁴ Then we went to the Museo Etrusco.

After lunch Bernhard went to call on "Vernon Lee" and I to the James'. He enjoyed himself more than I, for Vernon was wonderfully intelligent and talked in a most comprehending way about the scientific study of Art. As for my call, it was absolutely [0338] sickening, all the old, uneducated rot about Art being a Gift, and having nothing to do with life, and art criticism being impossible. Where, to divert the conversation into channels where I thought we might be sympathetic, we asked him which of the Florentine pictures he had most enjoyed, it turned out that he had scarcely been to the Galleries at all! What fatal necessity compels such people to talk of Art?

⁴⁰¹ Thomas Sergeant Perry '65, *A History of Greek Literature* (New York, 1890).

Biblioteca Berenson PA3054 .P4 1890

⁴⁰² In Palazzo Ximenes Panciatichi in Borgo Pinti?

⁴⁰³ Robert Bridges (1844-1930), *Poetical Works of Robert Bridges* (London, 1898).

Biblioteca Berenson House PR4161 .B6 1898

⁴⁰⁴ Cosimo Tura (c. 1430-1495).



A Mr. Loring⁴⁰⁵ was there who was far worse than Prof. James, but as he seemed to be originally a being without intelligence, he was less blameworthy.

Friday, January 6, 1893, Florence

I read a good deal of Perry and of Ranke and had a German lesson. Bernhard read Vol. II of Ranke's *Histoire de la France*⁴⁰⁶ and "*Balaustion's Adventure*" (Browning).⁴⁰⁷ He delighted to find Browning using such words as "banalities" and "mollify".

We both wrote to Hapgood in answer to a letter from him. As it was a holiday, all the [0339] Galleries were closed.

Cesare, our waiter at the Toscana, says none of the country people who come in to market on Fridays give a single thought to abstaining from meat on that day. So much for the "religious Italian peasantry" we hear talk of in England!

My heart was filled all day long with hatred and bitterness on account of James and his twaddle about Art.

Saturday, January 7, 1893, Florence

Wrote to mother, read and talked in the morning and went to the Casa Buonarroti.

After lunch to Alinari's to choose photos for the Mikes, and then a walk to Bellosguardo.

Mr. and Mrs. James called when we got back. Mrs. James is bovine.

Bernhard had a call from Costa, and himself called on the Miss Forbes in the evening, while I studied German.

* Sunday, January 8, 1893, Florence

Began to write an article on "Building Master Solness," Ibsen's last play. Walked on Fiesole hills.

[0340] Monday, January 9, 1893, Florence

Wrote, went to Uffizi, studied, walked over Bellosguardo, read.

Dined with Loeser and met a painter named Prudnik.

Tuesday, January 10, 1893, Florence

German lesson.

⁴⁰⁵ Francis William Loring (1838-1905), an artist from Boston, in the Pasolini dall'Onda correspondence at Vieusseux.

⁴⁰⁶ Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), *Histoire de France, principalement pendant le XVI^e et le XVII^e siècle*, 6 vol. (Paris : Friedrich Klincksieck, 1854-1889). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC121 .R3 1854 [Shelved as C.XXIX.3.]**

⁴⁰⁷ Robert Browning (1812-1889), *Balaustion's adventure: including a transcript from Euripides* (Boston, James R. Osgood and Co., 1871). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4222 .B3 1871**



Wednesday, January 11, 1893, Florence

German lesson.

Despair. **It is so hard to do anything which points towards giving up Ray, yet my position becomes worse each day.** I live on in semi-concealment.

* Thursday, January 12, 1893, Florence

At last Bernhard gave me the choice between retaining Ray at all costs or sticking honourably to him. It is true, it would be absurd to pay for a more than doubtful share in Ray, our whole happiness. Yet the thought of really giving her up, cut my brain literally like a knife. I never suffered such sharp pain. Of course I decided for Bernhard, and now I mean to do all I can to improve our position.

Friday, January 13, 1893, Florence

I wrote to mother to let everyone know about⁴⁰⁸ [0341] my separation from B.F.C.C. so that it may come from my side, and not be concealed as if we were ashamed of it.

Read Ranke and Perry and Huysmans' *Sac au Dos*.⁴⁰⁹

Lunched with Loeser and walked over Bellosguardo.

x Saturday, January 14, 1893, Florence

Went over sculpture, etc., photographs in the morning.

Walked in the Cascine in the afternoon.

Read poetry of Charles d'Orleans,⁴¹⁰ Perry, Ranke.

Bernhard has just finished Morley's *Diderot*,⁴¹¹ and is reading Voltaire⁴¹² and *Tristram Shandy*.⁴¹³

Mrs. James, Loeser told us, had kept his dinner party waiting half an hour because the dressmaker had not sent home her "body" in time. The "body" turned out to be a red cashmere blouse. She told me that she longed to get back to Cambridge to set up a small chicken farm.

Walking in the Cascine we composed this [0342] rondeau:

⁴⁰⁸ 'i)', an abbreviation?

⁴⁰⁹ Joris-Karl Huysmans, 'Sac au dos' in *Les Soirées de Médian* (Paris, 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ1269 .S6 1880**

⁴¹⁰ Perhaps ?

Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465), *Poesies de Charles d'Orleans* (Paris: Gosselin, 1842).

⁴¹¹ John Morley, *Diderot and the encyclopedists* (London, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House B2016 .M6 1886**

⁴¹² Perhaps the book mentioned previously ?

Voltaire (1694-1778), *Candide ou l'Optimisme, traduit de l'Allemand de Mr. le Docteur Ralph* (London, 1772). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ2082 .C32 1772 [Shelved as SAL.III.3.]**

⁴¹³ Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (London, 1924). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3714 .T75 1924 v. 1-2.**



Mrs. James
How she flames
In a "body"
Red and shoddy
She hates Florence
In abhorrence
For her chickens
Her heart sickens
In a "body"
Red and shoddy
How she flames
Mrs. James!

x Sunday, January 15, 1893, Florence

We rather wasted the morning doing odds and ends, at least I did.
Bernhard read Voltaire.

We walked to the Indian after lunch.

I finished Vol. I of Ranke's *History of France*⁴¹⁴ and read Merimée's *Chronique de Charles IX*,⁴¹⁵ and studied German.

Bernhard went to the Forbes in the evening, but was bored.

Monday, January 16, 1893, Florence

Read. Went to Uffizi.

Walked in Cascine.

[343] Tuesday, January 17, 1893, Florence

Uffizi. Opera del Duomo. Looked at photos.

B. reading Voltaire and *Tristram Shandy*,⁴¹⁶ I at Vol. II of Ranke and my German lesson.

Wednesday, January 18, 1893, Florence

Began our paper on Lotto, studied chronologically.

Bernhard went to see Vernon Lee, and I went to see Mrs. James, who was so nice and sympathetic, as soon as she found out that I was not a Catholic.

Sent "Solness" to *Evening Post* and *Women's Herald*.⁴¹⁷

⁴¹⁴ Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), *Histoire de France, principalement pendant le XVI^e et le XVII^e siècle*, 6 vol. (Paris: Friedrich Klincksieck, 1854-1889). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC121 .R3 1854 [Shelved as C.XXIX.3.]**

⁴¹⁵ Prosper Merimée (1803-1870), *Chronique du règne de Charles IX* (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC116 .M4 1892 [Shelved as SAL.IV.9.]**

⁴¹⁶ Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (London, 1924). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3714 .T75 1924 v. 1-2.**

⁴¹⁷ *The Women's Penny Paper* (1888-1890); continued 1891-1899 as *The Women's Herald*. Weekly.



* Thursday, January 19, 1893, Florence

Still at work on our Lotto. It becomes very interesting.

Bernhard walked alone, as I felt tired.

Read Ranke, etc.

Friday, January 20, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto. Bernhard called on Loeser, I on Miss Britten.

Prof. James called, and was most amusing. He said he thought Vernon Lee's *Bellerophon*⁴¹⁸ was so "full of genius". He hadn't the faintest idea what *Euphorion*⁴¹⁹ meant, and as to studying Italian [0344] history "historically", that is to say, in connection with contemporary European history, he seemed quite electrified at the suggestion!

We were quite excited over a letter of Stillman's in the last *Nation*, replying to one of Bernhard's which we had sent from Venice in the autumn, correcting one of his many mis-statements.

Bernhard had a headache in the evening.

Saturday, January 21, 1893, Florence

My rugs arrived. They look very nice.

I was unwell, so we dined at home.

We worked upon our Lotto all day long except while Bernhard walked from the Bagni di Ripoli along the river.

I had a letter from mother in which she said that Ray believes I do not love her because "Nana says so", but that she loves me. How cruel it is! Frank *cannot* love her half, *half* so much as I do, though *why* I scarcely know. It is an [0345] instinct almost as imperative as hunger, except that I *can* control it.

But I do love her so. If she could only know how I prize every hair of her head and ever(y) inch of her skin, particularly where her dear little bones peep all through the thinness! But perhaps she would not, if she knew, care much for that kind of love, and she would be right, for it is not personal. Still, it would lead me to do anything I could for her, except give up my own personality and my own chances, or to harm Bernhard in any way. But I do love her so! My heart aches so for the sight of her, and the feel of her.

I was wrong when I said we worked on Lotto all day. We spent the morning answering Stillman, and I think our answer was really crushing. We said that the error confusing Domenico and Jacopo Tintoretto showed that a man was about as fit for writing of Italian art as a man who mixed up

⁴¹⁸ 'Michael Field' (Katherine Bradley, 1846-1914; Edith Cooper, 1862-1913), *Bellerophon and Other Poems* (London, 1881).

⁴¹⁹ 'Vernon Lee' (Violet Paget, 1856-1935), *Euphorion, being studies of the antique and the mediaeval in the Renaissance* (),



Julian and Nathaniel Hawthorne would be for writing about American literature!!

[0346] x Sunday, January 22, 1893, Florence

We spent all our day over Lotto, doing practically nothing else, except a little reading.

Bernhard walked to Santa Margherita.⁴²⁰

Monday, January 23, 1893, Florence

Again Lotto absorbed us — completely!

It was snowing, so we dined at home. I felt unhappy about Ray, but Bernhard did all he could to console me.

Tuesday, January 24, 1893, Florence

Bernhard went to the Uffizi with Miss Head, and I wrote necessary home letters.

Had a German lesson, and afterwards walked over Bellosguardo. Coming home we saw about a hundred people leaning on the wall of the embankment, cheering a dozen ragamuffins who were sliding on the ice on the Arno. The crowd seemed to be there for the afternoon, showing that plenty of people had time to loaf, and that ice was a rarity.

Costa called. It turns out that he is in agreement with Bernhard about that portrait of a young man in the Pitti. They both think it a Timoteo Viti.⁴²¹

In the evening we worked on Lotto.

[0347] * Wednesday, January 25, 1893, Florence

Worked on our Lotto all day long.

Thursday, January 26, 1893, Florence

Prof. James called on Bernhard and we all went to the Uffizi together. James is the greatest bore to show pictures to. He seems to think they are to be taken in by any sense except the sense of sight, "particularly by the ears", as Bernhard says, and he particularly and persistently admires all the very worst daubs. For instance, in the room of the Giorgiones he liked most that horrid Salviati affair (called Paolo) of a woman washing her feet!

After lunch Bernhard took a walk with Loeser, who came back to tea and took us to dine with him.

I felt rather ill, with a cold coming on.

Friday, January 27, 1893, Florence

Mr. and Mrs. James came to go to the Gallery. James was as scatter-brained and inappropriate as ever, but Mrs. [0348] James really looked at

⁴²⁰ Santa Margherita a Montici, Pian dei Giulari.

⁴²¹ Timoteo Viti (1469-1523).



things, and was very nice. Such an amusing discussion arose between them before the Botticelli Venus. One of us said how dreadful Vernon Lee's criticism of it was, how could she find it indecent?

"Well," said James, "a Mother of a Family would *have* to think it indecent, not that it is, but it is perfectly right and proper that she should think so."

"If you mean me, my dear," said Mrs. James, "I do not find it indecent, but I do find Vernon Lee so."

To hear their "my dears" and "my darlings" is, as Bernhard says, like finding shells on the tops of mountains!

Then we lunched with Loeser, and I had a German lesson while Bernhard called on senator Comparetti,⁴²² a friend of Mrs. Bywater.

In the afternoon and evening we worked on our Lotto.

x Saturday, January 28, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto and went to Uffizi.

In the afternoon walked by the Arno [0349] from the Bagni di Ripoli, a lovely walk.

Sunday, January 29, 1893, Florence

Lotto in the morning, and Bargello.

I had an attack of pleurisy, so I rested while Bernhard walked over Bello Sguardo.

After tea we finished correcting our Lotto.

Had dinner sent in, and read Pater's "School of Giorgione"⁴²³ and talked about it in the evening. As Bernhard says, he writes as if he had a cold in his head — 'molto costipato' — He is never clear, but is just on the point of clearing himself out.

Read Ben Jonson.⁴²⁴

Monday, January 30, 1893, Florence

Began to type-write the Lotto.

Bernhard went to the Bargello.

After lunch we went to the Academy and S. Annunziata and the Duomo.

Worked in the evening.

Read Drummond of Hawthornden.⁴²⁵

[No entries from January 30 to February 6]

⁴²² Domenico Comparetti (1835-1927) è stato un filologo, papirologo ed epigrafista e Senatore del Regno d'Italia nella XVII legislatura.

⁴²³ A chapter in Walter Pater (1839-1894), *The Renaissance: Studies in art and poetry*, 3rd ed. (London & New York, Macmillan, 1888).

⁴²⁴ Ben Jonson (c. 1573-1637).

⁴²⁵ William Drummond (1585-1649), 'of Hawthornden', a Scottish poet.



[0350] Monday, February 6, 1893, Florence

All the rest of the week was spent, by me at least, in sickening for a slight attack of rheumatic fever, trying to walk it off, succumbing to it, and beginning to convalesce.

We read a good deal of Pater together and went on with the post-Elizabethan poets, a pretty dreary lot between Beaumont and Fletcher and Herrick.

I read Balzac's *La [sic] Lys dans la Vallée*⁴²⁶ and was *enchanted* by it. After making allowance for his somewhat creaky stage machinery, it is one of the most spontaneous lyric outbursts conceivable. It is awfully true to human nature, too, except that clumsy device of the English horse-woman who contrasts with La Lys in every respect. How touching is the scene where she tries to live and regrets her lost happiness.

I read Hawthorne's *Italian Notebooks*⁴²⁷ and his *Marble Faun*,⁴²⁸ which [0351] is a mere re-hash of them. Here, set down for once in unblushing print, is The American Traveller, as you still see him, climbing to the top of St Peter's, pacing halls to find their length, bored to death in the Galleries, yet haunting them, and getting ready to pine without them in America, tyrannized over by his servants, vastly more interested in chance American acquaintances than in all antiquity, discussing ART with everyone — in short, William James!

During these days of crossness and illness, Bernhard has been studying Botticelli and Perugino, taking long walks.

Costa and William James came to see me and Loeser sent me flowers.

Today I read Symonds' *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*,⁴²⁹ Vol. I, and some of Eastlake's *Literature of the Fine Arts*.⁴³⁰ Symonds has a [0352] fatal fluency. Nothing he says sticks, it is all so glib, so easy, like a "leader" in the daily paper, as easy to read as it is to forget. Eastlake has a fatal common-sense, which accounts for his failure as a writer. People like their art served up with

⁴²⁶ Honoré de Balzac, *Le Lys dans la Vallée* (1835)

⁴²⁷ Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Passages from the French and Italian Notebooks* (Boston, 1871)

Biblioteca Berenson House PS1850 .E86 v. 1-2

⁴²⁸ Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun, or, The Romance of Monte Beni* (Boston, c. 1860) **Biblioteca Berenson House PS1850 .E86**

⁴²⁹ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Essays speculative and suggestive* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1893).

⁴³⁰ Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865, painter, collector, writer and the first director of the National Gallery in 1855), *Contributions to the literature of fine arts*, first & second series, 2 vol. (London: Murray, 1897). **Biblioteca Berenson N61 .E37 1897**

Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865, painter, collector, writer and the first director of the National Gallery in 1855), *Materials for a history of oil painting* (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847). **Biblioteca Berenson ND50 .F2 1847**

Not to be confused with Charles Locke Eastlake (1836-1906), an architect and furniture designer and nephew of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865).



mystery. This common sense will be Bernhard's ruin, unless the public has more of it than it had in Sir Charles Eastlake's day.

I had such a nice letter from dear old Lady Eastlake, really the most delightful old person alive. How she loves Italy. She said, "How glad I am there is a lady who can take up where *I* left off and pursue the absorbingly interesting road much further and much abler!"

* Tuesday, February 7, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto and then met Costa at the Academy and pursued a lively Botticelli argument, Costa wishing to exclude as not [0353] genuine the "Fortezza", "Judith" and "Adoration" in the Uffizi, and the St. Sebastian of Berlin, and Bernhard claiming, and I think proving, that these are early works. Costa seemed half convinced.

We had a glorious drive round by Carreggi [*sic*], Terzollino, Trespiano and the Via Bolognese. Then Bernhard left a card on Sen. Comparetti.

Mrs. James called on me, and Costa and Bernhard came in before she went.

Bernhard invented the word "magazining" for hasty reading.

Prof. Wickhoff⁴³¹ of Vienna has published two articles in the *Journal des Beaux Arts* about the Vienna Gallery which are simply the notes he took down of what Bernhard said, even to the aesthetic criticism! The worst of it is he has never mentioned his name.

Wednesday, February 8, 1893, Florence

Work on Lotto and Botticellis in the Uffizi in the morning. After more work, we went out for a walk and picked up Loeser, who seemed to be in poor health. He took us in to have tea at Giacosa's. He is nice when he doesn't tell lies, and his ill-health makes him pathetic.

In the evening Bernhard's head ached, so I read aloud the Life of Sir Charles Eastlake.⁴³² Born 100 years go, and I know his wife!⁴³³

[0354] * Thursday, February 9, 1893, Florence

A most "pendulumistic" letter from Hapgood, who says I mustn't criticize James for talking rot about art, because he has done good work in

⁴³¹ Franz Wickhoff (1853-1909) was an Austrian art historian.

Journal des beaux-arts

⁴³² Following her husband's death, Lady Eastlake's memoir, 'The Life of Sir Charles Eastlake' was prefixed to his book, *Contributions to the Literature of Fine Arts* (London: Murray, 1897). **Biblioteca Berenson N61 .E37 1897**

⁴³³ Lady Elizabeth Rigby Eastlake (1809-1893), the wife of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake (1793-1865), painter, gallery director, collector and writer.

Journals and correspondence of Lady Eastlake, ed. Charles Eastlake Smith (London, Murray, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4639.E25 A3 1895 [Shelved as L.R.II.1.]**



physiological psychology, and that one thing is the same as another, and Harvard as good as Florence, and Hegel as good as Science, etc., etc., quite in the spirit of those first depressing talks we had in Paris, which he ceased from when he opened his eyes a little. O Americans!

We worked on our Lotto, and then went to see Perugino's *Last Supper*.

After lunch we did some more work and then walked over the hills after seeing the Calzi Perugino.⁴³⁴

At lunch we met Jenkins who has been suffering horribly for a month with neuralgia. His description of his tortures made your flesh creep. He declares that a spirit, in the shape of a monk, comes to him and tells him the winning numbers in the National Lottery. So I asked him to make two hundred pounds for me, and he promised to do so. But my conscience need not begin to prick me for ill-gotten gains!

[0355] Friday, February 10, 1893, Florence

A completely Loeserized day. He lunched with us, and spent the afternoon — it was raining — and we dined with him and spent the evening.

We read Mallarmé⁴³⁵ — a goose.

Bernhard discovered that a puzzling picture in the National Gallery is by Balducci.⁴³⁶

He is reading Rabelais,⁴³⁷ and I *Tristram Shandy*.⁴³⁸

I had a sweet little letter from Ray, written all of her own accord when she heard I was ill, and some pictures from her. I sent her the Donatello San Giovannino of Faenza to give Miss Irene as a Valentine. Ray's letter said "Dearest Mary, We are going to the pantomime and the Zoo. Do you love me very truly? I love you a hundred dollars. That would buy a nice castle. Thy loving Ray."

Saturday, February 11, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto, went to the Pitti, walked to San Domenico, came home and worked on Lotto.

Costa called, and I went to dine with the James. They had a dinner party, to my horror. It was curious that a sculptor named 'Oberyst' (?),⁴³⁹ whom I had refused to meet at Loeser's, and who had equally refused to meet me, should have been there. Mrs. James insisted on our talking together, and

⁴³⁴ *L'Ultima cena* in the refectory at San Giovanni Battista della Calza a Porta Romana.

⁴³⁵

⁴³⁶ Giovanni Balducci (1560-1631)

⁴³⁷ François Rabelais (c. 1490-1553?), *The works of Francis Rabelais*, trans. Thomas Urquhart and Motteux, 2 vol. (London, : H. G. Bohn, 1863. **Biblioteca Berenson PQ1685.E5 U7 1863**)

⁴³⁸ Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* (London, 1924). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3714 .T75 1924 v. 1-2.**

⁴³⁹ Herman Obrist.



finally the rest of the company sat silent to listen as we discussed Ekkehardt⁴⁴⁰ and Potapen[c]ko and Huysmans and Besnard. I laid down pure "Doctrine" to his flabbergastment.

Bernhard spent the evening with Costa.

[0356] Sunday, February 12, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto, went to Bargello.

Walked in Cascine with Loeser in the afternoon and got caught in the rain.

I was locked out all day, but went to Bernhard's and while he read

Bosanquet⁴⁴¹ I read a dozen 18th Century essays.

Then I wrote to Lady Eastlake and he wrote to Went.⁴⁴²

The Women's Herald with the Ibsen article came.

Monday, February 13, 1893, Florence

Lotto, went to Uffizi and San Martino. Walked.

Read Symonds and Eastlake and Ranke.

Quarrelled out of mere silliness.

* Tuesday, February 14, 1893, My 29th birthday, Florence

Bernhard brought me a bunch of daffodils as a token of reconciliation.

Mr. Jenkins, whom we met at lunch, sent me an endless quantity of lovely violets.

Ray sent me Valentines she had painted herself, and Alys sent me a book called *French Art* by one Brownell,⁴⁴³ which Bernhard and I both read the same day, with mixed emotions, mostly disgust.

Wednesday, February 15, 1893, Florence

Loeser called to offer posthumous congratulations, [0357] as it were, on my birthday, and invite us to dinner.

We finished and sent off a review of Brownell's book, which, at the moment, in the first glow of composition, I think was a pretty good review. I hope Alys can get it in somewhere.

We dined with Loeser. Looked over his fine collection of Michelangelo drawings.⁴⁴⁴

He says that Mrs. James wept the other day when her husband brought home some of his pictures in which he had been spending the money they

⁴⁴⁰ ? Perhaps Ekkehard I (Ekkehardus Decanus; 910–973), dean at the abbey of St Gall and the presumed author of *Waltharius*.

⁴⁴¹ Bernard Bosanquet (1848-1923), *A History of Aesthetic* (London, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House BH81 .B6 1892**

⁴⁴² Bernhard's Dutch friend, F. A. F. C. Went.

⁴⁴³ William Crary Brownell, *French Art: Classic and contemporary painting and sculpture* (New York, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson ND541 .B76 1892**

⁴⁴⁴ See below, February 28, 1893.



need for other things, and that James, in irritation, ran his knife through them then and there.

The Ways went to the Corsini Ball, Mrs. Way getting a new dress for 400 francs. They met pension acquaintances and no one else there, and were ill the next day, Mrs. Way in fact being again seriously ill in bed. And they have no money to pay for the dress. Yet they are upborne by the feeling that she was "the best dressed woman there." Loeser thinks, however, that Mrs. Way would have been something splendid if she had married a man of more character.

[0358] * Thursday, February 16, 1893, Florence

We worked on our Lotto⁴⁴⁵.

After lunch we walked around by Carreggi [*sic*] to San Domenico across the fields. It was very hot.

Mr. Jenkins came to tea. He told us of his experience as his father's election agent in Cornwall, which gave him such a horror of politics that he would not say a word about Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Talk of the electorate being pure!! On the whole I think it was purer to buy votes by playing on people's avarice than upon their snobbishness.

Friday, February 17, 1893, Florence

Bernhard called on Senator Comparetti whom he found editing the earliest Code, a Cretan tablet dating from about 600 B.C.

After lunch we walked over the Bellosguardo hills and then came back and grappled with our Introduction to Lotto.

Bernhard was rather cast down at discovering what a treacherous friend Loeser is. It came out in this way. The picture-dealer [0359] here,⁴⁴⁶ from whom Bernhard bought the Pier di Cosimo for Burke,⁴⁴⁷ has a picture by Filippo Lippi. Hearing that Crespi of Milan was here, Bernhard, out of friendliness to Gagliardi and because he preferred Crespi to have the picture, instead of having it go out of Italy, went to him on Signor Frizzoni's recommendation and spoke to him about the picture. Crespi was very rude to him, and Bernhard could not imagine the reason. However, it came out today when Bernhard happened to stop in at Gagliardi's. Gagliardi told him that Crespi had been there with Loeser (who sets up to say the picture is not genuine), and afterwards by himself. When he came alone he told Gagliardi that Loeser had warned him to have nothing to do with Berenson, who was of "una cattiva disposizione", knew nothing of pictures, and was generally not to be trusted.

⁴⁴⁵ 'review of Brownell's', written before 'Lotto', crossed out.

⁴⁴⁶ Gagliardi.

⁴⁴⁷ Piero di Cosimo, *Battle of Centaurs and Lapiths*, now in the National Gallery, London. See previous note.



How strange it seems that Loeser could say this when he knows it is not true, and when common decency ought to make him feel gratitude to Bernhard without whom he would have known nothing of Italian pictures (not that he knows much now!), nor had any of his present acquaintances, such as Costa or Frizzoni—or even Crespi himself!

[0360] Saturday, February 18, 1893, Florence

A letter from mother this morning unwell says that Marion Lawrence⁴⁴⁸ has gone crazy in Paris and that Logan brought her off to London. She proposed to a young man and declares she is engaged to him, and talks constantly of him, and of herself, saying that she is a genius, a Princess, that she is going to be a very brilliant woman, etc., etc. Mother says it is most pitiful.

Ray sent me a birthday letter.

Bernhard went to lunch at “Vernon Lee’s” to meet Miss Sellers.⁴⁴⁹ He enjoyed himself very much, and was especially interested to find Miss Sellars [*sic*] employing exactly the same scientific methods in her study of Greek sculpture that we use in our work.

We finished the Lotto Introduction.

* Sunday, February 19, 1893, Florence

Wrote out notes on the March of Ancona for Mrs. Bywater.⁴⁵⁰

After lunch Bernhard met Vernon Lee & Co. at the Bargello. Vernon Lee was ready to *kill* him for his anti-genius notions of art. Miss Sellars [*sic*] said that it struck her that, as compared with the Greeks, Renaissance sculptors did not know what to do with the legs. He said they were so [0361] shy of mentioning the different parts of the body by name that discussion was difficult.

We walked in the Boboli Gardens together, and then continued the Lotto catalogue, the typo-paper having come.

I finished *Tristram Shandy* and Bernhard entered upon Vol. II of Rabelais.

Monday, February 20, 1893, Florence

Finished Mrs. Bywater’s notes, and went to Santa Trinità and the Uffizi in the morning. We both discovered a drawing by Amico Aspertini.⁴⁵¹

After lunch we continued the Lotto and then took a walk in the Cascine.

I called on Miss Britten while Bernhard wrote to Fields.

Then we did some more Lotto.

⁴⁴⁸ a second cousin.

⁴⁴⁹ Eugénie Sellers (1860-1943), later the wife of Sanford Arthur Strong.

⁴⁵⁰ The wife of Ingram Bywater, 1840-1914, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, 1893-1908.

⁴⁵¹ Amico Aspertini (c. 1474 – 1552) is a painter whose complex, eccentric, and eclectic style anticipated Mannerism.



In the evening Bernhard called on the Forbes and I studied German.

He made me angry — though it would puzzle me to explain why! — by maintaining that humanity had to push up just so many “geniuses” in each direction and that if one died another would come inevitably to take exactly his place. Charles V, for example, was bound to have a Titian, Julius II a Michelangelo.

[0362] x Tuesday, February 21, 1893, Florence

Lotto, Bargello, German, while Bernhard called on Costa.

He found at the National Library that *The Nation* had printed his Stillman letter, with the information that it closed the controversy — as indeed it did. Loeser came to Costa's and congratulated Bernhard upon it, but with a manner and look which betrayed that he felt very sick over it, and would give anything if Stillman had only had the best of it.

After some more Lotto, I called on Lady Carly(s)le, who kept me a long time. I enjoyed it, as she asked me many questions about my studies. On the whole, in spite of her belief that I have a strong natural vocation for politics, I think I convinced her that I was not idle, nor likely to be a mere dead weight in the world.

In the evening we did some more Lotto and read Pater's *Winckelman*⁴⁵²,⁴⁵² a rather disconnected affair — full of good things however.

[0363] Wednesday, February 22, 1893, Florence

Aunty Lill writes one of her killing letters: after describing a boring lunch party of her own with a number of “swell” guests, she modestly adds, “I know the occasion will be inelegant but the people will be nice.” Then she goes on, “I was to have dined tomorrow with Messrs. Moody and Tankey, at Hilton, but have given out. I try to embrace every opportunity to be with the spiritually minded, as it is Christ for whom I hunger and thirst, not wishing ‘the lower life’ as S. Emlen⁴⁵³ said last 1st Day, but the Higher Life. He said, “Are you conscious you wish the “”, but live often in the lower life”, which was a new way of expressing my own walk.”

⁴⁵² Walter Pater, *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry*, third edition (London, 1888).

Biblioteca Berenson House N6915 .P3 1888

⁴⁵³ S. Emlen, a member of the well-known Quaker family of Philadelphia?



We went to the Bargello. I met Lief [*sic*] Jones⁴⁵⁴ and a brood of young Howards, and he asked me to come and call on Lady Carlisle.⁴⁵⁵ After a walk and some more Lotto, I went and enjoyed myself very much trying to explain to her that there really is such a thing as scientific and reasonable art criticism. She regaled me with W. L. F.⁴⁵⁶ gossip, and grand talk about humanity.

[0364] * Thursday, February 23, 1893, Florence

Rain. Lotto.

Finished Ranke.

Walked in Cascine.

Bernhard reading essays of de Vogüé.⁴⁵⁷

Discovered some drawings in Uffizi.

Friday, February 24, 1893, Florence

Lotto. German lesson. Walk.

Bernhard called on Forbes. I wrote my Hawthorne.

⁴⁵⁴ Leifchild Stratten Leif-Jones, 1st Baron Rhayader (1862-1939) was born as Leifchild Stratten Jones and known as Leif Jones before his elevation to the peerage in 1932. A Temperance movement leader and Liberal politician.

⁴⁵⁵ 'To lunch with Lady Aberdeen. **Lief Jones** came into the meeting while Lady Aberdeen was speaking, and with him Lady Carlisle. She shook hands with me very cordially. Presently Lief Jones began his address, which was quite lengthy, presenting the full platform of the Liberal Party. He is a brisk, adroit speaker, and made points in favor of Woman Suffrage, of Home Rule, of the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales and Scotland, of the eight-hour labor law, of the purchase of the waterworks, now owned by eight companies in the city.' Laura E. Richards, Maud Howe, Florence Howe Hall, *Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910*, vol. 1 (Boston, 1916), p. 166.

See also J. B. Williams, *Worsted to Westminster: The Extraordinary Life of the Rev. Dr. Charles Leach*, MP (2009), p. 165-166.

See also *The Selected Letters of Bertrand Russell, Volume 1: The Private Years, 1884-1914* (London, 1992), p. 271; Russell tutored Mary's younger daughter Karin when she was at Newnham.

⁴⁵⁶ 'Carlisle' corrected from 'Carlisle'. Rosalind Frances Stanley Howard, Countess of Carlisle (1845-1921), wife of George James Howard, 9th Earl of Carlisle, known as 'The Radical Countess', was a promoter of women's political rights and a temperance movement activist; she often stayed at a country house, Castle Howard. Her secretary was Leifchild Leif-Jones.

⁴⁵⁷ Women's Liberal Federation.

⁴⁵⁷ Melchior de Vogüé, *Les églises de la Terre Sainte* (Paris, 1860). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit NA5977 .V6 1860**. Many other works by de Vogüé are present in the Biblioteca Berenson.



Saturday, February 25, 1893, Florence

Creighton's *History of the Papacy*,⁴⁵⁸ a birthday present from Mother, arrived, and Horatio Browne's [*sic*] *History of Venice*.⁴⁵⁹ The latter we began to read at once.

We went to see the Pontormos in the Collegio Militare.

I dined with the Carlises. Lord Carlisle and Lady Mary's husband, Mr. Murray, were particularly nice, although Lord Carlisle said that France had never produced a great man and that there was no such thing as painting now in Paris! It seemed awful to me to be living in such a rabble. Lady Carlisle ordering them all about, and fighting with her husband. O the joys of solitude!!

Mr. Murray came back with me and came in to look at Perry's *History of Greek Literature*.

[0365] Sunday, February 26, 1893, Florence

I felt ill and feared another rheumatic attack. We worked on Lotto in the morning and the Academy.

I was ill all the afternoon. Bernhard walked.

In the evening we read Ibsen's *Vikings*,⁴⁶⁰ which Mr. Murray pronounced Ibsen's finest play.

Monday, February 27, 1893, Florence

Went to the Uffizi, wrote Hawthorne and Lotto, walked.

Bernhard called on the Forbes and arranged for a class.

Mother writes that Marion⁴⁶¹ has two aunts who have been 30 years and an uncle 10 years in an asylum. What a terrible outlook for her!

Costa called.

x Tuesday, February 28, 1893, Florence

Spent an hour and a half downstairs⁴⁶² among the drawings with Costa. I discovered a Benedetto Diana!!⁴⁶³

⁴⁵⁸ Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London: Longmans Green, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894**

⁴⁵⁹ Horatio Forbes Brown (1854-1926), *Life on the Lagoons* (London, 1884).

A later edition: London, Rivingtons, 1909. 5th ed. **Biblioteca Berenson DG674 .B76 1909**

⁴⁶⁰ Henrik Ibsen, *The Vikings of Helgeland* (London, 1901), printed with *Lady Inger* and *The Pretenders*.

⁴⁶¹ Marion Lawrence, a second cousin.

⁴⁶² Downstairs in Loeser's apartment on the third floor? Loeser lives a floor beneath Bernhard; see above, February 15, 1893.

⁴⁶³ Benedetto Rusconi, nicknamed the Diana (died 1525).



Met Lord Carlisle and Roberts and the children and walked about with them. Lord Carlisle was horrified with the Zorn,⁴⁶⁴ but the children listened with open ears to every word I said.

After my [0366⁴⁶⁵] German lesson we wrote a while and then walked.

I began Michelet's *Richelieu*.⁴⁶⁶ It is full of anecdotage, as compared to Ranke.

Mrs. James and Loeser called.

> Wednesday, March 1, 1893, Florence

Wrote my Hawthorne.

Went to Santo Spirito and the Brancacci Chapel.

Took the tram to Settignano and walked over the hills, a most delicious walk!

Read in the evening.

x Thursday, March 2, 1893, Florence

Took Lady Mary and Mr. Murray to the Uffizi. They were nice. They said the others were still discussing the Zorn!

Bernhard went to Santa Croce and the Bargello.

Walked over the hills from the Bagno di Ripoli.

Wrote.

Friday, March 3, 1893, Florence

Hawthorne still!

Walked over behind Bellosguardo and enjoyed it.

Read, wrote.

x Saturday, March 4, 1893, Florence

Went to S. Maria Novella. There Bernhard studied the [0367] Orcagnas and discovered that Orcagna was a pupil of Lorenzetti. I guided Mr. Roberts and Lief [*sic*] Jones about.

At lunch we talked about writing an article to explain why **the study of the Renaissance leads to culture**; it takes you both backwards and forwards from itself. Founded on Latin and Greek civilization, it is nevertheless the beginning of *our* era.

Bernhard felt low all day because he has not yet appeared in print, under his own name!

⁴⁶⁴ Anders Zorn (1860-1920), a Swedish painter and sculptor, was a friend of Isabella Stewart Gardner. Zorn painted *Isabella Steward Gardner in Venice* while travelling with the Gardners in 1892. His *Self-Portrait* (1889) is in the Uffizi.

⁴⁶⁵ Two of Mary's symbols, the '>' and the 'x', appear on this page.

⁴⁶⁶ Jules Michelet, *Richelieu et la Fronde* (Paris: Chmerot, 1858).



While I continued <writing> my Hawthorne, he finished a splendid article of Wickhoff's⁴⁶⁷ upon Guido da Siena, a really fine piece of scholarship.

We walked by San Miniato, and Bernhard darkened the air with complaints.

He called on Mr. Sinclair, and after tea we corrected my Hawthorne, which I began to type-write in the evening.

Sunday, March 5, 1893, Florence

Wrote stories for Karin's birthday book in the morning.

Went to the Medici Tombs. It is quite true, as Miss Sellars [*sic*] [0368] said that, compared to the Greeks, Renaissance sculptors do not know what to do with the legs. Most of the Michelangelo legs there were awful, and so all the Donatello's, usually.

Then we went to San Marco and were charmed with Fra Angelico.

After lunch we took the tram to Settignano and walked to Fiesole by Poggio⁴⁶⁸ — a most invigorating, enchanting walk.

In the evening we read some more of the English Poets, and began Milton.

Bernhard is grappling with Frey's Malabecchiani.⁴⁶⁹

Monday, March 6, 1893, Florence

We finished our Lotto notes!

Bernhard took Mrs. Scott and her two daughters to the Uffizi, for 25 francs. He said they were bored, he certainly was.

I called on Mrs. James while he walked in the Cascine. She made my hair stand on end by all she told me of Irish servants in America. From that point of view alone, she said that Bryce,⁴⁷⁰ when he was in [0369] America, prophesied a war between the Protestants and the Catholics, the two grades of society whose interest are not only diverse but directly opposed. If I had time, I should write an article on all she told me, but alas! time is so short, and I am too busy.

⁴⁶⁷ Franz Wickhoff (1853-1909), an Austrian art historian. 'Über die Zeit des Guido da Siena', *Mitteilungen des Instituts für Österreichische Geschichtsforschung* 10 (1889).

⁴⁶⁸ To Castel del Poggio and then along via dei Bosconi.

⁴⁶⁹ Karl Frey, *Il Codice magliabechiano, cl. xvii. 17, contenente Notizie sopra l'arte degli antichi e quella de' Fiorentini da Cimabue a Michelangelo Buonarroti, scritte da Anonimo Fiorentino* (Berlin, 1892), based on a manuscript in the Biblioteca Magliabechiana. **Biblioteca Berenson N6921.F7 C63 1892**

On Frey, see Samuels, *Legend*, p. 448.

Karl Frey (1857-1917), *Die Handzeichnungen Michelagnios Buonarroti* (Berlin, 1909-1911). **Biblioteca Berenson NC1055.B9 F7 1911**

⁴⁷⁰ James Bryce, The Viscount Bryce (1838-1922). Later Ambassador of the U.K. to the U.S.A. See the letters of Henry and William James.



In the evening I went on with my translation of Bode's handbook of Italian sculpture,⁴⁷¹ and Bernhard worked himself into a rage of Frey.

"Michael" writes about the *Building Master Solness*,⁴⁷² which they are now playing with great success in England:

"O to be in England,
Now that Ibsen's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Feels some morning unaware
That a Breath is stirring through mere belief,
For the old world's notions have come to grief
And the Modern pierces, one knows not how,
Through England now!"

Tuesday, March 7, 1893, Florence

Went to the Pitti, but it was cold and the staring colours of the Florentines hurt my eyes.

While I had my German lesson, [0370] Bernhard began an article on Karl Frey's book.

We walked from the Bagno di Ripoli over the hills, a lovely walk, finding violets by the path.

After tea, we wrote the tail to our Lotto, about his followers, etc., and after dinner I went on printing my Hawthorne, while Bernhard read Symonds on Italian Literature.

x Wednesday, March 8, 1893, Florence

Finished and sent off the Hawthorne.

Went to the Uffizi and studied particularly the engravings in the corridor. After lunch we finished the Lotto "Following".

Then Bernhard took a walk in the Cascine, while I looked at a little apartment. [sic] A poor old New Zealand school mistress art critic was living in them, her third winter, studying art from Ruskin and Hare⁴⁷³ and Rio⁴⁷⁴ and Hermann Grimm! Let us hope they will seem more appropriate in New Zealand than they do on the spot!

Then I called on Prof. James and found [0371] him furiously raging over Vernon Lee's *Vanitas*⁴⁷⁵ which contains a complete microscopic dissection

⁴⁷¹ Wilhelm von Bode (1845-1929), the creator and first curator of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, now called the Bode Museum.

Die italienische Plastik (Berlin, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson NB611 .B53 1891**

Denkmäler der renaissance-sculptur Toscanas in historischer anordnung (Munich, 1892-1905).

Biblioteca Berenson NB619.T9 B6 1892 F

⁴⁷² Henrik Ibsen.

⁴⁷³ Hare?

⁴⁷⁴ Perhaps A.F. Rio, *The poetry of Christian art* (London: Bosworth, 1854).

⁴⁷⁵ Vernon Lee, *Vanitas: Polite Stories* (1892).



of his brother the novelist, “the most incomprehensible, indelicate, indecent thing conceivable.” All this sounded odd from the brother of the man whose “Miss Birdseye” was such a patent caricature of his father’s old friend, Miss Peabody.⁴⁷⁶

In the evening we read ⟨Ibsen’s⟩ *Rosmersholm*⁴⁷⁷ and I read *Hedda Gabler*.

Thursday, March 9, 1893, Florence

Went to the Uffizi and studied Florentine drawings.

Worked on the Lotto.

Finished *Rosmersholm* and compared it with Solness.

Bernhard called on the Scotts and I went to San Miniato.

After tea we grappled with the Lotto, and quarrelled, as usual when we write together!

And in the evening read *Vanitas*,⁴⁷⁸ which didn’t strike us as very bad. I also read the other two stories, one at night, and the other in morning.

[0372] Friday, March 10, 1893, Florence

Began by quarrelling over the Lotto!

Went to Santa Maria Novella, still quarrelling.

After lunch Bernhard wrote his Carl Frey article,⁴⁷⁹ while I had a German lesson.

We worked over the article, and then walked to Santa Margarita,⁴⁸⁰ gathering pink anemones by the way.

Worked in evening.

* Saturday, March 11, 1893, Florence

We spent nearly the whole day finishing the Carl Frey article, which was finally posted to the *New York Nation* at 8.30.

We had a walk over the fields behind Bellosguardo, and picked handfuls of daffodils, and anemones of many strange colours.

Talked about going to Lucca, but decided that Florence is altogether too enchanting!

We were pretty quarrelsome over our work, I am sorry to say!

Sunday, March 12, 1893, Florence

I wrote my children’s story.

When Bernhard came, we answered Frizzoni’s letter and [0373] then went to the Bargello.

⁴⁷⁶ On the character Miss Birdseye created by Henry James in *The Bostonians* (1884), see Leon Edel, *The Middle Years, 1884-1894* (London, 1963), p. 79-80.

⁴⁷⁷ Henrik Ibsen, *Rosmersholm* (London, 1889).

⁴⁷⁸ Vernon Lee, *Vanitas: Polite Stories* (1892).

⁴⁷⁹ Ever published?

⁴⁸⁰ Santa Margherita a Montici, behind Pian dei Giulari?



After lunch I read *Pillars of Society*⁴⁸¹ aloud, and then we walked on the hills by the Bagno di Ripoli, but unfortunately quarrelled over flower-picking.

In the evening Bernhard read Symonds⁴⁸² on Renaissance Literature and I studied my German and read Michelet on Richelieu.⁴⁸³

Monday, March 13, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto.

Walked in Cascine and “jumped”, worked on Lotto.

I studied German in the evening and Bernhard read Symonds’ *Literature*.⁴⁸⁴

Tuesday, March 14, 1893, Florence

The Galleries being closed, we spent the whole day over Lotto, except for a walk on Bellosguardo.

Bernhard wrote to Hapgood while I had my German lesson.

German and Symonds in the evening.

Recovered from my grumpiness.

* Wednesday, March 15, 1893, Florence

We got on well with the Lotto.

Unfortunately, [0374] we quarrelled at lunch-time, over nothing. I simply have an abominable temper, but now I mean to stop it. It has grown up merely within the last two years.

The rest of the day we still worked upon Lotto, with some success, I think.

Thursday, March 16, 1893, Florence

Lotto most of the day.

Read *An Enemy of the People* (Ibsen).

Friday, March 17, 1893, Florence

Lotto.

I took a walk in the afternoon with Prof. James, who said art had no connection with life, and that, as it was almost impossible to arrive at exact historical truth, it was useless to study history.

Christina Bremner⁴⁸⁵ arrived at 6.30.

Bernhard called on the Forbes.

⁴⁸¹ Henrik Ibsen, *The Pillars of Society* (1888).

⁴⁸² John Addington Symonds, *Renaissance in Italy?*

⁴⁸³ Jules Michelet, *Richelieu et la fronde* (Paris, ____).

⁴⁸⁴ ?

⁴⁸⁵ *The Woman's Signal*, a weekly British feminist magazine, became *The Woman's Herald* in 1891, where Christina Bremner (following Mrs. Frank Morrison) was editor. Ceased publication in 1899.



Saturday, March 18, 1893, Florence (unwell)

We took Christina to Santa Croce.

In the [0375] afternoon I took her for a walk from the Bagni di Ripoli.

Sunday, March 19, 1893, Florence

Went to the Academy and San Marco. Bernhard and Christina went to the Pazzi frescoes while I came home.

In the afternoon they walked over Bellosguardo and I read *The Vicar of Wakefield*.⁴⁸⁶

Talked all evening.

Monday, March 20, 1893, Florence

Santa Maria Novella.

Worked over Lotto. Christina explored for herself. We read her our "Lotto", and she confessed to having thought of Titian as a "sort of Dutchman." Lionardo only suggested "a long kind of a Madonna and angel"; of Tintoretto and Botticelli she had never heard.

Bernhard uses it to prove that art, particularly art criticism, is so remote from life that it is not worth bothering about. He is discouraged.

[0376] Tuesday, March 21, 1893, Florence

Took Christina to the Uffizi. The Florentines left her cold.

We took a long walk in the afternoon in the Fiesole hills.

Read *The Wild Duck* in the evening, which depressed Bernhard still more, as he compared himself and his Great Work *in futuro* to Hjalmar⁴⁸⁷ and his "Invention".

* Wednesday, March 22, 1893, Florence

Took Christina to the Pitti, and here, before the Venetians, especially Tintoretto, she waked up. Her criticism was delightful. "How it sticks out", which put into the Art Critics' pompoferous language means "How solidly it is modelled, how well the values are given, what 'atmosphere'." The great Art Critic of the future will be the one who dares to say "stick out" (and who has money to publish his own books!!) [0377]

In the afternoon I went with Mrs. James to Bardini's, while the others took a walk in the Cascine.

We worked for a couple of hours on Lotto and after dinner read Pater on Botticelli.

Thursday, March 23, 1893, Florence

Took Christina to Santo Spirito, Carmine, and San Lorenzo, while Bernhard went to the Carmine and Pitti.

⁴⁸⁶ Oliver Goldsmith (1730-1774), *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

⁴⁸⁷



After lunch worked on Lotto for 2 hours, then walked with Christina in the Boboli and to San Miniato.

After dinner we read Browning's various Italian poems.

Friday, March 24, 1893, Florence

Went to the Palazzo Vecchio and the Uffizi.

After lunch and my German lesson we walked from Fiesole round by Poggio to Settignano, a most fascinating walk.

I had very disquieting news from mother, but the air and sunshine made me happy in spite of the pain at my heart.

Saturday, March 25, 1893, Florence

San Lorenzo and the Opera del Duomo in the morning.

Worked on Lotto till tea and after tea walked over the San Miniato hill, talking [0378] about Christina's newspaper experiences, and rather despairingly about Bernhard's books.

After dinner Bernhard called on the Forbes and Christina and I chatted about her trip, etc.

Sunday, March 26, 1893, Florence

Went to the Bargello, which Christina enjoyed.

Wrote home.

Bernhard called on Mr. Benson⁴⁸⁸ and talked about Signorelli, and wrote to his sister.

After tea we walked on Bellosguardo and after dinner read Browning.

* Monday, March 27, 1893, Florence

Duomo and Annunziata and Innocenti in the morning. Saw a Luca della Robbia in the Innocenti we had never studied before, a great beauty!

Worked on Lotto.

Walked to San Miniato, and worked on Lotto again.

Read aloud *Ghosts* (Ibsen) in the evening, while Bernhard looked at photographs.

Christina calls him "The Law" or else "The Eternal Light". He has been deliciously entertaining ever since she has been here. A third person often wakes up conversation. Two people alone tend to become quiet.

[0379] Tuesday, March 28, 1893, Florence

Christina and I went to the Uffizi, and Bernhard took old Miss Forbes there.

After my German lesson we went out to the Certosa, and walked home. On the way I said (one of my rare and infrequent thoughtful remarks!) that methodism is Protestant Jesuitism.

⁴⁸⁸ Robert Benson, the English collector?



In the evening we finished *Ghosts*.

Wednesday, March 29, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto in the morning.

Then Bernhard went to "Vernon Lee's" to lunch, and met Mr. Benn,⁴⁸⁹ whom he liked. Mr. Benn said that 'Americans took a merely feminine interest in ideas', and he enjoyed Bernhard's description of Michelet as a person 'who had only loafer ideas'.

I met Christina in the Medici Tombs and after lunch we went up to Fiesole where we met Bernhard. We walked again to Settignano. We met a man who had literally fallen on the road with hunger, and helped him to a farm-house and bought him wine and bread, which he devoured greedily, forgetting to thank us, which showed he was not a professional beggar, at least.

In the evening I read aloud *Hedda Gabler*.

[0380] Thursday, March 30, 1893, Florence

Lotto and the Pitti in the morning. After lunch Lotto again.

Mr. Benson called on Berenson and I took a walk with Christina.

More Lotto.

In the evening finished *Hedda Gabler*.

x Friday, March 31, 1893, Good Friday, Florence

Worked on Lotto all the morning.

After my German lesson we walked from Settignano over the hills, a marvellous walk.

In the evening I read *The Lady from the Sea*.⁴⁹⁰

Saturday, April 1, 1893, Florence

Worked over Lotto. Began the type-writing.

Went to the Academy.

More Lotto after lunch, and then Christina and I drove by the Via Bolognese, Treppiano, [sic] Canonica, and the Villa Carreggi, [sic] the last part in sunset and moonrise.

In the evening I finished *The Lady from the Sea*.

Miss Willard sent me such kind letters of introduction to magazine editors.

* Easter Sunday, April 2, 1893, Florence

Lotto nearly all day, but for a lovely walk by the river from the Bagno di Ripoli.

⁴⁸⁹ Alfred William Benn (1843-1915).

⁴⁹⁰ Henrik Ibsen, *The Lady from the Sea* (1889).



[0381] Monday, April 3, 1893, Florence

Lotto again — all three of us!

Took Christina to see the Ruccellai [*sic*] Palace and Ognissanti.

Walked in the Cascine.

Costa came in the evening, was really charming.

Tuesday, April 4, 1893, Florence

Prato in the morning.

Drove to Poggio a Caiano and walked across to Signa. A beautiful day.

Wednesday, April 5, 1893, Florence

Lotto — finished printing!

Met Mr. Jenkins at lunch and went out to Signa for afternoon tea.

Christina went over the Lotto in the evening.

Thursday, April 6, 1893, Florence

Christina's last look at the Galleries.

Called on **Costa's friend Signor Fabbri** (a follower of Pissaro), [*sic*] also on the James, and on Loeser to see his Alvise Vivarina⁴⁹¹ which he has just bought.

Heard *Carmen* in the evening. Very badly given.

[0382] Friday, April 7, 1893, Florence

Christina's packing and guide-books. Saw her off to Bologna. The ticket office man, as usual, tried to cheat us in the change.

I wrote to the Florentine Paper, *Il Fieramosca*.

Frizzoni is staying in Florence and Bernhard went to meet him and Loeser at Santa Croce.

I called on Mme Zucchelli and then on Miss Lohse.

In the evening Bernhard went to call on the Youngs.

Saturday, April 8, 1893, Florence

I "magazined" the Lotto, both morning and afternoon, paying a visit to the Corsini Gallery between whiles.

Bernhard met Loeser and Frizzoni, and called on Mr. Benn, whom he found full of ideas.

In the evening **Costa and his friend Fabbri** came, and were very pleasant. They are both extraordinarily handsome

x Sunday, April 9, 1893, Florence

Still Lotto.

We went to the Pitti, and late in the afternoon took a walk in the [0383] Cascine.

⁴⁹¹ Alvise Vivarina (1446-1502).



Bernhard met Frizzoni and Loeser and went about with them a little.
Costa and Fabbri came in the evening. A nice talk.

Monday, April 10, 1893, Florence

I continued printing the Lotto, while Bernhard went on making out his lists of Venetian paintings. Hard work!

Bernhard called on Forbes.

Tuesday, April 11, 1893, Florence

I met Miss Lohse in the Uffizi, while Bernhard worked. She dosed me well with Hermann Grimm, and I came away feeling very sick. Connoisseurship is not the end but oh! it is the 'beginning of wisdom', and Hermann Grimm and his disciples have it not.

In the afternoon Bernhard walked from Fiesole to Settignano with Mr. Benn who was more brimming over with ideas than ever. He said Ruskin's "Law" is the Oxford revival of Mediaeval Catholicism. He was the first Englishman to rediscover the Renaissance, but he rediscovered it by hating it, and thus proved very clearly that he knew what it was, how [0384] totally opposed to mediaeval Christianity. How well this explains Ruskin!! He also said Browning was not one of the *great* poets, for he wrote only of Love, and of no other part of the "struggle for life".

While Bernhard was enjoying this delightful talk, I looked for lodgings for "Michael Field" and called on Mrs. James, who was interesting. She said that some doctors in America refused to undertake confinements unless they were allowed to give ether freely. How uncivilized England seems, where ether is the exception. I remember when Ray was born, I had to have a special ether administrator, who charged an extra £10.

Wednesday, April 12, 1893, Florence

I began my packing,⁴⁹² while Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Academy. He said the pictures, particularly the *Primavera*, never seemed to him so marvellous before.

After my German <lesson>, we worked and sketched out his course of lectures, and then took a walk over [0385] Bellosguardo. The sun has been shining for nearly a month, and the crops are perishing for want of rain. There is something terrible in this brilliant, cloudless sky.

After dinner Bernhard called on the Forbes to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bywater.

Thursday, April 13, 1893, Florence

Worked upon the Catalogue of Pictures.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Pitti.

⁴⁹² Putting her winter clothes away in camphor.



He called on Miss Burke⁴⁹³ while I went up to the Villa Montauto⁴⁹⁴ and sat on the wall enjoying the sunset until he joined me.

Costa and Fabbri came and were delightful.

x Friday, April 14, 1893, Florence

Catalogue still.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Uffizi (I think).

He called on Fabbri and I upon Miss Lohse, who told me her story, which interested me so that I am trying to write a tale of it.

Saturday, April 15, 1893, Florence

Still the Catalogue.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to Santa Maria Novella. At twelve she said, "O, I must hurry back and find him (her husband). You can't think how it [0386] takes all my time and energy to keep him in a good humour. Men are all like that, I suppose", a gentle sigh.

We walked in the Cascine.

I worked in the evening, while Bernhard called on the Forbes.

Corso dei Fiori.⁴⁹⁵

Sunday, April 16, 1893, Florence

Catalogue.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Uffizi, but he surprised me first by a very early visit to announce that his article on Carl Frey⁴⁹⁶ had been accepted by the Editor of the *Nation* and pronounced "very acceptable".

⁴⁹³ Perhaps John Burke's sister Anita?

⁴⁹⁴ On the hill near Bellosguardo. Nathaniel Hawthorne rented Villa Montauto in 1858, described in *The Marble Faun*. James Fenimore Cooper lived there thirty years earlier. Later Henry James lived in the nearby Villa Bichieri.

⁴⁹⁵ Corso dei Fiori?

⁴⁹⁶ ?



Also a certain Mr. Theodore Davis⁴⁹⁷ has written to him asking him to come at once to Rome and advise him about buying certain pictures, for a payment, of course. It may be an opening.

We worked and worked and took a little walk in the Cascine.

Bernhard dined with the Bywaters and Senator Comparetti.

I dined alone at Doney's. Their five franc dinner is a fraud!

I read *La Maison Tellier*.⁴⁹⁸

Bernhard is reading Symonds' Vol. on *The Fine Arts* and I Vol. II of his *Italian Literature*.

Costa came in the evening, stayed till midnight. He starts for Paris tomorrow.

[0387] Monday, April 17, 1893, Florence

Bernhard started for Rome at 6.35 in the morning.

I "magazined" his Carl Frey in the morning.

After lunch I took Miss Lohse to the Pitti and gave her tea here.

Then finished my "magazining", had dinner, and worked on the Catalogue.

Tuesday, April 18, 1893, Florence

Unwell.

Worked all day, on catalogue, story "Crabbed Age", and other things.

Bernhard still in Rome.

Wednesday, April 19, 1893, Florence

Still at work.

Bernhard returned at 9, and had great stories to tell of his millionaire Americans. Mr. Davis was going to pay £12,000 (!) for four utterly worthless

⁴⁹⁷ Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 181. How did Davis find out about Berenson?

According to Tiffany Johnston, *Mary Berenson and the Conception of Connoisseurship* (Ph.D. thesis, Indiana University, 2001), p. 518: 'While in Rome, Davis examined an art collection which was rather mysteriously offered for sale to him. When he mentioned the prospect to a Mr. Bliss, an envoy of the English government at the Vatican, he suggested that if Mr. Davis were serious about buying he should have them examined by an expert and advised him to write to Bernhard Berenson and ask him to come down to look at them.' On 'Mr. Bliss', Johnston cites Daniel Gordon, *The Robber Baron Archeologist*, (M.A. Thesis, Johns Hopkins University, 1991; Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2007), p. 59.

At the time William Henry Bliss (1835-1909), a scholar working for the Public Record Office in London, was in the Vatican archives compiling his monumental *Calendar of Entries in the Papal Registers relating to Great Britain and Ireland: Petitions to the Pope, A.D. 1342-1419* (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1896).

Berenson might have met Bliss when he was in Rome December 1888-January 1889, but Bliss is not mentioned in any surviving letter which Bernhard sent to Senda during that period.

⁴⁹⁸ A short story by Guy de Maupassant.



pictures, which Bernhard saved him from. They were very amusing, and very American.

Thursday, April 20, 1893, Florence

We worked all day till 5, going over the Catalogue, sorting photographs, etc., etc.

Then Bernhard went to call on "Vernon Lee" [0388] and I met "the Mikes" at their trains.

He went to see his American friends⁴⁹⁹ in the evening, as they have come up to Florence, and the Mikes came here.

He came in later, and spoke against rhyme in English poetry, and of how blank verse so dominates our literary expression that prose is its mere bastard.

I made two analogies, quite in the spirit of "the Master".

We were speaking of the mistake of looking for other things in painting in place of the primary *delight of the eye*. Bernhard said that all art was only valuable as *human expression*.

"Yes", I said, "but in painting it expresses itself *to the eye*, and not to the other senses. Everybody would think it absurd to *kick* a picture."

Then, when he was reporting to me Mr. Feilding's⁵⁰⁰ criticisms of the Signorelli of the Uffizi, that such a scale of colour was never seen in nature, I said "You ought to have reminded him that he, who is a musician, produces harmonics of sound that are never heard in nature." I repeat these to remind myself on dull days, that I *can* be witty!

[0389] x Friday, April 21, 1893, Florence

I took Michael Field to the Pitti in the morning, while Bernhard took his American party about to Churches, etc. He had a very wonderful time "expounding" the Orcagna frescoes to them.

In the afternoon I took Edward Clifford and Bernhard took the Mikes to the Uffizi.

He met Frizzoni, who told him of an unpublished journal of Lotto belonging to a priest in Rome! and so Bernhard went to dine with him to hear about it, calling on the Americans afterwards.

Saturday, April 22, 1893,

"Silver Wedding of King and Queen", Florence

I took the Michaels to Prato, where we had a beautiful day.

Bernhard took his Americans to see churches.

⁴⁹⁹ Theodore Davis and his entourage.

⁵⁰⁰ Percy Henry Feilding (1867-1929), son of Sir Percy Robert Basil Feilding.



Sunday, April 23, 1893, Florence

I took Michael to the Academy and Annunziata in the morning, and Bernhard took them to the Uffizi and S. Maria Novella in the afternoon, having ciceroned his Americans in the morning. Michael's eye is so well educated on modern French painting that she cannot endure most Florentine pictures on account of their lack of tone.

[0390] Monday, April 24, 1893, Florence

I had a rather threatening letter from B.F.C.C. and Bernhard a discouraged one from his sister, about his father's failing health.⁵⁰¹ As this means great distress for them, we determined to send them £100, part of the money which Burke gave Bernhard on the Pier di Cosimo picture, Bernhard having saved him £200 on it. We had laid this by, meaning to use it to print one of our books this summer, but it seemed impossible to be happy while they were in want.

I took Michael Field to the Medici Tomb, the Baptistery, the Opera del Duomo and the Bargello, all of which we enjoyed exceedingly.

I forgot, by the way, to note a little incident which happened when Christina and I were in the Bargello, looking at the Donatello "Amor", the little boy with wings and a tail. A peasant woman with a shawl over her head was gazing at it curiously, and at last turned to me and asked "È un santo?" "Sì, sì," I answered, "Sant'Amore," and she walked away quite satisfied!

In the afternoon I joined the Mikes in the Uffizi, while Bernhard went to see Dr Baldwin, who said there was nothing the matter with him.

At tea [0391] time, we all had a nice, cosy talk. The Mikes are so very, very nice. I love anybody who appreciates "The Doctrine", as they call Bernhard, and love them for their own sakes as well.

[on the way to Rome]

* Tuesday, April 25, 1893, Hotel Inghilterra, Arezzo

A terrible day of packing, entwined by a call from Mrs. Way and one from Mr. Jenkins.

Got off at last in the 6.40 train.

Wednesday, April 26, 1893, Garibaldi, Cortona

Saw Arezzo and discovered 3 Signorelli *predelle* in the Sacristy of the Duomo. The Pier dei Franceschi's looked simply overwhelming in the bright light.

⁵⁰¹ See Bernhard's letter to Senda, May 6, 1893: 'Father's breakdown has caused me acute suffering all the winter. ... But the moment I got your last letter I wrote to Burke to make out a cheque for \$500, and this I now send you.'



Came to Cortona and went everywhere. On the Castello a goat-herd woman told us that the bodies of the Saints had been uncovered, to induce them to bring rain to the parched land. But the appeal was unsuccessful.

Thursday, April 27, 1893, Canoniera, Città di Castello

Drove to Fojano and saw the Signorelli and the Andrea della Robbia's there, then [0392] to Castiglione Fiorentino, then to Arezzo, and then steam tram here.

I read *Renée Mauperin*,⁵⁰² and did not care for it much.

* Friday, April 28, 1893, Città di Castello

Saw the pictures. Walked to the Belvedere.

Saw Mancini's pictures, but could not find or hear of his Signorelli *Nativity*.⁵⁰³

Saturday, April 29, 1893, Belle Arti, Perugia

Train to Umbertide.

Saw the Signorelli.

A "camora" was made to prevent our getting anything but a miserable two wheeled, rope-bottomed trap to take us to Perugia, but Bernhard saw through it, and in the end we got a nice phaeton, and came here in 3 hours, paying 15 francs.

The Mikes were already here, and we dined together at the "Progresso".⁵⁰⁴

Sunday, April 30, 1893, Perugia

Duomo. Belle Arti with Mikes.

Perugian school failed to rouse us.

A lovely walk after lunch. Wrote in evening.

[0393] * Monday, (May 1) [April 31], 1893, Perugia

A heavenly day, after all the rains.

We revisited the Signorelli, saw the Cambio⁵⁰⁵ and saw Bernardino and scrambled about the walls.

After lunch Bernhard wrote his "Architecture", being inspired by the fact that the "*Nation*" has just printed his article on Vasari,⁵⁰⁶ paying him £6.2/5 for it.

I finished *Manette Salomon*.⁵⁰⁷

⁵⁰² Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, *Renée Mauperin* (1864).

⁵⁰³ In the Palazzo Mancini, mentioned by Vasari.

⁵⁰⁴ The restaurant is mentioned in the entry for November 9, 1892.

⁵⁰⁵ Nobile Collegio del Cambio.

⁵⁰⁶ 'Vasari in the Light of Recent Publications', *The Nation* 56 (April 13, 1893), p. 271-273.

⁵⁰⁷ Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, *Manette Salomon* (1867).



Then we walked with the Mikes to S. Pietro,⁵⁰⁸ and round about in the country, getting endless enchanting views.

After dinner wrote.

Tuesday, May 2, 1893, Albergo della Posta, Foligno

We had a wonderful morning at Assisi.

Then Bernhard and I went to Foligno by train while "M.F."⁵⁰⁹ drove to Spello. We met at Spello, and walked out to S. Girolamo, where a nightingale was singing in the wood. Never has there been a more beautiful day.

⁵⁰⁸ The Benedictine abbey of San Pietro, just outside the walls of Perugia.

⁵⁰⁹ Michael Field.



[ROME]

Wednesday, May 3, 1893, Hotel Suisse, Rome

We got up at 4.30 and took the 5.30 train to Spoleto, where we had 4 hours of rapturous enjoyment.

Then we came here, a hot dusty journey.

[0394] Thursday, May 4, 1893, Rome

Ara Coeli, S. Marco, S. Maria del Popolo, the Sixtine Chapel in the morning, Barberini Collection and the Pincian in the afternoon. In the Barberini is a lovely 'Galatea' by Pontormo, which *no one* ever looks at!

Bad news from home, ah me!

Friday, May 5, 1893, Rome

Santa Maria Maggiore, S. John Lateran, and the Lateran Gallery in the morning.

The "Mikes" drove along the Appian Way.

Mr. Bliss called.

Bernhard wrote his "Architecture".

Saturday, May 6, 1893, Rome

St. Peter's and the Vatican Sculptures, where Michael Field mourned over his lost illusions.

The Borghese in the afternoon (2.50 there and walk home).

We are always deadly tired in the evening. Sleep shuts down on us all like the iron blinds which roll slowly down on fashionable shop windows at "closing up" time.

Sunday, May 7, 1893, Rome

S. Maria sopra Minerva, the Pantheon, and the Capitoline in the morning.

We met Miss Sellars [*sic*] there, who showed us Roman and Greek things. She studies archeology exactly as we [0395] study Renaissance art. How interesting it is to trace, as one can do here, Renaissance architecture and decoration straight back to Roman models.

In the afternoon we went out to the Baths of Caracalla and talked.

In the evening we read Robert Bridges,⁵¹⁰ and "Michael" was the only one left to say a word in his defence, and that a feeble one. "Field" she calls "The Walls of Jericho", for she crumbles to ruins when she tries "new" doctrine. That is so brave and sincere of her, she does not stand up for her old opinions. She groaned and said it made her fear that their volume which is just being issued, *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough*, will receive but a Lenten welcome. But why should one tolerate Elizabethan copies nowadays

⁵¹⁰ Robert Bridges (1844-1930), poet laureate (1913-1930).



anymore than we should tolerate say ante *plein air* painting in France? Then Bridges has *nothing to say*.

I have had such disquieting news from London, my heart sinks within me. B.F.C.C. keeps on Emma, when she is proud to be a bad nurse for the children, and now he threatens to sue for a divorce. I feel as if it would kill me to leave Ray entirely to such a brute, poor innocent creature! Yet I cannot live without Bernhard. B.F.C.C. is very cruel and brutal. I could not have thought he would make the *children* suffer, at any rate.

[0396] Monday, May 8, 1893, Rome

We saw the Borgia apartments [*sic*], but did not care much for the Pintoricchios. [*sic*] Few of them were executed by him, evidently.

Then, while Bernhard went to call on a Monsignore, who offered to sell him his private collection, which would make him, if he presented it to America, 'more famous than Washington'.

Michael Field and I went to the Stanze and the Vatican Gallery. The Raphaels gave us little but pain and disgust.

In the afternoon, Bernhard went with Miss Sellers and a party of Germans to the Villa Albani, and we went to S. Paolo, and to the graves of Keats and Shelley.

We discussed Raphael in the evening.

Tuesday, May 9, 1893, Rome

Field was ill with stomach-ache, and Michael nursed her all day.

We met Miss Sellers and her friend and a German Professor (who is absurdly in love with Miss Sellers)⁵¹¹ at the Doria. The Velasquez is simply overwhelming. It knocks all the moderns flat.

Then Prof. Klein took us to see some wonderful decoration from Augustus' Altar to Peace, all the Mediaeval and Renaissance motives.

In the afternoon Bernhard called on the Vedders⁵¹² and Mond,⁵¹³ and Michael and I took a walk and bought photos.

[0397] * Wednesday, May 10, 1893, Rome

Field better, and we all went to the Rospigliosi⁵¹⁴ and enjoyed the Lotto.

Then Bernhard and I finished the architecture article. I typed it in the afternoon while Bernhard called on Wickhoff.

⁵¹¹ Perhaps Dorpfeld or another archaeologist? Perhaps the Latin palaeographer Ludwig Traube (1861-1907), who held the first chair of Medieval Latin at the University of Munich, with whom Sellers had studied.

⁵¹² Elihu Vedder (1836-1923). In 1867 he settled in Rome. In 1869 he married Caroline Rosekrans. Vedder later build a home on Capri.

⁵¹³ Frida and Ludwig Mond.

⁵¹⁴ The Palazzo Pallavicini Rospigliosi, built by the Borghese family on the Quirinal Hill.



Then we took tea with Miss Sellers and her friend⁵¹⁵ and they took us to the Villa Medici. We were sitting in the ilex grove and just going to smoke, when M. Guillaume the Director, a precise, polite, neat old man, joined us and insisted on trailing us all over “the grounds”.

In the evening we read the “Architecture” to Michael Field.

Thursday, May 11, 1893, Rome

Went to the Colosseum, where Bernhard compared Christianity to the solar system. Wandered about among Churches.

Went to the Doria Gallery and Torlonia.

In the afternoon Bernhard and I took Miss Sellers and her friend to the Masseretti collection⁵¹⁶ and then to S. Peter’s.

Dead tired at night.

Friday, May 12, 1893, Rome

Santa Maria del Popolo.

Saw Mr. Mond’s collection and met Miss Hertz.⁵¹⁷

In the afternoon drove along the Appian way.

[0398] * Saturday, May 13, 1893, Rome

Rospigliosi and Colonna⁵¹⁸ in the morning and Borghese in the afternoon.

Dead tired again!

Sunday, May 14, 1893, Rome

Spent the day at Tivoli with Miss Bliss, and came home pretty tired.

Monday, May 15, 1893, Rome

Unwell. Went to the Farnesina and Corsini.

After lunch Bernhard took me to see Donna Laura Minghetti’s wonderful Leonardo (1493) — on the whole, the loveliest picture I have ever seen.

Then Michael and Field and I went to S. Pietro in Vincoli. The “Moses” overwhelmed us, that horrible “Thou Shalt Not”.

Then to S. Clemente, S. Stefano Rotondo, S. Pietro Montorio, S. Onofrio and so home.

Their last volume, *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough*, came, and we read it and talked much about it. Bernhard advised them to give up Drama and stick to impressions.

⁵¹⁵ Ludwig Traube.

⁵¹⁶ The Masseretti collection in Rome?

⁵¹⁷ Henriette Hertz (1846-1913), the founder of the Biblioteca Hertziana in Palazzo Zuccari.

⁵¹⁸ The galleries in Palazzo Pallavicini Rospigliosi and Palazzo Colonna.



Tuesday, May 16, 1893, Rome

We finished the "Word for Renaissance Churches".⁵¹⁹ Field was most helpful. She has a splendid "thinker" and an equally good "feeler".

Went [0399] to the Colonna, while Bernhard called on various people about Lotto.

In the afternoon we went to the Borghese, and in the evening read Browning.

Wednesday, May 17, 1893, Rome

Mother writes that Ray is "sure we could find a buried city if we dug under Friday's Hill."

Bernhard suggested that "Michael Field" should call the second edition of his poems "Revised and decreased".

We went to the Sistine, the Stanze, and the Vatican.

In the afternoon we bought photos and walked in the Villa Medici and the 'bosco', while Bernhard paid calls. He called on the Countess Suardi⁵²⁰ in the evening while we packed.

Thursday, May 18, 1893, Rome

Went to Albano with Mr. Bliss and a friend of his, Mr. Ryan. We enjoyed every moment, particularly as we sat on the cliff overlooking the Lake of Nemi. Mr. Ryan seemed nice, but when he told me that all he read was Marion Crawford I felt to hate him!

⁵¹⁹ 'A Word for Renaissance Churches', *The Free Review* 2 (Nov. 1893), p. 178-179.

⁵²⁰ Antonia Ponti Suardi, 'la contessa Psalini' (1860-1938), the sister of Maria Ponti who married who married Pietro Desiderio Pasolini (1844-1920) in 1874.



[LORETO, BERGAMO]

[0400] Friday, May 19, 1893, San Benedetto del Tronto

Left Rome at 7 o'clock. The journey across the mountains, from crater to crater, was wonderful. We found this quiet little place by the sea and settled here for the night instead of going on to Ascoli.

Saturday, May 20, 1893, Albergo Vittoria, Fermo

Saw Ascoli and the Crivelli in the Duomo there.

Came here, a fascinating evening drive from the station. Wonderful white wine.

Sunday, May 21, 1893, Fermo

Drove, 7.30-11, to Massa Fermana and found a Crivelli. A wonderful drive.

Fermo a tiny quiet place without even a Caffé or a Trattoria! But some people took us in and gave us eggs and curds and brown bread, and we got on very well.

Monday, May 22, 1893, Albergo Pellegrino, Loreto

Saw Fermo and made the acquaintance of the Bibliotecario "Marchese Filippo Cav. Raffaelli".

Discovered a Rondinelli in a Church, and 2 Bartolomeo Vivarinis and a Savoldo in the Palazzo Bernetti.

Then we drove to Torre di Palma, but found the so-called Crivelli a fraud, that is to say, a Vittorio Crivelli.⁵²¹

Then we came [0401] here and wandered about the town and saw a picturesque Church service.

At dinner one of those awful hidden, unconscious tragedies was half uncovered. **Field so clever, so sensitive, so young**, tied to a perfect goose like Michael, who can't get a single idea through her head, and resents it a little when Field gets on, and at once takes to abusing poor Field, reminding her of all her past mistakes and faults. It made me feel very ill, the more so, as I was being violently eaten by fleas!

Tuesday, May 23, 1893, Loreto

Saw Loreto.

Bernhard made the acquaintance of Signor Gianuzzi and got a good deal of information about Lotto from him. He came with us to Recanati. The keys of the Municipio picture room had to be found, and then of the Chiesa dei Mercanti. All the town rose up in turmoil to find the 'Canonico' who had them in his pocket. At last they came, but it was dark. We saw

⁵²¹ Vittorio Crivelli (1440-1501), the brother of Carlo Crivelli.



however a splendid Annunciation by candlelight, and then drove back to Loreto by lightning and fire-fly light. White oxen pulled us up the hill.

[0402] Wednesday, May 24, 1893, Albergo della Pace, Ancona
Went to Jesi.

Returned to Ancona at 5 and Bernhard and I walked up to the Cathedral and saw a wonderful sunset. It suddenly came out under a heavy line of clouds and lighted up the town like a strange calcium light. Our rooms had fine views of the harbour, and were clean.

Thursday, May 25, 1893, Albergo del Sole, Bergamo
From Ancona here, 5.30 - 5.30 with an hour's stop at Milan.
"Michael Field" stayed behind to see Ancona and Rimini.

Friday, May 26, 1893, Bergamo

Started for Sedrina⁵²² at 8. Our horse jumped over a bridge and had a horrible fall into the stream below. Fortunately, he was not killed, nor we either!

Another carriage was found and went to Sedrina and saw a Lotto, then to Ponte Ranica⁵²³ for the same.

After lunch we revised the Lotto chronology, and went to S. Bernardino, Santo Spirito and the photographers!

Michael Field telegraphed from Forlì that they would not come till tomorrow. So much the better.

[0403] * Saturday, May 27, 1893, Bergamo

Started in the train at 6.10 for Celana,⁵²⁴ and after a delightful walk through country more exhilarating and dewy than Switzerland itself, found our Lotto. We spent three hours enjoying it.

Wrote and Bernhard called on Signor Piccinelli⁵²⁵ while I met the Mikes in the afternoon.

Sunday, May 28, 1893, Bergamo

Took the Mikes to the Gallery in the morning and to the Piccinelli's in the afternoon. Wrote.

Monday, May 29, 1893, Bergamo

Lotto intarsias. Churches.

⁵²² North of Bergamo.

⁵²³ Ponteranica is about 4 kilometres northwest of Bergamo.

⁵²⁴ Northwest of Bergamo.

⁵²⁵ Palazzo Giovanni Piccinelli in via Madone 9, Bergamo — or Pietro Piccinelli in via San Tomaso, 80, Bergamo



Went with Signor Piccinelli to see the Roncagli picture, where I discovered a Bartolomeo Veneto!⁵²⁶ And to the Moroni collection.⁵²⁷

The Bergamo bells are excruciating. We all feel as if the grey matter of our brains was being beaten to a froth like white of egg.

Tuesday, May 30, 1893, Bella Venezia, Milan

The Church Bells drove us away from Bergamo this evening as if we had been the veritable devils which they were delighted to drive away!

In the morning Bernhard and I went to Grumello⁵²⁸ and drove along vine-scented lanes to three little towns near. We enjoyed every moment. We saw, besides the ruined Lotto we came in quest of, a splendid Romanino fresco.

We saw the Intarsias before starting.

Bernhard said one of his best things, that old people take new ideas like medicine, young people take them like food.

[0404] * Wednesday, May 30, 1893, Bella Venezia, Milan

Brera in morning.

Met Frizzoni and Vittadini at the Poldi in the afternoon and went with them to see the Sormani⁵²⁹ Canalettos and Cavanaglia's⁵³⁰ pictures.

Wrote our Lotto.

Thursday, June 1, 1893, Milan

Churches in the morning.

Museo Civico, Ambrosiana, writing and Frizzoni's pictures in the afternoon.

Started for Paris after taking a dose (35 gr.) of Sulfonal. It worked excellently.

⁵²⁶ Bartolomeo Veneto (1502-1546).

⁵²⁷ Palazzo Moroni, Bergamo.

⁵²⁸ Grumello del Monte, between Bergamo and Brescia.

⁵²⁹ Palazzo Sormani in Corso di Porta Venezia.

⁵³⁰ Cavanaglia ?



[PARIS]

Friday, June 2, 1893, 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris
A day of travel but not very hot.

Saturday, June 3, 1893, Paris

Saw the Champ de Mars, and were disappointed. It must be Chicago that has taken the heart out of this exposition.

Called for Maude Mosher and brought her to lunch. She is thinking of marrying a dissipated Southerner, but we tried to persuade her not. We went back and had tea with her and called on her enchanting musical friend, Helen Hopekirk.⁵³¹

Sunday, June 4, 1893, Paris – Ray's 6th birthday

Louvre, Luxembourg.

Lunched with Maude. Saw the old Salon and were sick at heart.

Monday, June 5, 1893, Paris

Revised our Lotto all morning and it made us quite sick and we quarrelled. But when we read it to the Mikes in the evening it did not seem so bad.

Met Maude at the Champs de Mars.

[0405] Tuesday, June 6, 1893, Paris

Mr. Burke arrived at 6. We went with him to the Louvre and to Durand-Ruel's. There we saw pictures that made up for the poor Salon! Pissaro [*sic*] had made real advances, Degas is doing delightful landscapes, and we saw our first Forain⁵³² picture, which Bernhard christened "l'Art et l'Artiste". Burke bought it for 1800 francs.

Then we went to the Champ de Mars and afterwards to Maude's and had tea with Helen Hopekirk and some others.

Read *Underneath the Bough*⁵³³ in the evening and arranged their "revised and decreased" edition.

Wednesday, June 7, 1893, Paris

Champ de Mars and Durand-Ruel's.

Enjoyed Islach's⁵³⁴ wooden sculpture, *La Reclame*. It ought to stand in the lobby of the House of Commons!

Michael made a more than usual goose of herself discussing Rossetti in the evening.

⁵³¹ Helen Hopekirk (1856-1945) was born near Edinburgh. She and her husband lived in Vienna until 1892, when they moved to Paris, where she began to teach piano. They later lived and worked in Boston. She died in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

⁵³² Jean-Louis Forain (1852-1931), an Impressionist painter.

⁵³³ Michael Field.

⁵³⁴ Islach?



Thursday, June 8, 1893, Paris

Read our Venetian article in the morning.

Went to Durand-Ruel's private collection in the afternoon, and there, while Bernhard looked at a picture by Culpp⁵³⁵ at their business house, which his rich American⁵³⁶ wants to buy, I bought toys for the children.

We dined with Burke and Maude at the Alcazar,⁵³⁷ and spent the evening at Helen Hopekirk's, who played divinely for us. Her husband told me that, taken all the year round, she only practises 3/4 of an hour a day. That is what it is to have brains and a good method.

[0406] Friday, June 9, 1893

Alas! we part today in London. I cannot bear to think of it, much as I want to see the children. Bernhard is so infinitely dearer to me, and I feel he needs me almost as much as I need him. He has been so enchanting these days. I feel as if we all ought to combine and take care of him, warding off every disagreeable thing, while he repays us, and more than repays us, by his enchanting conversation. The dear!!

x x x x

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[no entries from June 10 to August 13]

* Monday, August 14, 1893, Hotel de la Paix, Amiens

We left London at 11, reaching here at 4. I had a terrible headache, but went out to see the Cathedral.

On the whole, our stay in England has been pleasant. Bernhard made interesting friends, and I enjoyed the children and succeeded in getting a first-rate governess for them.

But it *is* nice to be together again!

[0407] Tuesday, August 15, 1893, Hotel de la Hure, Laon

We came here by the morning train, saw the Cathedral, etc., and were eating our dinner when, most untowardly, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell and their sister turned up.

Bernhard went away by the evening train, and I stayed on and chatted with them on the Boulevard.

⁵³⁵ Culpp?

⁵³⁶ John Burke.

⁵³⁷ A trendy brasserie designed by Sir Terence Conran has replaced the famous *Alcazar* cabaret. 62 Rue Mazarine, 75006 Paris, 1 53 10 19 99.



Reading Ranke's *Popes and History of England*, Corrager's Gothic Architecture.⁵³⁸

* Wednesday, August 16, 1893, Lion d'Or, Reims

Came here by the 7.28 train. Bernhard had merely stayed in the lower town.

This Cathedral surpasses almost anything we have ever seen. The sculpture is most fascinating; it would be delightful to study it *au fond*. Some of the figures were thoroughly Roman in build and drapery. Where did they get it?

Our rooms open straight upon the façade, so in the heat of the day we sat at the windows and studied it through glasses.

* Thursday, August 17, 1893, Hotel de Paris, Nancy

Left at 7. Saw Chalons-sur-Marne in a couple of hours. Discovered a (doubtful) [0408] Bernardino da Mariotto.⁵³⁹

Came on to Nancy, and saw the Musée, etc. The director, a head guardian, was such a nice man, with lovely eyes. We discovered a Lotto! and a B. Veneto.

Read *Docteur Pascal*.⁵⁴⁰

In England we read 3 volumes of Ranke's *History of England*. I read Philippson's *Contro-Revolution*⁵⁴¹ and Rudyard Kipling. Bernhard {read} Philippson's *Louis XIV* and the *Apocrypha*.

* Friday, August 18, 1893, Pfeiffer, Strassburg

Reached here about 1.30. Went to Museum and discovered 2 Carianis⁵⁴² and a Beccafumi. Saw the Cathedral. It made an immense impression at first, and then we were disappointed. It is so barbarous compared to those we have been seeing. The Romanesque choir with the cupola, however, we enjoyed. We did not like the façade.

Ho!

Saturday, August 19, 1893, Oberpollinger, Stuttgart

Reached here 12.45. Awfully hot.

Saw Gallery and were overcome with the badness of the Italian [409] pictures. Did a lot of renaming.

Wandered about the town. Read Ranke. Wrote letters.

⁵³⁸ Corrager? Gothic Architecture?

⁵³⁹ Bernardino da Mariotto

⁵⁴⁰ Émile Zola, *Le Docteur Pascal* (1893).

⁵⁴¹ Ludwig Philippson (1811-1889), *Contro-Revolution*? Ludwig Philippson (1811-1889), *Louis XIV*?

⁵⁴² Giovanni Cariani (c. 1490-1547).



[MUNICH]

Sunday, August 20, 1893, Hotel Roth, Munich

Gallery again, still rather depressing. Discovered a Cariani⁵⁴³ and 2 Giulio Campis, etc.

Wandered in the lovely parks.

Left for Munich at 1.54. Went out at Ulm to see the Cathedral and missed the train. Stopped our luggage by telegram at one of the stations, and had a couple of hours to see the town, before taking a train to rejoin it.

Reached Munich 10.30.

Monday, August 21, 1893, Munich

Changed rooms. They have no blinds in this hotel and the light enters at 4!

Went to the Gallery, and to hear "*Die Walküre*" in the evening. Decided that it needs condensing, except the last act. I noticed a "digestion motif" which I think no one has pointed out. It occurs when Sigmund drinks, and represents the bier [*si*] gurgling down his throat and rumbling about in his stomach and intestines!

[0410] Tuesday, August 22, 1893, Hotel Roth, Munich

Went to Art Exhibition. Nothing here except Senbach and Böchlin.

Changed rooms twice!

Wednesday, August 23, 1893, Munich

Gallery, discovered a Filippo da Verona and a Polidoro Lanziani. Heard *Siegfried* in evening and enjoyed it. Cross.

Thursday, August 24, 1893, Munich

Hunted for type-writer place.

Went to Bavarian Museum. Wrote, read, walked.

Friday, August 25, 1893, Munich

The date to pass the Home Rule Bill!

Norman Hapgood's brother, Hutchins Hapgood, suddenly turned up. The first we heard of him was that he was sound asleep in the room next to mine. We met him at the Glyptothek.

In the evening we went to the *Götterdämmerung* and enjoyed it best of all. Still, Wagner does need condensing. Five hours *is* too long.

x Saturday, August 26, 1893, Munich

[0411] Went with Hapgood to the Gallery and to the "Secession Ausstellung", where we found most of our Champ de Mars friends.

⁵⁴³ Giovanni Cariani (c. 1490-1547).



Wrote home. "Giant" for the children.
Went to the New Pinacothek and were disgusted.

> Sunday, August 27, 1893, Munich

I wrote my Hampton Court Guide while the others went to the Bavarian Museum.

We went to the Schack Gallery after lunch. Really, Lenbach's copies of Titian are marvellous!

Hapgood and I went to "Die Feen"⁵⁴⁴ in the evening. We found it poor, not Wagnerian, and not anything else except spectacular. Fancy fairies without harps!

Monday, August 28, 1893, Munich

Spent the morning over the Italian drawings. After writing a little, we took a lovely walk by the river and back through the park.

Then, in honour of Goethe, we went to see *Iphigenie in Tauris*, which was well acted, according to German traditions!

x Tuesday, August 29, 1893, Munich

Drawing again. Wrote "Giant" and Hampton Court Guide.

Went to hear *Tristan and Isolde*, my first time, and Bernhard's sixth. Frau Sucher sang. It surpasses all his other works.

[0412] Wednesday, August 30 [29], 1893, Hotel Roth, Munich
Gallery in the morning.

Wrote and walked in the afternoon.

Thursday, August 31, 1893, Munich

Somehow I have skipped a date and it is the 31st. I don't understand it!
The programme of the day was as usual.

Friday, September 1, 1893, Munich

Stayed in and wrote "Giant" and Hampton Court Guide.

Went to hear *Tannhäuser* which we enjoyed immensely, rather to our surprise. It is a very generous young work. He didn't economize themes and situations.

Saturday, September 2, 1893, Munich

Gallery, walked, and wrote as usual.

Sunday, September 3, 1893, Munich

Eight years ago was my marriage-day, alas!

⁵⁴⁴ Wagner's opera *The Fairies* was first performed in 1835.



We tried to go to Schleis(s)heim,⁵⁴⁵ but the train stopped running Sept. 1. So we went to the Gallery.

After writing and a walk we heard *Das Rheingold* [0413] the shortest and most crowded full of music of all the *Ring*. It was well given and we enjoyed it.

* Monday, September 4, 1893, Munich

Gallery and writing.

Berenson said that Hapgood differed from most Americans in being willing to accept a truth when he saw it, without regard to God, the American Eagle, or any other abstractions.

* Tuesday, September 5, 1893, Munich

Gallery, writing and reading. A long walk.

Wednesday, September 6, 1893, Munich

The New Gallery.

Called on Mr. Bush.⁵⁴⁶

Writing, etc.

Thursday, September 7, 1893, Munich

Maude Mosher's and John Robertson's wedding day. I wonder how soon they will be separated or divorced?

We carried out our usual programme.

x Friday, September 8, 1893, Munich

Went to the Panorama of Rome.

Heard "*Götterdämmerung*" in the evening. I was perfectly delighted with it, and felt that I would gladly hear all the *Ring* over again.

Saturday, September 9, 1893, Café Central, Innsbruck

Came here by the 11.28. Read Ranke.

We had a [0414] dreadful time finding rooms, for the town is crowded, and has been since June 4, with a Fair. One hotel keeper said he could not give us 3 single rooms, but he could give us one room with 3 beds! That man deserves to succeed in his business!!!

Sunday, September 10, 1893, * Hotel d'Ampezzo, Toblach⁵⁴⁷

Saw the Gallery, etc. Came here.

⁵⁴⁵ The Schleissheim Palace is located in a baroque park in the village of Oberschleißheim, a suburb of Munich.

⁵⁴⁶ See Mary's letter to Hannah of Sept. 4, 1893.

⁵⁴⁷ Dobbiaco is just north of Cortina.



[TRENTINO - ALTO ADIGE - VENETO]

Monday, September 11, 1893, * Aquila Nera,⁵⁴⁸ Cortina

Diligence to Schludersbach. Then we walked through the Dolomites here, about 15/16 miles. We enjoyed every step of the way, all three of us. It was a thoroughly delightful day.

Tuesday, September 12, 1893, Hotel Venezia, Pieve di Cadore

Diligence to Barca, walked to Venas. There I took the post here, but Hapgood and Berenson walked. I went to another hotel from the one arranged, and failed to catch them on the way, so they had a tiresome hunt. Bernhard was very cross.

Saw the Church, etc.

[0415] Wednesday, September 13, 1893, Hotel delle Adiaripi, Belluno

Discussing Catulle Mendès⁵⁴⁹ over our coffee, Bernhard said his French was about as much like real French as patchouli⁵⁵⁰ is like oxygen.

At night he described a pichiri⁵⁵¹ as giving you a slice of a man's world, like a sausage.

I came by post, 5 hours (4 francs) here, to this enchanting town. They walked to Lengarene, then took a carriage. We found a splendid municipio of 1511 (Tullio Lombardi?) and a fine pre-Palladian church, and doorways, windows, shields, etc., salon.

Yes, we are really in Italy once more!

Thursday, September 14, 1893, xx Hotel Belle Vedere [*sic*], Feltre⁵⁵²

A magnificent hotel here, with a grape arbour of Concord grapes from which we may eat *à toute heure*.

We are on the track of that mysterious painter "Mat. da Feltre", but have not got much further.

I had a chat with some insane women in the Mayhem, through the window of a Sacristy that opened on their garden. The hotel-keeper says most of the patients [0416] have what is called "Polenta madness" coming from a monstrous and not sufficiently nourishing diet of polenta. He said "Their flesh begins to creep away from the skin into their bones, and their brains shrink, and water gathers in the hollow."

⁵⁴⁸ ? Aquila Nera (Schwarzer Adler), Mutschlechner, Via Laurin 7, Siusi allo Sciliar (Seis am Schlern, BZ) 39040. (0471) 706146.

⁵⁴⁹ Catulle Mendès (1841-1909), a French poet and man of letters.

⁵⁵⁰ A bushy herb of the mint family.

⁵⁵¹ pichiri?

⁵⁵² Albergo Belvedere, Via Venezia 32, 38054 Transacqua - Primiero (TN).



Friday, September 15, 1893, Albergo, Asolo

I finished Moriarty's *Dean Swift*.⁵⁵³

We came to Cornuda and saw the Villa Maser, then on here.

I have Browning's room, with a marvelous view.

Saturday, September 16, 1893, Sant'Antonio, Bassano

Saw Asolo and discovered a late Lotto!

Saw Possagno with Canova's temple, and Crespano, with nothing, and came here. The town strikes us as very squalid.

Got some flea-powder at last.

Hapgood is equally tormented with me.

Sunday, September 17, 1893, Tre Garofani, Vicenza

Horrid hotel but good restaurant.

Saw the Bassano galleries, reached here at sunset.

Horrible festa on, and [0417] people shouting all night.

Monday, September 18, 1893, Roma, Cittadella

We have enjoyed Vicenza to the full!

Walked out to the Villa Valmarana, Rotonda, and Monte Berico.

Came here in the evening train.

Tuesday, September 19, 1893, Stella d'Oro, Treviso

Saw Cittadella, Campo San Pierro and Castelfranco.

Came here and strolled about.

x Wednesday, September 20, 1893, Europa, Conegliano

"Did" Treviso and came here.

Saw the Cima collection (documents and manuscripts) in the Municipio and made the acquaintance of the priest who got up the Cima festival.

⁵⁵³ Gerald P. Moriarty, *Dean Swift and His writings* (London: Seeley, 1893).



[VENICE]

Thursday, September 21, 1893, (Albergo) Monaco, Venice

Went to Serravalle and Ceneda, Susegana and Colalto. Such a golden day, none of us had ever seen the like!

Came here.

Friday, September 22, 1893, Venice

St. Mark's, S. Giovanni in Gragora.

Train. I met Mr. and Mrs. Massingham.⁵⁵⁴

Saw the Layards in the afternoon.

Bernhard called on Mlle Jakowski <Jackowska> and Hapgood and I "gondoled".

[0418] Saturday, September 23, 1893, Venice

I called on Marion Lawrence⁵⁵⁵ and her mother, and met Bernhard and "Fafnir"⁵⁵⁶ (as we call Hapgood) at the Carmini at noon.

In the afternoon they went to the Lido and I took the Massinghams to Sir Henry Layard's,⁵⁵⁷ the Sina Palace, and Santa Maria dei Miracoli. They were enchanted, and I think I got them a little de-Ruskinized.

Ray on reaching Haslemere whispered to mother, "Is Mary here?"

Sunday, September 24, 1893, Venice

Took the Massinghams around the Academy. I dined with them in the evening and Bernhard dined with Ruth Mercier and her friend.

Monday, September 25, 1893, Venice

Doge's Palace in the morning.

Swim in the Lido with Marion and her mother in the afternoon.

Bernhard took Hapgood to San Rocco.

Tuesday, September 26, 1893, Venice

S. Maria Formosa, S. Maria dei Miracoli, and S. Giovanni e Paolo in the morning.

Murano in the afternoon.

Bernhard is writing a review of the Conegliano monograph on Cima.

Finished Vol. I of Ranke's *History of Reformation*.⁵⁵⁸

⁵⁵⁴ Henry William Massingham (1860-1924), an English journalist.

⁵⁵⁵ a second cousin.

⁵⁵⁶ A nickname for Hutchins Hapgood. Fafnir appears — as 'Fafner' — in Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (1848-1874), although he began life as a giant rather than a dwarf.

⁵⁵⁷ Palazzo Cappello Layard, the residence of Sir Austen Henry Layard (1817-1894), the discoverer of Niniveh and friend of Giovanni Morelli.

⁵⁵⁸ Leopold von Ranke, *History of the Reformation in Germany*, 3 vol. (London, 1845-1847). **Biblioteca Berenson BR305 .R4 1845**



[0419] Wednesday, September 27, 1893, Venice

Went to S. Cassiano and the Correr in the morning and to S. Giorgio Maggiore and the Redentore in the afternoon.

Read Ranke.

Thursday, September 28, 1893, Venice

Spent the morning at the Academy and San Giorgio degli Schiavone. [*sic*]

In the afternoon went to the Salute and the Seminary and San Giobbe.

Met Willy Peel⁵⁵⁹ and Vaughan Williams.⁵⁶⁰

Friday, September 29, 1893, Venice

Churches (I forget what) and Torcello in the afternoon.

I went with Marion to see the "Serva Amorosa" by Goldoni, and enjoyed it immensely. What is natural acting in Italy is the humble stage convention in England. Here it is the very life, but adapted; there it is the very thing Hamlet lectured the players against.

Saturday, September 30, 1893, Venice

Academy, Santa Catarina, Madonna dell'Orto.

Bernhard's proof came and we corrected them. Great fun seeing first book in print.

[0420] Sunday, October 1, 1893, Albergo Monaco, Venice

A howling rain storm, water filling the piazza and the ground floor of this hotel.

Corrected proofs all the morning and went to the Lido to see the waves, when the sun came out in the afternoon. "Fafnir"⁵⁶¹ went in to swim.

Bernhard called on Miss Mercier in the evening.

Fafnir and I wrote letters.

Monday, October 2, 1893, Venice

Morning in the Academy.

Afternoon S. Caterina, S. Mari dell'Orto, S. Alvise.

In the evening I went with Marion and Bernhard and 'Fafnir' went together to see Goldoni's *La Famiglia dell'Antiquario*.

* Tuesday, October 3, 1893, Venice

Doge's Palace.

Fafnir went at 2.

Began to read and write furiously after such a long time of talking.

Put in all our notes. etc.

⁵⁵⁹ William Robert Wellesley Peel (1867-1937), a grandson of Sir Robert Peel the Prime Minister. Attended Harrow and Balliol College.

⁵⁶⁰ Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958).

⁵⁶¹ Hutchins Hapgood.



Theatre to see *Ultima Sera della Carnivale*.

* Wednesday, October 4, 1893, Venice

Writing, Doge's Palace, more writing and reading.

Bernhard is reading Molmenti's *Carpaccio*,⁵⁶² I Horatio Brown's *History of Venice*.⁵⁶³

Mother writes me that Miss Sellers has [0421] become so weary of her selfish life that she has decided to give it up and establish a baby-farm for poor children, with Miss Lowndes and other friends to help her, the "sisters" to wear a uniform, etc.! It is an awful blow, I cannot deny. The only answer we have to make to men who say that they are the only ones who carry on the world's intellectual life is "O wait till women have a fair chance!" Miss Sellers' chance has been splendid, but an intellectual life evidently bored her. For the one woman of her generation who perhaps might have become a scholar to give it up and take to an occupation any other woman could perform is a great loss. But who knows how much of it is due to her early Catholic training? A good deal, I suspect. Also it may be in part a diversion of the sexual instinct which seeks satisfaction in a sort of delegated maternity.

Thursday, October 5, 1893, Venice

Writing and Academy. Visit to Marion.

Bernhard called on Miss Jackowska.

Wrote and read.

Friday, October 6, 1893, Venice

Visited Churches, S. Giovanni in Gragora, S. Francesco della Vigna, and San Zanipolo.⁵⁶⁴

Read and saw at Theatre Goldoni's "Baruffe delle chiozzote".⁵⁶⁵

[0422] x Saturday, October 7, 1893, Albergo Monaco, Venice

S. Stefano, S. Polo, S. Silvestro.

Lido in the afternoon, and I had a glorious swim.

I finished Horatio Brown's *History of Venice*⁵⁶⁶ and began Goldoni's *Memoirs*.⁵⁶⁷ Wrote, etc.

⁵⁶² Pompeo Molmenti (1852-1928), *Il Carpaccio e il Tiepolo, studi d'arte veneziana* (Torino, 18__). *Carpaccio, Son temps et son oeuvre* (Venice, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.C3 M65 1898**

⁵⁶³ Horatio Forbes Brown, *Life on the Lagoons* (London, 1884).

⁵⁶⁴ *The Basilica di San Giovanni e Paolo*.

⁵⁶⁵ Carlo Goldoni, *Le baruffe chiozzotte* (1762).

⁵⁶⁶ Horatio Forbes Brown (1854-1926), *Venice: an historical sketch of the republic* (London: Rivington, Percival, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson DG676.3 .B76 1893**

⁵⁶⁷



Sunday, October 8, 1893, Venice

Went to the Correr and Querini-Stampalia.

Bernhard went to the Lido in the afternoon and I called on Marion.

In the evening I wrote and sent off to the *Evening Post* a little article called "At a Venetian Theatre".

Read two of Balzac's Plays.

Monday, October 9, 1893, Venice

Corrected proofs of Renaissance Architecture article for the *Free Review*.

Went to Doge's Palace.

In the afternoon Bernhard went with Guarizzo (sacristan of Madonna dell'Orto) to see hideous nothings in private galleries and I wrote my Bassano for the Hampton Court Guide.

Made lists of Savoldo and Licinio in the evening.

Read Goldoni, etc.

* Tuesday, October 10, 1893, Venice

Correr, S. Simeon Profeta, Scalzi, S. Giacomo dell'Orio in the morning.

S. Zaccaria, Carmine, S. Barnabà in the afternoon.

Read and saw Goldoni's *Bona Madre*.

[0423] Wednesday, October 11, 1893, Venice

Salute, Santo Spirito, Gesuati, S. Trovaso and S. Sebastiano in the morning.

Met Miss Mercier and Miss Jackowska.

Called on Marion.

Read and saw Goldoni's *Burbero Benefico*.

Did not sleep for fleas.

Thursday, October 12, 1893, Venice

Academy with Miss Ruth Mercier in the morning.

Visited the antiquary shops.

Called on Miss Mercier and Mlle Jackowska in the evening.

Friday, October 13, 1893, Venice

Correr. No trace of Morelli's Lotto document.⁵⁶⁸

Wrote Hampton Court <Guide>.

Called on Marion and her mother in the evening.

Saturday, October 14, 1893, Venice

S. Maria Mater Domini, S. Marziale, Gesuiti, S. Giovanni e Paolo in the morning.

Writing. Very miserable letters from home. Wired to B.F.C.C. in Paris.

⁵⁶⁸ Which document is this?



Bernhard sent to *Nation* an article on “Isochromatic Photography and Venetian Art”.⁵⁶⁹

Sunday, October 15, 1893, Venice

Hampton Court <Guide>.

Went to San Rocco.

Walked all over Venice for exercise!

Bernhard called on Mlle Mercier while I wrote.

Monday, October ⟨16⟩ [15], 1893, Venice

Wrote my Hampton Court <Guide> while Bernhard went to S. Pietro, S. Giuseppe, etc.

Went to Mestre and Spinea in the afternoon.

Packed.

(3.50 francs drive Mestre to Spinea).

⁵⁶⁹ ‘Isochromatic Photography and Venetian Pictures’, *The Nation* 57 (Nov. 9, 1893), p. 346-347.



[VENETO]

[0424] Tuesday, October 17, 1893, Croce d'Oro, Padua

Horrors of packing all the morning. Reached here 3.30. Strolled about the town.

I discovered a Fil. da Verona⁵⁷⁰ in the Duomo!

I wrote my Hampton Court <Guide>, and Bernhard read Crowe & Cavalcaselle on Padua in the evening.

I was not very well.

Wednesday, October 18, 1893, Croce d'Oro, Padua

Gallery in the morning.

We went to Pieve⁵⁷¹ in the afternoon to see a (ruined) Alvise.⁵⁷² Found a Tiepolo and a curious Palma-Romanino alter-piece by a certain "Venetus" whose name we could not make out: "Giov. Pen- or Per- silinus".

Read Ranke and *Mantova e Urbino* by Luzio and Renier.⁵⁷³

Thursday, October 19, 1893, Croce d'Oro, Padua

Bernhard with a cold and diarrhoea and I still unwell from some cause to me incomprehensible.

We saw the Bishop's Palace, Duomo, Baptistry and Eremitani in the morning, and drove to Stra in the afternoon (5.50) only to find the reported Tiepolo false. Still the Palace is magnificent.

I wrote on my Hampton Court <Guide> and Bernhard, lying on the sofa, read all the evening.

The first day of autumn.

Friday, October 20, 1893, Croce d'Oro, Padua

Bernhard was taken awfully ill in the night with pains, etc., and a cold sweat that made us think [0425] of cholera. I sent for the doctor, who came and found it nothing but a severe cold in the bowels. After his medicine, the pain passed away.

In spite of his weakness we went to the Santa,⁵⁷⁴ the Capella of S. Giorgio, and the Scuole del Santo and Carmine, and after lunch to the Arena Chapel. I am afraid we did not find the "sweep of the brush"⁵⁷⁵ so

⁵⁷⁰ Fil. da Verona?

⁵⁷¹ Pieve di Soligo. Pieve di Cento

⁵⁷² Alvise Vivarini (c. 1441-1503).

⁵⁷³ Alessandro Luzio (1857-1946) & Rodolfo Renier (1857-1915), *Mantova e Urbino: Isabella d'Este ed Elisabetta Gonzaga nelle relazioni famigliari e nelle vicende politiche, narrazione storica documentata di Alessandro Luzio e Rodolfo Renier* (Turin, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson DG975.M32 L9 1893**. For Mary's review, see below, the entry for November 11, 1893.

⁵⁷⁴ Santa Giustina?

⁵⁷⁵ See the entry for October 26, 1891.



enchanting as we did two years ago, considering that it is mostly very obvious re-paint! What could have got into our eyes?!

Then we drove (5 francs but we gave him 6) to Praglia,⁵⁷⁶ an abandoned monastery of the greatest grandeur and beauty. There was cloister upon cloister, with arches supported on beautiful pillars, a dainty little church from Tullio Lombardi's designs. Magnificent last century stair cases and wood-work, a fresco by Mantegna; in short, a place we would not have missed for anything.

In the evening, after a pleasant little call from the doctor, I finished Vol. II of Ranke's *Reformation*, and did some writing, while Bernhard read his *Mantova e Urbino*.

[0426] Saturday, October 21, 1893, Colomba d'Oro, Verona

Reached here 11.15 and saw Sant'Anastasia before lunch.

My home letters were as usual very distressing, father threatening not to leave me any of his money.

After lunch we went to the Gallery. Again the pictures looked crude and provincial, little enjoyable after Venice. But the town is divine!

I read Spaventi's *Pisanello*⁵⁷⁷ in the evening, and Bernhard Ranke.

Sunday, October 22, 1893, Verona

I was still unwell, but struggled out to the Duomo, S. Eufemia and Sant'Anastasia.

Remained in and rested and wrote in the afternoon while Bernhard went to S. Bernardino, S. Zeno, and S. Fermo. When he came in he defined genius as a "vortex of thought and feeling."

Wrote and read.

Monday, October 23, 1893, Verona

I was ill, and when I struggled out to S. Naz(areno) e Celso I found it was too much for me, and I had to come back.

Bernhard went to S. Maria in Organo and the Gallery.

I read Ranke and an awful Italian book on the Veronese artists by Zannandreis,⁵⁷⁸ which Bernhard spent the evening cursing.

At dinner we talked with some adherents of Murray's Guide.⁵⁷⁹ One of them said, "Well, I like him because I know he is an Englishman, and I don't like foreigners."

⁵⁷⁶ The abbey at Praglia at Bressio in the city of Teolo, province of Padua, at the foot of the Euganean Hills, 12 kilometers southwest of Padua.

⁵⁷⁷ Silvio Marco Spaventi, *Vittor Pisano detto Pisanello* (Verona, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.P68 S63 1892**

⁵⁷⁸ Diego Zannandreis, *Le vite dei scultori, pittori e architetti veronesi* (Verona, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson N6921.V6 Z16 1891**

⁵⁷⁹ Murray's *Handbooks for Travellers* were published by John Murray in London.



[0427] Tuesday, October 24, 1893, Verona

I did not go out all day, but wrote my Hampton Court <Guide>.
Bernhard went to S. Giorgio.

Wednesday, October 25, 1893, Verona

Went to San Giorgio. Wrote.

Thursday, October 26, 1893, Verona

Went to S. Fermo and the Palazzo Ridolfi.
Wrote.

* Friday, October 27, 1893, Verona

S. Zeno, and Bernardino. Gallery.

Much better. Read and wrote.

Made acquaintance with some English people named Boord at table
d'hôte.

Saturday, October 28, 1893, Verona

S. Maria in Organo, S. Paolo, S. Tommaso.

x Sunday, October 29, 1893, Verona

Both finished Vol. III of Ranke's *Reformation*.

S. Anastasia, Scaliger Tombs, etc.

Wrote.

Saw a balloon go off from the Arena Gallery.

Monday, October 30, 1893, Verona

S. Siro e Libera, S. Chiara, etc. Gallery.

Wrote.

Tuesday, October 31, 1893, Albergo Capello,⁵⁸⁰ Brescia

Raining. Saw S. Toscana.⁵⁸¹

Wrote, read.

Came here.

* Wednesday, November 1, 1893, Brescia

Raining.

Archbishop's Palace, all the museums, and two seminaries. Found
interesting medals. "Victory" less impressive than five years ago!

Bernhard finished the *Mantova e Urbino*.

[0428] Thursday, November 2, 1893, Brescia, Capello

Missed the train to Medole, so spent a delightful day seeing the churches.

⁵⁸⁰ This hotel was located in via Gramsci near Corso Palestro.

⁵⁸¹ A small church dating from the eleventh century.



At S. Clemente we got into a quarrel with the custode and the parroco, and at the end came to mutual vituperation. "Senza Creanza" was the last word hurled at us as we disappeared round the corner.

Bernhard read *Il Cortigiano*⁵⁸² and I wrote in the evening.

Found *bianca riviera* an excellent white wine.

Friday, November 3, 1893, Brescia

Spent 2 1/4 hours going to Medole,⁵⁸³ five minutes look at the fine Titian there, and 2 1/4 hours coming back!

I read *Modern Painters*⁵⁸⁴ and Bernhard *the Cortigiano*.

Found the Café Centrale a good place to eat at, after having been driven from all the other places by overcharges or bad service. This place very cheap, clean, and quiet.

Went to Paitone⁵⁸⁵ in the afternoon, and rushed up to the Santuario to see the wonderful Moretto.⁵⁸⁶ Bernhard had a sort of heart attack from hurrying.

Dined at cafe. *Sussago rosso (vecchio)* a splendid red wine.

Wrote an article in the evening about the day's adventure.

* Saturday, November 4, 1893, (Albergo) Roma, Cremona

Saw all the rest of the Churches.

Came here. Found many letters and the proofs. As usual disquieting news from London, not about the children, but about B.F.C.C.'s hostility.

"Michael Field's" play *A Question of Memory* seems to have been a failure. Logan saw it. Wrote that they reviled [*sic*] in scenes and incidents which he was [0429] sure Reigate⁵⁸⁷ could not afford. That is what kills them to be so far from life.

Sent off my article.

Sunday, * Monday, Tuesday, November 5-7, 1893,
Cremona, Roma (a continuous fog)

Saw the Churches and pictures as best we could. Felt somewhat depressed.

Bernhard's article on Architecture in the *Free Review* arrived.

⁵⁸² Baldassare Castiglione, *Il Cortigiano* (Venice, 1508-1528).

⁵⁸³ Chiesa dell'Assunzione della Vergine, con dipinto *Il Risorto appare alla Madre del Tiziano e il Compianto sul Cristo morto*, attribuito al Mantegna.

⁵⁸⁴ John Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, 6 vol. (Sunnyside, Kent: G. Allen, 1888). **Biblioteca Berenson House N7445 .R74 189**

⁵⁸⁵ *Between Nuvolento and Prevalle*.

⁵⁸⁶ Alessandro Bonvicino, *Il Moretto da Brescia* (c. 1498-1554).

⁵⁸⁷ A small town in Surrey, about thirty miles south of London, where Michael Field lived.



Wednesday, November 8, 1893, Croce Bianca, Parma

Came here in a pour. Trailed about and saw things.

Thursday, November 9, 1893, Parma

Still pouring.

Saw the Correggios and the Gallery.

Finished my Hampton Court Guide.

Bernhard finished *Il Cortigiano*.

Friday, November 10, 1893, ⟨Albergo⟩ Pellegrino, Bologna

You are old, Father William, the young man said,

For your hair has become very thin

And when anything new is presented to view,

You only say 'Well, I'm agin' "

We saw the wonderful Convent Parlour⁵⁸⁸ at Parma and came on here in a pouring rain.

Saturday, November 11, 1893, Bologna

St. Petronio and Giovanni in Monte, in the morning.

Gallery in the afternoon.

I wrote a review of Luzio and Renier's *Mantova e Urbino* and sent it to the *Chronicle*.

Bernhard reading Diderot's *Pensées philosophiques*,⁵⁸⁹ etc.

Sunday, November 12, 1893, Bologna

Saw the medals, etc., in the Museo Civico, also several churches.

In the afternoon Bernhard walked to S. Lucca [*sic*]⁵⁹⁰ and I wrote my "Assisi" of last year for the *Outlook*.

Talked with a girl in the evening named May Jeffrey.

At the bottom of the page, written upside down:

Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight

The Stars before him on the Field of Night.⁵⁹¹

[0430] x Monday, November 13, 1893, Pellegrino, Bologna

Churches in the morning and Gallery in the afternoon.

Sent off my article on Assisi.

Bernhard read *The League of Youth*.⁵⁹²

⁵⁸⁸ Mentioned by Casanova, Stendhal?

⁵⁸⁹ *Oeuvres de Denis Diderot*, 15 vol. (Paris, 1800). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ1979 .A8 1800**

⁵⁹⁰ Il Santuario di San Luca.

⁵⁹¹ From *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, translated by Edward FitzGerald (1809-1883).

⁵⁹² Henrik Ibsen, *The League of Youth*.



[FLORENCE]

* Tuesday, November 14, 1893, 12⁵⁹³ Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Robertson's analysis of Gladstone in the *Free Review* seems to resolve itself into the conclusion that he *honestly* believed dishonesty to be the best policy.⁵⁹⁴

We saw some more churches in Bologna and came here.

It was quite a *fiesta* when our old waiters and the oysterman at the Toscana saw us.

My rooms have been changed and they want a great increase of rent. I liked them in some ways better as they were.

Wednesday, November 14, 1893, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Hunted for other rooms, but could find none.

Went to Santa Croce.

Came back, took these rooms, and installed myself.

Thursday, November 16, 1893, Florence

Bernhard has gone away very cross and highly disgusted, because I refuse to make peace with him after a perfectly unwarrantable outburst of temper at me because I waited a moment to arrange my papers before getting another lamp when the first grew dim. I do not feel particularly angry, but I *must* find a way of preventing his using that brutal tone towards me without regret. He said he did not know what it was to apologize, and that being so, he must learn not to indulge in outbreaks of temper which require apology. Of course I know a momentary fit of temper isn't the worst thing in the world, but it is only too easy for men to excuse themselves for such brutalities, and Bernhard is no exception. [0431] What he does in private he very s(eld)om does in public, as both the Michaels and Maude noticed last summer. There is absolutely no use in letting it go on. Of course if after such an outbreak he should say, "Forgive me for being so rough. I did not notice you were busy," I could not hold out. But instead he blames me for being silent, calls me unsociable, complains of my beastly temper and goes off in a huff. Naturally, all this makes it more than easy for me to hold to my plan of showing displeasure when he is brutally rude!

Today has been spent in getting settled.

Bernhard read *Guy Mannering*.⁵⁹⁵

If he will suggest to me some method of curing him of this bad habit of anger, something less painful (for I am going to bed very unhappy), I shall gladly try it.

⁵⁹³ '12' corrected from '14'.

⁵⁹⁴ A comment on Gladstone's treatment of Gordon at Khartoum?

⁵⁹⁵ Walter Scott (1771-1832), *Guy Mannering, or The Astrologer*



Friday and Saturday, November 17-18, 1893, Florence

Quite rainy days of reading and writing.

Went to Uffizi.

Reading Dante, Graf's *Attraverso il Cinquecento*,⁵⁹⁶ and Ruskin.

Bernhard reading Dante and Vasari.

I began an article on the new Morelli translation.⁵⁹⁷

Sunday, November 19, 1893, Florence

Ray said she got mixed up with all the people she had to name. "There's father, that's one; Miss Clare, two; Mary, 3; Grandma Smith, 4; Grandma Costelloe, 5; Karin, 6." "But which does thee love the best?" Without a moment's hesitation she said, "The one that begins with M." Then turning to Karin, "That's Mother, you know." The darling!

Received [0432] Michael Field's "revised and decreased" "Book of Tears",⁵⁹⁸ also letters saying no poet had been so abused since Shelley, and that she could only compare herself to St. John on Patmos when she saw her Play acted. She seems to think it was a great success! The only person who does.

Sent off my review of Morelli to the *Chronicle*.

Bernhard met Vernon Lee at the Academy. I called on Miss Jeffrey.

Finished Vol. IV of *Modern Painters*,⁵⁹⁹ a horrid mixture of Theology and Geology. Bernhard is reading Scott's *Old Mortality*.⁶⁰⁰

Monday, November 20, 1893, Florence

Not well, alas! Did nothing, saw nothing, read nothing.

Tuesday, November 21, 1893, Florence

Miss Jeffrey came to lunch, and I took her to S. Lorenzo. She is engaged to a Norwegian writer named Landsem.⁶⁰¹ She was *furious* when she learned that she would lose her nationality upon being married!

⁵⁹⁶ Arturo Graf, *Attraverso il cinquecento* (1888).

⁵⁹⁷ Giovanni Morelli, *Italian Painters. Critical Studies of their Works*, trans. Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes, intro. A. H. Layard (London, John Murray, 1892-1893), in two volumes: vol. 1. *The Borghese and Doria-Pamfili galleries in Rome*; vol. 2. *The galleries of Munich and Dresden*. **Biblioteca Berenson N2810 .M6 1892**

Evidently not: Giovanni Morelli, *Italian Masters in German galleries. A critical essay on the Italian pictures in the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Berlin*, trans. Louise M. Richter (London, G. Bell and Sons, 1883).

⁵⁹⁸ Michael Field, *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough*.

⁵⁹⁹ John Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, 6 vol. (Sunnyside, Kent: G. Allen, 1888). **Biblioteca Berenson House N7445 .R74 189**

⁶⁰⁰ Walter Scott, *Old Mortality* (1870).

⁶⁰¹ Olaf Landsem. See the entries for Dec. 26, 1895, and Jan. 24, 1897.



Michael wrote that she had “black drops at the heart” and congratulated me on being “Our Lady of Prose — for a poet’s heart at best is a healthy wound” — a vain poeticule, that is!

Bernhard lunched at Vernon Lee’s. She “lies in his hand as tame as a pear hung basking over the wall,” but he liked her much more when she disputed his opinions instead of swallowing them wholesale.

[0432] Wednesday, November 22, 1893, Florence

Ill again.

Bernhard walked with Fletcher and they had tea here. He, Fletcher, seems very nice, sane and modest.

[No entries after Nov. 22, 1893, until the 1894-1895 diary,
which starts on February 14, 1894, Mary’s 30th birthday]



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

[0433]

[at the end of the notebook, a list of addresses (4 pages),
most struck through with a blue crayon — by Mary?]

Prof. Frans Wickhoff, Anerspergerstrasse 2 ^{III}, Vienna
John M. Robertson, 157 Broadhurst Gardens, W. Hampstead N.W.
Mrs. H. W. Massingham, Pleasant View, Nightingale Lane, S.W.
W. P. Garrison, *New York Nation*, 208 Broadway, New York
Mrs. <Emma> Andrews, The Reef, Newport, R.I. <his mistress>
Leoni Dott. Giulio, Medico Chirurgo, Padova
H. Hapgood, Gr. Hamburger Strasse 18/19^I
F. A. F. C. Went, Proeptionation voor Suikerriet in West Java, Kagok Te Tegal
Miss Amanda Head, 91 Onslow Square, S.W.
Cosmo Monkhouse, 11 St. George's Terrace, N.W.
Arthur S. Strong,⁶⁰² 7 St. John's Road, Putney Hill, S.W.

[0434]

Signor Giovanni Piccinelli, Via Masone 9, Bergamo
Dora Anderson, Via Momenta 9, Rome
Sig. Raffaele Vadi, Jesi
Fabio Guzzini, Recanati
Alfred Benn, Esq., Via Cavour, Florence
Miss Forbes, Via San Niccolò,⁶⁰³ Florence
Miss Violet Paget, Il Palmerino, Maiano
Signor Egisto Fabbri, 82 Via Ruota,⁶⁰⁴ Firenze
Miss Christina S. Bremner, 1 Clyde Terrace, Aulaby Road, Hull.
Miss Lohse, c/o Union Bank of Australia, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury,
London E.C.

[0435]

Lady Eastlake, 7, Fitzroy Square, London W. Dead, October 1893
Jens Thiis, Conservateur du Musée de Sculpture à Christiania, Norwège
Norman Hapgood, 18 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
c/o Williams Holt and Wheeler, Tacoma Building, Chicago.
John Burke, Birch Hall, Windelsham, Surrey
Mrs. Kemp-Welsh, The Red House, Campden Hill, W.
Miss Christina Bremner, *Woman's Herald*, 47 Victoria Street, S.W.
Mrs. and Miss Sperry, 1150 California St., San Francisco
Miss Crombe, The Studio, Southampton
27 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, London W.

⁶⁰² Sandford Arthur Strong

⁶⁰³ Above Lungarno Serristori.

⁶⁰⁴ Via delle Ruote, near Palazzo Pandolfini.



[0436]

Mrs. Ingram Bywater, 93 Onslow Square, London S.W.
Mrs. J. H. Pollen, 11 Pembridge Crescent, Notting Hill, London W.
Mrs. Dunbar (**lodgings**), 16 North Street, Westminster, London S.W.
M. Sidney Parry, Newman House, 105 Kensington Road, London S.E.
Miss Cooper, Miss Bradley, Durdans, Reigate, Surrey
Signor Enrico Costa, 4 Via Micheli, Firenze
chez M. Estère, 154 Bd. Haussmann (Paris)
Gustavo Frizzoni, Pontaccio 14, Milano
Hermann Klinsman<n>, 127 Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin

[0437]

Eau distillée 300 gr
Hydrate de chloral 20 gr



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1891-1900

Diary 1, 1891-Nov. 22, 1893, viale Principe Amedeo 16, Florence; after
Nov. 21, 1892, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)

Diary 2, 1894-1895 - Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)
Florence

Diary 3, 1895-1896 - Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 4, 1896-1898, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 5, 1898-1899, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence

Diary 6, 1899-1902, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence;
I Tatti, Settignano

1. London (1891-1892)
2. Florence (1892-1895)
3. Villa Rosa & Villa Kraus, Fiesole (1895-1897)
4. Il Frullino (1897-1900)

Diary 2, 1894-1895

[0004]

Solus in occultis degens Ieronimus antris
Hic recubo montis accola chimerici
Vnde mare et terras tenebrosumque aera cerno
Et video caelum quod colo sydereum.
Ancona, May 1893

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig my grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse ye grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
Robert Louis Stevenson

[0005 p. 1]



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[The previous diary ended on November 22, 1893 in Florence
Mary returned to England for the Christmas holiday
They meet again in Pistoia on Feb. 3]

February 14, 1894, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

It is a “turning-point”, I suppose, to be thirty years old, as I am today. Well, we spent 15 l. extra in celebrating the festa, for we took a long delicious drive in the sunshine, and went to Doney’s to dine and had *such* a bottle of Montepulciano as it entereth not into the mind of man to conceive!

But I must go back eleven days⁶⁰⁵ when we met again at Pistoia after nearly two months, which I had spent chiefly in being ill, alas! and Bernhard had spent in reading: Garpari’s Italian Literature,⁶⁰⁶ D’Ancona’s various writings, XIII century Italian poetry, many “Sacre Rappresentazioni”,⁶⁰⁷ Browning’s *Guelfs and Ghibellines*,⁶⁰⁸ Pennington’s *History of the Church in Italy*,⁶⁰⁹ Ulmann’s *Botticelli*,⁶¹⁰ Sabatier’s *François d’Assise*,⁶¹¹ Schmarsow’s *Giovanni Santi*,⁶¹² Howells’ *World of Chance*,⁶¹³ and Scott’s *Antiquary*,⁶¹⁴ etc., etc. [0006 2]

We “did” Pistoia on Saturday the 3rd, and found our taste much changed since two years ago.⁶¹⁵ Lorenzo di Credi’s altar-piece seemed dreadful this time, in spite of our remembrance, which was of something charming, and the Hospital frieze was horribly glaring and out of tone. On the other hand,

⁶⁰⁵ Feb. 3, 1894.

⁶⁰⁶ Adolf Gaspary (1849-1892), *Geschichte der Italienischen Literatur*, in two volumes (Strassburg, 1885-1888). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ4040 .G37 1885**

The history of early Italian literature to the death of Dante, trans. Herman Oelsner (London, 1901).

⁶⁰⁷ Alessandro D’Ancona (professor of Italian literature at the University of Pisa, 1835-1914), *Sacre Rappresentazioni dei secoli XIV., XV., e XVI*, in 3 volumi (Florence, 1872). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ4229 .A6 1872**

Origini del teatro italiano: Libri tre con due appendici sulla rappresentazione drammatica nel contado toscano e sul teatro mantovano nel sec. XVI, 2^a ed. rivista e accresciuta in 2 volumi (Torino: E. Loescher, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson Music ML1733 .D363 1891**

⁶⁰⁸ Oscar Browning (1837-1923), *Guelfs and Ghibellines: A Short History of Mediaeval Italy from 1250-1409* (London, 1893).

⁶⁰⁹ Arthur Robert Pennington (1814-1899), *The Church in Italy* (London, 1893).

⁶¹⁰ Hermann Ulmann, *Sandro Botticelli* (Munich, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.B7 U55 1893**

⁶¹¹ Paul Sabatier (1858-1928), *Vie de saint François d’Assise* (Paris, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson BX4700.F6 S2** (Paris, 1931).

⁶¹² August Schmarsow (1853-1936), *Giovanni Santi, Der Vater Raphaels* (Berlin, 1887).

⁶¹³ William Dean Howells (1837-1920), *The World of Chance: A Novel* (New York, 1893).

⁶¹⁴ Walter Scott (1771-1832), *The Antiquary* (Edinburgh, 1823). *Waverly novels*, Dryburgh edition (London, 1892-1894) **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5315 .A1**

⁶¹⁵ See the entries for March 1-2, 1892, when they stayed at the Hotel Globa e Londra.



we enjoyed Gerino's Peruginesque feeblenesses more, and found a font by Giovanni Pisano which we really enjoyed. We took an afternoon train to Florence.

The next day <Feb. 4> we had a glorious walk.

On Monday <Feb. 5> I went out to see "Vernon Lee", and on Tuesday <Feb. 6> I felt ill again, and have been so ever since, scarcely venturing out at all, except to meals.

Fabbri came one evening to call, and Miss Paget and her friend came to look at Bernhard's photographs one day.

For the rest, I slaved over copying my "Hampton Court Guide".

But the [0007 3] great event is that Miss Paget thinks Bernhard has made a great, great discovery in aesthetics, and has spurred him to commencing a book on Scientific Art Criticism — a book which, she prophesies, will make its mark. <this paragraph marked with a red line in the left margin>

Feb. 15, 1894, Florence

Breakfasted as usual with Bernhard, and spent most of the morning reading aloud Vernon Lee's articles of 1880 and 1882 in *The Contemporary*, concerning "Comparative Aesthetics" and "Impersonality and Evolution in Music." They are brilliantly written, and show an active, eager brain, but a hopelessly unscientific one. She has no method, so her *Einfälle* come to nothing — in fact, lead her into vague, false, shallow generalizations. I do detest the "vegetable" analogy for art, and [0008 4] her whole theory of the growth, blossom, and decay of art is based on this false analogy.

In the afternoon Bernhard took Miss Thomson to see the Botticelli drawings, and Mrs. Hapgood, the mother of "Fafnir" and Norman, called upon me. She is as eager for experiences and for getting enjoyment out of art as a girl. I like her so much.

The other day when Bernhard was walking by himself — I have not been able to walk, all these days, alas! — he saw a cloud hanging on the Fiesole hill just like a cobweb, looking as if a feather broom of cosmic dimensions should be employed to sweep it away.

O, I forgot to say that *The Nation*, having accepted his article on "Dante's Visual Images,"⁶¹⁶ refused the review of Ulmann's *Botticelli*, which I then

⁶¹⁶ 'Dante's Visual Images and His Early Illustrators', *The Nation* 58 (Feb. 1, 1894), p. 82-83.



made use of to send to Mr. MacColl⁶¹⁷ to “place” for me. <marked with a red line in the left margin> [0009 5]

Friday, Feb. 16, 1894, Il Palmerino, Maiano

Breakfasted with Bernhard and discussed, as we usually do, the relation between the personality of the artist and his inherited and acquired form of art-expression.

Bernhard had lunched with the Hapgoods and walked with Mr. Hapgood from Fiesole to Settignano, and I came here in the late afternoon. We looked at Botticelli photos and talked in the evening.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1894, Il Palmerino, Maiano

A quiet grey day, which I have enjoyed, and would have enjoyed more if Bernhard had been here. I am rather worse, so I lay down practically all day.

I read Pater's “Plato and Platonism”,⁶¹⁸ and “Peer Gynt”,⁶¹⁹ and “Vernon Lee's “Conferenza”⁶²⁰ upon Italian painting.

We talked too, Miss Paget very brilliantly. An artist came to dinner and talked her nearly blind, but Miss Thomson and I took refuge in Titian photos. Miss T. met Loeser and thought him absolutely detestable. [0010 6]

Sunday, Feb. 18, 1894, Il Palmerino, Maiano

Another quiet day, quiet but delightful.

Read Henry James' *A London Life*,⁶²¹ which Miss Paget thinks fine, and I think detestable.

Read some Montaigne⁶²² and Mary Robinson Darmstetter's⁶²³ poems.

Looked at Titians with Miss Thomson, who really cares to look. “Vernon” hastily rushes through, eagerly searching for the next, which she hopes she will enjoy more than the present one. In the evening she played me XVIII century airs from Handel to Cimarosa, which interested me immensely.

⁶¹⁷ Dugald Sutherland MacColl (1859-1948), a Scottish painter, lecturer and writer. From 1890 to 1895 he was art critic for *The Spectator*, and for *the Saturday Review* from 1896 to 1906. He was keeper of the Tate Gallery (1906-1911).

MacColl placed the article (which survives in a copy in Bernhard's handwriting preserved at I Tatti!) in *The Studio*, where it was printed ‘M. C.’, Mary Costelloe.

Berenson's review of Ulmann was published as ‘Ulmann's Botticelli’, *Revue critique d'histoire et de littérature* (Feb. 4, 1895), p. 88-95.

⁶¹⁸ Walter Pater (1839-1894), *Plato and Platonism* (New York & London: Macmillan, 1893. **Biblioteca Berenson House B395 .P28 1893 [Shelved as C.LVII.2.]**)

⁶¹⁹ Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), *Peer Gynt* (London: Scott, 1892?).

⁶²⁰ Vernon Lee ?

⁶²¹ Henry James, *A London Life* (London, 1888).

⁶²² Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), *Essais*, 3 vol. (Paris, Lefevre, 1844). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ1641 .A1 1844**

⁶²³ Agnes Mary Frances Robinson (1857-1944; later Mrs. James Darmstetter, later Mme Emile Duclaux).



* Monday, Feb. 19, 1894, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Miss Thomson drove me in.

Met Bernhard at lunch.

He took the Hapgoods to the Uffizi and then came here, and we talked and talked. He has evolved an interesting idea about landscape, that, until lately, its visual properties were less noticed than its smell, breezes, airiness, etc. That explains *plein air* just appearing, etc.

Ricketts and Shannon sent me their "occasional publication", *The Dial*. Its illustrations Bernhard said were the progeny resulting from incest between Burne-Jones and [0011 7] Rossetti. Its prose may be called the bastard of Meredith. In fact, it nearly drove me crazy!

Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1894, Florence

I took Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood to the Bargello. She seemed to enjoy it, but he, like "Vernon Lee", was ever hastening on to try to get something out of the next thing which the last had failed to give him.

After lunch we went to Alinari's to look at photos, and I hired a piano and got Gluck's *Orfeo* as a ginning. I enjoyed reading it over.

We found some enchanting tea-cakes, enchanting!

Emily Dawson⁶²⁴ came at 7, and she and I dined together at Cesare's.⁶²⁵

Bernhard dined at the Luna,⁶²⁶ and went to call on the Forbes.

It has turned excessively cold. [0012 8]

Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1894, Florence

Called on Bernhard after breakfast, and then took Emily to see the Botticellis in the Uffizi.

After lunch, we went to the Marucelliana Library and got Landini's Commentary on Botticelli, illustrated with wood-cuts by some close follower. We thought they *were* Botticelli, and were awfully disappointed, but tried to see beauties. Pater evidently did the same.

I called on Mrs. Hapgood later, and then we talked and looked at photos. I had a neuralgic headache all day.

Bernhard dined with Vernon Lee, who talked to him about his book. She wants him to write upon "The Work of Art" in the abstract, and he wants to write a book upon the Science of Art Criticism. <marked with a red line in the left margin>

⁶²⁴ ?

⁶²⁵ Antico Ristorante Cesare Paoli, via dei Tavolini 12r, 055 216 215, with frescoes by Carlo Coppedé (1916). Restructured in 1909 in a neo-Gothic style.

⁶²⁶ Hotel Venezia e Piccolo Torino (*già* Antica Luna). Baedeker (1886), p. 376: "Rossini, formerly *Luna*, Via Condotta <12, angolo via dei Calzaiuoli>."



Thursday, Feb. 22, 1894

Went to see **the real Botticellis at the Marucelliana**⁶²⁷ and enjoyed them rapturously.

In the afternoon Emily and I went to the Certosa and Bernhard took a last walk with Fletcher, who is going to Rome.

We came back by San Miniato and enjoyed the view.

Bernhard came in in the evening and said all the arts, except music, are primarily occupied with space composition, even poetry. I [0013 9] lay awake half the night trying to refute it. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Friday, Feb. 23, 1894

Mother and father and Alys all wrote that Knowles has accepted my article on art-criticism for *The Nineteenth Century*. I am glad, but not elated. I believe my first article in the *Woman's Herald* gave me more pleasure.

<marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Emily and I saw the rest of **the Botticelli illustrations to Dante** and some buildings, etc., and after lunch the Academy.

Bernhard took Miss Thomson to the Uffizi, and made her wax enthusiastic over: Alessio Baldovinetti!!

We took tea in his rooms and looked at Giorgione photographs. They said I had a "Giorgione cranium".

I am trying a patent medicine called "Orange Blossom", and it makes me feel rather bimby.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1894

"Starving in the midst of intellectual plenty" — is not that the mental condition of most girls?

Emily and I had a delightful morning seeing the Botticelli at the Ognissanti, and Santo Spirito and the Pazzi Chapel.

In the afternoon we took a walk with Bernhard and in the evening chatted. [0014 10]

* Sunday, Feb. 25, 1894, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Emily went to join her mother in Rome early in the morning. She is a nice girl, in spite of being, as I described her to Bernhard, as "ugly as a hornet". She said I had given her the most valuable present she had ever received in Botticelli and Renaissance architecture.

⁶²⁷ una edizione della *Divina Commedia* con le illustrazioni di Botticelli conservata nella Biblioteca Marucelliana?



This morning we wrote, etc., and afterwards I finished a *Chronicle* review of Dr. Ulmann's *Botticelli*.⁶²⁸

Bernhard lost himself in Pater's *Plato*.⁶²⁹

x Monday, Feb. 26, 1894, Italia, Viareggio

We reached here at 3 o'clock and had a walk in the Pine Woods until dinner.

After dinner Bernhard read Justi's *Winckelmann*,⁶³⁰ and I read vol. V of Creighton's *History of the Papacy*.⁶³¹

Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1894, Viareggio

Pineta in the morning, pier in the afternoon, a glorious balmy day.

Read as above.

x Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1894, Viareggio

Pineta both morning and afternoon.

I finished a *Chronicle* review of Leader Scott's *Echoes of Old Florence*,⁶³² and began one on Lafenestre's Louvre Catalogue.⁶³³ [0015 11]

Thursday, March 1, 1894, Viareggio

Walked and read as usual. Went over the Hampton Court Guide, which I finished and made up to sent off tomorrow. We had a wonderful afternoon walk in the Pineta and on the shore. The mountains glowed like amethysts and sapphires.

Friday, Mar. 2, 1894, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

After a quarrel (a propos of Bernhard's nails), which we made up, we had a nice walk in the pine woods.

Bernhard finds Pater's "Plato" terribly *dull*, although it is a model of construction.

⁶²⁸ *The Daily Chronicle*, a London newspaper, was published from 1872 to 1930.

Mary had met the editor, H. W. Massingham, by chance in Venice in September 1893. According to Tiffany, p. 562, n. 103, Mary's review for the *Chronicle* was not published.

⁶²⁹ Walter Pater (1839-1894), *Plato and Platonism* (New York & London: Macmillan, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson House B395 .P28 1893 [Shelved as C.LVII.2.]**

⁶³⁰ Carl Justi (1832-1912), *Winckelmann und seine Zeitgenossen*, 2nd ed., 3 vol. (Leipzig, F. C. W. Vogel, 1898). **Biblioteca Berenson House N8375.W7 J8 1898 [Shelved as C.LVIII.3.]**

⁶³¹ Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London: Longmans Green, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894**

⁶³² Leader Scott (1837-1902), *Echoes of Old Florence: Her palaces and those who have lived in them* (Florence, 1894).

⁶³³ Georges Lafenestre (1837-1919) & Eugène Richtenberger (1856-), *Le Musée National du Louvre* (Paris, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections ND450 .L34 S [Contains annotations by Bernard Berenson.]**



We came back, arriving here at 7, and found various nice letters, etc.

By the way, when Emily was here, Bernhard made a comparison worth recording, saying that some remarks are like drawing down those heavy iron shutter fronts they use in the shops here. How much better this describes the sensation than the old “wet blanket”! <marked with a blue line in the left margin> [0016 12]

* Saturday, Mar. 3, 1894, Florence

We discussed “the artist in the work of art” over our coffee. Bernhard said that he knew of no case in which the temperament of the artist counted for so much as in the case of Velasquez. “The artistic temperament?: I asked. “No, the inartistic temperament!” he replied, explaining that it was Velasquez’ *terre à terre* devotion to the business of paint that made him so much more powerful than the poetic, expression Murillo. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

After lunch Bernhard took Miss Thomson to see some Leonardo drawings, and then we went together to call on Fabbri.

We dined at Doney’s.

I read Boccaccio⁶³⁴ and Bernhard Sacchetti.⁶³⁵

Sunday, Mar. 4, 1894, Florence

Bernhard walked with Fabbri in the morning, and Miss Thomson came to see me. I showed her some “impressionist sketches” Ray and Karin made of the Queen’s Drawing Room, and she told me that when she used to go, she used to [0017 13] ask herself whether she wasn’t crazy, and whether everybody else wasn’t crazy, too to go undressed on cold days, frightened to death, to gain, what? We arranged photos after lunch and read, Bernhard a book by Henry Balfour on the “Evolution of Decorative Art”⁶³⁶ and I Vernon Lee’s *Sketches of the XVIII Century*.⁶³⁷

I wrote my review of Lafenestre’s Louvre catalogue.⁶³⁸

⁶³⁴ Perhaps Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), *Decamerone, now first completely done into English prose and verse by John Payne* ... 3 vol. (London, Printed for the Villon society, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ4272.E5 A37 1886**

⁶³⁵ Franco Sacchetti ?

⁶³⁶ Henry Balfour (1863-1939), *The evolution of decorative art: An essay upon its origin and development as illustrated by the art of modern races of mankind* (London: Rivington, Percival, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson NK1177 .B2 1893**

⁶³⁷ Vernon Lee (1856-1935), *Studies of the eighteenth century in Italy* (London, W. Satchell & Co., 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ4149 .P3 1880**

⁶³⁸ Georges Lafenestre (1837-1919) & Eugène Richtenberger (1856-), *Le Musée National du Louvre* (Paris, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections ND450 .L34 S [Contains annotations by Bernard Berenson.]**



Monday, Mar. 5, 1894, Florence

Bernhard began Hegel's *Aesthetics*⁶³⁹ and music lessons for me.

I went to lunch at Vernon Lee's and she played me Handel, Marcello, etc.

Read in the evening.

Bernhard called on Miss Hallowell.⁶⁴⁰

* Tuesday, Mar. 6, 1894, Florence

Type-wrote and sent off my Lafenestre review.

Walked to Bellosguardo and had a heated discussion because Bernhard insisted [0017a 14] upon making use of such bothersome philosophic phrases as "will a universe". I so detest metaphysics and hate the whole incomprehensible jargon in which perfectly comprehensible ideas are dressed up.

We had a more amusing talk, when we came back, about his book on Aesthetics. He is going to take the motto "till out of three notes he makes — not a fourth note, but a star."

Wednesday, March 7, 1894, Florence

Bernhard read Taine's *Philosophy of Art*,⁶⁴¹ and I finished Vernon Lee's book on XVIII Century.⁶⁴²

Miss Hallowell came to call and I walked back with her. I liked her, for she makes no more personal appeal than a man. She seems so independent and capable. But fancy the Harvard people giving her as text-books on the Reformation Millman⁶⁴³ and Principal Tulloch,⁶⁴⁴ and never even telling her that Ranke and Creighton had written upon it! <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

She told a characteristic story of Canon Farrar, with whom she and a party went to the abbey⁶⁴⁵ one day. His wife came too. At the door she heard this pleasant conjugal altercation. He: "You [0017b 15] look very tired, my dear." She: "O no, I am not at all tired." "Yes, you certainly are. You had better go home and rest." "O no, dear, I particularly want to go

⁶³⁹ Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel (1770-1831), *Vorlesungen über die Aesthetik*, 3 vol. (Berlin : Duncker und Humblot, 1835-1838). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit N64 .H44 1835**

⁶⁴⁰ A student from the Annex at Harvard; see Mar. 10, 1894.

⁶⁴¹ Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893), *Philosophie de l'art*, 4th ed. , 2 vol. (Paris, Hachette, 1885). **Biblioteca Berenson House N70 .T22 1885 [Shelved as SAL.III.5.]**

⁶⁴² Vernon Lee (1856-1935), *Studies of the eighteenth century in Italy* (London, W. Satchell & Co., 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ4149 .P3 1880**

⁶⁴³ Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868), *History of Latin Christianity* (1855).

⁶⁴⁴ John Tulloch (1823-1886), *Luther and other leaders of the Reformation*, 3rd ed. (Edinburgh: W. Blackwood, 1883).

⁶⁴⁵ Westminster Abbey.



round the abbey, and I do not feel tired." "I *command* you to go home, my dear." *And she went!*

Thursday, Mar. 8, 1894

I read Taine's *Philosophie de l'art*.

We worked a little on the Lotto.

Bernhard feels mentally ill and I physically.

I took Miss Anstruther Thomson to see the Botticelli Dante illustrations, Ognissanti and Santo Spirito. She attempted to "Veronize" in rather a dreadful way. About the Botticelli St Augustine at the Ognissanti she said: "See that globe! Doesn't it look as if the whole great world were compressed into this tiny compass?!"

At Santo Spirito she said she thought the floor was the most important thing in a piece of architecture, because the eye naturally saw more of it than of anything else. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Very hard work persuading her to look at architecture as enclosed space.
[0018 16]

Friday, March 9, 1894, Florence

Bernhard had a painful séance with Anstruther Thomson at the Bargello, when she attempted to "Veronize" him too. He came home *sick*.

I took Miss Hollowell to see the Botticellis in the Uffizi, and then went to the dentist.

Saturday, March 10, 1894, Florence

It is Karin's fifth birthday. I celebrated it by going to the dentist.

Miss Hollowell and I took tea in Bernhard's room, after he had shown her the Brancacci Chapel. She painted an awfully depressing picture of the Harvard Annex.

The words 'Ill', 'Cross', 'Miserable' and 'Dentist' written on the page at an angle and crossed out. [0019 17]

[no entries for March 11-16, 1894]

Saturday, March 17, 1894, Florence

Bernhard has gone to dine with Miss Paget.

I am getting better. The great event, which cheered up our gloom, was the arrival of his BOOK, *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, clothed alas! in a tasteless gown of Putnam's devising, upon which we were not even consulted. It could scarcely be worse or more unsuited to what we wanted the book to be! Still it is nice to be published in any form. <marked with a blue line and with a red line in the left margin>

Bernhard has sold another picture to Mr. Davis. I think that is all my news.



I have just read Howells' *Annie Kilburn*,⁶⁴⁶ and liked it until it began to be a story. [0020 18]

Was there ever anything more insufferably pretentious and shallow than this, from Norman Hapgood's last letter? "I also get a bit of science, for the musical criticism of Wagner, Berlioz, or Schumann drives me to (gas about) works on acoustics, as criticism of painting drives me to (talk about studying) the laws of light, architecture to mathematics, and so on in the same old circle of more or less steady (!) interest." He also talks in the same letter of an ideal set of people "with a Voltairean [*sic*] smile on their lips and a load of loathing and discouragement on their hearts". What an ass a nice boy can be when he is miseducated! [0021 19]

Sunday, March 18, 1894, Florence

Bernhard read Thausing's *Dürer*⁶⁴⁷ and I read Taine's "L'Idéal de l'Art".⁶⁴⁸ I wrote to Loeser explaining to him why I would not be friendly with him.

* Monday, March 19, 1894, Florence

Letters, etc.

Bernhard read Hegel.

I took Miss Hallowell to the Gallery and she came here to tea. Bernhard drew her out as to her plans. Fancy — she an Annex girl, and her idea of preparing to teach modern literature was to read say George Meredith and then sit down and write about him, and teach *that*, and make her scholars do that — !! It would be awfully funny, but somehow it pains one to think of such mis-education, and all that time and money spent on it. Bernhard talked to her like an angel, and promised to put her on a better track. [0022 20]

Tuesday, March 20, 1894, Florence

Wrote innumerable letters while Bernhard read Hegel.

One of his friends sent him a review of his book from the *Boston Morning Herald*, a most favourable review which says that "every line is full of meaning and power".

Jenkyns came after lunch and went with me to get some silver toilet things, a present from Auntie Lill.

⁶⁴⁶ William Dean Howells (1837-1920), *Annie Kilburn: A Novel* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1889).

⁶⁴⁷ Moritz Thausing (1838-1884), *Dürer: Geschichte seines Lebens und seiner Kunst* (Leipzig, E.A. Seemann, 1876).

Albert Dürer, his life and works, trans. Fred A. Eaton, 2 vol. (London: Murray, 1882).

⁶⁴⁸ Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893), *De l'idéal dans l'art*, 2. éd. (Paris: Baillière, 1879).

Biblioteca Berenson House N70 .T22 1879 [Shelved as SAL.III.5.]



I found a long absurd letter from Loeser in which he says (by way of winning my favour?) that “he feels toward Berenson the most vigorous contempt.” He is an ass. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Bernhard went to call on the Forbes.

Wednesday, March 21, 1894, Florence

I took Miss Hollowell to the Pazzi Chapel. She enjoyed it, but seemed to enjoy still more talking about life in general. She told me of a man whom she had refused to marry, an artist, who went to Paris. There, she heard, he had set up a definite “maîtresse” with a view to getting over his feeling for Miss H. She was terribly concerned [0023 21] about this, felt responsible, and finally wrote to him. He replied that it was true, partly for the reason she had heard, but more because he felt he needed more warmth and colour and heart in his work. I advised her to send him *Manette Salomon*⁶⁴⁹ and *Sappho*⁶⁵⁰ to read — and am going to add to this, *Le Roman d'un Spahi*.⁶⁵¹

Bernhard says such a reply as the young man's was most characteristically American, for in America young people are always taught that Immorality and Art go together.

In the afternoon we went to the Uffizi and looked at drawings and engravings, and then we worked a little over the Lotto.

I finished Gebhardt's *Autour d'une Tiare*,⁶⁵² a book for the children, some day. [0026 22]

Thursday, March 22, 1894, Florence

Bernhard is reading and enjoying Hegel's *Aesthetics*.

He took Miss Hollowell for a walk in the afternoon. He said she illustrated to him, without meaning to, the inevitable attitude of the American girl to a young man, which is that of a shepherdess in Theocritus' idyl who keeps saying to the amorous shepherd, “Little satyr, what are you up to?” He said he could not discover a girl *en flagrant délit de penser* about any subject in literature or life.

She has had years of training in Greek, but was taught Greek literature rather “as an illustration to Goodwin's Grammar”, her professor. She has read very little, Scott, Shakspeare, [sic] Thackeray, no French, almost no German. She still has the youthful feeling of always wanting to be first, and desiring everyone to look up to her and think her clever. If she stayed in Europe a while, under wholesome conditions, she [0027 23] would get not that desire perhaps, but the expectation of realizing it knocked out of her!

⁶⁴⁹ Edmond & Jules Goncourt, *Manette Solomon* (Paris, 1867).

⁶⁵⁰ Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897), *Sappho: moeurs parisiennes* (1884).

⁶⁵¹ Pierre Loti (1850-1923), *Le Roman d'un Spahi* (1881).

⁶⁵² Emile Gebhardt (1839-1908), *Autour d'une Tiare, 1075-1085* (Paris, A. Colin, 1894.)



I read Laugel's *Oreille et la Musique*,⁶⁵³ and gave Bernhard a music lesson. He began Rosny's *Bilatéral*,⁶⁵⁴ lent me by Vernon Lee.

Loeser wants to make up old scores, and has invited us to lunch. Giving meals seems a sort of instinctive habit with him, a kind of automatic reaction which occurs when the thought of an acquaintance presents itself to his mind.

Friday, March 23, 1894, "Good" (!) Friday

Finished at the dentist's!

We walked around San Miniato with Miss Hallowell, who told us that the Boston Irish boys made a barricade last winter in a street near one of the suburban railway stations, and fought every boy from Arlington and Medford who came in by the train to attend school. Some of the [0028 24] boys were severely hurt. They made it a point of honour not to "call in the policemen" — fancy policemen waiting to be "called in" in such a case!!

Loeser came to tea, and was aphasiac and pretentious as usual.

I read Rosny's translation and abridgement of the *Ramáyana*,⁶⁵⁵ and we read Francis Thomson's poems.⁶⁵⁶

* Saturday, March 24, 1894, Florence

Wrote article for Alys in the morning.

Bernhard read Hegel, etc.

In the afternoon we went with Jenkins to S. Domenico and **looked at "villas to let" on the Fiesole hill.**

In the evening Bernhard read *L'Optique dans l'art* (Laugel)⁶⁵⁷ and I read Rosny's *Bilatéral*.

Sunday, March 25, 1894, Easter

I was awake early with a horrible pain in my heart at the thought of the nonsense and superstition that was going to be crammed into the defenceless innocent minds of *my* two little children today. It's perfectly [0029 25] outrageous that law that gives the father the right to determine the children's religion. Yet perhaps, on a wide view, it makes for civilization, considering that more fathers are atheists than mothers. Alas!

⁶⁵³ Auguste Laugel, *La voix, l'oreille et la musique* (1867).

⁶⁵⁴ J.-H. Rosny, *Le Bilatéral, mœurs révolutionnaires parisiennes* (Paris, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2635.O559 B5 1887 [Shelved as SAL.II.4.]**

Joseph Henry Rosny, a pseudonym of Joseph Henri Honor Box (1856-), and his brother Séraphin Justin Francois Box (1859-).

⁶⁵⁵ *L'exil de Rama*, trad. J.-H. Rosny (Paris, 1893).

⁶⁵⁶ Francis Thomson (1859-1907), *Poems* (1893).

⁶⁵⁷ Auguste Laugel (1830-1914), *L'optique et les arts* (Paris: Germer Baillière, 1869). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit N71 .L38 1869**



Fabbri spent the afternoon here,⁶⁵⁸ looking at Lotto photographs. He judges everything by the Velasquez or Japanese standard, and prefers Botticelli to Bellini.

Bernhard dined at the Palmerino.

Monday, March 26, 1894, Florence

Worked at *Lotto* during the day.

The proofs of my article in *The Nineteenth Century* came.⁶⁵⁹

We lunched at Loeser's with Miss Hallowell, and there made our first real acquaintance with Outamaro⁶⁶⁰ and his master. We passed a couple of hours of absolutely lyric joy looking at those things. His collection is very unequal. His rooms are furnished with exquisite taste. He seemed rather nice, and I am glad we have tried to heal up the quarrel. [0030 26]

* Tuesday, March 27, 1894, Florence

Worked on the *Lotto*.

Loeser called in the evening and was rather nice.

Wednesday, March 28, 1894

Lotto still.

Fabbri called and we had a good deal of talk.

Thursday, March 29, 1894,

Lotto.

Met Miss Hallowell at San Marco and afterwards walked in the Boboli Gardens. Miss H. discoursing earnestly if not thrillingly about her Boston and Cambridge "circle".

We took her to see Ferravilla⁶⁶¹ in the evening, a couple of dull plays.

Friday, March 30, 1894, Il Palmerino, Maiano

Lotto.

Fabbri came to make an etching.

Bernhard walked with me here.

"Vernon Lee" talked nonsense about "literature" all the evening, and I felt rather sick. She denies the possibility of historical ideas, and says that literature has nothing [0031 27] to do with fact, i.e., that if Pater had written a Plato founded upon spurious inferior neo-Platonic writings, the book would have had an equal value! which is — in my opinion — standing on one's head. <marked with a red line in the left margin>

⁶⁵⁸ 'here' must refer to B's rooms.

⁶⁵⁹ 'The new and old art criticism', *The Nineteenth Century* 207 (May 1894), p. 828-837.

⁶⁶⁰ Itagawa Utamaro (c. 1753-1806), the Japanese printmaker.

⁶⁶¹ Edoardo Ferravilla (1846-1915), un attore e commediografo del teatro e del cinema muto.



Saturday, March 31, 1894, Maiano

Talked, drove and looked at a villa.

Talked, met Mr. Benn, read Francis Thompson's poems with Mr. Hamilton.⁶⁶²

Vernon Lee is fearfully down on Bernhard's book,⁶⁶³ says it is an inferior kind of a Symonds, for he is quite as far as Symonds from having mastered the whole of the facts he professes to deal with, i.e., the psychology which could produce, let us say, along with the decadent pictures of the "Catholic Reaction", time the severe and solemn music of [0032 28] Palestrina. Like almost all she says, it betrayed a curious insight, almost genius, mingled with a hopeless incapacity for grappling with and consequent scepticism towards facts. <marked with a red line in the left margin>

Sunday, April 1, 1894, Maiano

Again walking, talking, driving, talking.

Vernon Lee this morning declared that she thought Berenson "absolutely insensitive to literature", she thinks he is nothing but a "Scientist", without a ray of aesthetic appreciation for anything but his own "Fach", and as for that, well, it isn't worth spending much time on.

The Thomson — such a dear person — has an irritating way of saying, "Dear me! dear me! do you know that's very fine what you were just saying, Vernon!!"

Dr [0033 29] Baldwin⁶⁶⁴ called and told two delicious American stories. One was of a baptism in a creek in New England, his father, the Presbyterian minister standing on the bridge looking on half disapprovingly. A crowd was standing about in reverent awe. The Baptist minister came to baptising his own daughter, and as he ducked her under with one hand, he waved the other to his rival on the bridge and shouted, "You can't do that in a bowl!"

Another Baptist congregation in Ausonia, Connecticut, finding that pneumonia and other diseases followed in the wake of open-air baptisms, set up a so-called "baptistry" in their church, namely a tank of heatable water under the moveable floor of the platform. The minister was noticed going to the church very early every Sunday morning [0034 30] with a little bundle under his arm. The pious said he went to pray, but as that did not account for the bundle, two preying old maids of his congregation determined to watch him, climbing up to one of the windows they looked in and saw him calmly enjoying a bath, with a good bar of yellow soap!

⁶⁶² Edward Hamilton was Vernon Lee's half-brother.

⁶⁶³ *Venetian Painters*?

⁶⁶⁴ An American physician practicing in Florence; listed in Baedeker (1886), p. 377.



As Dr Baldwin said, he decided, shortly afterwards, to seek another field for the exercise of his peculiar talents.

Monday, April 2, 1894, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

A quiet morning wandering among the *poderi*.

I came in and found Fabbri and Bernhard here, and after tea took a walk with Bernhard.

Loeser came in the evening, full of anguish because he had been the means of spreading the cruel slander of Berenson's dishonesty in money matters — or rather, full of anguish because it was found out. He promised to repair it, and we “made up”. <marked with a red line in the left margin>
[0035 31]

Tuesday, April 3, 1894, Florence

We went house-hunting, slightly to the detriment of our tempers, over the Fiesole hill in the morning.

Miss A. Thomson came to look at photographs of sculpture in the afternoon and Fabbri to tea.

I called on Miss Hallowell and found her in a rapture of youthful enthusiasm for us both, the enthusiasm having been called out by a letter from her mother warning her to have nothing to do with either of us. She is particularly anxious to go to Lucca with us, because it is a chance to let her parents see that she does mean to “lead her own life”. Since she gave up the idea of being a doctor, for which she had succeeded in successfully asserting her independence, they have been hoping she would fall back in the “daughter at home” again, and her mother has been writing to her to get plenty of nice party dresses, so that they can go out together and be happy as they were four years ago. She thinks Bernhard the cleverest man alive and me the most emancipated and superior woman she has ever met!! [0036 32]

We dined at Loeser's in the evening — an awfully good dinner, and came away early after looking over some photographs.

Wednesday, April 4, 1894, Florence

We went house-hunting and found just what we wanted!⁶⁶⁵

After lunch I wrote a full statement of our affairs to Miss Cruttwell, while Carlo Placci⁶⁶⁶ took Bernhard to call upon the sculptor Hildebrand.⁶⁶⁷ Miss Paget told me their story.

Madame Hildebrand was engaged to be married at 15, but came to the conclusion that she and her fiancé were not congenial. However, he over-persuaded her to marry him, but on condition that if she got tired of him

⁶⁶⁵ Vernon Lee led them to Villa Kraus and Villa Rosa in Fiesole?

⁶⁶⁶ Mentioned here for the first time.

⁶⁶⁷ Adolf von Hildebrand (1847-1921).



she was to leave him, without any unfriendliness. This was actually carried out when she was 18, and she went home to live her mother, taking her baby boy with her.

Soon after she met Hildebrand, a talented young sculptor, and a great thinker. She went to live with him, but had such a horror of marriage that she did not get her husband to give her a divorce. Year after year, to [0037 33] the amusement of all her friends, the pair produced a daughter, up to the number of about a dozen. Then at last the wished-for son arrived, and no more children have appeared since, for three or four years. Their friends kept urging them to get married, so in the end they did. Their grown-up children coming to the wedding. The old husband, after getting his divorce, also married again. These girls are all being brought up in their mother's views about marriage.

Bernhard said they looked like young Goths, with long straight locks, crowned with wreaths, and low-cut dresses. The family realizes perfectly the Goethesque idea of "Culture", the ideal of the "Vollverwandtschaften".⁶⁶⁸ Madame Hildebrand is the matronly realization of Charlotte, the emblem of maternity, but of free maternity. One of the daughters is painting, but her father will not let her have any lessons. He wants her genius to [0038 34] develop spontaneously. The result is that the influence of the German pictures they have on their walls is unchecked!

In the evening Bernhard read Morelli⁶⁶⁹ and Bandello⁶⁷⁰ and I read Goldwin Smith's *United States*.⁶⁷¹

Thursday, April 5, 1894, Florence

Emily Dawson came to see me in the morning, and I showed her Lotto photographs. She said that the one and only enjoyment of most people in Raphael's *Stanza* and the Sistine is to verify Baedeker.

⁶⁶⁸ A mistake for *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, Goethe's famous novel, translated in English with the title *Elective Affinities*?

⁶⁶⁹ Perhaps one or more of the following books?

Giovanni Morelli (1816-1891), *Kunstkritische Studien über italienische Malerei*.

vol. 1: *Die Galerien Borgese und Doria Panfili in Rom* (Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1890).

Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections N2810 .M6 1890

vol. 2: *Die Galerien zu München und Dresden* (Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1891) **Biblioteca Berenson N2210 .M67 1891**

vol. 3: *Die Galerien zu Berlin nebst einem Lebensbilde Giovanni Morelli's*, ed. Gustavo Frizzoni (Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson N2220 .M67 1893**

⁶⁷⁰ Matteo Bandello, 1485-1561), *La prima parte de le novelle del Bandello. Tomo terzo* (London: Riccardo Bancker, 1791). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ4606 .A15 1791 S**

Novelle, vol. 1-2, 4-9 (Milano: G. Silvestri, 1813-1814). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ4606 .A15 1813 S**

⁶⁷¹ Goldwin Smith (1823-1910), *The United States: an Outline of Political History* (1893).



In the afternoon Bernhard and I took a long walk, meaning to go to the Incontro,⁶⁷² but actually arriving at a far more romantic spot, the deserted Peruzzi quarries.⁶⁷³

Bernhard read Huysmans' *À van-l'eau*,⁶⁷⁴ and I read Howells' *The World of Chance*.⁶⁷⁵

Friday, April 6, 1894, Florence

Wrote and worked in the morning.

Miss Hallowell came to lunch and I took her to see the [0039 35] Botticelli Dante illustrations, also Santa Maria Novella and the Donatello lion in the Casa Martelli.

Emily and her friend Miss Rea⁶⁷⁶ and Jenkins all came to tea.

Afterwards Bernhard and I went to San Miniato with Emily <Dawson>⁶⁷⁷ and Miss Rea.

Loeser joined us at dinner at the **Antica Luna**⁶⁷⁸ in order to tell us about his visit to the Gordigianis⁶⁷⁹ in their villa. He was naively self-important. He thinks, and it is probably true, that they want him to marry the Gordigiani girl, whom he alludes to as Giulietta. He says, however, that she is in love with Costa. She is a very fine musician, and a constant smoker and hard drinker.

After he had gone, Bernhard read Goldwin Smith and I read <Huysmans'> *À van-l'eau*.

Saturday, April 7, 1894, Florence

Morning working, Bernhard over photos, I over charts of painters.

I called on the Dawsons and Mrs. Keen in the afternoon, and Bernhard walked to the Incontro⁶⁸⁰ with Mr. Benn.

Read Laugel and Goldwin Smith in the evening. [0040 36]

⁶⁷² Il Convento dell'Incontro, above Villamagna.

⁶⁷³ The deserted Peruzzi quarries were near Ripaldi?

⁶⁷⁴ J.-K. Huysmans (1848-1907), *À van-l'eau*, 2nd ed. (Paris: Tresse & Stock, 1894).

Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2309.H4 A73 1894 [Shelved as C.LXVI.1.]

⁶⁷⁵ William Dean Howells (1837-1920), *The World of Chance* (New York: Harper, 1893).

⁶⁷⁶ Lillian Rea.

⁶⁷⁷ Emily Dawson.

⁶⁷⁸ Hotel Venezia e Piccolo Torino (*già Antica Luna*). Baedeker (1886), p. 376: 'Rossini, formerly *Luna*, Via Condotta <12, angolo via dei Calzaiuoli>.

Gazzetta di Firenze (1835): 'L'Antica Luna posto in Via Por S. Maria presso il Ponte Vecchio N. 1200'

⁶⁷⁹ Michele Gordigiani (1835-1909), an Italian painter, known best for his portraits; see Carlo Sisi, 'Tuscan Hours', *Americans in Florence: Sargent and the American Impressionists* (Florence, 2012), p. 74 *passim*.

⁶⁸⁰ Convento dell'Incontro?



* Sunday, April 8, 1894, Florence

I wrote my article for Alys and read *Daniel Valgraiue* by Rosny.⁶⁸¹

Emily and her friend came to tea with Bernhard and he talked very well. He said the catechism which teaches us that Christians are supposed to have only holy and noble emotions is like a path which is carefully made to look safe and solid, although it is really only a thin covering over a pit through which you fall the moment you actually step on it. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Afterwards Bernhard and I walked in the *poderi* behind Bellosguardo.

Monday, April 9, 1894, Florence

Finished the article for Alys, lunched with the Dawsons.

Read Pasolini's *Caterina Sforza*.⁶⁸²

Bernhard called on the Forbes. He said they could not believe that Fafnir had never heard of the Annunciation, and when he told them that Fafnir had had serious thoughts of becoming a parson, they began to doubt the sanity of the narrator!

Mr. **Obrist** called to ask us to go to see his fountain.

Tuesday, April 10, 1894, Florence

We went at 9 to see Obrist's fountain, and it gave us a thrill of delighted surprise. As we walked along, we kept saying, "Why are we going? We know it will be bad!" and [0041 37] lo! it was delightful, a fairy dream, executed in marble with such fine tact and delicacy and originality that it made us happy for the rest of the day.

Obrist spoke so picturesquely of his own mind as if it were a block of marble, and said he had chipped a chiselled and polished away every trace of academic tradition. And indeed his work was original. You saw the compatriot of Böcklin, but a man with a more delicate fancy, better taste, and more feeling for his art as art. The *relief* was a perfect illustration of all that Bernhard has been preaching about relief for the last month!

Enthusiastic letters about *The Venetian Painters* keep coming in. Today a lady talked of translating it into French!!

Mr. Fisher called on Bernhard, and I met them at lunch.

Bernhard took Miss A. Thomson to the Medici Tombs and the Masaccios, and I took Fisher to the Uffizi.

We three then met here, and had a really delightful talk about scientific history, and then Bernhard took him to call on Mr. Benn.

⁶⁸¹ J.-H. Rosny, *Daniel Valgraiue* (Paris, 1891).

⁶⁸² Pier Desiderio Pasolini (1844-1920), *Caterina Sforza* (Rome: Loescher, 1893).



In the evening Emily⁶⁸³ and Miss Rea⁶⁸⁴ and Loeser dined with us, and then came here and talked until eleven and very pleasantly. Emily is really charming. [0042 38]

Wednesday, April 11, 1894, Florence

We spent the day with Loeser and Miss Hallowell walking to the Incontro. We took our lunch and Santayana's just-published poems. The lunch was very good, but the poems very bad.

Miss Hallowell dined with Bernhard and me at the Luna.⁶⁸⁵

Thursday, April 12, 1894

I took Emily and Miss Rea to see a Villa in the morning.

Bernhard took the Mallets to the Uffizi, and then we dined with Emily, Miss Rea, and Fabbri at Loeser's. Loeser was as full of *baleverines*⁶⁸⁶ as usual. He said that the "values" in Puvis' portrait of himself are all wrong.

Friday, April 13, 1894, Il Palmerino, Maiano

Bernhard and I called on Obrist and found a charming bust called "A Faun Listening".

We met Emily and Miss Rea in the Medici Tombs, and then had tea together.

Afterwards Bernhard and I walked here.

I read Mrs. Ward's horribly trashy tale *Marcella*.⁶⁸⁷ [0043 39]

Saturday, April 14, 1894, Maiano

Drove in for my trunk, which was left by mistake, and letters, and caught a glimpse of Bernhard, who said he had dined with Loeser.

Read Vernon Lee's *Countess of Albany*⁶⁸⁸ and *Hauntings*,⁶⁸⁹ and her brother's poems,⁶⁹⁰ which someone compared to a mixture of Shakspeare [*sic*] and Gilbert!

Read aloud a good deal to Mr. Hamilton, who says that now that he is getting better, he doesn't think writing poetry is worthwhile.

⁶⁸³ Emily Dawson.

⁶⁸⁴ Lillian Rea.

⁶⁸⁵ Antica Luna

⁶⁸⁶ fables, stories

⁶⁸⁷ Mrs. Humphrey Ward (Mary Augusta Ward), *Marcella* (New York, 1894).

⁶⁸⁸ Vernon Lee (1856-1935), *Countess of Albany* (1884). **Biblioteca Berenson House DA814.A5 P2 1910**

⁶⁸⁹ Vernon Lee (1856-1935), *Hauntings* (London, 1890).

⁶⁹⁰ Eugene Lee-Hamilton (1845-1907),



Sunday, April 15, 1894, Maiano

Read a good deal of *Anna Karenina*⁶⁹¹ to Mr. Hamilton and the rest (the part about Anna and Wronsky) to myself. What a tremendous story!

I read also Vernon Lee's *Ottilie*,⁶⁹² *Prince of the 100 Soups*⁶⁹³ and a dozen articles of hers, and Mary Robinson's *Margaret of Navarre*,⁶⁹⁴ also Henry James' *Private Life*⁶⁹⁵ and Macaulay's essay⁶⁹⁶ on Ranke's Popes. [0044 40]

Monday, April 16, 1894, Florence

Read to Mr. Hamilton, came home after lunch.

Loeser, Miss Hallowell and Bernhard came to tea, and we planned out our trip.

Mr. Obrist came later and dined with us. He described a man as in a "Liebig's Extract"⁶⁹⁷ of Rage", and said the Germans trying to improve and culture themselves were as ridiculous and naive as ducks cleaning themselves.

Rain has come at last.

* Tuesday, April 17, 1894, Florence

I took Emily and her friend to the Pitti.

We lunched with Loeser and came home and worked.

Wednesday, April 18, 1894

Bernhard took a "class" (Mr. Mallet, Mrs. Scott, etc.) to the Pitti, and worked.

I took Emily and Miss Rea to Prato, and we walked across from Poggio a Caiano to Signa.

I read Morelli on the Munich Gallery.⁶⁹⁸

⁶⁹¹Tolstoi, *Anna Karenina* (New York; Crowell, 1886).

⁶⁹² Vernon Lee (1856-1935), *Ottilie: an eighteenth century idyl* (London: Fisher Unwin, 1883).

⁶⁹³ Vernon Lee (1856-1935), *The Prince of the Hundred Soups, A Puppet Show in Narrative* (1883).

⁶⁹⁴ Agnes Mary Frances Robinson (1857-1944), *Margaret of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre* (London: W.H. Allen, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson DC112.M2 D8 1886**

⁶⁹⁵ Henry James (1843-1916), *The Private Life, Lord Beaupré, The visits* (New York: Harper, 1893).

⁶⁹⁶ Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859), *Critical and historical essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review*, 5 vol. (Leipzig, B. Tauchnitz jun., 1850. 'Ranke's History of the popes' in vol. 4. **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4963 .A11 1850 [Shelved as C.LXIII.2.]**

⁶⁹⁷ A thick, dark, syrupy beef extract paste sold in glass bottles.

⁶⁹⁸ *Italian Painters. Critical Studies of their Works: The Borghese and Doria-Pamfili Galleries in Rome — The Galleries of Munich and Dresden*, trans. by Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes with an introduction by A. H. Layard, 2 vol. (London: Murray, 1892-1893). **Biblioteca Berenson N2810 .M6 1892**

Presumably Mary did not read Morelli in German.



+ Thursday, April 19, 1894, Florence

A starred day for it has been so lovely!

Two nice reviews of Bernhard's *Venetian* [0045 41] *Painters*, one in *The Scottish Leader* (written by Robertson), and the other in the *National Observer*, came this morning.

Bernhard finished the Bonsignori section of his *Lotto*, and **I worked on a Botticelli article.**

After lunch we took the⁶⁹⁹ steam tram for Signa, and then had a magical walk over to Montelupo,⁷⁰⁰ through pines and banks of white heather with a windy cloudy sky and bright bursts of sunshine. Such romance, and wildness, and beauty!

We missed the train to Florence (6.18), so drove to Signa (3 fr. 50 mancia) where we missed the tram. But we had an excellent dinner at the caffè and a moonlight stroll, and then caught the 10 o'clock train home. We were very happy and enjoyed each other and the walk to the utmost. [0046 42]

Friday, April 20, 1894, Florence

Wrote in the morning. Bernhard about Montagna, I about Botticelli.

After lunch Bernhard went to meet Prof. Everett⁷⁰¹ of Harvard at Loeser's and then took a walk with Loeser, and I called on Mr. Hamilton. He had never read a word of Matthew Arnold, and I recited him a good deal, and we fell to talking about poetry, and its attitude to life. He said he had been thinking a great deal about the folly of saying over again in rhyme all the old things that have already been so well said, but he feared that the interpretation of life from the new point of view (science and progress) would not be *poetical*.

In the evening we read Nordau's *Dégénérescence*,⁷⁰² and talked of it.

* Saturday, April 21, 1894, Florence

Wrote in the morning.

Miss Hallowell took Bernhard to Miss Alexander's (*Wayside Songs in Tuscany*)⁷⁰³ to see a reputed Lotto, which [0047 43] turned out to be a XIV century daub! They went then to the Bargello.

I read Nordau.

They came to tea and we talked a good deal. Miss Hallowell says everyone who studies Greek at Harvard *hates* it! She had never heard of Perry's book.⁷⁰⁴

⁶⁹⁹ Here and elsewhere the numeral '1' is used for 'the'.

⁷⁰⁰ Montelupo Fiorentino, between Lastra a Signa and Empoli.

⁷⁰¹ Professor Everett?

⁷⁰² Max Nordau (1849-1923), *Dégénérescence*, trans. Auguste Dietrich (1892).

⁷⁰³ Francesca Alexander, *Wayside Songs in Tuscany*

⁷⁰⁴ Thomas Sergeant Perry, *A History of Greek Literature* (New York, 1890).



I went with her to choose some photos and Bernhard called on Mr. Benn, who was full of the *National Observer* review, which compares Bernhard's compression of Venetian art into such a small book to the famous lines:

Little Johnny:

Pair of skates

Hole in Ice:

Golden Gates. <marked with a red line in the left margin>

In the evening I read Pasolini's *Caterina Sforza*⁷⁰⁵ and Bernhard read Leslie Stephen's essays.⁷⁰⁶

x Sunday, April 22, 1894, Florence

I met Miss Boord, and she came in to see me. She was evidently awfully glad to meet me again, and said with glee that her mother was ill. Evidently the old toad keeps her in utter subjection, and the girl [0048 44] resents it and hates her mother in consequence. She related to me with glee that her mother liked Carlo Dolce.⁷⁰⁷ How idiotic mothers often are. What they must surely want is the love and confidence of their daughters, and they do everything to kill the one and make the other impossible! <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Bernhard wrote some notes for *The Nation* in the afternoon and we read and took a little walk.

Monday, April 23, 1894, Florence

Still raining. We enjoyed working in the morning.

Loeser and Obrist came to tea, and Mr. Obrist decided to come on our trip with us. **He is a fascinating person.**

Tuesday, April 24, 1894, Leon d'Oro, Cesena

We started at 7.10 and reached Faenza at 12.35.

I read a good deal of Rosny's *Nell Horn*⁷⁰⁸ on the way.

At Faenza we enjoyed the Donatellos. I was especially glad to find that I appreciated the [0049 45] St Jerome, which repelled me a year and a half ago.⁷⁰⁹ In other words, my eye was not then educated, as it is now, to appreciate structure and composition.

We almost came to blows in the Cathedral over the architecture, which Loeser declared was unmitigatedly bad, and in which Bernhard and I saw a

⁷⁰⁵ Pier Desiderio Pasolini (1844-1920), *Caterina Sforza* (Rome: Loescher, 1893).

Biblioteca Berenson DG537.8.S3 P25 1893

⁷⁰⁶ Leslie Stephen (1832-1904), *Essays on Freethinking and Plainspeaking* (London: Longmans, Green, 1873).

⁷⁰⁷ Carlo Dolce (1616-1686), a painter, active mainly in Florence.

⁷⁰⁸ J.-H. Rosny (1856-1940), *Nell Horn de l'armée du salut* (Paris, 1886).

⁷⁰⁹ See the entry for October 16, 1892.



very fine idea. But the storm blew over, and we had our dinner in peace and came on here to what seems a clean, comfortable enough hotel.

The We = Bernhard and myself, Miss Hallowell, Loeser and Obrist.

Wednesday, April 25, 1894, <Albergo> Zongo, Pesaro

We saw the Pinacoteca and Library, and then walked up to the Madonna del Monte outside of which we sat for a long time on the grass, discussing *Peer Gynt*, *Baumeister Solness*, etc.

After lunch [0050 46] before the train, I finished *Nell Horn*, a book which moved me to tears, which Bernhard had the bad taste to keep making fun of and recurring to again and again, until I really lost my temper. It is an awfully ordinary history, but told with such truth to detail that even though he does not succeed in creating anything very astonishing in the way of character, you can't help realizing how much of that sort of thing is going on actually, at the present moment, and it grips your head. After all, with me I suppose it is partly a question of that little daughter.

We saw Rimini and came on by evening to Pesaro.

Thursday, April 26, 1894, Italia, Urbino

Saw the Bellinis.

Obrist and I had a little drive together by the sea, and "a pleasant walk and a pleasant talk upon the briny beach".⁷¹⁰

Then we all drove here, an enchanting drive, enlivened by [0051 47] the most brilliant conversations between Bernhard and Obrist

Friday, April 27, 1894, Italia, Urbino

Saw the ducal palace, etc., and enjoyed it hugely.

After lunch Loeser and Bernhard went on to look at other things.

Miss Hallowell took the American girls' nap, and Obrist and I sat on the grass under the town wall and discussed "the woman question", upon which, so it seems, we were nearly agreed, but who can fathom the *bas fond* of a man's mind? Certainly not a young woman acquaintance! He is for a three years marriage system, and the children to belong entirely to the mother, with a minimum state allowance for the maintenance and education of every child.

In the evening we tried to make Obrist enjoy English poetry. He read [0052 48] it aloud, and Bernhard expounded it so brilliantly, so sympathetically that Miss Hallowell and I were perfectly overwhelmed!

⁷¹⁰ A citation from Lewis Carroll, 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' in *Through the Looking-Glass*.



Saturday, April 28, 1894, Sant'Angelo⁷¹¹

O what a splendid day!

We drove in the morning to a little place called Pian di Meleto,⁷¹² and after lunch Loeser and Bernhard and I, led by a guide, walked to Montefiorentino to see an early Alvise. It was a tough, long walk, but I enjoyed it. The *frati* gave us some refreshment at the top, or we should have fainted.

We drove on here in the twilight and had such an awful dinner that, as Loeser said, in London even the elephants at the Zoo would have refused it.

Sunday, April 29, 1894, Cagli⁷¹³

We spent the day driving here, a splendid day, full of inconceivably brilliant talk between the two protagonists, [0053 49] Bernhard and Obrist, and of delighted appreciation on the part of the rest of us.

Walked out in the evening and saw the old Roman bridge.

Monday, April 30, 1894, Giardino, Gubbio

Drove here, stopping by the way to pay a call on a mad Englishman⁷¹⁴ who lives in a villa at Cantiano⁷¹⁵ with a French actress (his wife) and some pretty children.

It began to pour, but we "did" Gubbio.

Tuesday, May 1, 1894, Florence

Back again.

The rain drove three of us home, but Loeser and Miss Hallowell stayed on at Perugia.

We lunched at Foligno, and arrived here about 9.

* Wednesday, May 2, 1894, Florence

Regular life begins again.

We were cheered up by hearing from Mr. Davis that Putnam said the *Venetian* [0054 50]

bottom of p. 49-50 torn away

Painters had been well received and was a success.

We took a wonderful walk behind Bellosguardo towards sunset.

Thursday, May 3, 1894, Florence [crossed out]

No entries during the HO love affair from May 4 until June 1, 1894

⁷¹¹ Sant'Angelo in Lizzola, now part of the comune di Colbordolo, on the road to Pesaro from Ubrino.

⁷¹² west of Urbino.

⁷¹³ In a letter to Obrist, Mary refers to a conversation they had at Cagli, which is located on the road to Gubbio.

⁷¹⁴ ?

⁷¹⁵ On the road to Cagli from Gubbio.



Friday, June 1, 1894, Florence

Nearly a month's interval.

We have been living very quietly, I seeing practically nobody but Obrist (Bernhard of course), but him every day, while Bernhard has been going out more than his wont under the wing of Carlo Placci and meeting charming people like the Countess Rasponi, the Baroness French, Signor Nencioni, Prince Galitzina, etc. He has enjoyed it.

[0055 50 bis: the top of p. 50 bis-51 cut away;
5-6 lines of text missing on each page]

Bernhard has spent all his spare time over his *Lotto*, which is being completely re-written, and is "swellin' visibly under our merry eyes".

To take up the tale, from day to day.

We worked in the morning, Bernhard writing on Lotto's Bergamask period, and I type-writing the part about 1512-1517.

In the afternoon ...

[0056 51] I went up to see my Fiesolan Villa, and afterwards joined him at Fiesole where we dined.⁷¹⁶

We walked down together and had a beer at Gilli and Letta's.

He has made me resolve to learn German.

Saturday, June 2, 1894, Florence

Another blank!

no entries from June 3 to June 14

[0057 52] * Thursday, June 14, Albergo del Nord, Milan

Bernhard and I left Florence today, the *Lotto* still unfinished.

Obrist spent the day with me, up to our starting. He is himself going to Munich in a few days.

I read *L'éducation sentimentale*⁷¹⁷ and enjoyed it very much, in spite of the contradiction between the story-teller and the describer. All those minute descriptions made it seem like an old, old novel, from another time, but the talk, the life, was curiously up to date.

Bernhard read *La vita italiana nel Cinquecento*.⁷¹⁸

⁷¹⁶ At the Aurora?

⁷¹⁷ Gustave Flaubert, *L'Éducation sentimentale* (1869). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2246 .E38 1893 [Shelved as SAL.V3.]**

⁷¹⁸ *La vita italiana nel Cinquecento: conferenze tenute a Firenze nel 1893* (Milan: Treves, 1894), 3 vol. **Biblioteca Berenson DG441 .V58 1894**



Friday, June 15, 1894, Milan

Saw the Bagatti Valsecchi⁷¹⁹ and Bonomi-Cereda⁷²⁰ pictures, also Frizzoni and his sister.

Saw Libro Resta⁷²¹ at Ambrosiana. [0058 53 *sine numero*⁷²²]

Saturday, June 16, 1894, Italia, Milano; Concordia, Bergamo

Brera, Archbishop's Palace, etc.

Came here and hunted everywhere for rooms away from church bells, but found nothing.

Bernhard called on the Piccinelli's and they said that the Bergamasks delight in bells and spend all the money of the tiniest villages getting new ones, which they escort in triumph with garlands and songs.

Sunday, June 17, 1894, Zogno⁷²³

(Hotel in furthest piazza, rooms one franc.)

Drove here along the Val Brembana, and after lunch drove on to Serina⁷²⁴ to see a ruined Palma.

A lovely quiet inn.

Monday, June 18, 1894, Bergamo

A terrible climb to Peghera⁷²⁵ (walking would be better), which is one of the most beautiful mountain valleys I ever saw. No albergo, but we got some eggs, which we cooked ourselves.

The [0059 54] school mistress, a pretty Bergamask young woman of 22, came in to chat with us. Her salary is 600 francs a year, and two rooms. She was clever and evidently a free-thinker. Out of her own head she had organized a course in history for her pupils, beginning with '48 and ending with the unity of Italy. She said that superstitions still reigned, among the women and children, and that in Peghera alone, a miserable, tiny little place, with nothing but a foot-path leading to it, there were four witches.

She told us about the parocco who had just been sent away, on account of a young woman. Poor parocco, he was only 29 years old, and very "liberal". She liked him and got on well with him at the school. The young woman was married to the priest's father. [0060 55 *sine numero*]

⁷¹⁹ Today the Museo Bagatti Valsecchi, Via Gesù 5.

⁷²⁰ Villa Bonomi Cereda Gavazzi Aliprandi, Desio (northwest of Monza).

⁷²¹ Giovanni Morelli, *Kunstkritische Studien über italienische Malerei: Die Galerie zu Berlin*, ed. Gustavo Frizzoni (1890?), p. 90: 'Von L. Lotto besitzt die Ambrosiana (Libro Resta) zwei Studien zu einem h. Joseph (Schwarzkreide)'

⁷²² Mary does not number the verso pages.

⁷²³ On the road to San Pellegrino Terme.

⁷²⁴ 'Serina' (northwest of San Pellegrino Terme) corrected from 'Sedrina' (on the Val Brembana, just down from Zogno).

⁷²⁵ Val di Taleggio, northwest of San Pellegrino Terme.



The Palma we went to see was not much,⁷²⁶ but the driver and the whole experience was delightful.

Tuesday, June 19, 1894, train for Bâle

We spent the day in Bergamo and saw the gallery, etc., including the Frizzoni-Salis pictures.⁷²⁷

Called on the Piccinellis.

Dined at Cova's in Milan, in the garden.⁷²⁸

Took a sleeping-powder.

Wednesday, June 20, 1894, Miss Austin's Pension,
Universitätstrasse, Strassburg

Missed the first train at Bâle, but reached here soon after one.

Fafnir was waiting for us, and we spent the rest of the day talking, walking and eating.

Thursday, June 21, 1894, Strassburg⁷²⁹

Loafed with Fafnir.

The cathedral is a great disappointment. I remembered the choir and transepts as something extraordinarily impressive and mysterious,⁷³⁰ but that awkward window in the middle of the choir-apse, is such a bad piece of [0061 56] lighting, that it completely destroys the effect from the nave. From the transept the effect is better, particularly when you peer up into that dark cupola.

Friday, June 22, 1894, Strassburg

A nice day of loafing and talking.

⁷²⁶ The Pala di San Giacomo, recently restored, in the church at Peghera.

⁷²⁷ Gustavo Frizzoni's uncle Federico Frizzoni (1807–1893) owned the Frizzoni-Salis collection, housed in the family villa at Bellagio.

Palazzo Salis in Soglio (Bregaglia, Switzerland) was built in 1629 by Baptista von Salis, and converted into a guest house in 1876; now a hotel.

⁷²⁸ Cova's, the oldest and most elegant caffè in Milan, was established by Antonio Cova in 1817, an officer in Napoleon's army who had returned to Milan in 1814. Located at the corner of via del Giardino and via San Giuseppe (today via Manzoni and via Verdi) opposite the Teatro della Scala, it was called the Caffè del Giardino. Damaged by bombs in August 1943 Cova reopened in Via Montenapoleone in 1950. Now owned by LVMH.

⁷²⁹ The German spelling.

⁷³⁰ See the entry for August 18, 1893: 'Saw the Cathedral. It made an immense impression at first, and then we were disappointed. It is so barbarous compared to those we have been seeing. The Romanesque choir with the cupola, however, we enjoyed. We did not like the façade.'



We looked at the pictures, and enjoyed the Carianis and Theotocopuli⁷³¹ and I discovered a Francesco Cotignola.⁷³²

Wandered about the “Kleine Frankreich”,⁷³³ but decided that we no longer care for the dirty and squalid picturesque.

Saturday, June 23, 1894, Strassburg

I saw the cathedral again, from the clock transept, and were very much impressed by it. The lighting was very fine, with the door open, bringing out the great column in full relief [0062 57 *sine numero*] against the gloom of the cupola.

We discussed *Manon Lescaut*⁷³⁴ a good deal, and found it peculiarly wonderful because it was the first psychological presentation of a woman who could love and yet be “unfaithful”, regarding her body as a thing apart.

Fafnir has the faculty of drawing B.B. out in a delightful way.

I am reading D’Annunzio’s *Trionfo della Morte*,⁷³⁵ and B.B. *Nell Horn*.

the bottom half of p. 57 left blank

no entries from June 23 until Aug. 23, 1894

<London, Thursday, August 23, 1894>

[0063 58] Why have I not written all this time? *Chi lo sa?* I grow lazy in my old age.

We went from Strassburg to Paris, where we saw the two Salons. One reason for my not writing was, I suppose, that I sent such full notes of the pictures and sculpture to Obrist.⁷³⁶

We saw a good deal of M. Reinach, and B.B. went to spend a day with his friends the Perrys, who half converted him to a belief in the “next world”, through their account of Mrs. Piper’s wonderful revelations! [0064 59 *sine numero*] As Burke⁷³⁷ said (Burke also came to Paris to be with us), his mind is “To Let” on all such subjects.

⁷³¹ El Greco (Domenico Theotocopuli), *Mater dolorosa* (1590-1600).

⁷³² Francesco da Cotignola (c. 1475-1532), also called Zaganelli, was active mainly in Parma and Ravenna.

⁷³³ Kleine Frankreich (‘Little France’), the old French quarter of Strassburg, capital of Alsace and Lorraine.

⁷³⁴ Abbé Prévost (1697-1763), *Histoire de Manon Lescaut et du chevalier Desgrieux* (Paris, Calmann Lévy, 1876). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2021 .M3 1876 [Shelved as SAL.VII.4.]**

Manon Lescaut was published in 1731 as the seventh and final volume of *Mémoires et aventures d'un homme de qualité*. It was controversial in its time and was banned in France upon publication.

⁷³⁵ Gabriele D’Annunzio, *Trionfo della Morte* (1894).

⁷³⁶ Where are the letters Mary sent to Obrist in June 1894?

⁷³⁷ John Burke.



Then we went to London, and stayed until the 24th of August, I at Haslemere most of the time. We saw the Ferrarese exhibition together, and Woburn Abbey. The children were delightful, and Bernhard enjoyed his old and new English friends, and moreover, earned £233 by recommending pictures.

I had an article in the *Chronicle*, a review of Scott's *Old Florence*,⁷³⁸ and the *Studio* took the review of Ulmann's *Botticelli*.

Bernhard, as usual, had a lot of notes in *The Nation*.

I began seriously to study German. [0065 60]

x Friday, August 24, 1894, Hotel de France, Lille

We left London at 11 this morning, reaching here about 5.

On the way we quarrelled, but completely made it up — and forever, I hope! It is “obvious to the meanest intelligence” that we can't get along without each other, so why should we quarrel? <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Saturday, August 25, 1894, Lille

Saw the gallery, and found, of course, some Beccaruzzis⁷³⁹ and Polidoros.⁷⁴⁰

Unfortunately many of the drawings were invisible, as the collection is just being installed in a new building, and the “director had gone away with the key” — our usual luck!

However, the Lille bust made up, more than made up for the [0066 61] journey. What a beauty! It is clearly Florentine, end of XV or beginning of XVI century, but is it Leonardo? It is modelled like Leonardo, but the type is strangely Raphaellesque and so is the composition. Altogether it is the loveliest modern thing I have ever seen. (I put in “modern”, for I remember that wonderful little ivory Madonna from the XII century, in the Bargello).

Bernhard is reading Nietzsche and I *Väter und Söhne* by Tourgenieff.⁷⁴¹

⁷³⁸ Leader Scott (1837-1902), *Echoes of Old Florence: Her palaces and those who have lived in them* (Florence, 1894).

⁷³⁹ Francesco Beccaruzzi (c. 1492–1562) was active near his hometown of Conegliano and in the neighborhood of Treviso. He was influenced by both Il Pordenone and later Titian. He painted *Saint Francis receiving stigmata* (1545) from Conegliano, but now in the Gallerie dell'Accademia in Venice. In *The Venetian Painters*, two paintings at Lille are listed: ‘653. Stoning of Stephen (?)’ and ‘1056. Legend of Moses’.

⁷⁴⁰ Polidoro Lanziani (1515?-1565), imitator of Titian; influenced by Bonifazio and Pordenone; later, by Paul Veronese. In *The Venetian Painters*, a painting at Lille is listed: ‘80. St. Peter Reading’.

⁷⁴¹ Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883), *Väter und söhne* (CHECK). **Biblioteca Berenson House PG3423 .O8**



* Sunday, August 26, 1894, Cerf et Commerce, Douai

After a long look at the bust, we came here, and have faithfully “done” the town, with nothing to reward us except a B. Veneto. [0067 62]

Monday, August 27, 1894, * Hotel d'Angleterre, Beauvais

Revisited Amiens, and found some Italian things, Guardi, Tiepolo, etc. The Puvis did not look as they once did, although we still liked them.

Then we came to this enchanting quiet town, which we have greatly enjoyed. The cathedral is fine and the place is full of interesting things. It is almost Italian, with its large open square, the old forum, and many churches, and the moat and avenue outside.

x Tuesday, August 28, 1894, Corneille,⁷⁴² Paris

Came here and spent the afternoon in the Luxembourg and Sainte Chapelle, [0068 63 *sine numero*] ending up with a drive in the Bois. We enjoyed Rodin's bust in the Luxembourg, and fought over the polychrome colouring of the Sainte Chapelle, Bernhard defending it.

⁷⁴² Place de l'Odeon.



Wednesday, August 29, 1894, Corneille, Paris

Had a fine gallop round the Louvre in the morning, and an hour or so in the Cast Collection in the Trocadero in the afternoon.

I was unwell and came home, while Bernhard haunted the bookstalls of the Odéon.

He bought the new Maeterlinck, and we read *Alladine e Pallamides*⁷⁴³ in the Luxembourg, and fought over it, Bernhard defending it. He grows too tolerant!!

Thursday, August 30, 1894, Corneille, Paris

We spent some enchanted hours in [0069 64] in Notre Dame, which we liked more than ever before. Bernhard has become less academic, with age, and can forgive the architectural contradiction of the two stories resting on the columns, as they do. The choir is superb, and I know nothing anywhere to set beside the façade.

Then we went to the Hôtel de Ville and saw the new hall decorated by Puvis de Chavannes, which was very pretty.

After lunch we went to the Exposition du Livre, and saw some nice Japanese things. **Bernhard also ordered a perfect desk for himself.**

But best of all, we looked at the exhibition of Clément Massier's pottery,⁷⁴⁴ more [0070/0072 65 *sine numero*] wonderful, more beautiful than anything there. How covetous we felt!

Then we had a drive in the Bois. Alas! for our parting tomorrow.

Friday, August <31>, 1894

I left Paris at 8.20, and Bernhard was to leave for Havre at one o'clock. We tried not to be sentimental, but it is a great wrench, that horrible ocean!

[Bernhard leaves for Boston and New York]

Saturday, September 1, 1894, Weisser Hirsch bei Dresden

A nice Harvard boy in "my" train, came over to study "the literature of the Romance nations" in a year. He was a mixture of Fafnir and Norman. We ...

⁷⁴³ Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949), *Alladine et Palomides*, 2nd ed. (Bruxelles : E. Deman, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2625 .A47 1894**

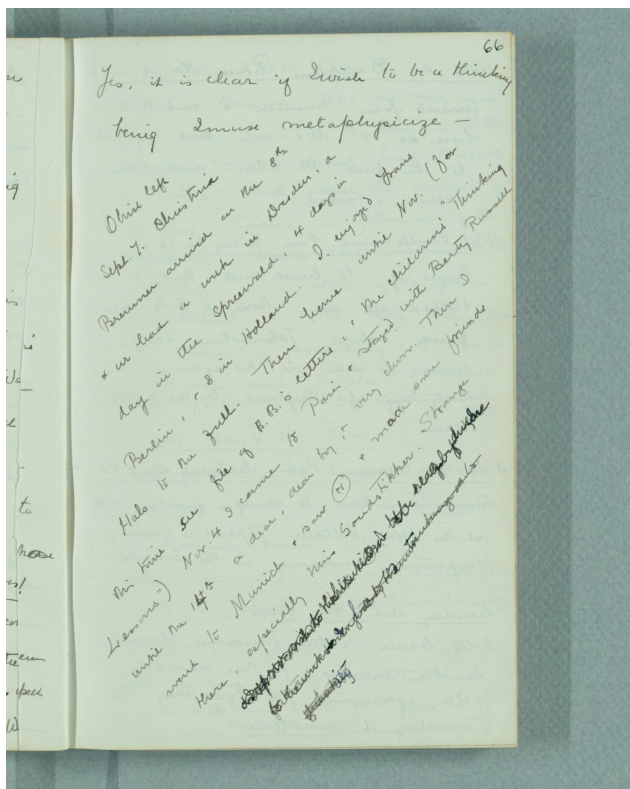
⁷⁴⁴ Clément Massier (1844-1917).



[a page between p. 65 and p. 66 cut away.]

[0071/0073 66] Yes, it is clear if I wish to be a thinking being I must metaphysicize.

[the following written at an angle, later, on a page left blank:]



Obrist left Sept. 7.⁷⁴⁵

Christina Bremner arrived on the 8th and we had a week in Dresden, a day in the Spreewald, 4 days in Berlin, and 8 in Holland. I enjoyed Franz Hals to the full.

⁷⁴⁵ From this entry it would seem that Mary had spent the week of Sept. 1-8 in Dresden with Hermann Obrist, and went to Munich to see him again on Nov. 14, where she apparently stayed before going to meet Bernhard at Rouen on Nov. 29. In a letter to Bernhard dated Sept 15, 1894, Mary mentions that Hermann Obrist is closing his studio in Florence and returning to Munich.

After spending Christmas with her family in England, Mary met Bernhard and Obrist in London on Jan. 10, 1895, and the three crossed over to France together and then travelled to Reims, where they stayed until Jan. 14, when Obrist went to Paris and Bernhard and Mary left for Basle. The details of these trips do not feature in the account of this period provided by Samuels, p. 206-208



'Then home until Nov. (for this time see file of B.B.'s letters,⁷⁴⁶ and the children's "Thinking Lessons")

Nov. 4 <1894>

I came to Paris and **stayed with Bertie Russell until the 14th**,⁷⁴⁷ a dear, dear boy, and very clever.

Then I went to Munich and saw Hermann Obrist and made some friends there, especially Miss Goudstikker.⁷⁴⁸ Strange ...

[three lines of writing crossed out]

[no entries after Nov. 4 until Nov. 29]

⁷⁴⁶ This is a reference to Mary's collection of Bernhard's letters.

Mary's letters to Bernhard while he was in the United States are dated Sept. 15 and Sept. 17 from Dresden, Sept. 20 from Spreewald, Sept 21-25 from Berlin, Sept. 26-27 from Amsterdam and Sept. 28 from London. Her "thinking lessons" for her daughters are mentioned in the letters dated Oct. 10, Oct. 13, Oct. 15 and Oct. 19 from Haslemere.

⁷⁴⁷ Bernhard was still in Boston. Mary and Bertrand Russell evidently stayed in the Hotel Vouillemont, 15 rue Boissy d'Anglas, near rue Saint Honoré and the Jeu de Paume, in 'rooms which shared a sitting room'; see Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 200.

Bertie wrote letters to his fiancée, Mary's sister Alys, during this period, some on the stationery of Hotel Vouillemont; see *The Selected Letters of Bertrand Russell: The Private Years, 1884-1914*, ed. Nicholas Griffin (London, 1992), p. 143-160. The hotel is mentioned in Proust's *Du côté de chez Swann* (Paris: Gallimard, 1987), p. 327; trans. Scott Moncrief, p. 377.

⁷⁴⁸ Sophia Goudstikker (1865-1924), Fotografin, Unternehmerin und Frauenrechtlerin.



[0074 67 *sine numero*]

November 29, 1894, Hotel du Dauphin, Rouen
Arrived from Munich and met B.B. here at 12.
We saw and enjoyed to the full St Ouen, and then talked and talked.

Friday, Nov. 30, 1894, Hotel Vouillemont,⁷⁴⁹ Paris
Came up to lunch with Berty and talked all day. Berty and B.B. made friends, I hope.
Jonathan Sturges⁷⁵⁰ came to call in the afternoon.
I saw Berty off for England by the 9 o'clock train.

Saturday, December 1, 1894, 3 rue de Beaune,⁷⁵¹ Paris
Moved over here to cheaper quarters, B.B. at the Hotel Voltaire.⁷⁵² Spent a really rapturous morning in the Louvre.

Sunday, December 2, 1894, Paris
Notre Dame and the Russian Church in the morning, and this concert in the afternoon. A lyric day. The weather is marvellous. [0075 68]

Monday, December 3, 1894, Paris
Called on Reinach,⁷⁵³ who was very nice. Went with him and M. Dreyfus⁷⁵⁴ to the Louvre, and were nearly bored to death by "shop" talk about the outsides of pictures.
Called on Ephrussi⁷⁵⁵ of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and came back absolutely "in a state of complete prostitution", as the lady said, from the ennui of associating in such a way with such people! M. Reinach knew, of American writers, Poe, Hawthorne and Mark Twain.

Tuesday, December 4, 1894, Paris
Met Loeser in the Louvre and lunched with him.

⁷⁴⁹ Santayana stayed at Hotel Vouillemont in 1930; see *The Letters of George Santayana, 1937-1940* (2004), p. 550.

⁷⁵⁰ Sturges (1864-1911), a friend of Mary's brother Logan. See note in Gorman, 'Berenson's Appreciation of Japanese Art in the 1890s'.

⁷⁵¹ Hôtel de Lorraine et de France, 3-5 rue de Beaune; now a *hôtel particulier*. Baedeker, *Paris*, p. 11

⁷⁵² ☆☆☆ Hôtel du Quai Voltaire, 19 Quai Voltaire, 75007 Paris.

⁷⁵³ Salomon Reinach (1858-1932), an archeologist, was the brother of Joseph Reinach and Théodore Reinach. He lived next to Alexis Rouart at 38 Rue de Lisbonne.

⁷⁵⁴ Gustave Dreyfus (1837-1914) bought the collection of Louis Charles Timbal in 1870 and continued to add to it (101, boulevard Malesherbes); see Secrest, p. 319.

⁷⁵⁵ Spelt 'Ephruzzi' by Mary. Charles Ephrussi (1849-1905), the art critic and collector, was a part-owner (from 1885) and then editor (from 1894) of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.



Went to call on Anquetin,⁷⁵⁶ a Normandy painter of 33 who seems like a reincarnation of Michelangelo. His work is very strong. We all liked him too.

Wednesday, December 5, 1894, Paris

Sent off some of my Hampton Court Guides, and went to M. Dreyfus at 1 and saw the Sciarra⁷⁵⁷ and Goldschmidt⁷⁵⁸ pictures. [0076 69]

Thursday, December 6, 1894, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Met Loeser in the Louvre drawings. Saw Dreyfus' things.

Loeser dined here and we went to the Chat Noir⁷⁵⁹ to see it and Fragerolle's⁷⁶⁰ things, which are after all prettier in books.

Felt horribly respectable and out of it. Too serious.

Friday, December 7, 1894

B.B. took Miss Anstruther Thomson to the Louvre, and I paid a nice call upon M. Reinach.

Lunched with Loeser at the Boeuf à la Mode⁷⁶¹ — ate too much.

Bernhard dined with the Toys.

Saturday, December 8, 1894

B.B. took the Bywaters to the Luxembourg.

I read Michelet at the Bibliothèque Centrale, and was awfully amused at his criticism of Michelangelo.

Sturges⁷⁶² came to tea, and he and Loeser stayed to dinner and til 1, chatting, while B.B. went to dine with the Perrys.

Loeser told of Royce's⁷⁶³ little boy who was taught nothing about religion or death. One day [0077 70] he said one of little friends had "stopped". "What do you mean?" "Why just stopped, you know." It was his description of death.

⁷⁵⁶ Louis Anquetin (1861-1932), from Normandy (Rouen), came to Paris in 1882, studied with Bonnat, later worked with Bernard.

⁷⁵⁷ The Sciarra collection in Paris had passed into a Rothschild collection?

⁷⁵⁸ Adolph Goldschmidt (1868-1944).

⁷⁵⁹ Le Chat Noir, often thought to be the first modern cabaret, opened on 18 November 1881 at 84 Boulevard Rochechouart in the Montmartre district, and closed in 1897.

⁷⁶⁰ ? Auguste-Georges-Prosper Fragerolle (1855-1920) was a French musician and composer.

⁷⁶¹ Le Boeuf à la Mode, then at 8 rue de Valois, closed in 1936.

⁷⁶² For Jonathan Sturges, see Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 207. See BB to Senda, Dec. 28, 1894.

⁷⁶³ ? Josiah Royce, the author of *The Feud of Oak Field Creek*; see Samuels, p. 48. Bernhard published a review of this book in the *Harvard Monthly* 4.2 (April, 1887), p. 78.



Sunday, December 9, 1894

Met Reinach in <the> Louvre and looked at drawings in the Salle des Boites, then lunched with him, meeting his wife, an ex-medical student.

Then we went to this concert and afterwards Loeser and Sturges came to dine and spend the evening.

[programme attached]



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmgorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

[0078/0080 71 *sine numero*]

Monday, December 10, 1894, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Went with Reinach to the Luxembourg, and went all over with him and M. Bénédict.

Got awfully tired, for they made us look at all the bad pictures and statuary.

Tuesday, December 11, 1894

Worked on Louvre drawings, went to Durand-Ruel's after lunch.
Mrs. Hapgood called.

Wednesday, December 12, 1894

Called on Reinach, went with him.⁷⁶⁴ Sturges came for the evening.

Thursday, December 13, 1894

Alys' wedding day! Wired "Cheer up" and received this reply:

[A telegram pasted in: 'Feeling better = Bore and Loo Russell +']

[0079/0081 72] Went to look at drawings in M. Chennevière's⁷⁶⁵ room upstairs, the Bellini sketch-book, and the Codex Vallardi.⁷⁶⁶

Friday, December 14, 1894

Bernhard called on Mrs. Perry and saw some Pissaro water-colour sketches. I called on Reinach and he met me there.

We lunched with Loeser and went to see the Rouart⁷⁶⁷ collection (34 rue de Lisbonne) of Degas, Manet, Corot and above all Daumier.

Awfully tired!

Saturday, December 15, 1894

Drawings in portfolios in Louvre.

Bernhard lunched with Bing⁷⁶⁸ and saw his marvellous Japanese things, while I took Mrs. Hapgood to Durand-Ruel's and the Louvre.

We spent the evening with the Reinachs.

Sunday, December 16, 1894

Strange letter from HO.

⁷⁶⁴ The phrase 'to the Salle des Boites' crossed out.

⁷⁶⁵ ? Léon Debillé, dit Georges Chennevière, né le 22 mai 1884 à Paris où il est mort le 21 août 1927, est un poète et dramaturge français.

⁷⁶⁶ Le Codex Vallardi est une collection de dessins acquis au mois de mars 1856 par le musée du Louvre, pour 35 000 francs, auprès de Giuseppe Vallardi, un marchand et antiquaire milanais.

⁷⁶⁷ Alexis Rouart (1839-1911), collector of Impressionist paintings.

⁷⁶⁸ In December 1895 Siegfried Bing (1838-1905), opened the famous gallery, the Maison de l'Art Nouveau.



Bernhard saw Duret's⁷⁶⁹ and Camondo's⁷⁷⁰ pictures.

We heard Berlioz' *Requiem* at the Colonne⁷⁷¹ and worked in the evening.
[0082 73 *sine numero*]

Monday, December 17, 1894, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Went to see M. Ravaissou⁷⁷² (11 Quai Voltaire) in the morning. Among a mass of so-called Raphaels, Leonardos, Correggios, Titians and so on, we found a small Balducci, a little Giulio Campi and a Lorenzo di Pavia. But Ravaissou was a dear, naïf, old man.

After lunch we went with M. Reinach and M. Mocatta⁷⁷³ to see some manuscripts in the Bibliothèque nationale, especially the *Heures* of Anne de Bretagne.

Then we went to the gem and antique collection, and afterwards had tea with Reinach and stayed talking.

Bernhard dined with the Boals,⁷⁷⁴ and I read Marcel Reymond⁷⁷⁵ on Donatello.

HO wrote that his little servant Marthe had hung herself — he found her dead in her room!

Tuesday, December 18, 1894

Bernhard went with Mrs. Jack Gardner to the Louvre in the morning, lunched with her, and worked all afternoon and evening on his review of *Botticelli* (Ulmann) for the *Revue critique*.⁷⁷⁶

After coming home from a most pleasant call upon Anquetin,⁷⁷⁷ [0083 74] whom I found quite alone, I helped work on the review. We quarrelled, as we usually do when we work together, but made it up out of good sense.

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(Letters from Evelyn X.)

⁷⁶⁹ Théodore Duret (1838-1927), author and art critic, and an advocate of impressionism, author of *Critique d'Avant Garde* (Paris, 1885). Advisor to Louisine Havemeyer.

⁷⁷⁰ Moïse de Camondo (1860-1935), banker, founded the Nissim De Camondo Museum on the Parc Monceau.

⁷⁷¹ La colonne Vendôme?

⁷⁷² ? Jean Gaspard Félix Ravaissou-Mollien (1813 – 1900), curator of the Department of Antiquities at the Louvre (from 1870).

⁷⁷³ Mocatta ?

⁷⁷⁴ Boal ?

⁷⁷⁵ Marcel Reymond (1849-1924), *Donatello* (Paris, 1890).

⁷⁷⁶ Published as 'Ulmann's *Botticelli*?', *Revue critique d'histoire et de littérature* (Feb. 4, 1895), p. 88-95. Bernhard had published another review of Ulmann's *Botticelli*, in *The Studio* 3/17 (Aug. 15, 1894), p. xxxi-xxxiii, under the initials 'M. C.' (Mary Costelloe); the original manuscript copy in his own handwriting (with Mary's corrections in blue ink) was sent to the printer and then returned and is preserved in the Library at I Tatti. Mary placed the article in *The Studio* for Bernhard. She did not write it.

⁷⁷⁷ Louis Anquetin (1861-1932); see the entry for Dec. 4, 1894.



Wednesday, December 19, 1894

Called on Reinach, worked over Botticelli, had nice talks.
Went to see Sarah Bernhardt in *Gismonda*.

Thursday, December 20, 1894

Took Mme Reinach to the Louvre. There is a fearful tragedy there, the worst of all, the tragedy of being loved. She is dying of ennui. She thinks he enjoys nothing, but the real truth is, his enjoyment is his active brain with information, "job lots", as Bernhard said, in traditional Jew fashion!

<marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We lunched with Loeser and then B.B. went to call on M. Dreyfus.

Loeser and Sturges came to dinner and we went to see M. Rouart's Japanese things, next door to Reinach.⁷⁷⁸

At 9.30 B.B. and I went in to Reinach, and had a lot of hopping talk.

Mme Reinach came in and told me she did not enjoy a single thing she did. <marked with a blue line in the left margin> [0084 75 *sine numero*]

Saturday, December 22, 1894, London

I was ill, but we did some errands, getting desks, among other things, and met Loeser at lunch.

He and B.B. went to the Luxembourg and I packed. I crossed on Friday night, and had a horrible crossing.

. . .
. .
.

On Jan. 10, 1895,

Mary met Bernhard and Obrist in London and the three travelled together to Reims, where they stayed until Jan. 14, when Obrist went to Paris and Bernhard and Mary left for Basle.

⁷⁷⁸ Salomon Reinach lived at 38 Rue de Lisbonne, Alexis Rouart at 34 Rue de Lisbonne.



[no entries after Dec. 22, London, until]

Friday, January 11, 1895, Lion d'Or, Reims

A strange Christmas tide, now happily over. I will not write of it at present, for all is well again, and I mean it to continue so.

I left the children listening to the "Mysterious Island". They kissed me goodbye under the impression that I was an octopus, I believe, or else an ourang-outang or a pirate.

Evelyn⁷⁷⁹ came to see me off, and there met Bernhard and Obrist.⁷⁸⁰ We three came together, talking all the way approximating a quantitative [0085 76] definition of genius, the power to react against habits.

Saturday, January 12, 1895, Reims

The Cathedral! Impossible to express the overwhelming impression of that interior. <marked with a red line in the left margin>

During all the day a continuous flow of interesting talk, on hundreds of subjects, but centering generally about some aesthetic or critical question, or the position and future, or real nature of women. <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Sunday, January 13, 1895, Reims

We have stayed on to get a full impression of the Cathedral, and to enjoy HO, who is himself simply overwhelmed with the architecture and sculpture. We all get on very well together.

Saw the fête of S. Remi at the Church of S. Remi [0086 77 *sine numero*]

Monday, January 14, 1895, Lion d'Or, Reims

Still here, and still happy. We have enjoyed the Cathedral *au fond*, and each other very much.

Tuesday, January 15, 1895, Victoria, Bâle

Bernhard and I left at 7.0 in the morning, and HO was going to Paris in the 7.12 train.

We came here, reading *La fin du Paganisme* (Boissier)⁷⁸¹ and James' Psychology.⁷⁸²

⁷⁷⁹ Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1866-1898), Mary's best friend, died on Nov. 2, 1898.

⁷⁸⁰ Obrist was staying in London too.

⁷⁸¹ Gaston Boissier (1823-1908), *La fin du paganisme* (Paris: Hachette, 1891).

Biblioteca Berenson BR205 .B6 1891

⁷⁸² William James (1842-1901), *The Principles of Psychology*, 2 vol. (New York: Holt, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections BF121 .J36 1893 M**

William James (1842-1901), *Text-book of Psychology* (London: Macmillan, 1892).

Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections BF121 .J36 1892 S [Inside front cover, ink, legible, signature]



Arriving here, we found the line broken by an avalanche, and so have to stay over.

Wednesday, January 16, 1895, Bâle

Went to the museum and saw the Böcklins. There are 3 large frescoes on the staircase, which are really *dreadful*. Not only without drawing, but really without [0087 78] *Inhalt*. Then, upstairs, there is a sculptural head of Medusa, a portrait of a woman, grey and green and brass-yellow, a centaur battle, an allegory of life, glaring in colour, a dead Christ, a mermaid-play, a perfectly banal, vulgar portrait of himself, an (early) Diane *à la chasse*, and a scene in a wood at autumn where a procession of white-robed figures is coming to worship at a flaming altar, by a pool.

The only one of these that really moved me was the last, although there are humorous episodes in the mermaids, even so much life and energy in the centaurs, undeniable poetry in the life allegory, and interesting tone in the woman. But this picture was like a note struck that sets marvellous [0088 79 *sine numero*] over-tones vibrating in one's nature, a hint of one feeling about the Greeks, such as Browning has in his *Pheidippide*⁷⁸³ or Arnold in the "Not here, O Apollo".⁷⁸⁴ No one else has done this in painting, but the pity of it is, Böcklin, as a painter, is not at all equal to Böcklin as a poet. His idea transcends his execution to a really painful degree. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We saw a *Dead Christ* by Holbein which was exquisite in tone, and almost like a Crivelli in drawing, besides being poetical — almost sublime — in interpretation. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We went also to the Cathedral, and after lunch came back to read and write — the line not being mended yet. [0089 80]

Thursday, January 17, 1895, Bâle

Line not mended.

Bernhard spent most of the day writing a review of Mrs. Ady's *Raphael*, which I copied and sent to the *Courrier des Arts*⁷⁸⁵ and the *Chronicle*.

Also I entered into note-books the pictures exhibited at the London Venetian Exhibition.

We quarrelled about Barye's⁷⁸⁶ landscapes, and passed on from that to many other subjects of dispute.

⁷⁸³ Robert Browning, *Pheidippides* (1879).

⁷⁸⁴ Matthew Arnold, *Apollo Musagetes* (1855).

⁷⁸⁵ 'The Early Works of Raphael by Julia Cartwright Ady' [review] in *Le Chronique des Arts et de la Curiosité* (Jan. 26, 1895), p. 35-36; a review of *Raphael in Rome* (London, 1895).

Julia Cartwright Ady (1851-1924), *Raphael* (London: Seeley; New York: Macmillan, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.R2 C3 1895**

⁷⁸⁶ Antoine-Louis Barye (1796-1875), sculptor.



I made up my mind to tell him the whole Obrist story — when we are once settled in Florence.

Friday, January 18, 1895, Concordia, Milan

All day in the train.

Read Boissier's *Fin du Paganism*.⁷⁸⁷ [0090 81 *sine numero*]

Saturday, January 19, 1895, Milan

Went to Frizzoni's, the Brera, the Poldi, Crespi's, and Cavenaghi's.

Dined at Cova's and discussed the difference between photographs and art.

Sunday, January 20, 1895, Milano, Florence

Came down here.

Emily Dawson met us at dinner and was very jolly.

⁷⁸⁷ Gaston Boissier (1823-1908), *La fin du paganisme: étude sur les dernières luttes religieuses en Occident au quatrième siècle* (1891). **Biblioteca Berenson BR205 .B6 1891**



Villa Kraus & Villa Rosa, Fiesole, 1895-1897

Monday, January 21, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Maud Cruttwell⁷⁸⁸ came in and we shopped. I bought Bernhard's house-linen with Emily.

We came here and found the housekeeping simply in perfect order. Maud is a brick!

Tuesday, January 22, 1895, Fiesole

Unpacking.

Emily came up to lunch, and we chatted and unpacked and caused desolation in Bernhard's room by trying experiments with his wall-paper. The man [0091 82 *sine numero*] who carried in his things was frightened by the house dog who barked. "Suo cane", he said, "ha una voce di poeta", he said.

We have a marvellous cook. After an excellent dinner, we read poetry and I worked on the review of Bernhard's *Lotto* which the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* has asked me for.⁷⁸⁹

Wednesday, January 23, 1895

Worked on the *Lotto*.

After lunch B and I went to town and desolated ourselves trying to think what to do with his room.

Then I called on Emily, and she suggested sacking for his walls, to which I added a dab of matting, green and buff.

I called at the Palmerino and had some talk with Vernon and Miss Thomson about Mr. Hamilton, whom also I saw.

English poetry in the evening. [0092 83]

Thursday, January 24, 1895

Worked on *Lotto*, while Bernhard went down to Florence to shop. He drove up with Emily, who came to lunch.

Afterwards we all looked at Duccio and Giotto photographs.

Bernhard's room looks lovely!

In the evening we read Keats, and other things.

⁷⁸⁸ Maud Cruttwell (1860-1939)

⁷⁸⁹ 'On a recent criticism Lorenzo Lotto', in *The Studio* 5/26 (May 15, 1895), p. 63-67). or perhaps:

Review of B. Berenson, *Lorenzo Lotto* and other publications' in *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (Sept. 1, 1902), p. 257-258.



Friday, January 25, 1895

Writing on *Lotto* in the morning.

Bernhard began his article on the Venetian Exhibition in London.⁷⁹⁰

I went down to the Uffizi in the afternoon, and met Mr. Cook,⁷⁹¹ who was connoisseuring around.

Poetry in the evening, Chaucer.

Saturday, January 26, 1895

Still settling in.

Bernhard lunched with the Benns and went to the Uffizi with Cook.

We read Browning etc., in the evening.

He said Furtwängler was like a fox hunter, who scoured the country and beat the ____ and drove the fox into his hole — and then left him there.

<marked with a blue line in the left margin> [0093 84]

Sunday, January 27, 1895

Lotto.

Cook came to lunch, and we had an all-day gorge on connoisseuring. He stayed to dinner. Although a **Balliol** man, he had never heard of Pater, and never read a word of Browning.

Monday, January 28, 1895

Lotto.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch. He has cured himself of his auto-suggested illness, which kept him on his back for 20 years. He thought he would be so happy, would wake up to life with the nerves of a boy. But he wakes up with the nerves of a man over 50, and finds nothing makes him happy. Like Mr. Bennett, he asks, "Is *this* the party?"

⁷⁹⁰

"The Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition of Pictures..." [review] in *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature* XXIX/18 (March 6, 1895), p. 348-352.

"Venetian Painting, Chiefly before Titian, at the Exhibition of Venetian Art," the New Gallery, 1895.

⁷⁹¹ Sir **Herbert** Frederick **Cook** (1868-1939), 3rd Baronet Cook of Richmond, an art patron and art historian. The only son of Sir Frederick Cook, 2nd Baronet, he was educated at Harrow and **Balliol**. He was subsequently called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1895. In 1898 he married the Honourable Mary Hood, daughter of the 2nd Viscount Bridport, with whom he had one son, **Francis**, who succeeded him, and two daughters.

His only son, Sir Francis Ferdinand Maurice Cook, 4th Baronet (1907-1978), artist, inherited his father's titles in 1939. After World War II he dispersed the most of the family's important collection of paintings.

His grandfather: Sir Frederick Lucas Cook, 2nd Baronet (1844-1920) was the second holder of the Cook Baronetcy, the head of the family textile-trading company, and a Conservative Party politician.

His father: Sir Francis Cook, 1st Baronet (1817-1901) was a British merchant and art collector.



Walked, worked, and read Elizabethan lyrics in the evening, but most of them proved very dull to all three of us. [0094 85 *sine numero*]

Tuesday, January 29, 1895

Lotto.

Fabbri came to lunch and was nice and serious and unstimulating as usual.

Walked with Bernhard, but as we each wanted to go a different way, we separated, instead of squabbling. How sensible! How next century, almost!!

<marked with a blue line in the left margin>

In the evening we read Walt Whitman and Browning.

Wednesday, January 30, 1895

I writing⁷⁹² *Lotto*, Bernhard the XV pictures at the New Gallery⁷⁹³ in the morning.

In the afternoon we went with Cook, Maud and Emily to the Uffizi.

Read Milton in the evening.

Thursday, January 31, 1895

Writing.

Emily to lunch and a lecture from B.B. on the time from Giotto to Masaccio.

Milton in the evening. I began the *French Anthology*.⁷⁹⁴ [0095 86]

Friday, February 1, 1895

Writing again.

Studied Alvise photographs.

Poetry in evening.

Michael wrote an angry letter bidding us "sail out of her life as if we had never been. Bon voyage, illusion perdue!" — à propos of a misunderstanding. What a lack of psychology, proving her completely of the old generation. Of course it means next to nothing. People who mean those things don't write them, as Heine says. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Saturday, February 2, 1895

Again grinding away at my writing.

Snow! snow! snow! and horrible cold.

Looked at Buonsignori and Cima photos.

Read Frere's⁷⁹⁵ translation of Aristophanes' *Birds*.

⁷⁹² Her article on *Lotto*, or 'type-writing' Bernhard's manuscript.

⁷⁹³ ? "Venetian Painting, Chiefly before Titian, at the Exhibition of Venetian Art," the New Gallery, 1895

⁷⁹⁴ ? The French Anthology

⁷⁹⁵ John Hookham Frere, *Aristophanes: a metrical version of the Acharnians, The Knights and The Birds* (London, 1886) **Biblioteca Berenson PA3877 .A2 1886**



Sunday, February 3, 1895

Writing.

Cook came to lunch, and we connoshered until 5.

Wrote again and again read the *Birds*. [0096 87]

Monday, February 4, 1895, Fiesole

Snow and wind.

We carried on our quiet life, work, walked and read, and finished the *Birds* in the evening.

Tuesday, February 5, 1895

Emily came up to lunch, and we had a lecture on Masolino and Masaccio with photographs.

We read Wordsworth at night, also the *Bab Ballads*.⁷⁹⁶

Wednesday, February 6, 1895

Sent off my review of *Lotto* to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.⁷⁹⁷

Began the one for *The Studio*.⁷⁹⁸

Read Shelley, *Adonis*,⁷⁹⁹ and found it pretty poor.

Thursday, February 7, 1895

Sent off review to <The> *Studio*.

Arranged papers. Walked.

Read *Scholar Gypsy*,⁸⁰⁰ *Thyrsis*,⁸⁰¹ *Lycidas*⁸⁰² and Moschus' *Lament for Bion*.⁸⁰³

Feeling rather low about money.

⁷⁹⁶ W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911), *Fifty "Bab" ballads: much sound and little sense* (London : New York : G. Routledge, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4713 .B33 1887 [Shelved as C.LVI.1.]**

A collection of light verse by W. S. Gilbert, illustrated with his own comic drawings. Gilbert wrote the *Ballads* before he became famous for his comic opera librettos with Arthur Sullivan.

⁷⁹⁷ Review of B. Berenson, *Lorenzo Lotto*, and other publications (in *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, 257-258), Sept. 1, 1902

⁷⁹⁸ 'On a recent criticism Lorenzo Lotto' (in *The Studio* 5/26, 63-67), May 15, 1895

⁷⁹⁹ Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), *Adonais: An elegy on the death of John Keats* (Pisa, with the type of Didot MDCCLXXI; [London : N. Douglas, 1927] **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5406 .A1 1927**

⁸⁰⁰ Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), *Scholar Gypsy* (1853).

⁸⁰¹ Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), *Thyrsis* (1865).

⁸⁰² John Milton (1608-1674), *Lycidas* (1637), in *The works of John Milton, in verse and prose* (London: W. Pickering, 1851). **Biblioteca Berenson PR3550 .E51 1851**

⁸⁰³ Moschus, *Lament for Bion* (c. 100 B.C.); see Michael Paschalis, 'Virgil's Sixth Eclogue and the *Lament for Bion*', *The American Journal of Philology* 116 (1995), p. 617-621.



Friday, February 8, 1895

Made notes for Bernhard's review⁸⁰⁴ of Lafenestre's *Florence*,⁸⁰⁵ and studied Catena with him.

Discussed the mysterious school of [0097 88] Gentile Bellini, that still unknown factor in Venetian art. Bernhard wants to revive it, as he has done with Alvise Vivarini.

Long review of *Lotto* evidently by an enemy (whether personal or merely an enemy to "Morellianism") in *The Nation*.⁸⁰⁶

I went down to Florence — it seems like a real expedition — and shopped and called on Emily.

Saw Miss Boord in the street.

Emily says all the German women she knows adore Ekkehardt⁸⁰⁷ as a real book!

We read Coleridge⁸⁰⁸ in the evening.

Ray has learned to skate. Mother writes that she can get all round the Regent Park Pond, "with her little legs wide apart and her arms waving like windmills." The angel!

Saturday, February 9, 1895

Took notes from Lafenestre.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch.

Walked.

Read Nietzsche, one of the *Chansons de Geste*, Boissier, Perry's *Greek Literature* and in <the> evening Aristophanes' *Knights*. [0098 89]

Sunday, February 10, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Letter from Reinach saying Bernhard's article⁸⁰⁹ after all can't go in the *Revue archéologique*. Disappointment.

Loeser and Emily came to lunch, and we walked and talked.

We read the *Knights* in the evening.

Bernhard was feeling low and said, "I can never write again." He is like a tree. His leaves haven't begun to put out yet, and he thinks the winter past

⁸⁰⁴ 'Le gallerie nazionali italiane' and 'Georges Lafenestre et Eugène Richtenberger, *La peinture in Europe*', *Revue Internationale des Archives des Bibliothèques et des Musées*, I/1, 56-61, 1895.

⁸⁰⁵ Georges Lafenestre (1837-1919) & Eugène Richtenberger (1856-1920), *Florence* (1894). (Paris: Quantin, Librairies-imprimeries réunies, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections N2540 .L34 1894 S** [Contains annotations by Mary Berenson.]

⁸⁰⁶ Kenyon Fox; see Samuels, p. 212.

⁸⁰⁷ Ekkehardt ? Perhaps Ekkehard I (Ekkehardus Decanus; 910-973), dean at the abbey of St Gall and the presumed author of *Waltharius*.

⁸⁰⁸ Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), *The complete works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 7 vol. (New York: Harper, 1853). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4470 .E53 1853**

⁸⁰⁹ Which article?



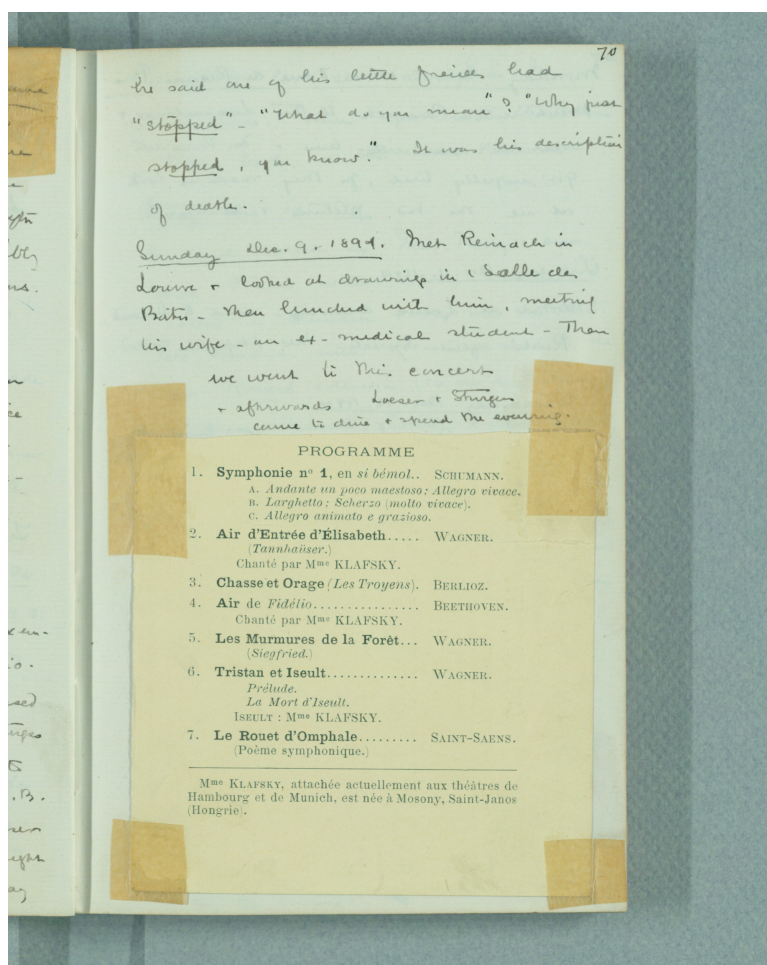
will endure facon. By June he will be in full leaf, and will hate to tear himself away from Fiesole.

Emily said, when I told her the S. Marco Giotto was genuine, "Why, it has so many traditions about it being Giotto. I never thought it could be genuine!" — quite naively.

Monday, February 11, 1895

Began article on Lafenestre's *Florence*.⁸¹⁰

It rained, but I went into Florence and had a [0099 90] look round the Uffizi with Emily.



⁸¹⁰ Lafenestre,



In the evening we read B.'s paper on Literature⁸¹¹ being the account of the struggle of the individual to assert himself against all the forces that tend to crush him and keep him down. We discussed it and also Rosny.⁸¹²

Bernhard's review of Ulmann's *Botticelli* in the *Revue critique* came.⁸¹³

Tuesday, February 12, 1895

A very lazy day. I was ill all the afternoon, but in the morning I took notes for the Lafenestre article.

Bernhard dipped about into all sorts of books.

I began Perry's *English Literature in the XVIII Century*.

We both read Theodore Marzials' poems⁸¹⁴ all through, I don't know why. This is a sample:

Sweet
Wake
Here, take
My heart in your hand,
Break.

Finished the *Knights*.⁸¹⁵ [0100 91]

Wednesday, February 13, 1895, Fiesole

The great event of the day was the arrival and spreading of our Japanese rugs.

I wrote my Lafenestre review in the morning.

Bernhard went in to Florence, and I arranged things a little in his house, for his remark that it looked "just like a priest's house" touched my heart!

In the evening we read a little Browning before Maud went down to write letters, and afterwards I read Symonds' Greek Poets,⁸¹⁶ Perry, etc., while Bernhard read medieval French poetry.

Thursday, February 14, 1895 [Mary's 31st birthday]

I spent quite a time this morning thinking over the "lessons of the year". I believe the upshot of it all is a hatred of any kind of deceit ... a most valuable lesson to learn, if⁸¹⁷ I really have learnt it.

⁸¹¹ This article is preserved?

⁸¹² J.-H. Rosny; see above.

⁸¹³ 'Ulmann's *Botticelli*?, *Revue critique d'histoire et de littérature* (Feb. 4, 1895), p. 88-95.

⁸¹⁴ Théophile-Jules-Henri 'Theo' Marzials (1850-1920) was a British composer, singer and poet. Marzials was described in 1894 as a 'poet and eccentric' by Max Beerbohm, and, after writing and performing several popular songs, vanished into obscurity.

⁸¹⁵ Aristophanes?

⁸¹⁶ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Studies of the Greek Poets* (London, 1873).

⁸¹⁷ The word 'if' was underlined and the word 'Alas' was written vertically in blue pencil in the left margin, as a later addition.



We wrote in the morning, and then Bernhard went to lunch with the Scotts and Maud and I went to call on Miss Belle Duffy,⁸¹⁸ who is staying with Mr. Hamilton. She was very sniffy.

We tried to read Emerson's so-called poetry in the evening, but it was a failure. Ditto Poe. [0101 92]

Friday, February 15, 1895

At work on the pamphlet about the New Gallery.

Emily came to lunch, and we had a talk about Paolo Uccello, Domenico Veneziano, and Andrea Castagno.

Bernhard went to see Salvini⁸¹⁹ in one of Scribe's⁸²⁰ plays in the evening, and spent the night with Loeser. Loeser was busy writing something to prove that Bernhard's *Lotto* was all wrong. When at last it came to a question of what he based himself on, he pulled out a drawing which, to him, was Alvise Vivarini's only authentic drawing, and which turned out to be — — a Flemish copy of a group from Filippino's frescoes in S. Maria sopra Minerva!! *und so weiter*.

x Saturday, February 16, 1895

Worked, walked, talked and read. [0102 93]

Sunday, February 17, 1895, Fiesole

Worked in the morning, and after lunch I went in to see Bernhard off to Milan, where he is going on business.

Then I called on Emily, and afterwards came on up.

Finished Fogazzaro's *Daniele Cortis*.⁸²¹

Monday, February 18, 1895

Finished and sent off the pamphlet on the New Gallery.

Miss Paget came to call, bringing with her as usual a topsy-turvy literary world which reminds me that the other night as we were talking of Henry James, and the sterile type of American he writes about, Bernhard compared it to a botanist spending all his time on those bits of pollen-dust that are blown out to sea and never fertilize anything. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Also he compared the Bicci⁸²² to Darwin's earth worms, digging up the artistic soil, the uneducated public, <marked with a blue line in the left margin> [0103 94]

⁸¹⁸ ? Belle Duffy

⁸¹⁹ Salvini, an actor

⁸²⁰ Eugène Scribe (1791-1861).

⁸²¹ Antonio Fogazzaro (1842-1922), *Daniele Cortis* (1885).

⁸²² A painting (in the Accademia? see entry for Feb. 21, 1895) by: Neri di Bicci (1419-1491)? Or perhaps by Lorenzo di Bicci (c. 1350-1427)?



Tuesday, February 19, 1895

I took a long walk over the hills in the pine forests with Bianca, the white dog.

Bernhard came home to dinner.

Wednesday, February 20, 1895

Emily came up and we had a walk and tea in the garden, in the sun.

Worked on the Lafenestre, read German.

Thursday, February 21, 1895

Bernhard lunched at the Rasponis, I in town, renewing acquaintance with the dear oysterman.⁸²³

Met Emily at the Academy and looked at Botticellis, Filippis, and Neri di Biccis.

Then went to Sant'Apollonia and the Cenacolo di Fuligno.⁸²⁴

Bernhard came to tea at Emily's and we walked up.

Mother wrote that Miss Sellers was sent for to nurse Frau Furtwängler through the illness consequent upon the attempt to cure her of the opium habit — and that she had gone, not knowing. It almost drove her crazy. Also that Miss Sellers did not go to Paris because Reinach wrote so enthusiastically of Bernhard's opinions on Greek art, and she felt he could know [0104 95] very little about it, and didn't want to quarrel with Reinach over it. The truth is that Bernhard opened R.'s eyes to the idea of qualitative as opposed to quantitative criticism.

Friday, February 22, 1895, Fiesole

Quarrelled in a sort of way in the morning. At any rate, spent our time talking.

In the afternoon arranged photos.

Fabbri came to dinner. He said that when he dined with Loeser, Loeser spent all his time trying to prove that Whistler is a superior artist to Degas.

After he had gone, I read the *Facéties* de Pogge.⁸²⁵

⁸²³ The Trattoria Toscana in Via Calzaiuoli — (awarded one star in Baedeker's 1886 guide to Florence), which no longer exists, was evidently the favorite restaurant of Bernhard and Mary; see the entries for January 27, 1892 ('In the evening we dined with the Ways and Loeser at the Toscana'), March 8, 1892 ('We had dinner together at La Toscana'), April 17, 1892, Easter Sunday ('lunched together at the Toscana'), January 6, 1893 ('Cesare, our waiter at the Toscana') and November 14, 1893 ('It was quite a "festa" when our old waiters and the oysterman at the Toscana saw us.')

Not to be confused with the Trattoria Toscana which today is located in Piazza San Lorenzo 8r.

⁸²⁴ Il Cenacolo di Fuligno (Via Faenza 42) è dedicato alla grande *Ultima cena* di Pietro Perugino, nel refettorio dell'ex-convento di Sant'Onofrio, detto anche delle monache di Foligno (sud-est di Perugia).

⁸²⁵ Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459), *Facetiae* (1470).



x Saturday, February 23, 1895

Wrote Lafenestre in the morning, and arranged Bernhard's books and had a short walk in the afternoon, and Lafenestre again in the evening.

Miss Cruttwell said her proudest treasure in her "trophy" days, was the end of a young man's moustache which [0105 96] he had sent her, wrapped in paper, as a proof of devotion.

Sunday, February 24, 1895

Loeser and Emily came up to lunch and we had a long walk over the hills.

After tea Loeser discoursed on religion, and Miss Cruttwell drew me aside to ask if he had softening of the brain!

Emily stayed all night.

Began Ferrari's *Révolutions d'Italie*.⁸²⁶

Monday, February 25, 1895

Worked.

Bernhard lunched with the Ogilvys.

I walked to the Palmerino and back.

We read *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*⁸²⁷ in the evening, and I finished *Old Mortality*.⁸²⁸

Tuesday, February 26, 1895

German, etc., in the morning.

It was warm a scirocco and the snow all melted, at last!

We discussed Scott's novels and Bernhard compared a good novel to a well-composed picture, with the plans of foreground, middle distance and background well kept. Scott, like a great painter, only [0106 97] puts in enough detail in the middle distance to indicate the salient character of the person (cf. Impressionist and miniature painting), whereas Flaubert in *L'éducation sentimentale*, and often the de Goncourts, crowd their middle distance with detail, etc. Interesting criticism. <marked with a red line in the left margin>

<marked with a blue line in the left margin>

After our walk, suddenly Fafner Hapgood came, and we spent the rest of the day and evening talking. He stayed here all night. He is a great dear. He had dined on Sunday night with Obrist, whom he liked.

Wednesday, February 27, 1895

Went in with Fafner and saw the Academy, Pitti and Uffizi.

Took tea at Loeser's.

⁸²⁶ Giuseppe Ferrari (1811-1876), *Histoire des révolutions d'Italie; ou, Guelfes et Gibelins*, 4 vol. (Paris, Didier, 1858). **Biblioteca Berenson DG482 .F47 1858**

⁸²⁷ John Milton, *L'Allegro* (1645); *Il Penseroso* (1645).

⁸²⁸ Sir Walter Scott, *Old Mortality* (1816).



Read *Evan Harrington*.⁸²⁹

The day was rather spoiled for me by getting irritated at Bernhard, who was very rude to me in the gallery, over one of the Fra Angelicos, when I agreed with Fafner that its colour was horrible. Thereafter, being irritated himself, he strove to say as many annoying things as he could. [0107 98] I suppose my remarks on the icture were not as edifying as they might have been. It is really too silly to fight. Why on earth should we? <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Thursday, February 28, 1895

Awoke to a fierce snow-storm! But it was gone, and all the snow, too, by afternoon.

Emily and Miss Anstruther Thomson came to lunch, and Bernhard talked to us enchantingly about the early Sienese.

We had a nice walk, and I finished the Lafenestre in the evening.

Mrs. Jack Gardner wrote that she would take <the> 2 Peruzzis Bernhard wrote to her about, thereby causing us to rejoice, for we are low in funds and this means about £70. <marked with a red line in the left margin> [0108 99]

Friday, March 1, 1895

Sent off the review of Lafenestre.

Maud and I lunched with Loeser and I had tea with Emily.

Bernhard called on the Morgans.

Began *Richard Feverel*⁸³⁰ (second time of reading).

Saturday, March 2, 1895

Rain all day.

We finished our German story, *Don Juan von Kolomea*.⁸³¹

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch.

We read Bernhard's essay on Mohamed in the evening.

Finished *Richard Feverel*.

Sunday, March 3, 1895

Began *Einsame Menschen* by Hauptmann.⁸³²

Loeser came to lunch and we had an enchanting walk. The day began with snow, but the afternoon was lovely and we had tea in the garden.

Read parts of the Koran in the evening. [0109 100]

Monday, March 4, 1895

German etc., in the morning.

⁸²⁹ George Meredith, *Evan Harrington* (1861).

⁸³⁰ George Meredith (1828-1909), *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859).

⁸³¹ Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1835-1895), *Don Juan von Kolomea* (1870).

⁸³² Gerhart Hauptmann (1862-1946), *Einsame Menschen* (1891).



Too snowy to go to town.

But the afternoon was wonderful, and after posting Bernhard's review of the Burlington Ferrarese Catalogue,⁸³³ we took one of the nicest walks we have ever had along the road to Monte Senario and through the *poderi*.⁸³⁴ The streams were bursting out in every direction. Bernhard said the pleasure the sound of rushing water gives our ears is equivalent to the pleasure our eyes take in a swirl of lines. <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

When we returned Miss Paget and Miss Thomson were here, and we chatted and looked at photos.

Bernhard went to dine with them, and **I studied German** and read Ferrari,⁸³⁵ etc.

Tuesday, March 5, 1895

A heavy snow-storm all day!!

Read *Einsame Menschen*, Nietzsche, [0110 101] Boissier,⁸³⁶ Ferrari, and Pater's last book, *Greek Studies*.⁸³⁷

After reading "Hippolytus Unveiled",⁸³⁸ I read the translation of it in Perry.⁸³⁹

Talked a good deal about Furtwängler and Janet.⁸⁴⁰

M. Reinach's translation of my *conte-rendu* of *Lotto* came in proof and we corrected it.

We took our "rampart walk" in spite of the snow.

Wednesday, March 6, 1895

Read German.

Called at Palmerino in the afternoon.

Read Border Ballads at night.

⁸³³ Burlington Fine Arts Club, *Exhibition of pictures, drawings and photographs of works of the school of Ferrara Bologna, 1440-1540, also of medals of members of the house of Este and Bentivoglio* (London, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson ND621.F4 B78 1894 F** Held at the Burlington Gallery (1883-c. 1902), 27 Old Bond St.

⁸³⁴ Down via Riorbico to the via Faentina, then up via di Campolungo towards Monte Senario. Or perhaps along via del Bargellino and then down via Cicaletto to Caldine.

⁸³⁵ Giuseppe Ferrari (1811-1876), *Révolutions d'Italie* (1858).

⁸³⁶ Gaston Boissier (1823-1908), *La fin du paganisme: étude sur les dernières luttes religieuses en Occident au quatrième siècle* (1891).

⁸³⁷ Walter Pater, *Greek Studies* (1890).

⁸³⁸ Walter Pater, 'Hippolytus Unveiled', ____ (1889).

⁸³⁹ Perry

⁸⁴⁰ Janet Morison whom Mary saw often in Vienna in November 1891, or perhaps Janet Dodge.



Thursday, March 7, 1895

Emily came to lunch, and Miss Thomson and the countess Rasponi afterwards to a lecture on Giotto. Bernhard walked home with the latter and I with Emily.

Loeser called and stayed with Maud, explaining his ideas of the chronology of Botticelli.

We talked about visual images vs. symbolism in the drawings of children.

Friday, March 8, 1895

Saw the new Botticelli *Athena taking a Centaur captive*. Our party was ourselves, Miss Thomson, a Miss [0111 102] Murray-Scott, the Count and Countess Rasponi, Miss Gordigiani and Emily. It is a real and immensely interesting Botticelli to be ranked next to the *Primavera*, the *Venus* and the Villa Lemmi frescoes in importance.

Bernhard and I did some shopping and drove up.

House furnished in the afternoon, arranging his spare-room and re-arranging mine.

Read in the evening.

Saturday, March 9, 1895

Bernhard's pamphlet on the Venetian Exhibition at the New Gallery⁸⁴¹ came. Mr. Cook writes that they keep it for free distribution at the Gallery, as they do not like to sell it. It reads very well.

Walked, wrote letter, read more Border Ballads.

Sunday, March 10, 1895 (Karin 6 years old!)

Loeser came to lunch, and stayed to tea.

I read Meige's pamphlets on various forms of alienation in connection with Greek art.⁸⁴²

We finished *Einsame Menschen* [0112 103]

Monday, March 11, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Began *Wahlverwandschaften*.⁸⁴³

⁸⁴¹ Bernhard Berenson, *Venetian painting, chiefly before Titian : at the exhibition of Venetian art, the New Gallery, 1895* (London: Vacher & Sons, 1895).

Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections ND621.V5 B4 1895

Biblioteca Berenson Berensoniana ND621.V5 B4 1895

⁸⁴² Henry Meige (1866-1940), a neurologist born in Moulins-sur-Allier, studied medicine in Paris, earning his doctorate in 1893. He characterized Meige's syndrome in 1910.

⁸⁴³ Goethe, *Elective Affinities*

Die Wahlverwandschaften: ein Roman



Worked on Ferrarese lists. Read a book on *Prostitution dans l'Antiquité*,⁸⁴⁴ which gave me bad dreams.

Read some Rossetti and early German poetry.

Tuesday, March 12, 1895

We are both reading Nietzsche these days, I still plodding along in *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*.⁸⁴⁵

Bernhard has finished *Götzendämmerung*⁸⁴⁶ and is now reading *Also sprach Zarathustra*.⁸⁴⁷

He is also reading Montaigne.⁸⁴⁸

Wednesday, March 13, 1895

Another quiet day of books.

Bernhard went in to dine with the Frenches, and Maud continued her biography for my benefit, which we take occasion to go on with when he is away.⁸⁴⁹

I have a great respect for people who can make their history so objective and can be really sincere about it that is the real way to help on the world.
[0113 104]

Thursday, March 14, 1895

Called at Loeser's for Bernhard and we did a lot of shopping.

Miss Thomson and Emily came to lunch, and the Countess Rasponi after, and we had an interesting lecture on Donatello, after which Bernhard and I took a walk.

At dinner and until 9 we discussed ballads, what they are.

I read Nietzsche till 10.30 while Bernhard went on reading early German ballads.

Friday, March 15, 1895

Went to the Scalzi with Maud, Emily and Miss Thomson, then to the Academy.

⁸⁴⁴

Prostitution dans l'Antiquité

⁸⁴⁵ Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), *Jenseits von Gut und Böse: Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft*, 3. Aufl. (Leipzig: Naumann, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House B3313 .J4 1894**

⁸⁴⁶ Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), *Der Fall Wagner; Götzen-Dämmerung; Nietzsche contra Wagner; Der Antichrist; Gedichte* (Leipzig: C.G. Naumann, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House B3312 .A5 1897 [signature inside front cover]**

⁸⁴⁷ Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), *Also sprach Zarathustra: Ein Buch für Alle und Keinen* (Leipzig: C. G. Naumann, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House B3313 .A4 1894**

⁸⁴⁸ Montaigne

⁸⁴⁹ Was Maud writing a secret biography of Bernhard?



Maud and I lunched with Loeser, then Bernhard and I called on Miss <Janet> Dodge and came up here, meeting Loeser and Maud on the way.
A wonderful night We walked out to Fiesole and saw the stars.

Saturday, March 16, 1895

Went to Vernon Lee's and had a 'santa conversazione', chiefly about Lauder.⁸⁵⁰ She is *à rebours* as usual! [0114 105]

Sunday, March 17, 1895, Fiesole

Loeser, Emily and Miss Jane<t> Dodge, Fafner's friend, came to lunch. We had a walk, tea, much talking, etc. She is a delicate, sensitive little creature, in looks and temperament, much like Evalyne.

Quite tired with so much chatting and laughter.

The editor of *The Atlantic* wrote to ask me to send him an article on Morellianism.

Bernhard unwell.

Monday, March 18, 1895

Placci took Bernhard to Alessandri's, where he found 2 Pesellinis and some Ben. Gozzolis. He stayed to lunch with Placci, Ginori and Buonamici.

I had a note from Ephruzzi⁸⁵¹ of the <*Gazette des*> *Beaux Arts* asking me to contribute notes on Italian things.

After tea we had a walk.

Bernhard felt better, but still feeble.

Tuesday, March 19, 1895

Alys and Bertie arrived at about 9.30, Emily bringing them.⁸⁵²

The whole day passed in talk, etc. [0115 106]

Wednesday, March 20, 1895

A quiet day of work and talk.

Ballads in the evening.

Thursday, March 21, 1895

Emily came to lunch and we had a lecture on Botticelli.

⁸⁵⁰ Perhaps a reference to Deas Cromarty (Mrs. Robert A. Watson, née Elizabeth S. Fletcher), *Lauder and Her Lovers: A Tale of the North* ().

In a letter to Grace Norton, January 25, 1887, Henry James mentions 'my poor clever, tactless and tasteless (intellectually) friend Vernon Lee.' In the same letter he mentions 'a pleasant little Englishman, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder'. Henry James, *Letters: 1883-1895*, ed. Leon Edel, vol. 3, (1980), p. 159.

⁸⁵¹ Spelt 'Ephruzzi' by Mary. Charles Ephrussi (1849-1905), the art critic and collector, was a part-owner (from 1885) and then editor (from 1894) of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. See the entry above for December 3, 1894.

⁸⁵² An example of Mary's ablative absolute.



Miss Lowndes came to tea and we read Keats and Wordsworth in the *podere*.

Fabbri came to dinner. I had to write to Burke, whose wife has decided now to separate from Carr, starved out, I fear, without a penny. I am afraid Burke will take her back, and, as they are *au fond* uncongenial, the tragedy will just begin again.

Friday, March 22, 1895

Lunched with Loeser, we three, Emily and Miss Dodge.

The latter came home to tea here, while **Bernhard was taken by Fabbri to call on Miss Blood.**⁸⁵³

A most amusing and brilliant letter from HO giving his “impressions” of Berty.⁸⁵⁴

Saturday, March 23, 1895

Miss Lowndes to lunch. I developed a mild [0116 107] influenza.

Charles Dudley Warner called again. He defined sin as “something bourgeois”.

Sunday, March 24, 1895, Fiesole

Loeser and Miss Dodge to lunch, Emily after, and then Fafner arrived.

We read *The Rime [sic] of the Ancient Mariner*⁸⁵⁵ and *Christabel*⁸⁵⁶ in the garden before and after tea.

Monday, March 25, 1895

Quiet day with influenza.

Emily and her mother came to tea. Bernhard took Berty to see some churches, and then to call upon Mr. Benn.

Berty and Alys lunched with the Dawsons, and Berty was indignant at the stupid nonsense they talked to him. He said he wanted to put up a sign, “Rubbish not to be shot here”. <marked with a red line in the left margin

We read ballads in the evening and discussed: What is a ballad? The nearest we could come is “a simple shot poem dealing with situations that call upon elementary emotions, generally tending to the weird”. <marked with a red line in the left margin <marked with a blue line in the left margin> [0117 108]

⁸⁵³ Evidently the first reference to a visit by Bernhard to Florence Blood — was she already at the Villa Gamberaia?

⁸⁵⁴ Evidently not preserved by Mary.

⁸⁵⁵ Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

⁸⁵⁶ Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), *Christabel*



Tuesday, March 26, 1895

Miss Lowndes and Carlo Placci came to lunch. They were both nice, and Placci brilliant, a most engaging personality.

After lunch we lay out in the garden and smoked and talked. Placci says he is ceasing more and more to react pleasurably to music, the more he knows it. Bernhard suggested that is must be because he takes, after all, merely an amateur's interest, which doesn't lead on and on as a professional interest would.

Then Herr and Frau von der Hellen came to call, Weimar friends of Obrist, ex-cess-ively German in appearance. He is Nietzsche's editor,⁸⁵⁷ a most intelligent man. She paints and makes a feeble German-woman effort to be a person, but doesn't seem to succeed very well.

In the evening Bertie read aloud the Book of Job and we read part of *Prometheus Bound*.⁸⁵⁸

Poor Alys gets so bored and sleepy with all these talks and readings, and keeps continually looking at her watch, and tries to cheer herself up by thinking of the things ... [0118 109]

⁸⁵⁷ Eduard von der Hellen (1863-1927) worked in the Nietzsche archive.

⁸⁵⁸ Aeschylus.



Wednesday, March 27, 1895

Emily and Miss Dodge came and we walked with them to Mr. Morgan's,⁸⁵⁹ up on the hill.

Read Job in the evening.

Thursday, March 28, 1895

Miss Lowndes, Miss Dodge and Emily came to lunch, and Miss Thomson and the Countess Rasponi afterwards. We had a lecture on Fra Angelico.

⁸⁵⁹ The earliest reference in Mary's diaries to their friend, Edward Strachan Morgan, is found in the entry for March 1. In a letter to Senda, December 29, 1895, Bernhard refers to Morgan: 'a wine-growing Oxford ex-don who lives as high up again above me'.

The entry for Morgan in *Merchant Taylors' School Register, 1871-1900*, ed. William Baker (London, 1907), p. 591: 'Morgan, Edward Strachan, B.A. 1875-78. Of Lincoln Coll. Oxf.; 2nd Cl. Class. Mods. 1868; B.A. (2nd Cl. Lit. Hum.) 1870; Asst. Master 1875-78. — Now wine-growing in Italy. E. S. Morgan, Esq., Montefiano, Fiesole, Florence, Italy.'

Morgan had married Alicia Hewitt Townshend about the year 1880, who had studied at the Slade School of Art. Both Morgan and his wife had inherited substantial means.

Morgan advertised the wine he produced at Villa Montefiano on several occasions in *The Spectator* in 1902: 'MONTE FIANO A Superior RED ITALIAN TABLE WINE grown and exported by E. STRACHAN MORGAN from his vineyard at Monte Fiano, near Florence. Combines the delicacy of French Claret or Burgundy with the nobility of Italian vintages. ... MONTE FIANO is also sent to Africa, India, and China direct from the vineyard. Such orders to be sent to the Grower, E. S. MORGAN, MONTE FIANO, FIESOLE, ITALY.' See *The Spectator*, 5 April 1902, p. 525.

In *The Guardian*, July 29, 1891, p. 15, we find a related advertisement: 'Wine farming in Italy is in many ways a better opening for men with moderate capital than can be found in any Colony. Mr. E. Strachan Morgan takes PUPILS. Address Monte Fiano, Fiesole, Toscana.'

For a detailed description of Morgan's vineyard, see the article, 'A Tuscan Wine Farm', which appeared originally in the *Westminster Gazette*:

<http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/68705076>

Morgan's publications include: Francesco Maturanzio, *Chronicles of the City of Perugia*, trans. by E. Strachan Morgan (London, 1905); **Biblioteca Berenson DG975.P4 1905 (a presentation copy?)**; 'Secret Societies in the Two Sicilies', *The Fortnightly Review* 48 (November 1887), p. 649-664. **HOLLIS 006141607 Soc 3250.01 [Signed: E. Strachan Morgan]**; 'Anglo-Italian Trade', *Quarterly Review* 231 (1919), 14 pp.; 'Democracy in England', *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1919).

By 1920 the property had passed into the possession of the physician Cesare Baduel, who also owned Castel del Poggio, according to the 'Classifica delle Ville, Villini, Alberghi agli effetti della Tassa di Soggiorno approvata dalla Giunta Comunale nella adunanza del 9.4.1920', preserved in the Archivio Storico Fiesolano.

When Morgan returned to England, he lived at 56, Boundary Road, London N.W.8, slightly west of Primrose Hill. His two sons were born in Fiesole: Edward Percival Morgan (1888-1918), who lost his life in a flying accident, and Hugh Townsend Morgan (†1927), an architect who designed homes in Hampstead; he married Christina Trend, daughter of Sir William Trend, and was killed by an avalanche in Switzerland.

Mary was very fond of Hugh, as she noted in her diary: 'Hugh Morgan called and we had a nice talk. He is a dear boy.' (March 25, 1897) 'I bought Hugh a knife ... feeling it in his pocket all the way up in the tram.' (March 26, 1897)



Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood and Fafner came up at 3.30, also Evelyn's friend Miss Hale and Mary and Eliza Stuart, and we had a huge (for us!) tea, and then all walked down through the *podere*.

Still influenza.

Friday, March 29, 1895

A rather lazy day, with a feeling of influenza.

Sent off a note to the *Chronique des Arts*.

C. D. Warner called in the afternoon, and was most charming. He told us a lot about the natural oil regions in America, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Finished Job.

Bernhard got £38.6.10 for two months of his *Lotto*.

Saturday, March 30, 1895

Bernhard lunched with Placci and called on the Toys, and had a long talk with Mr. Toy. I had a quiet day of writing.

We read Esther in the evening. [0119 110]

Sunday, March 31, 1895

Loeser came to lunch, and stayed and nearly drove me crazy talking, when the others all went out.

Fafner still here.

Monday, April 1, 1895

Rainy and cloudy.

Lord Ronald Gower⁸⁶⁰ — **a noted Sodomite** — came with an introduction from Mr. Hamilton Aidé to Bernhard, and behaved in a most sickening way, evidently falling in love with him at first sight.

We read Luke in the evening.

Tuesday, April 2, 1895

Rainy.

Mr. Benn and Miss Hale came to lunch. We read a lot of ballads and Mr. Benn added to our definition that it must be in short lines.

Talked with Miss Hale about Evelyn.

⁸⁶⁰ Ronald Gower (1845-1912), the youngest son of the 2nd Duke of Sutherland and the former Lady Harriet Howard, daughter of the 6th Earl of Carlisle, was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a Liberal politician, sculptor and writer. Gower is generally identified as the model for Lord Henry Wotton in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.



Then a long, long talk with Bernhard, who certainly is trying hard to pull along after him the “slow-trotting Palma”,⁸⁶¹ who seems for the moment (if it is only that) to have fallen asleep where she⁸⁶² stood.

Why have I lost heart, I wonder, just when everything is beginning to succeed? **Is it because I care too much about HO?** [0120 111]

Wednesday, April 3, 1895, Fiesole

The von der Hellens⁸⁶³ came to lunch and talked interestingly about “Kleine[r] Eyolf”.⁸⁶⁴

Mr. and Mrs. Hapgood came to tea.

Thursday, April 4, 1895

Mrs. Lowndes and Miss Dodge came to lunch, and Miss Thomson to the lecture afterwards on the Pollaiuoli and Alessio Baldovinetti.

A walk and long bitter talk with Bernhard. All night long I tried hard to put things in their real proportions. The predominant thing is that we love each other. Everything else is secondary and can be arranged. I suffered very acutely in the night thinking how different I was from the kind of person I think I am. <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Fiesole, Friday, April 5, 1895

All the morning talking. I hope an impression is really made on me! I mean to start on with fresh heart.

Placci came to lunch and tea and was as charming as usual.

Bernhard called on **Theodore Davis** and his party.

We read my essay on “Art Criticism” in the evening. [0121 112]

Saturday, April 6, 1895

Went in to Florence and saw Santa Maria Novella.

Alys and Bertie, Bernhard, Fafner, Miss Dodge and I lunched with the Hapgoods.

Bernhard, Bertie and Benn took a long walk and came back to tea.

Wonderful moonlight.

Not relapsed.

Sunday, April 7, 1895

Loeser came to lunch and we went to the Palmerino for a “Santa Conversazione” on de Quincy.

⁸⁶¹ A quotation from *Lotto*.

⁸⁶² A reference to Vernon Lee?

⁸⁶³ Eduard von der Hellen (1863-1927) was Archivar des Goethearchivs in Weimar. 1894 wechselte er zum Nietzsche-Archiv.

⁸⁶⁴ Henrik Ibsen, *Kleine Eyolf* (Little Eyolf; 1894).



Monday, April 8, 1895

Michael Field arrived and came up to lunch and spend the day.

Bertie and Alys went.

Miss Lowndes and her aunt called and we walked in the *podere*.

Tuesday, April 9, 1895

Preparation for the Mikes and for going away. [0122 113 *sine numero*]

Wednesday, April 10, 1895

Established Michael Field in **Bernhard's apartment** and left before lunch.

Bernhard joined the Davis' for a trip to Siena, Perugia, Bologna, Milan and Bergamo, and then went to visit Mrs. Jack Gardner at Venice, while I went to stay with the children and see the Champ de Mars in Paris.⁸⁶⁵

We met again at:

no entries until from April 11 to

Sunday, April 28, 1895, * Hotel San Marco, Modena

Met at 2. Looked at Cathedral and gallery. Both completely *bouleversé* about art-theories.

Monday, April 29, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Home again!

We went to San Pietro, the Cathedral and the gallery in the morning, and came here in the afternoon.

The Mikes are here.

The Doctrine defined beauty as the "eternally desirable", and said the [0123 114] function of art was to reveal that to us — *che cambiamento!*

Tuesday, April 30, 1895

Called on Frau von der Hellen and Mrs. Benn.

A long talk in the evening about the origin of aesthetic emotion. The doctrine was that "the intellect is a misappropriation of funds meant to ruin the sexual bank", and if you misappropriate too much, you go bankrupt.

Miss Cruttwell gave utterance to the opinion that the only thing that could make the sexual act "bearable" was the reasoned desire to have a child. Yet she supposes herself to love and understand poetry!! [0124 115 *sine numero*]

no entries after April 30, 1895 until May 7

Tuesday, May 7, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Poets are people who go straight from feeling to expression, not via thought.

⁸⁶⁵ In order to see HO again? See her letter to HO, April 13, 1895.



One's results are, after all, only moments in one's thoughts.

[no entries for May 8-9]

Friday, May 10, 1895

I have not written. I have just been struggling to live, that is to keep happy and feel a springing up of vitality, so necessary to "living" in any satisfactory sense.

I had a rather knock-down blow, although it ought not to have been unexpected, in realizing that the children must be inevitably trained as Catholics. I had planned before just what I could do and could not, and saw no reason to change my mind. But [0125 116] the actual realization of it has been *stunning* ... or rather, I feel as if a leak had been sprung, and a lot of my life-blood were being drained off. I can't seem to recover myself, or stop the leak, and the sky might almost as well be leaden or smashing for all the difference it makes.

The Michael Fields have been a constant surface annoyance with their fussy and affected ways, that is to say, Michael, for Field comes as near to being a non-entity as a living creature bodily present can. I fancy she drains off most of her vitality into a huge journal she keeps. It is probably full of intense emotions and keen observations, but they are almost lost to her friends. I say [0126 117 *sine numero*] almost, for in spite of her quiet, which I find infinitely less irritation than Michael's chatter and giggles, one has to give her credit for a good deal of brains and extraordinary, perhaps to herself torturing, sensibility. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Their friend Louie Ellis⁸⁶⁶ came to tea and dinner yesterday, bringing her travelling companion, Miss Hall,⁸⁶⁷ a Newnham lecturer on classical subjects. She was beautiful in feature, but so detestably stiff and quiet in the real British way. That I hated her almost as OH would have done.

The day before his friends, the von der Hellens came, bringing with them a young painter, perhaps HO's most intimate German friend, names Curt Stoeving.⁸⁶⁸ We talked about Klinger, and he actually admired the [0127 118] brutal horrors which are this year in the Champ de Mars.

B. B. went to dine with them at the Aurora, expecting talk. Herr v. d. H. <Hellen> and Stoeving "kneiped" instead in a riotous way, drinking between them a whole fiasco of wine, shouting songs, giving their orders to the waiter in bass and tenor solos, and, worst of all, making faces the the others to laugh at. No! It is too late. "We others" can't do these things, they seem crude and even ugly to us. A barrier is set between us and the

⁸⁶⁶

⁸⁶⁷ Miss Hall: at Newnham?

⁸⁶⁸ Curt Stoeving (1863-1939) was ein Maler, Zeichner, Architekt, Bildhauer und Kunstgewerbler.



Germans ... on that side. No doubt they, for their part, were only too happy to be away from the “stiff, English afternoon tea” decorum of the Villa Rosa.

Stoeving I [0128 119 *sine numero*] liked, but I have no vitality to spare to make new friends I care about. And then the gulf that separates a German —! You think they are delicate and refined and sensitive (like HO), and so they are in some respects, and then they are capable of throwing it all overboard and *wallowing*. We others make at any rate a faint endeavour not to be pigs anywhere, but Germans, as Bernhard says, do not seem to feel any “responsibility toward small things”. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

I am tired in heart, I can't keep a feeling of almost wickedness at letting the children become Catholics. [0129 120]

[no entries for May 11-12;
p. 120-121 cut away at bottom]

<Saturday, May 11, and Sunday, May 12, 1895>
[Monday, May 13, 1895, Fiesole]

Placci and Prince Wolkonski came to lunch on Saturday. We had a nice talk about Beauty.

On Sunday, Emily came to tea and Fabbri to dinner. All he could say about the effect on him of a work of art was that it ‘put him into a kind of dreamy state’. Michael⁸⁶⁹ said it made her feel “God’s in his heaven, all’s well with the world.” Her friend, Miss Ellis, said it made her want to cry, and Miss Hall said it made her pray. [p. 120 cut away at bottom; 0130 121 *sine numero*]

<Monday> May 13, 1895

In the arbour at tea time Field asked whether pathos ever was an element of great art. At first we thought not, but I, who play the part of bringing up “the objections that might occur to the ordinary mind”, brought up *Oedipus in Colonus* and *King Lear*. At last Bernhard said what we all meant. “Pathos is an element of art only as predicate, never as substantive! Wrong use of pathos “religious” pictures, Tennyson’s *In Memoriam* and *Tears, idle tears*,⁸⁷⁰ even Pierre Loti.⁸⁷¹ In a lyric outburst of grief it is the strong personality you keep bumping up against. An idea is like a canal in straight banks, flowing as it *has* to flow, with ... [p. 121 cut away at bottom; 0131 122] no surprise.

Gray’s *Elegy* is a picture of pastoral life to which we hug up all the closer for the feeling that it must come to an end.

⁸⁶⁹ Michael Field.

⁸⁷⁰ Tennyson’s poems.

⁸⁷¹ Pierre Loti



In *Tears, idle tears*, you feel the poet is using “*clichés* which he knows to be ticklers for the feelings”. This is the fault of all bad but effective art: Marion Crawford, Rudyard Kipling, most English and German modern art. Also the graphic art that tends to concentrate interest upon that “easiest and surest tickler”, the face.

Why is easy tickling bad?

A large element in aesthetic pleasure is being made conscious of a surplus of energy. Cheap effects leave us where we were. Real art makes us work for our pleasure, and leaves us with a heightened feeling of intelligence at having been able to recognize its good points. Behind the obvious in Raphael is much that is not obvious, the recognition of which requires an immense intellectual effort. So in [0132 123 *sine numero*] Goethe and Luca della Robbia. But you must not be required to work too hard and exhaust all your surplus energy. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Michael and Field have two great “life-sustaining lies”, which it would be almost death to take away from them. One is that they are a great, though at present unappreciated, poet. The other is that they “belong together”. Both these things, in the opinion of all their friends, are hideously false. Yet no one dares to tell them. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

They also indulge in other strange delusions, as that there is some mystic and very powerful affinity between Bernhard and Field, which he feels as well as she. She feels it intensely. It is always hard — unless you relentlessly expose yourself to the logic of facts — to believe that such emotions are not shared. And why should she be undeceived, after all? She is not one of those people who can stand truth, and who [0133 124] even think they want it, in human intercourse.

Tuesday, May 14, 1895, Fiesole

The Mikes gone, and we breathe freer, physically and mentally. At the same time a feeling of having been rather hateful to them oppresses both Maud and myself.

Wednesday, May 15, 1895

Bernhard began his *Florentines*.

Two of Maud's friends came to lunch, and we sit a long time listening to what one of them has to tell about Japan, where she lived many years.

The von der Hellens came to tea and we have a walk together. They dine here, and we leave them at San Domenico to “kneip”, while Bernhard and I go to a concert at Fabbri's.

Coming back at midnight, the Kneipers were still sitting on the balcony, pretty drunk by this time, roaring out idiotic [0134 125 *sine numero*] speeches. We stood in the starlight a long time and watched them, and felt them indeed a different race from ourselves.



At dinner the German lady greatly embarrassed Bernhard by caresses under the table. As she has had no conversation with him to speak of, it can't be a *personal* feeling. Perhaps it is merely a habit she has. He does not seem to have the least curiosity to find out which!

Emily is staying here for a few days.

Thursday, May 16, 1895

We studied Mantegna in the morning, and read Vasari. Had a lecture on "What I don't know about Verocchio" from B.B. in the afternoon, and after tea a little talk about aesthetic emotion. It began with Bernhard's wail that he could not write about the Florentines, because he no longer enjoyed them, as a school. He looked back to a time when he "enjoyed" all of Pollaiuolo, [0135 126] even such a thing as the Berlin Annunciation. Now he recognized that it gave him pleasure (though he did not analyze it at the time) as a piece of "instantaneously effective archaeology".

Why do we get more pleasure from art than from nature? (if we do) It is a peculiar enhancement of life to know that man did it, not a god. This is an aesthetic emotion in so far as it is a real leap of life upwards, giving you a greater sense of power.

From a steamboat a great machine you get a certain sense of power, but of a less intense quality. Machinery only increases the commodities of life, and adds to the life itself.

What is life? A sense of functioning and increased life is an increased sense of ease and endlessness in every possible way of functioning. Art enhances this feeling, which is at the bottom of all pleasure. [0136 127 *sine numero*]

A clergyman once remonstrated with a negro about beating his child, and told him he oughtn't to do it when he was angry, anyhow. "But what would be the use of it then?" enquired the negro!

An American woman who longed to see a rhinoceros, and haunted circuses, at last found one. "My! ain't he plain!" was her comment.

Friday, May 17, 1895, Fiesole

Shopping in Florence in the morning.

Signor Puliga came to lunch. He is a disciple of Sar Peladan.⁸⁷² We talked a good deal about French literature. The only people he seemed to care for, except the Sar, were Anatole France — *comme penseur, surtout!!* — and Henri

⁸⁷² Pierre de Puliga?

Joséphin Péladan (1858-1918) was a novelist and occultist, who claimed that a Babylonian king had left the title 'Sâr' to his family. See Christophe Beaufils, *Joséphin Péladan (1858-1918): essai sur une maladie du lyrisme* (Grenoble, 1993).



Reginer.⁸⁷³ “Artist” meant to him merely the man who used words well. Bernhard and I [0137 128] talked about Nietzsche, whose value, according to him, is that he consistently hates all that makes against life and loves all that makes for it. His concrete admirations are constantly changing, but his criteria of excellence — *Wertschätzungen*⁸⁷⁴ — remain astonishingly the same. His *Geburt der Tragödie*⁸⁷⁵ is the best thinking on aesthetics from our point of view, the really psychological, that Bernhard knows.

Mr. Warner came in at tea-time and told us about the Mexican cliff dwellers and other out-of-the-way, interesting things.

Saturday, May 18, 1895

An earthquake at 8.53 p.m. lasting 5 seconds. We were at dinner at the Palmerino. [0138 129 *sine numero*]

no entries after May 19 until:

Sunday, May 26, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We went on a giro, Bernhard, Maud, Emily and I. First to Pistoia (Albergo Rossini), then Lucca (x Hotel de l’Univers) with a day’s drive to Barga (25 fr, 2 horses) ending up at Pisa (Nettuno).

The whole trip was harmonious and pleasant. We all enjoyed it.

The pleasant things were

1. Giovanni Pisano’s pulpit and the Scaloppe a Marsala at Pistoia. Also Santa Maria Umiltà.

2. Ilaria’s tomb at Lucca, away and above everything else.

3. The scenery on the drive to Barga, the so-spelt “Golopine” at lunch, and a great carved wooden S. Christopher with huge staring eyes, behind [0139 130] the High Altar of the Duomo. Also a drink of warm milk I extracted from a cow by the wayside.

4. The Giovanni Pisanos and Simone Martinis at Pisa, and the row down the river in a fisherman’s barge, with a sight of the camels feeding along the bank.

⁸⁷³ Henri de Régnier (1864-1936), an influential French poet of the first decade of the 20th century. Régnier became an important figure in French intellectual society in the years following the turn of the century. In 1911 he was elected to the Académie Française.

⁸⁷⁴ *Wertschätzungen*, appreciations

⁸⁷⁵ Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik*, 3. Aufl. (Leipzig: C. G. Naumann, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House B3313 .G4 1894** [The initials BB on the title page in ink]



Today at lunch Bernhard suddenly broke out in praise of the Degas on the mantelpiece,⁸⁷⁶ “the greatest of all works of art.” “Why?” ... A good deal of hesitation and feeling round, and at last the right reason hit on the head, because it conveys life directly. He has deserted the theory that art is to “uplift”, or “broaden” life, or any [0140 131 *sine numero*] hygienico, social or moral view of its mission. That may or may not be, but the essence of essences is to be a sheath, an envelope of just “plain life”, effects of space and composition belong to architecture, and are rightly called in painting “architectonic”. But painting can communicate life, livingness, itself. This is the purely aesthetic artistic standard of art. Whether it resembles or not is aside from the mark. Painting can *convey life* more forcibly, more essentially, than the living thing itself. Neither Maud nor I looked half so much alive as Degas’ ballet-girl bending down to tie her slipper. We were not sheaths of aliveness as the painter made [0141 132] that figure. This idea, unclearly felt after, is at the bottom of most criticism, from Vasari’s “pare vivo” down. But most people can’t imagine it can *convey life* unless it is as much like the living thing as possible. Hence most bad criticism, such as mother’s contempt for the Japanese, who seem to be the greatest “life-bearers” of all.

Nietzsche’s *Wertschätzungen*, which are all reducible to the one criterion whether it makes for or against life, have helped forward Bernhard’s ideas, although Nietzsche, while railing against any such intention, is *au fond* very hygienic. While Bernhard’s [0142 133 *sine numero*] beating his brains to find the kernel of the artistic element in the work of art.

There remains the question whether these “architectonic effects” are not equally life-bearing with the suggestion of movement, etc., which Bernhard calls the heart of hearts of art??

We went to the Palmerino and heard a rather platitudinous lecture from Vernon Lee on “Art and Life”.

Mr. Benn said that “the people quaked more than the earth”. Still it was a severe shock. The old earth shook herself like a Newfoundland dog coming out of the water. [0143 134]

no entries May 26, 1895 until:

Wednesday, May 29, 1895, Fiesole

Monday passed quietly, Bernhard studying Giotto, and spending night at Loeser’s.

⁸⁷⁶ Carl writes: ‘A reproduction of the Degas now at the Norton Simon Museum (jointly owned with the Getty) called *Waiting*. In early 1895 it was with Durand-Ruel in Paris, and later that year it was sold to the New York collectors the Havermayers. It may have been in the show about their collection at the Metropolitan Museum, but I don’t have the catalogue here.’



Tuesday I lunched at Emily's, and her mother talked such a lot of commonplace weariness that I thought of Bertie's protest against her, "No rubbish shot here". She does shoot rubbish?

Another series of untrue platitudes from Vernon Lee, under the head of "Art and Luxury". The funny thing was the audience, consisting chiefly of Countesses Rasponi, Pasolini, Jennison, Niccolini, Count Papafava, and then the commoners Fabbri, Mr. Baring and ourselves.

Today I began getting ready the children's "Thinking Lessons" for publication.

Mr. Benn came to lunch and took a walk with Bernhard.

Count Puliga, the von der Hellens with their children, and Mr. C. D. Warner to tea. [0144 135 *sine numero*]

Oscar Wilde is imprisoned for two years, with hard labour. It makes me quite miserable, for although I came to the conclusion he was somehow a loathesome [*sic*] beast when he was here last spring,⁸⁷⁷ yet surely he was so much more use than harm — even granting the charges are true. And when you think of how common the vice is, it is sickening to think that the punishment has fallen on the most brilliant of them all. To have known him so well! It is horrible to have to think what his feelings must be.

Poor Oscar! I have a secret hope it may turn out well for him in the end, for I believe him *capable* of better work than he has ever done. [0145 136]

no entries after May 29 until:

Wednesday, June 12, 1895

Life has been going on quietly.

The von der Hellens, Benns, Placci and a socialist friend of his named Gaetano Salvemini (a brilliant boy of 22),⁸⁷⁸ Mr. Morgan, Loeser, Count Papafava, Count Puliga, Fabbri, Emily, etc., have all been here from time to time. Now they have all gone except Placci and his friend and Mr. Morgan and Puliga, and of them we see little. Even Maud has gone, and Bernhard and I are living quietly here, he writing his *Florentine Painters*, and I type-writing it and doing the lists, and writing out the "Thinking Lessons", etc., busy and happy.

But I am lazy about writing, and all that is important now will go into the *Florentines*, for it is our meat and drink. [0146 137 *sine numero*]

Thursday, June 13, 1895

B.B. working on his *Florentine Painters*, wrote a chapter on Masaccio that thrilled me. Each word brought out Masaccio's inner significance. I have not often had such a thrill of pleasure as when he read it to me.

⁸⁷⁷ Mary and Maud had met Oscar Wilde at Palazzo Spini Feroni

⁸⁷⁸ Gaetano Salvemini



We walked in the afternoon to Mr. Morgan's.

Friday, June 14, 1895

Fabbri came to lunch, and was as much of a 'life-*ralentisseur*' (Placci's phrase) as ever. He drove me to Florence, and when I came back I found Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson here. He is a Scotch painter, she a Canadian. They are living with the Priore of Settignano, a good-natured man run to death by his parish, whose one dream is to get a fortune by the Lotto, in which he and his mother take numbers every week, buy the Gamberaia Villa and live up [0147 138] there and throw down the evil eye every morning upon his tiresome *condatinacci* who bore him so confessing their sins too often. After the earthquake he brought them each a little wax taper telling them to burn it reciting an Ave, *after having taken a purge*, in order to keep off another shock of earthquake. He is fearfully in debt, but he pretends that his creditors who come and stand patiently about, like saints in niches, waiting for small payments on account, are very grand people, *Professori di Matematica*, etc., a naive fraud which takes in no one.

In the evening Placci came to dinner, and he was quite delightful, so sympathetic about Bernhard's ideas on art, and so entertaining in gossip. [0148 139 *sine numero*]

Saturday, June 15, 1895, Fiesole

I finished *L'Innocente*,⁸⁷⁹ but did not like it <at> all.

We worked on the book, and **I began to write my Louvre Guide.**

Mr. Morgan came to dinner. We rather prize him, for he is a good representation of the old generation, and yet not "grunching", at least to us. Who knows what his sons will find him?

Sunday, June 16, 1895

A year ago we left Florence. Today we worked on as usual, but the book did not progress much. It looks as if it could not be finished before I must go.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson came to dinner and were nice. We had a long walk and discussed the pleasure we get from representations of movement, figures and drapery. [0149 140]

Monday, June 17, 1895 - Wednesday, July 3, 1895

All this time at Fiesole grappling with the Book, and enjoying it very much. Every day we saw deeper into the "why" of real art enjoyment. Practically the whole will come out in Bernhard's books, but I do wish I had kept a record of our discussions from day to day. However, I was lazy and

⁸⁷⁹ Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), *L'innocente* (Naples, 1892).



did not, and so I have missed the detailed memory of one of the happiest and most *growing* months of our lives.

The people we saw most of were the Kerr-Lawsons, Placci and his socialist friend Gaetano Salvemini, Count Papafava, and Mr. Morgan and Count Puliga. Placci was charming one night when we invited him to come and her Bernhard's "discovery" about why we enjoy pictures.

Towards the end of the month [0149a 141 *sine numero*] the mosquitoes and sand-flies became almost *unbearable*. Also we had a severe quarrel, but as we came to terms, and in fact understood each other better at the end than before, it did no harm.

We leave Florence tonight by the 9.05 train.

Thursday, July 4, 1895, Hotel Salò, Lago di Garda

A lovely morning on the lake, a swim, a sight of the miserable Romanesque pictures and the fine Gothic Cathedral (what capitals!) of Salò, and then a weary fight with mosquitoes and sand-flies.

Friday, July 5, 1895, Hotel del Sole, Riva

Again a swim, such delicious cool, blue water! and the sail along the lake here. A very nice hotel.

Saturday, July 6, 1895, Hotel Trento, Trient

We took the 5 a.m. boat to Malcesine⁸⁸⁰ to see the G. dai Libri [0149b 142] in the church, returning by the 10 o'clock boat. The best of all was the beautiful Giorgionesque hostess at the little Caffé.

We missed the church by Solari at Riva, though Bernhard tried to make out it was a horrible little affair we were mis-directed to! Aha!

Arrived here about 8.30.

Sunday, July 7, 1895, Trent

This is a town of splendid palaces, and above all the Renaissance part of the Castello. We have enjoyed it very much

Monday & Tuesday, July 8-9, 1895,

Gasthaus zu Rose, Sterzing⁸⁸¹

A quaint little Tyrolese town with charming walks, and most delicious bracing air.

We had a long walk to Woer,⁸⁸² in which I was rather cross, as I got tired. [0150 143 *sine numero*]

⁸⁸⁰ Mary wrote 'Marcelise'.

⁸⁸¹ Today Vipiteno, just before the ascent to the Brenner Pass.

⁸⁸² Woer?



Wednesday, July 10, 1895, Hotel Marienbad, München

We reached here at 5 and Obrist met us, dressed in a jade-green suit, looking pretty and jolly.

We dined with him at the Maximilien Café and talked a good deal. He seemed at times *on the point* of using Bernhard's formulas, but never attained it.

Thursday, July 11, 1895, Munich

I called on Miss Sellers and had some most amusing gossip. Particularly funny was her account of a Furtwangler reconciliation scene. [0151 144]

[most of the page left blank]

We called on Puck,⁸⁸³ went to the Secession (a bronze profile and a silver medal of Bismarck by Hildebrand), had a drive, and a long talk on socialism in the evening with Obrist's astonishingly clever friend Pöllnitz.⁸⁸⁴
[0152/154 145 *sine numero*]

Friday, July 12, 1895, Kochelsee⁸⁸⁵

Gallery in the morning.

Miss Sellers came to lunch at Obrist's, and at four we three started to come here, arriving about 8.30. All the way we talked. Saw Obrist's glorious new embroideries.

Saturday & Sunday, July 13-14, 1895, Kochelsee

Swims, walks and such divine talks. As Michael once said, "I know from experience what it was to listen to the great teachers, like Sokrates and Abelard, whose words kindled men like flames, for I have heard 'The Doctrine' ". So it has been. Obrist is a dear, but being an artist, he isn't a critic, and Bernhard has simply proved himself a divine critic, who knows *what* and *why* he enjoys. I have felt like a child between them, and have been simply overwhelmed with Bernhard's genius. ... [0153/155 148]

[the original pages 146-147 cut out of the book.

Mary numbered the pages before she began
using the book as a diary]

[entries for July 15-16 incomplete or missing]

... simple, matter of fact, almost casual way, as if Columbus had come back to Spain and you to an "afternoon tea" and said "O, by the way I've

⁸⁸³ Sophia N. Goudstikker (1865-1924). See Marti M. Lybeck, *Desiring Emancipation: New Women and Homosexuality in Germany, 1890-1933* (Albany, N.Y., 2014), p. 49 ("Puck" was the nickname of Sophia Goudstikker, the feminist photographer.), 50 ("The 'Puck' characters dress and act in a male style, preach feminism, and court other women.")

⁸⁸⁴ von Pöllnitz?

⁸⁸⁵ Kochelsee, south of Munich.



discovered land on the other side of the ocean.” He wants Bernhard to set to work on an aesthetics at once.

In the afternoon we went to the Glaspalast to see Stoeving’s⁸⁸⁶ picture, and then called on Miss Sellers and Miss Lowndes, who took us to Prof. Furtwängler’s,⁸⁸⁷ where we had a pleasant call.

We dined with HO. On parting with B. B. he said some touchingly appreciative things about our coming. We have strengthened the native bent of his genius, which is towards unrepresentative decoration. We have not dared to tell him yet that we fear he is not *au fond* a sculptor, and he has native bad taste. German!! [0156 149 *sine numero*]

Wednesday, July 17, 1895, * Pfälzenhof, Speyer

We reached Karlsruhe at 3 and saw the Gallery, a Lorenzo di Credi,⁸⁸⁸ Nic. d’Alumno,⁸⁸⁹ and a picture we *can’t name*, a charming Florentine thing close to Pesellino!

After strolling about and looking at what Bernhard called the *Dannervettorium*⁸⁹⁰ of Karlsruhe, we came here and found an excellent hotel, *sehr gemütlich*.

Thursday, July 18, 1895, Rheinischer Hof, Mainz

Saw and were disappointed in the Speyer Dom. Everything that painting could do to make it hideous, has been done with calculation. It resembles a frigid Turkish Bath. The Crypt, however, is impressive, and the space effect from the choir good.

Then we went to Worms, were depressed by the Lutherdenkmal and exhilarated by the magnificent grouping of towers of the Dom, particularly the west choir, and then came to this particularly poor, noisy hotel.

Bernhard saw the Museum of Antiquities at Speyer (I did not), head of Zeus, bronze with silver eyes, and ^{xx} small bronze bust of Tiberius [0157 150]

Friday, July 19, 1895, Mainz

A most satisfactory day. We took a cup of black coffee at the station at 7, and then went by train to Frankfort a/M, reaching there at 8, where we had some *stupendo* coffee at the ^{xx} Casino.

⁸⁸⁶ Curt Stoeving (1863-1939), ein deutscher Maler, Zeichner und Architekt.

⁸⁸⁷ Adolf Furtwängler (1853-1907), professor of classical archeology in Munich and author of *Meisterwerke der griechischen Plastik: Kunstgeschichtliche Untersuchungen* (1893); father of the famous orchestra conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler.

⁸⁸⁸ *L’Adoration de l’Enfant avec saint Jean-Baptiste enfant*, 1480, technique mixte sur peuplier, diam. 86 cm, Staatliche Kunsthalle Karlsruhe.

⁸⁸⁹ Nic. d’Alumno at Karlsruhe?

⁸⁹⁰ Dormervittorium?



We then “did” the town, ending up at 10 at the Städel Institut, where we stayed till one. It is a splendid collection. Perhaps a huge triptych by Roger van der Weyden impressed us more than anything else, the splendidly decorative Christ on the Cross with a Japanese landscape, like a stronger, more human Crivelli.

We lunched at the Casino, expensive but good, with superb coffee! and then came back and “did” the Museum here (Lorenzo di Credi, Defendente da Ferrari,⁸⁹¹ and Tiepolo) and the Cathedral.

Dined at the *Schwann, 7 Liebfrauenplatz,⁸⁹² an excellent place. [0158 151 *sine numero*]

Saturday, July 20, 1895, Rothes Haus, Trier

Cursed be the misunderstanding which made each of us think the other wanted to come down the Rhine by boat. We did it, and were bored to death! We went out from Coblenz to the Laachersee, to see the Benedictine Church there, and tired as we were we thoroughly enjoyed the exquisite little cloister in front of the east façade. Ex-qui-site!

We had a nice supper at the *Central Hof at Coblenz, and then came here, reaching this hotel about 11.

The trouble with the outside of most of these churches is that, as mass, they are rather inert compared to Notre Dame in Paris, Rheims, etc. Those look alive, like great beasts, or ships in full sail. These, with their modern Mansard roof, and generally rather ungainly masses, never suggest organic life. [0159 152]

Sunday, July 21, 1895, Trier

First we saw the impressive Cathedral, with its Roman feeling for space, then the Gothic “Madonna delle Carceri”, the exquisite Liebfrauenkirche, a cruciform equal-armed Gothic

[diagram]

(the choir, however, being a little lengthened out).

In front a statue of the Synagogue came almost up to the Rheims things, except for the barbarous “Ideenkünstler” idea of making a huge crown toppling off one side of her head! Then we saw the ruins of the Palace, and the magnificent Basilica, prowled through the Museum and came back to a perfect gorge of a Sunday table d’hôte! I could do nothing but sleep after, but I waked up eventually and copied in our notes.

After supper we walked out and saw the bridge, and discussed the essence of poetry.

⁸⁹¹ Defendente da Ferrari (c. 1480-c. 1540), active in western Piedmont. A painting by him in Mainz?

⁸⁹² Hotel Schwan, Liebfrauenplatz 7, 55116 Mainz.



I read *Luria*,⁸⁹³ *In a Balcony*, and *The Soul's Tragedy*, and Bernhard Hauptmann's *Die Weber*.⁸⁹⁴

The Gasthof zum Post⁸⁹⁵ looked very nice and much quieter than this.
[0160 153 *sine numero*]

[the verso page of p. 152 left blank and unnumbered,
originally p. 153]

[the upper portions of p. 154-155 are partially cut away:
embarrassing comments about HO?]

no entries after July 21 until

[0161 154] September 8, 1895, Chartres

We spent the day chiefly in the Cathedral, of which we admired the inner façade most. The choir is trivial, but the opening out of the transept very grand.

We talked of course, endlessly.

September 9, 1895, Grand Hotel de Blois, Blois

We saw Orléans, and enjoyed the Cathedral very much, though it is not ...
[0162 155 *sine numero*]

[the upper portions of p. 154-155 are partially cut away]

<September 11, 1895>, Hotel de France, Bourges

Our enjoyment of Tours was almost rapturous, the stained glass, particularly in the west rose window, was ecstatic and also our enjoyment of each other.

Bernhard has real hope for me in the future, and the gratitude and love I feel for him is indescribable.

Thursday, September 12, 1895, Paris

This was our best day of all.

The Cathedral of Bourges is simply unsurpassable! A great monster, really alive, from the outside, and inside [0163 156] one long, absolutely perfect nave, and the finest stained glass in the world.

We passed practically one whole day there sitting quite dumb with rapture.

Friday, September 13, 1895, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

We called on Reinach, who is unfortunately just leaving. His way of approaching art threw us both into gloom. It is so deadly. But he was personally most friendly. He went over the whole Louvre with us in the

⁸⁹³ Three works by Robert Browning.

⁸⁹⁴ Gerhart Hauptmann, *Die Weber* ().

⁸⁹⁵ Hotel zur Post, Ruwerer Straße 18, 54292 Trier. Das Hotel Zur Post erwartet Sie in einem historischen Gebäude aus dem 17. Jahrhundert.



afternoon, and then took us to tea in the rue Royale, and sat and chatted a long time.

I had to write letters all the evening.

Saturday, September 14, 1895, Paris

We went to the Louvre and Bernhard was a real angel in giving me **notes for my Louvre book**. Then we looked at the Venus from a new seat at the side from which her head [0164 157 *sine numero*] appears really noble.

After lunch we read the Introduction to Marshall's *Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics*,⁸⁹⁶ and fell into a quarrel over the definition of pleasure.

The wrangle was renewed in the evening, and only after much bitterness of soul did we each succeed in modifying our statements sufficiently to admit that a definition of pleasure is still to seek, the nearest we can arrive at being: Pleasure is the feeling of the sort of life we desire, or the confirmation of our sense of capacity to attain it.

Between these wrangles we went to the Luxembourg, St-Severin and Notre Dame. At the Luxembourg there remains for us to enjoy: 1. the great Manet *Olympia*, a classic; 2. Puvis' *Pauvre pecheur*⁸⁹⁷ and two drawings; 3. [0165 158] Whistler's *Portrait of his Mother*; 4. Carrière's *Maternal Love*.⁸⁹⁸ These seem to be "the last word", for they have been the same now for years. But almost anything might perish sooner than that great Manet.

It is delightful how sympathetically our taste works together. We generally feel the same, Bernhard of course more consciously, and sometimes ahead. But I am a close second. When our minds get to working so well in harness it will be truly delightful all round. At present we tend to fight, as in those old days over the writing of the Hampton Court Guide.

We are reading Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.⁸⁹⁹ It is just like the *Allandine et Palomides*, but cruder. [0166 159 *sine numero*]

Sunday, September 15, 1895, Paris

John Burke turned up to breakfast, and spent the day with us. We went to the Louvre in the morning and to St. Denis and the Town of Notre Dame in the afternoon. St. Denis impressed us less than <it did> three years ago, the grotesques, if anything, more.

Monday, September 16, 1895, Paris

We met Burke at Durand-Ruel's, where we saw some interesting Degases, and one important one, two women ironing. But best of all, supreme and classic, was a Manet, *En Bateau*, sunshine, blue sea, and a young man with

⁸⁹⁶ Henry Rutgers Marshall (1852-1927), *Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics* (1894).

⁸⁹⁷ Puvis de Chavannes

⁸⁹⁸ ? Carrière, *Maternal Love*

⁸⁹⁹ Maeterlinck,



the torso of a Greek god steering a boat. They have also *Nana*, a sort of *Fête Champêtre* and a man and woman in a garden.

After lunch we went to S. Gervais and found a Perugino, and through the terribly depressing gaudiness and bad taste of the Hotel de Ville, relieved by a Puvis de Chavannes room. He is the Giotto of today. Such satisfying tactile values, such simplicity.

Then we [0167 160] went into Notre Dame, but it failed to soothe us after the Hotel de Ville. The glass was horrible, and the interior did not go very well after Bourges.

We refreshed ourselves with tea, and then Burke and B.B. took a walk, and talked intimately about Burke's wife. She will have to give up her little baby, I fear. It seems to stand terribly in her way. Burke, I am sure loves her, but he no more ventures to stake everything on one hope. And if he takes her back with the child, it is all up between him and his sister.⁹⁰⁰ And he does not dare to lose that last refuge. He left after dinner, and I have been writing to his wife.

Tuesday, September 17, 1895, Paris

We finished our Florentine notes in the Louvre and met Miss Dodge there.

After lunch we came back and looked at the Greek sculpture, particularly the Venus de Milo, and talked about the "over-soul" in art, which Bernhard [0168 161 *sine numero*] defined as an expression of⁹⁰¹ a complex of human desires.⁹⁰² In its essence it is ethical, not merely plastic, or artistic. Emily writes to me today trying to express "my" philosophy (a hopeless one, as I have proved, without something else, but Thou, when they should totter, teach them to stand fast."

"Thee has made me believe in Joy as an attitude of mind *qu'il ne tient qu'à nous* to assume towards Life, that we can cultivate our powers of enjoying if we will, so that all but momentary miseries will be excluded, excluded faute de place, the good things will crosse the worries out."

We dined with Miss Dodge and Sturges at the Lapérouse. Sturges was really very brilliant. He invented two terms for Oscar, "the great Unmentionable" and "the great Unknowable". He told us about Mallarmé's lecture at Oxford. He is <a> professor of English here, and prides himself on being the *one* Frenchman who knows England and the English. He ended his lecture with "*Mes chers duns*". The joke is still going at Oxford.

⁹⁰⁰ Burke's sister, Anita Louisa Burke (1864-1922) had married the Hungarian composer Emanuel Moor in London in 1888.

⁹⁰¹ Mary originally wrote 'appeal to', which was crossed out, and 'expression of' written above.

⁹⁰² Mary originally wrote: 'human emotions — associations and ideals, desires', but 'emotions — associations and ideals' were crossed out.



Little Miss Dodge sat in a corner drinking in impressions of “European Life”, the most exciting day, [0169 162] she says, that she ever spent.

Sturges told us of one morning when Whistler came for Logan and met Zangwell in his rooms. Zangwell tried his “new humour” at Whistler, without success. Leaning over him, he said, “What’s that?” pointing to his decoration.

“The Legion of Honour.”

“I suppose they call it that,” pursued Zangwell, “because there are ten thousand of them knocking about the streets.”

“It is the way a great nation pays a great honour to a great artist,” replied Whistler.

Sturges is most picturesque in talk. He refines a phrase until every word is significant. His defect is that he will not listen, and this habit is sure to grow on him, I fear. [0170 163 *sine numero*]

Wednesday, September 18, 1895, Crossing from Dieppe

We meet [*sic*] **Herbert Cook** in the Louvre and “connoshered” a little.

Then Miss Dodge, with whom we lunched.

Waiting in the Salon Carré I discovered at last the cause for a certain unease I have always felt looking at Paolo’s things, the fact that his people do not stand. Their legs hang rather listlessly, particularly from the knee down.

We went to the Luxembourg to show Miss Dodge a few of the pictures, and then Bernhard and I went to the Cluny and enjoyed the Gothic decorations and also found a Lorenzo Monaco.

In the evening I started for London.

[Sept. 18, 1895 M goes to London, B seeing Janet Dodge]

x x x

no entries after Sept. 18 until

Thursday, September 26, 1895, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

During my stay at home Ray learnt “the trick” of swimming and also of reading.

I had several days with Aunt Lill, who urged me, in my peculiar circumstances, with little daughters growing up, etc., etc., to “be especially careful always to observe the Sabbath.” She felt our souls had come very close together.

But the really important thing for me was meeting Mr. Hodgson, the Secretary of the [0171 164] American Psychical Society, who convinced me that, through Mrs. Piper, their Medium, they have established communication with what he calls “fragments of personality believing



themselves to be George Pellew,⁹⁰³ Edmond Gurney,⁹⁰⁴ John Hund,⁹⁰⁵ etc., and inheriting their memories.” In short, life beyond the grave.

Besides this, I found, I hope, lovely parents to adopt Mrs. Burke’s child.

Bernhard in the meantime was working at the drawings in the Louvre, seeing Janet <Dodge>⁹⁰⁶ and others, and especially seeing a great deal of Miss <Janet> Dodge, with whom he made a little expedition to Caen and Bayeux.

Soon after I arrived he came, and we went out to the Louvre together. I lunched with Alban⁹⁰⁷ and his wife and sister, and joined Bernhard and Janey Dodge in the Louvre. We went to the Panthéon and St. Geneviève.

I dined with Fabbri, and Bernhard with Mr. Bing, who showed him specimens of “primitive” Japanese art, which make Outamaro seem decadent, like Parmigianino. [0171a 165 *sine numero*]

Friday, September 27, 1895, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Louvre in the morning with Fabbri⁹⁰⁸ and his beautiful model Stéphanie, a most Leonardesque creature. She and Miss Dodge lunched with us and we went to Durand-Ruel’s and saw again the Manets and Degas.

Then I came home and slept awhile. Janet Dodge moved over to this hotel, and we three dined together and sat and talked, and after Bernhard went, we had a good deal more talk, largely about Fafner.

Saturday, September 28, 1895, Paris

Went to the Beaux Arts and the Louvre, but it was too terribly hot to work much.

Fabbri and Stéphanie were there, and we looked at Rubens and Rembrandt.

We all lunched together, and again went to Durand-Ruel’s, where Fabbri wobbled up and down about buying a fine Degas, two women yawning.

Afterwards, Janet and we two went to the Panthéon and St. Etienne du Mont.

In the evening I dined with Alban and Emma, while Bernhard overcame Janet’s objection to going to the Weisser Hirsch.⁹⁰⁹

As Alban expounded to me his views against dancing, the theatre, billiards, and non-observance of the Sabbath, I felt as if I were a naturalist

⁹⁰³ George Pellew (1793–1866) was a churchman and theologian, Dean of Norwich from 1828.

⁹⁰⁴ Edmund Gurney (1847–1888) was a psychologist and psychic researcher.

⁹⁰⁵ John Hund ()

⁹⁰⁶ Janet Dodge, Fafner’s friend

⁹⁰⁷ Alban?

⁹⁰⁸ Ernesto Fabbri married the Vanderbilt heiress Edith Shepard (1872–1954) in 1896.

⁹⁰⁹ The hotel near Dresden.



who had the privilege of observing a live Dodo or Ichth<y>osaurus.
[0171b 168]

[are the original p. 166-167 missing,
or did Mary just skip numbering pages 166-167?]

This is the list of novels Miss Shedlock⁹¹⁰ gave Janet Dodge to read as
specimens of the best French literature — — !

George (!) Sand, *La Petite Fadette*⁹¹¹

Le Meunier d'Argébaud [*sic*]⁹¹²

La Faute de M. Auhurt (?)⁹¹³

Théophile Gautier (!), *Mademoiselle de Maupin*⁹¹⁴

Cherbuliez (!), *La Bête*⁹¹⁵

Daudet, Froment Jeune et Rinsler [*sic*] aîné⁹¹⁶

Ruma [*sic*] Roumestan⁹¹⁷

La Petite Paroisse (Mœurs Caigugole)⁹¹⁸

*Sapho*⁹¹⁹

Les Immortales !⁹²⁰

Zola, *La Faute de l'Abbé Maurus* !⁹²¹

*La Bête Humaine*⁹²²

*Dr Pascal*⁹²³

Gui (!) de Maupassant, *Fort comme la Mort*⁹²⁴

Mont Auriol (!)⁹²⁵

Loti, *Mon Frère Ives*⁹²⁶

*Madame Chrysanthème*⁹²⁷

⁹¹⁰ Perhaps Marie L. Shedlock (1854–1935), who was an early and influential practitioner of the art of storytelling. She recorded her advice on oral performance in her book *The Art of the Story-Teller*.

⁹¹¹ George Sand (Amantine Dupin, 1804-1876) *La Petite Fadette* (1849), the novel was published in English as *Fanchon, the Cricket*.

⁹¹² *Le Meunier d'Angibault* (1845).

⁹¹³ Perhaps a reference to *Le Péché de M. Antoine* (1845)?

⁹¹⁴ Théophile Gautier (1811-1872), *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (1835).

⁹¹⁵ Victor Cherbuliez (1829-1909), *La Bête* (1887).

⁹¹⁶ Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897), *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné* (1874).

⁹¹⁷ *Numa Roumestan* (1881).

⁹¹⁸ *La Petite Paroisse. Mœurs conjugales* (1895).

⁹¹⁹ *Sapho* (1884).

⁹²⁰ *L'Immortel* (1888).

⁹²¹ Émile Zola (1840-1902), *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* (1875).

⁹²² *La Bête Humaine* (1890).

⁹²³ *Doctor Pascal* (1893).

⁹²⁴ Guy de Maupassant (1850-1893), *Fort comme la mort* (1889).

⁹²⁵ *Mont-Oriol* (1887).

⁹²⁶ Pierre Loti (1850-1923), *Mon frère Yves* (1883).

⁹²⁷ *Madame Chrysanthème* (1887)



L'Exilée⁹²⁸

Jules Lemaitre, Les Rois⁹²⁹

Octave Feuillet, La Morte⁹³⁰

Tolstoi, The Kreuzer Sonata⁹³¹

Bourget, Le Disciple⁹³²

Mensonges⁹³³

Cosmopolis⁹³⁴

Un Scrupule⁹³⁵

Ma Crime⁹³⁶

Flaubert, Madame de (!!) Bovary⁹³⁷ [0172 169 *sine numero*]

She also told her that while she would despise her if she ever got married, she wished her to lose no opportunity of having sentimental and sexual relations with men.

Sunday, September 29, 1895, Paris

Talked a good deal in the morning, and went to the Trocadéro, but Bernhard was so low with an "epic cold", and I with a common garden sore-throat, that everything looked rather horrible, except always the Rheims sculptures.

After lunch we went home and talked and packed, then dined with Fabbri and Stéphanie, and again talked, Janet <Dodge> and I until two o'clock. It turns out that the poor child has been terribly in love with **Fafner**, who has not behaved well to her. He went to see her every day in **Berlin**, and told her he was in love with her, but that, by a miracle of heroism and nobility, he would not marry her, on account of his health. At the same time he was saying to his parents, to whom the doctor had said that he ought to marry — *for his health* — and who were urging it on him, that surely they couldn't want him to fall in love just for that. What he was really up to, though I don't suppose he was at all fully conscious of it, [0173 170] was simply using her to satisfy his more civilized needs of female companionship, as he used the Berlin shop-girls, with whom he used to make expeditions into the country for a night to satisfy his more brutal needs. It sounds hard to say this, but when Bernhard said to him, Did he never think of the effect on

⁹²⁸ L'Exilée (1893).

⁹²⁹ Jules Lemaitre (1853-1914), *Les rois* (1893).

⁹³⁰ Octave Feuillet (1821-1890), *La morte* (1886).

⁹³¹ Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), *The Kreutzer Sonata* (1889).

⁹³² Paul Bourget (1852-1935), *Le disciple* (1889).

⁹³³ *Mensonges* (1887).

⁹³⁴ *Cosmopolis* (1892).

⁹³⁵ *Un Scrupule* (1893).

⁹³⁶ *Un Crime d'amour* (1886).

⁹³⁷ Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), *Madame Bovary* (1857).



them, in that they might have babies, he seemed never to have thought of it, and so he never thought of what would happen to little Janet. I told her what I thought, and I think it helped to free her from Fafner. She said she had anyhow conquered the feeling — or rather grown beyond it — already, but from one or two things I observed I do not think the cure was complete. I hope it is now. I feel almost as tenderly towards her as if she were — not Ray, but let us say, Ray's little finger! She is very sincere and very innocent, and I must say it was horrid of Fafner not to have spared her. [two lines crossed out] [0174 171 *sine numero*]

Monday, September 30, 1895, Hotel Morot, Dijon

Packed and talked and went to see the Besnard in the Pharmacie in the morning. These turned out to be quite as delightful as ever. A Klinger enthusiast ought to *adore* them!

At 2.15 we started for Dijon, reaching this mediocre hotel at 7.30.

Bernard read James' *Psychology* and I Flaubert's awfully witty *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.⁹³⁸

Tuesday, October 1, 1895, ^x Hotel d'Angleterre, Lyon

"Did" Dijon, and came here by an evening train.

Talking about Renan, I said he was the Pierre Loti of philosophy. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

The Gallery is a fraud.

Wednesday, October 2, 1895, Lyon

"Did" Lyon.

The Gallery here is a fraud too.

Bernhard spent hours over the time-table while I wrote to the Burkes and Janet.

A long letter to Fafner looms ahead of me.

Thursday, October 3, 1895, Hotel Crillon, Avignon

We journeyed from 9.48 till 2.15, I laughing over *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and Bernhard reading <William> James and agonizing over time tables.

At 2.15 we stopped [0175 172] at Orange, and after a quarrel over the Roman Arch, which Bernhard found more solid and grander than I did, we proceeded to be overwhelmed by the imposing façade of the Theatre. After exhausting that emotion, we ate some fruit, walked out to see a glorious sunset on Mt. Ventoux, smoked, and then took the train here. <marked with a blue line in the left margin> <marked with a red line in the left margin>

⁹³⁸ Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881).



Friday, October 4, 1895, Avignon

The thing to do would be to get rooms at the quiet *Europe*, and eat here, for the restaurant is not bad.

We spent a really rapturous day seeing this town and Villeneuve opposite, with its marvellous views.

The Galleries are complete frauds, except for a small mask by Laurana.⁹³⁹

We had various letters, one from Perry saying he would send a Mr. Coba to see Bernhard — “He is [0176 173 *sine numero*] not one who torments his kind.” A foolish letter from Obrist, returning to his *idée fixe* that the Germans have done everything already, and an amusing one from Miss Sellers suggesting that Logan and Miss Lowndes should take a villa at San Miniato and discuss Pater and Montaigne to their hearts’ content, leaving us to wrestle with art on the Fiesolan Mount.

Ray writes from Biarritz that she swims twice a day and is learning to dive.

A favourable review of *Lotto* by MacColl⁹⁴⁰ has just come out in *The Spectator*, Sept. 28.

Saturday, October 5, 1895, ^x Cheval Blanc, Nîmes

We came in a morning train from Avignon here, succeeding by a miracle of cunning and ingenuity in skipping the Pont de Gare!

A man in the train talked to us a great deal about the poet Mistral.⁹⁴¹

Bernhard said Provence looks upon him as Abraham did on [0177 174] Sarah, when at her unlikely age she gave birth to Isaac. We found a rather gorgeous cuisine at this hotel, and made a very good lunch. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Then we saw the pictures in the Musée — *non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa!*⁹⁴² — and the exquisite Maison Carrée, as well as the churches and the temple of Diana and the Tour Magne, not to speak of the arena which is just opposite this hotel.

Sunday, October 6, 1895, Hotel de la Paix, Beziers

Saw the horrible gallery at Montpellier, and quarrelled violently over the Baryes,⁹⁴³ Bernhard insisting that they were very fine, I sniffing.

Made up our quarrel over an early Pesellino⁹⁴⁴ we both discovered, and nearly tore out our hair with rage because we couldn’t have a ladder to go

⁹³⁹ Francesco Laurana (1430-1502).

⁹⁴⁰ D. S. MacColl = Dugald Sutherland MacColl (1859-1948), a Scottish painter, lecturer and writer. From 1890 to 1895 he was art critic for *The Spectator*, and for *the Saturday Review* from 1896 to 1906. He was keeper of the Tate Gallery (1906-1911).

⁹⁴¹

⁹⁴² Dante, *Inferno*, Canto III, 51. Mary wrote ‘non ragionam di lor, ma guardi e passa’

⁹⁴³ Antoine-Louis Barye (1796–1875), a sculptor.

⁹⁴⁴ Pesellino



up and read the signature of a very queer picture. <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We left Montpellier gladly, and came to this dirtiest of [0178 175 *sine numero*] towns, which in spite of its splendid situation is horrible.

We hung around the Cathedral and bridges as long as we could, rejoicing in the thought that we need never come here again, for the gallery contains nothing but a Zaganelli⁹⁴⁵ and a doubtful, repainted Benozzo.⁹⁴⁶ <marked with a red line in the left margin> <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Monday, October 7, 1895, x Hotel Chaubard, Toulouse

We saw Narbonne and Carcassonne, and immensely enjoyed the latter. Dined at the Buffet at C. and had a good dinner.

Tuesday, October 8, 1895, * Hotel Groc, Cordes⁹⁴⁷

A picturesque little village on the top of a steep rock. For people who don't know Italy, well worth seeing. Anyhow, it is "real country" and one enjoys the air and quiet.

Left our book-bag in Toulouse!!

Wednesday, October 9, 1895, x Hotel Cassagnes, Albi

We got up at half past five — what a [0179 176] delicious morning! The drive to the station — Vindrac — was wonderful in the early sunshine and dew.

Then Albi! How we have enjoyed not only the Cathedral, but the town from the river all day.

Thursday, October 10, 1895, x Cheval Blanc, Nîmes

A run around Albi before starting on an all day journey across country — but beautiful country, and in a slow train one doesn't mind. It reminded us of the Lucchese.

This hotel is not a place for coffee — one should take it at the café aside the Theatre, in sight of the Maison Carrée. There the coffee is superb!

Friday, October 11, 1895, Hotel du Forum, Arles

St. Rémy⁹⁴⁸ has been perhaps our most perfect experience. The blue-grey plain of the Rhone, Cevignac, Mt. Ventoux, the olives and pines, the wind fragrant with lavender and mint, the battered Triumphal Arch and the Monument on a grassy circle enclosed by a little stream — [0180 177 *sine numero*] dreams of unsordid life filled with exquisite art-enjoyments, Virgil, Petrarch — all this and more!!

⁹⁴⁵ Bernardino Zaganelli (c. 1470-1510).

⁹⁴⁶ Benozzo Gozzoli (c. 1421-1497).

⁹⁴⁷ Grand Hôtel Groc, Les Cabannes, Cordes-sur-Ciel.

⁹⁴⁸ Saint-Rémy-de-Provence.



Then we drove across to Arles by way of Les Baux, a rocky mountain nest of houses.

Saturday, October 12, 1895, Hotel de la Poste, Marseilles

We “did” Arles, not enjoying it very rapturously (compared to Avignon, Nîmes, Albi, Carcassonne and St. Rémy), but we spent an interesting hour or so in the Museum.

Then we came on here, greatly enjoying the glorious approach to this town.

In the Museum we discovered two P. di Cosimos (!!!), and a Cariani.⁹⁴⁹

We had a horrid dinner at the Maison Dorée, got our letters and wrote a little in the evening.

Sunday, October 13, 1895, Hotel du Var, St. Maximin

Spent the morning at Aix. The Cathedral is not worth a star in Baedeker, though it is certainly interesting archaeologically.

We found two Lippo Memmis in the gallery and I (!) discovered a Cordeliaghi⁹⁵⁰ and a Moretto,⁹⁵¹ while [0181 178] Bernhard unearthed a Francesco di Cotignola⁹⁵² of an unspeakable character.

We came here and enjoyed the severe Gothic of this church, and then had an enchanting walk in the fields. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Life is much enhanced by smoking *Flor Farias* — but alas! they are undeniably beyond our means! <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

I began to read Nietzsche's *Antichrist*.

Monday, October 14, 1895, ^x Les Etrangers, Nice

A last look at St. Maximin — as perfect in Gothic as the Maison Carrée in Greek — neat, delicate, unsuperfluous, clean.

Then the train, arriving here in time to climb the hill for sunset and eat and drink the marvellous air for a couple of hours before dinner. The atmospheric conditions here are such that you really feel your body a perfect instrument of your spirit. <marked with a blue line in the left margin> [0182 179 *sine numero*]

Tuesday, October 15, 1895, Roma, Savona

It took us a long, hot, indescribably tiresome journey to get here, and there is only one thing here to see, or smell, or hear. Still the one thing, a fine altar-piece by Foppa, had to be seen, and we have done it.

⁹⁴⁹ Giovanni Cariani (c. 1490-1547).

⁹⁵⁰ Andrea Previtali, detto il Cordeliaghi (c. 1480-1528).

⁹⁵¹ Alessandro Bonvicino, Il Moretto da Brescia (c. 1498-1554).

⁹⁵² Francesco da Cotignola (c. 1475-1532), also called Zaganelli, was active mainly in Parma and Ravenna.



Our consciences are at rest, and we shall forget the bad dinner, the dirty town full of squalling brats and discordant brass-bands. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Wednesday, October 16, 1895, Roma, Savona

I made a mistake in saying there was only one thing to see in Savona. We went out in the morning and explored the Cathedral, and found some very interesting choir-stalls given by Julius II and executed by some Lombard artist, and, best of all, an altar-piece which revealed to me the authorship of that mysterious Annunciation in the Galerie de Sept Mètres, namely [0183 180] Bria di Nizza!

Then we took the train of endless tunnels and came here, and had a look at the Cathedral before sunset. Beautiful as it is in colour, and richness of detail, as architecture, it is so much less serious, less intellectual than the French buildings we have seen. It cannot for a moment compare with St. Sernin of Toulouse. Even the marble looks like a coating. It has none of the solidity of Roman or Northern Romanesque building. It does not exist first of all. It begins and ends with ornamentation.

Curiously, for the first time we noticed the fine old stained glass and the richly carved pillars of the portals of the Cathedral and Baptistry. One needs to go to the same place a dozen times for different things that one's eye is *peeled* to! [0184 181 *sine numero*]

Thursday, October 17, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We reached home at noon, having found "il Cocchino" waiting for us at the station, and Rosa and Pia, and a good lunch here.

The rest of the day was devoted to unpacking and letter-writing, to peeping into the accumulated art-journals and to reading Herrick,⁹⁵³ which we were not at all in the mood for.

Michael writes from revisiting the place where they used to live and where Field went to college seven years ago:

"Doctrine, Doctrine, but I thought, as I maternally watched the brisk little figure with its college satchel and shining morning face across the Downs, well, I thought of one set for "the fall and rising again of many in Israel" (see Bible!) and the full welling-up (no memory) the full welling-up to heart's brain of all you have done to [0185 182] enrich and impoverish, to lay waste and to build up, to annex and to liberate so wrought into me that, like Jacob of old, I wanted to pause on the spot and erect something. No — more — I wanted to *kill* something. I always do when I am intensely grateful, and that ought to be psychologically interesting to you, now that you are looking into the beginnings and sources of desire, especially as I am

⁹⁵³ Robert Herrick (1591-1674), a lyric poet and cleric.



an excellent type of the normal savage, and have not dropt an element of the motional experience of my forefathers.” <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Friday, October 18, 1895, Fiesole

Setting in. I was laid up in the afternoon, but Bernhard went down to Florence, had a browse in the Library, etc., and saw Puliga and Fabbri.

In the afternoon we read Mrs. Sparmann’s⁹⁵⁴ astonishingly “straight” bit of thinking about music, in which she [0186 183 *sine numero*] states that motion is the only thing represented, and that all other emotional effects are merely associative. Motion is the *Urbild* of music, and motion alone. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Saturday, October 19, 1895, Fiesole

Nietzsche is a Walt Whitman à rebours, finding every actual thing vile because of the intensity of life and power he desires. Men seem weak and absurd, and all religions and human institutions contemptible. But for all that, he is an optimist, and immensely inspiring, for his gospel is Life and all that “makes for Life, energy, power.”

Bernhard began his article on Italian pictures in America⁹⁵⁵ and I finished *Le Vergini delle Rocce*,⁹⁵⁶ etc. in the morning. We drove into Florence and did some errands.

Fabbri came to dinner and we talked about whether great art is popular, starting from the commonplace saying that “truly great art appeals to all classes of people.” Bernhard held that in the one case where it had been thoroughly tried on great masses of naive people — the case of Folk Songs and Ballads and the goods — the goods only had been preserved. [0187 184] And he contended that there is an almost mechanical connection between good art and the well-being of man — like food and digestion, which would lead mankind, if free, to choose out and retain the good, as it has done in the main, in food. Only the plastic arts have never been really and freely tried in Europe. Coming from the Greek civilization, which was founded so largely upon the power of the orator — the power of words — literature has been *the* art with us. People who aim at being educated can still afford to say they don’t like music and don’t care for painting, but dare not make the same confession about literature. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Fabbri said the architect of the façade of the Duomo here made two plans, one with points and one flat, and that they erected one of wood, half the plan on each side, uncovered them, and submitted the decision as to

⁹⁵⁴ Helen M. Sparmann, *An attempt at an analysis of music* (Cincinnati, 1891).

Biblioteca Berenson Music ML3849 .S736 1891

⁹⁵⁵

⁹⁵⁶ Gabriele D’Annunzio (1863-1938), *Le Vergini delle Rocce* (1895).



which plan should prevail to vote — !! It seems too funny to be true. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We talked about Ruskin, and the [0188 185 *sine numero*] fact that his sense for art was almost wholly confined to decoration. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We also talked about the “representative” side of art. Fabbri said, “No good work of art can resemble nature.” Bernhard said, “A work of art may be great, even if it resembles nature.” <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

A letter from Mrs. Burke says she met her husband in Rotterdam, by chance, and they have made it up!!

Sunday, October 20, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I wrote up our Provence trip for an article in the morning, and Bernhard worked on his article about the Italian pictures in America.

News came from Burke and his wife that they were together, and had decided to make a “trial marriage” for a while, to see how it would work. I am so glad. I feel sure they will now be happy together.

In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Morgan and had a little chat about children’s books, etc., and then I read Nietzsche’s bad-tempered diatribes against Wagner, and Bernhard began Tarde’s *Les Lois de l’Imitation*.⁹⁵⁷ A singularly happy, care-free day.

Monday, October 21, 1895, Fiesole

Worked until Mr. Hamilton and Carlo Placci came to lunch. Mr. Hamilton said it had been [0189 186] such a hot dry summer they had run out of water and one day they had to give their horse Miss Paget’s bath to drink. I told Bernhard and Placci, and we all fell into a fit of laughter. As Placci said, it would have been almost a poetical myth, if it had been Diana and Pegasus, but when you visualized that horse and that maiden! <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Placci stayed and talked all the afternoon. I told him about Mrs. Piper and the Psychical Society and he uttered a real cry from the heart, “O!”, he said, “it would be nice after all to think one was going on living!” We talked of many things, but <he> was most interested in the question of Love, as he seems to be in love himself.⁹⁵⁸ He contended that the latest love must always be the one supreme love, but Bernhard said that when a great love had once flooded one’s whole personality — in so far as it can — every recess and [0190 187] and cave and hollow place, a later love, if it flooded you less would always be subject to the comparison. <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

⁹⁵⁷ Gabriel Tarde (1843-1904), *Les Lois de l’Imitation* (1890).

⁹⁵⁸ With the countess de Montebello. See the entry for Mar. 27, 1897: ‘Of course he is in love with Madame de Montebello ...’



We took Placci on our rampart walk, but I can't remember all we talked about.

In the evening Bernhard read *Le Vergini delle Rocce* and I Nietzsche's *Götzendämmerung*.⁹⁵⁹

Tuesday, October 22, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I read Canto I of the *Inferno*, and a little Perry in the morning, and then worked. Bernhard read James and worked.

After an early lunch we walked down to Florence, and found only one picture in the Uffizi of classic quality, the *Venus* — Botticelli's, of course. This seems absurd, but it is quite true. And we both came to it without exchanging a word.

We did more shopping, and came up in the 6 o'clock tram, and began to correct the first proofs of the *Florentine Painters* before diner.

At dinner I got cross with Bernhard for not talking, and he made an effort and pulled himself out of his blues and talked like a [0191 188] real angel in the evening. He complained of feeling hurried, as if it were incumbent on him to write something that would excuse him for having written the *Lotto*! This was not the angelic part of his conversation, but I put it down to laugh over. When we really seriously fell into talk it was about the art of literature, especially poetry, which is pure literature, for it is not the medium for conveying instruction. The effect of poetry is attained when it throws you into a *Stimmung* of the kind that does not lead out into action, *intransitive*, which is the ideal physical state, one of those moods of *bien-être*, "when the mind is free to muse on what delights it most". Starting from the proposition that all pleasure, whatever its cause, as [0192 189] *pleasure*, is physical, the question is what is the peculiar pleasure which poetry can give? and it is this, the awakening of certain divine moods of *bien-être*. A mood of this kind is the equivalent of tactile values in painting. Only when a figure has those can it be said to have artistic existence: only when a poem can throw you into such a mood, do we take it for real and begin to enjoy it as such. Others poems amuse, instruct, elevate or harrow us, but their tale told, their instruction imparted, they cease to *exist*, while a poem with no particular meaning, like Blake's "Sunflower, weary of time",⁹⁶⁰ will always exist.

A million poems rush to my mind, and the fine lines in them are always those that bring a distinct physical mood. How incomparably finer than anything else in the "Ode to Duty" is the stanza in which the lines occur

"Flowers laugh before thee in *their* beds
and fragrance in thy footing treads [0193 190]

⁹⁵⁹ Nietzsche, *Götzendämmerung* (1889).

⁹⁶⁰ Ah Sunflower, weary of time, / Who countest the steps of the sun ...



Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
and the most ancient Heavens, through thee are fresh and strong.”

What a sense of eternal youth and infinite security and support!

English poetry has devoted itself to this, the real problem of poetry, more than that of any other nation.

There remains the problem of the sounds of words, just as in painting there remains the problem of colour, and in music the tones.

Two English girls in the gallery looking at Leonardo's *Adoration* and *The Head of Medusa*: “Baedeker says it is probably not genuine” and passed on!

Wednesday, October 23, 1895, Fiesole

A letter to Mother from Mrs. Oscar Wilde, who has changed her name to Holland and is in Switzerland says:

“I have changed my name, but I am not taking any legal proceedings. My poor misguided husband, who is weak rather than wicked, repents most [0194 191] bitterly all his past madness, and I cannot refuse to him the forgiveness he has asked. So I have withdrawn from the Divorce proceedings that I was at one time tempted to institute, or rather that I was worried to institute for the sake of my boys. But the necessity of that is obviated by the Bankruptcy proceedings in which I am claiming through my Trustees the life-interest of my money, which does at present belong to my husband, and which will then go straight to the children after my death.

I can only trust that I have been guided right, and I have indeed sought Divine Wisdom, but things are so complicated that it is difficult to tell whether one has been guided right.

I am sure that you will agree with me that where there is repentance, it is not the place of the wife to be Avenger. Just think what he has lost! Practically all that made life bearable to him. I hear from the prison chaplain and from others who have an opportunity of judging that he is very heart-broken, and [0195 192] most especially so with regard to the trouble that he has brought on myself and the boys.

Affectionately yours,
Constance Holland”

— — — — —
We worked as usual in the morning, and Fabbri came to lunch. We talked of Nietzsche's hatred to the religion of *Mitleid*, and Bernhard said Nietzsche's ethics was a system suitable for a nomad tribe who would be impeded in their march if half a dozen were ill. He forgot that sympathy and care for the suffering may be also an expression of extra strength, more than enough for one's own personal ends. Moreover, he seems never to have thought that the self is enlarged by sympathy.

We also talked of Mrs. Piper and the next world, and how thoroughly it [0196 193] will be at an end with dogmatic Christianity if the Psychical



Society can prove that there is no heaven or hell or Purgatory. The only possible religion will then be a ritual without dogma, something like the American “Anglicanism” which is making such progress there.

Bernhard and Fabbri walked up to the Morgans, and I took the rampart walk, in the rain.

After tea we finished correcting the first part of the proofs of the *Florentine Painters*, and wrote letters and had a little Matthew Arnold and reading before bed-time.

Thursday, October 24, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard to Michael:⁹⁶¹

“I’m at work again, and already finishing up an article on — Good Lord! — Italian pictures in America.

*But my heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here.*⁹⁶² By *here* the prophet foreshadowed Connoisseurship, of which I’m sick even [0197 194] unto nausea. At bottom I no longer care a smart farthing who painted anything, yea, and the archaeological, morphological, even historical talk about pictures is like wicked stench unto my almighty nostrils. The letter A in art would now have to wear a countless number of superimposed tiaras to convey a conception of the mysticity and awe with which I now regard art. I think hard, but unbeknownst, so to speak, even to myself.

The problem before me is simple: Granting that the pleasure element is always sensuous, as we must grant, what is the specific element of sensuous pleasure in each of the arts? I am thinking about *all* the arts this time, not painting alone. The answer to these questions will be contained in my next big book, if ever it gets written. Meanwhile the small book on the [0198 195 *cum numero!*] *Florentine Painters* will be like a voice gone out of Fiesole *urbi et orbi*, telling what the element of pleasure is in figure painting; and sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, you will say when you peruse it.

We are reading D’Annunzio’s *Virgins of the Rocks*, which, though prose, has the cadence and rhythm of Virgil’s divinest verse. It breathes myrrh and frankincense, which the new Magi have just brought to this latest born but not least in the kingdom of Judah.

Psychology is more and more absorbing me. Tell Field⁹⁶³ that as she loves me and herself I urge her to get the large edition of James’ *Psychology* and to

⁹⁶¹ Katharine Bradley (‘Michael’).

⁹⁶² *My Heart’s in the Highlands*, a 1789 song and poem by Robert Burns.

⁹⁶³ Edith Cooper (‘Field’). This letter is preserved in the BL: BBMF 32, f. 168-171v; scans 147-152, Villa Kraus, Fiesole, Florence, Oct. 24, 1895.



read it diligently. Great shall be the fruit thereof. We are now of man's estate, and lo! it is time to put off childish things.⁹⁶⁴

I have re-read *Madame Bovary* recently. I was overawed by its greatness. It ought to go into the Bible, the Bible up to date, *bien entendu*, after the Book of Ruth.

I am now reading *Bouvard et Pécuchet*,⁹⁶⁵ which unfinished and ever prosaic [0199 196]⁹⁶⁶ and unlicked as it is, I find epic in quality. It is Homer this time really writing. *Batryomyomachia*,⁹⁶⁷ but what a masterpiece! O ye dwellers in Philistia, think ye it is so easy to leap over the boundary and to enter the gates of the Olympian Jerusalem, read, and you will see that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle.” <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

We worked as usual in the morning. I began an article for the *Chronique* on the Italian pictures in the South of France Galleries,⁹⁶⁸ of which I finished the rough draft in the evening.

It was raining, but as it let up about 3 we went out for a walk round by Vincigliata, but got caught in a torrent on the way home.

I read Klinger's brochure on *Malerei und Zeichnung*, and Bernhard went on with Tarde's *Lois de l'Imitation*. We also read German poetry. [0200 197]

A letter from Janet Dodge, in which she says that the Berliners are very “sniffy” about new composers, and French composers *überhaupt*.

“It is all on a par with what my Composition teacher, Prof. Bongiel, said to me one day, that it was much more instructive to stay at home of an evening and do one's Theorie than to go to hear ‘such things’ as the Berlioz’ *Requiem* (which I had heard the night before).” !!!

A nice letter from HO⁹⁶⁹ says that he found Mrs. Burke “uninteresting to a nearly interesting degree ... a temperament of porcelain. Fräulein Augspurg said: that woman has an oil skin on her heart. She'll keep dry and cool and hard ...”

⁹⁶⁴ An echo of Paul, 1 Cor 13.11-12: ‘When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face.’

⁹⁶⁵ Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881).

⁹⁶⁶ The date ‘Oct. 14, 1895’ is repeated in a header.

⁹⁶⁷ *Batrachomyomachia* (Βατραχομυομαχία, from βάτραχος, ‘frog’ μῦς, ‘mouse’, and μάχη, ‘battle’) or the *Battle of Frogs and Mice* is a comic epic or parody of the *Iliad*, attributed to Homer by the Romans, but according to Plutarch the work of Pigres of Halicarnassus, the brother (or son) of Artemisia, queen of Caria and ally of Xerxes. Some modern scholars, however, assign it to an anonymous poet of the time of Alexander the Great.

⁹⁶⁸

⁹⁶⁹ Are these phrases from Hermann Obrist's letter, or Mary's translation of them?



At Stuttgart I looked for more than an hour at 2 reproductions of Böcklin, *Der Eroberer Vestalinnenopfer*.⁹⁷⁰ You are right, 2700 times right, that the essentially artistic element is tactile values, movement, etc. Of course you are right. In these pictures, however, there are no tactile values even to speak of, no movement in our *decorative* [0201 198]

as running header: 'Letter from HO'

sense of the word. Nulla. The whole *Ergriffenheit* that I am in, have been in, will be in looking at these pictures comes purely and only from the representative element, the powerful *Stimmung* of the tale told, i.e., *nach Herren B.B.* illustration pure and simple.

That *Eroberer* excites my fancy, suggests flights of vision of all that brooding man will still do on that desert island, and no literature, no Byron and no Browning, has ever succeeded to stimulate *my visual and emotional fancy* a tenth part like Böcklin or Klinger. If these last are *poètes manqués*, they are *manqués* towards the + and not towards the -. If you are keenly sure of your sensations, your tactile prehensibility, your salivaciousness, etc., so am I about my fancy-sensations and their intense enjoyment.

If I hint at these subjects, it is not because I think it of any use whatsoever, but only *così en passant*. You have so made up your mind about the representative element having nothing to do with the *bildende Künste*, you are or were [0202 199]

as running header: 'Letter from HO'

so dead set against it, that I can only let the tooth of time gnaw at you, refraining from scratching myself. Dürer's *Malinconia*, his *Ritter, Tod und Teufel*, contain of course the essentially artistic qualities of tactile values, movement, etc. But *das ergreifende dran*⁹⁷¹ is that what Dürer means to express intellectually, emotional, symbolically.

The suggestive *Stimmung*

You, as B.B., are so organized that you care *en dernier lieu* for tactile values, etc. (which makes you prefer Stauffer Bern⁹⁷² to Klinger) and I am so organized that quite *en dernier lieu* I prefer the other. If that other is 'poetry, literature', why the devil don't I adore Keats, Shelley?"

The answer is that each art must have *that element which makes me take it as real* before I can find in it the inexhaustibility of reality, and be affected by it lastingly.

⁹⁷⁰ ? Arnold Böcklin, *Der Eroberer Vestalinnenopfer*

In left margin 'see p. 79' (a page left unnumbered): a rare internal reference in the diary, where Mary wrote the comment: 'No one else has done this in painting, but the pity of it is, Böcklin, as a painter, is not at all equal to Böcklin as a poet. His idea transcends his execution to a really painful degree.'

⁹⁷¹ das ergreifende Drau

⁹⁷² Karl Stauffer-Bern (1857-1891), a Swiss painter.



What is that element in each of the arts? [0203 200]

Friday, October 25, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

A day with little to record, as we worked over the proofs of the *Florentine Painters*.

We went down to the Academy in the afternoon, and spent an hour in the Library, reading the *Giornali*.⁹⁷³

We discovered Michelangelo's S. Matteo!!!

Saturday, October 26, 1895

Again the damed Proofs, and a run into Florence to get the number of a Pollaiuolo.

We meet Miss Hertz and a friend of hers in the Uffizi. Miss Hertz made us think of nothing but *Bouvard*,⁹⁷⁴ except possibly Aunty Lill!

Bernhard then called on La baronne Puliga ("Brada")⁹⁷⁵ and on Benn, while I walked home and devoted myself to some deadly dull writing on the French provincial galleries.

All the evening we corrected, and corrected, and corrected proofs, until nearly 11, when we read Bernhard's article on the Italians in New York and Boston. [0204 201 cum numero!]

Sunday, October 27, 1895, Fiesole

We corrected all the rest of the proofs, a terrible task!

Also I sent off to the *Chronique* my articles on provincial galleries, and Bernhard sent his article to the *Gazette* on Italians in New York and Boston.

We read part of Galton's *Men of Science*⁹⁷⁶ together.

It was raining almost continuously, but we snatched a short walk about 5. We have enjoyed this quiet day very much.

Viola, Bernhard's servant, came over for some butter this morning and called at the gate for twenty minutes, and then went back, saying no one heard her to let her in. "Non ha suonato?" "Ma no, Signora, non ho pensato di suonare." She is really next door to a machine. So then she came back and rang, and was let in.

Monday, October 28, 1895, Fiesole

Finished the Putnam business matters and went down to lunch at the Placcis. He told us of Lord Onslow, who had let his place. The tenant [0205 202] after a time cried off the bargain, because, he said, the place was haunted. Lord Onslow would not admit the ghost, but after a while came

⁹⁷³ What Library?

⁹⁷⁴ Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (1881).

⁹⁷⁵ The wife of baron Puliga.

⁹⁷⁶ Francis Galton (1811-1911), *English Men of Science: Their Nature and Nurture* (London, 1874).



with 3 friends to investigate. They all saw it, and even fired a shot which passed right through the figure. *He then let the tenant off his contract.* I shall try to find out what is the truth of this!

A painter, Conte Bosco⁹⁷⁷ of Bologna, came in and spoke of the Venetian Exhibition. Fra Giacomo⁹⁷⁸ he praised as a master of sea painting. But he was wildly enthusiastic about what he called the “art” of that horrible affair by Grasso.⁹⁷⁹ There, he said, was a man who could do what he could not, who possessed extreme technical ability. Placcci objected that the thing was in bad taste, and hideous. “O you never tried to draw the nude” was the reply. In short, a complete *painter’s* criticism.

Then we three went to the Palazzo Gino Capponi and saw the picture of [0206 203] his son-in-law, the Marchese Farinola, a small *Last Communion of St. Jerome* by Botticelli,⁹⁸⁰ a little gem, almost among his best. Placci could thoroughly enjoy the purely decorative part, the bed covered with sheepskin and the crucifix and palms and cedars above it, and the matting roof and walls, but the representative element distressed him. Instead of getting abstract values of motion, he felt like a feeble old man, or a young priest or acolyte holding up a heavy body or candles. So we went to the *Primavera*, and there again the representative elements distressed him, the blueness of the figure to the right, the flowers coming out of the woman’s mouth, etc. But he began to see, after a while, the marvellous pattern of space and lines weaving in and out.

We went to look at the back of the Duomo, and then came home and had tea and a divine hour listening to him and to Buonamici playing Wagner’s *Siegfried Idyll*, the *Hundigung March*,⁹⁸¹ and Humperdinck’s *Hansel and Gretel*.

A walk home by moonlight, a good dinner, unpacking new books, reading — and so ended a nice day. [0207 204]

Letter from Michael

Michael writes (to me) one of two fine sentences: “Now I envy you (my envy is only Bunyan’s when he saw the pilgrims’ jolly in heaven — which, when I beheld, I wished myself among them — not in the least a desire to put a serpent in their midst) settling down to your hills and winter plain, double your share of stars by night, and such an amplitude of coloured air by day I — we — find with years that the eye needs a few quite simple outlines — and the mind — how few books. The mind learns the secret, St. Francis’ secret, of holy poverty, and trips the world blithely without a sous.”

⁹⁷⁷ conte Bosco of Bologna

⁹⁷⁸ Fra Giacomo

⁹⁷⁹ Grasso

⁹⁸⁰ Now in the Metropolitan Museum.

⁹⁸¹ Edvard Grieg’s *Hundigung’s March*?



She also quotes from Coleridge's letters: "the folly of sinning *against our first and pure impressions!* *It is the sin against our own ghost* at least."

Tuesday, October 29, 1895, Fiesole

Quiet day of work.

Colnaghi's partner⁹⁸² came to see Bernhard on business, and he also had a long walk with Mr. Benn.

I went to town to shop. I read one of Placci's stories (printed in the *Illustrazione*) but alas! did not like it in any way. [0208 204 bis]

Letter to HO

..."⁹⁸³ Böcklin and Klinger arouse your fancy, they suggest flights of visions, etc., etc. Why, you ask, are they not Art? It is our old contention, and you do not seriously intend me to go over all the arguments once more? Still for a moment I will linger over this. Is it not time — please be accurately introspective here — that first you feel a cerebral activity, and then and then only something approaching, yet only vaguely, I think, the condition of definite *bien-être*. But this sort of thing is not at all artistic. It happens to every man over any matter that rouses his cerebral activity in a satisfactory way, and consequently the surgeon speaks of a *beautiful* cancer, the mathematician of a *beautiful* problem, etc. The 'beautiful' so used — your use also — is only a sign of gratitude to a something that has started your cerebration. You personally perhaps have a poor visual memory, and a consequently poor constructive, i.e., illustrating, fancy. [209 205]

"Poetry therefore of the highest (you say, but I believe it is in part due to your not understanding it) — poetry, you say, never rouses your fancy as Böcklin and Klinger. Poetry rouses my fancy far more, because I have a lively visual imagination so easily that I generally almost unconsciously visualize every phrase I read, and in a way which makes even the best illustration seem tame. Illustration, as such, has therefore but slight value to me, and would have even less if I were an artist, a person whose cerebration had to take the form of visual reconstruction. Your cerebration has to take that form, and you prize whatever stimulates it in you. But at the same rate you would be justified in having illusions about a wench who stimulated your sexual appetite, or, to be more serious, any person who made you talk. It is a notorious fact that the people who have the most to say themselves are rarely the ones to make you talk best. That happens once in a great while, but generally <a> sane person you recognize as a

[0210 206] Letter to HO

⁹⁸² Otto Gutekunst?

⁹⁸³ Indicating that some passages in the letter to Obrist were not copied into the diary.



“decided inferior does that much better. I hope you understand my addleheaded lingo, but my point is that art has not to do with the stimulation of our most absorbing activities, but rather to put us into that physical condition which makes us say to a moment, “Stay, thou art so fair”. In other words, to supply the baro-hygro-thermo-metric conditions to the merely visual effect. If a man can put us into these desired conditions, he is an artist already — a life-giver, a creator in the highest sense of the word. If he can not only put us into these wonderful conditions, but, while we are in that enchanting mood, present us with great ideas, *tant mieux*. But remember that ideas will seem so marvellous because we were in such a marvellous condition when we received them, and because in the work of art they have been made *insoluble*.

With our usual carelessness about subjective states, unless we are extremely acute in analysis, we jump over to the representation pure and simple, and regard *that* as the cause of our ecstasy. On the

[0211 207] Letter to HO

contrary! it is the condition that made us feel the idea. You could not have chosen better illustrations than your examples of the *Malinconia and the Ritter*. The boundless energy of the line and touch keys you up to a condition wherein anything would seem wonderful, and of course Dürer had more than mediocre ideas: still, as mere ideas, these engravings are not overwhelming. Their inexhaustibility comes not from their intellectuality but from their powerful *tonic effect*.

It is this, it is this which makes art, and nothing else. One of the most heart-rending mistakes humanity has ever made is the belief that art means no more than to supply phrases with visual accompaniments, or, in other words, ideas with representations of the things they stand for. That (which is all that 99 per cent of even intelligent humanity means by the plastic and figure arts) is no more art than any other form of translation. Translation it is, pure and simple.

Hence, by the way, the rotten but logical talk about art being the translation of something, into the material of something else, and the placing [0212 207 bis] of this idiotic statement in the fundamental principle of art...”

Janet,⁹⁸⁴ in a letter, speaks of the “delight of hearing or seeing a work of art which one knows nothing about beforehand — that beautiful feeling of uncertainty and swaying and final surrender.”

⁹⁸⁴ Janet Dodge.



* *
*

Thursday, October 31, 1895, Fiesole

[14 lines of text cancelled]

[0213 - several lines at top of page cut away]

We also talked about D'Annunzio⁹⁸⁵ and *Marius* (Pater) and Virgil. The *Inbalt* of D'Annunzio, the lack of universality, of high seriousness prevents the book being a classic. He is too eager to express himself, to burst out into words. He expresses no ethical attitude toward life in a large sense.

Placci asked me what I was at work on. "Struggling to express second-hand ideas in my Louvre guide-book," I said. If I could always be as truthful!

In the evening Bernhard and I read over the correspondence between Obrist and myself **up to my going to Munich**. I must confess, it was much duller than I thought it would be. It bored us to death. Besides this, it was obviously hollow and not ingenuous. The ...

[0214 - several lines at top of page cut away]

Friday, Nov. 1, 1895, Fiesole

Miss Hertz and her unendurable friend came to tea, and discoursed upon art until we almost got apoplexy from holding in our rage.

Then Mr. Holroyd,⁹⁸⁶ an English artist whom Bernhard knew years ago, came to dinner. He has a great deal of interest in Italian art, and all he said was pretty sane and eminently intelligent. It was an evening of quiet recognition, so to speak, of the fact that another had reached many of the same points of view we had ourselves attained.

[a line cancelled]

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1895

Mr. Holroyd and his wife and little boy of 3 came to spend the day. The wife is a faded edition of her husband's ideas, considerably preoccupied with the child, Michael. Such a woman, like Mrs. Kerr-Lawson also, makes me most unhappy. They have intelligence, too, but as social and intellectual beings they are simply non-existent. Am I as bad as they, I wonder?

a page cut away?

⁹⁸⁵ Which novel?

⁹⁸⁶ Sir Charles Holroyd (1861-1917), a painter, first keeper of the Tate, knighted in 1903, director of the National Gallery in 1906.



[0215 ____] Monday, November 4, 1895, Fiesole

Talk at lunch about the hanging of galleries. The bottom appeal of good art is to a complex of physical sensations whose result is definite or indefinite *bien-être*. Hanging a bad thing by a good one annuls this effect, like an emetic in the midst of a wholesome dinner. Galleries should not be hung to enable a few connoisseurs to make easy *confronti*.

We went down to the Library, walking down and up.

Told Maud at dinner about Mrs. Piper, and she became an easy and delighted convert. Art pleasures — the feeling of the physical pleasure without the actual objective stimulus — offers a splendid analogy to the ...

[a page cut away?]

<perhaps Tuesday, November 5, 1895, Fiesole>

[0216 222] At lunch we fell to talking about the study of Greek literature, and how, like *Kunstkenner*s, the critics still keep writing about purely irrelevant matters — the history, etc.

Bernhard then delivered himself of a small lecture on the subject, the substance of which was as follows: The origin of the modern study of Greek and Roman literature was not the desire to enjoy a beautiful thing, but the hope of finding out, by means of literature, the way to more culture and more life than had been common in the retreating Middle Ages. They did not regard it as an art, or even as a grammar — still less as philology! — but only as the thing which contained the secret of a fine way of living. It was, in fact, merely a study of documents revealing the life and temper of the Greeks as a model to imitate. But first, in order to reach these documents, they had to master the Greek [0217 223] Grammar. When they found out that the life *could not* be imitated, then all their enthusiasm, their élan of passionate interest, went into grammar and archaeology — where it has remained ever since. Perry, in working out the formal development of Greek literature, and connecting it with psychology even, has gone a step ahead of the mere grammatical and political interest. But of course he is no nearer the point than Morelli or Berenson in *The Venetian Painters*!! <marked with a blue line in the left margin>

Wednesday, November 6, 1895, Fiesole

We both went in to Florence in the morning and read Müntz⁹⁸⁷ and Cavalcaselle [0218 224] on Raphael at the Library, etc.

Loeser came to lunch and was rather nice, unusually so.

⁹⁸⁷ Eugène Müntz (1845-1902), *Raphaël : sa vie, son oeuvre, et son temps* (Paris, 1886).



We all three took a long walk in the afternoon, and read the papers and Havelock Ellis' *Man and Woman*⁹⁸⁸ in the evening.

Bernhard spoke of someone as "irradiating pins and needles."

Thursday, November 7, 1895, Fiesole

Logan's book, *A Youth of Parnassus*,⁹⁸⁹ came this morning, and also a favourable review of it in *Le Temps*.

Michael writes disapproving of the decision the Burkes have come to:

"It would be better surely when the wild oats, rather, the tares, or bad stuff in the Scriptural sense, have been sown, to wait at least until the vile crop has been reaped, before considering the field as good ground. But there! Life will look to it. *Vengeance is hers*, so Michael puts by his spear with a sigh."

And so might it be said of me. The vile things are not reaped — alas! It is no use [0219 225] my considering myself good ground. I am not. I am utterly and entirely beaten and discouraged. Reading the last of those horrible letters has broken me. Bernhard was very, very angry, and hated me bitterly for many moments together.

There seems to be nothing left to start fresh with — nothing. At 31 to have been like that, and with such chances for better things. Up to now I hardly could feel that I had done it. I, myself, seemed so different. Now I feel that it was myself and no other — myself, the person I have to live with, cannot escape from ...

To be a person who is fickle in soul, to have loved once, as I really loved Bernhard, and then to waver, to be unable to hold fast the good thing. So selfish, too — not to think of the pain to him — and yet he should be my first thought, [0220 226] as I know I am always his.

When I left B.F.C.C. I thought my love for Bernhard was *forever*. It was the only thing that justified my breaking up things.

And then I couldn't hold firm, but yielded to the delight of feelings that sprang up — for it *is* wonderful to be in love. I am glad at least it has been stopped in time for me not to go all to pieces.

And yet if it had been Bernhard, should I have blamed him? Sometimes I think not, for Love in whatever form it comes is a God, and even if it destroys all one's so-called 'moral nature' it remakes the world "nearer to the heart's desire". Why should we put [0221 *sine numero*] faithfulness above it?

But I must not think in this way. It is my wickedness trying to make excuses for my unkind, miserable conduct.

⁹⁸⁸ Havelock Ellis (1859-1939), *Man and Woman: A Study of human secondary sexual characters* (London, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House GN479.65 .E66 1894**

⁹⁸⁹ Logan Pearsall Smith (1865-1946), *A Youth of Parnassus* (London, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR6069.M74 Y68 1895**



[0222 *sine numero*]

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The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1891-1900

Diary 1, 1891-Nov. 22, 1893, viale Principe Amedeo 16, Florence; after
Nov. 21, 1892, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)

Diary 2, 1894-1895 - Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)
Florence

Diary 3, 1895-1896 - Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 4, 1896-1898, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 5, 1898-1899, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence

Diary 6, 1899-1902, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence;
I Tatti, Settignano

1. London (1891-1892)
2. Florence (1892-1895)
3. Villa Rosa & Villa Kraus, Fiesole (1895-1897)
4. Il Frullino (1897-1900)

Diary 3, 1895-1896

[0004]

A BOOK OF TRUTH

[0005] November 1895-

Return to Mary Logan,⁹⁹⁰
Villa Rosa, Fiesole, Italy

[0007 1] November 8, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

In this book I mean to write nothing except the truth. I want to have
done with posing, and I have posed, even to myself.

Beginning a new Journal, let me make mention of our friends, and then
see whom we have by the end.

Our common friends are:
"The Michaels" [Dec. 5. 95]
The Robertsons ^{kept growing less}
Christina Bremner

Janet Dodge ^{kept growing less}
Fafner Hapgood ^{kept growing less}
Miss Sellers
Miss Paget ^{kept growing less}
Miss Cruttwell ^{Mar. 96 renewed}

⁹⁹⁰ Mary's pseudonym, using as a surname her brother's first name.



Emily Dawson
Carlo Placci (increased)
M. Reinach
Loeser [ended Nov. 26. 95]

Herbert Cook
John Burke (ended Feb. 2. 96)
Miss Anstruther Thomson kept growing
less

Alys & Bertie
Logan
Mr. Hamilton

The names of The
Michaels, Janet Dodge,
Miss Cruttwell,
Loeser and John Burke are
crossed out

[0008 2]

Bernhard's are:

Obrist
Mr. Benn
Miss Rea (less)
Miss Puffer
Miss Buttles
The Perrys (ended)
Henry Farrer
Mr. Davis (less)
George Carpenter

Klinsmann
Mr. Bywater
Frizzoni
Sir Charles Turner (less)

The names of Miss Puffer,
The Perrys and Sir Charles
Turner
are crossed out

Mine are:

Evelyne Nordhoff (best of all)
Mr. Burke [ended Feb. 1 96]
Eva McLaren
"Puck" (died out)
Mr. Britten
Gertrude Burton (died Jan. 26)
Edith Thomas
Mr. Zangwill (stayed too long)
Isabel Fry
Saidie Nordhoff
Mrs. Mosher
Dr. Bucke
Rukhmabai
Florence Dike

[The names of Mr. Burke,
"Puck", Gertrude Burton,
Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Mosher
and Dr. Bucke are crossed
out]

[0009 3]

Today a man sent by Norman Hapgood came to lunch, a cultivated, semi-consumptive named Hobson, one of those nice Englishmen with whom one can talk about anything.

a clipping from *The Nation* about decorations in public libraries in the
United States pasted in

At lunch, talking of Zola's longing to get into the French Academy, Bernhard said he "wanted to make an honest woman" of his literary work.

Afterwards Miss Paget came, and we talked at length about Nietzsche, she defending Christianity against his attack, [0010 4 'Maud'] She was particularly interesting and suggestive.

Bernhard dined at the Contessa Rasponi's, and although he enjoyed it, he wondered at time why he had gone.

At dinner Maud Cruttwell told me she would not be able to come back next year, partly finances, partly other reasons. And as I sat looking at her, I



realized that if she went away and I never saw her again, I should probably never think of her again. I admire and respect her so much, but she does not interest me the least little bit in the world.

I copied some "Thinking Lessons" in the evening.

[0011 5] Saturday, Nov. 9, 1895, Fiesole

Finished copying, and sent off to the *Atlantic*, the series of "Thinking Lessons".

Bernhard worked on Lo Spagna, and got a feeling of utter nausea for the whole business of the connoisseur. He declared he was going out of the trade, but when the question came up of Maud Cruttwell's taking and making use of his discoveries in that line, he said he wasn't going out quite so soon as all that!

The "bald-headed butterfly", Mr. Hamilton, came to lunch. He was full of indignation at the English law that prevents the use of naphtha tricycles, on the ground that they are "traction engines", and must be ridden only at a walking pace, with some one in front carrying a red flag — literally! He is thinking of writing a Tragedy on Ezzelino.⁹⁹¹

[0012 6 'Vernon']

After a season of woe and general cursing, we went down to town, and Bernhard called on Mr. Benn and discussed Greek Philosophy, while I called on the Buttles and chatted with the mother. I sent another "mother and daughter" tragedy there.

We read *Man and Woman* in the evening.

Bernhard said that last night at the Rasponis, Miss Paget burst out into praise of — Leighton⁹⁹² and Alma Tadema⁹⁹³ —! as real artists!

Sunday, Nov. 10, 1895

I really worked on my Louvre <Guide> in the morning, and enjoyed it. A hundred ideas danced before me, and I felt if only I could summon resolution to work a couple of hours every day, I might really find my brain of use. [0013 7]

Loeser and Miss Farnham came to lunch, the latter the victim of an invalid mother who drags her about from "Cure" to "Cure". But the type is poor and feeble anyhow, hard and superficial, and given to platitudes. Maud, however, finds "something in her", but I think Maud is lonely and welcomes friends at almost any cost. She sang unpleasantly but played her accompaniments pretty well. But for several hours it was a decided bore.

⁹⁹¹ Ezzelino III da Romano was an Italian feudal lord in the March of Treviso who was a close ally of the emperor Frederick II and ruled Verona, Vicenza and Padua for almost two decades

⁹⁹² Sir Frederic Leighton (1830-1896).

⁹⁹³ Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1836-1912).



In the evening Bernhard and I dined at the Palmerino. Vernon was truly charming. She spoke of Placci's descriptions of "high life" as "the magnificence of a Toynbee Hall Traveller", and said the clothes seemed to have been turned once. She told us [0014 8] about William Sharpe's⁹⁹⁴ phenomenal cheek. Coming a blatant young journalist from Australia, he went straight to the hermit-like Rossetti with never a doubt but that Rossetti would be delighted with his acquaintance, and simply got on his back and stayed there. He met Mr. Pater, who regarded him with horror. And then he announced he was invited to Oxford to stay with Pater. To the surprise of Pater and his sisters, he descended upon them, and *stayed*, and had the cheek to read and *correct* Pater's proofs for him.

He was the man who, priding himself on his French, presented a book of his to Count Boutourlier,⁹⁹⁵ wherein was written, on the page opposite the photograph of the author "Avec le regard de William Sharpe".

I must not forget to record M. [0015 9] Hamilton's account of Dr. Karl Frey,⁹⁹⁶ whose one remark on hearing the name of any colleagues — or almost of any contemporary — is "Noch ein Feind".

I take back what I said about Maud. I really like her. She has such good points.

Monday, November 11, 1895, Fiesole

Worked again.

Logan described the young Englishman who shares his palace and garden at Venice: "Morison, the undergraduate, is the regular type of amiable futile young aristocrat, very polished and very ugly — "a monkey who has been to Eton" he looks like. He has nice amiable feelings for art and literature, and a perfect passion for pushing himself everywhere in a boat.

We had splendid fireworks last night, and one great shower of golden fire, he described in his enthusiasing, [0016 10] as "a sort of Danaë business" — isn't that a perfect Public School phrase?"

Of Ruskin he says, "Frederick Harrison⁹⁹⁷ is right, Ruskin can write, but his ideas! They remind me of Alban and Auntie Lill."

Mrs. Buttles and her daughter Nettie came up after lunch. Bernhard took a walk with the daughter, and I endured the mother for a weary disgusted hour. She is a vain, grossly selfish, disgustingly material woman. Was she

⁹⁹⁴ William Sharpe

⁹⁹⁵ Boutillier?

⁹⁹⁶ Mary wrote 'Frei'. Karl Frey (1857-1921), *Die Loggia dei Lanzi zu Florenz: eine quellenkritische Untersuchung* (Berlin: W. Hertz, 1885). **Biblioteca Berenson NA5621.F525 F74 1885**

Sammlung ausgewählter Biographien Vasari's: Zum Gebrauche bei Vorlesungen
Il libro di Antonio Billi: esistente in due copie nella Biblioteca nazionale di Firenze

⁹⁹⁷ Frederic Harrison (1831-1923), a jurist and historian.



studying Italian with her daughters? No, she didn't want to learn *anything*! As to her daughters, they think, she told me, of her first in *everything* — much as one thinks of a mad dog before crossing a street he is running along, Bernhard said! They promised to give her a ring if she didn't get in a funk on the [0017 11 'Buttles'] steamer. And the first thing they did on arriving was to go out and buy her two diamond rings. All the same, she detests Florence, and longs to be at home again where she can have waffles and pancakes for breakfast. And she will drag them home, too, and what is worse, to California. It is perhaps the worst case of mother tyranny I have come across.

In the evening Bernhard read Padmore's⁹⁹⁸ book on *Thought Transference* and I read Goldwin Smith's *Jane Austen*,⁹⁹⁹ delightful chiefly for its quotations from the sprightly Jane.

We are both "under the weather", in spite of glorious sunshine and warmth. Bernhard feels his liver, I my "insides". [0018 12 'Painting']

Tuesday, Nov. 1<2>, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Worked in the morning, I on "Pattern" in pictures, Bernhard on the Caen Lo Spagna.

Miss Buttles and Placci came to lunch, and we discussed Marion Crawford, who is, Placci said, a great reader of character by means of handwriting. Placci said this indicated a great knowledge of psychology, why then is he not a great novel-writer? But we pointed out that a knowledge of psychology is to a novel-writer no more than anatomy to an artist — it does not make him an artist. And here came in a most interesting comparison between Degas' picture of a girl ironing, and a photograph of Evelyn¹⁰⁰⁰ in somewhat the same position at her book-press. The photograph from the picture was immensely energetic and life-communicating. The photograph from real life, though more correct anatomically, was trivial, insignificant and feeble.

After lunch Miss Buttles sang some Hungarian songs, and then Placci played [0019 13 'Music – Loeser'] and she sang the best of the Valkyrie. What a pleasure it was! It lasted two hours, and we were in ecstasy. Her voice is divine, and, as Placci said, she is a great artist as well. His playing seemed to us quite perfect for Wagner.

Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1895, Fiesole

I was not well at all. Still I worked a little.

Bernhard made out a list of drawings photographed by Braun which we want.

⁹⁹⁸ Frank Padmore, *Apparitions and Thought Transference* ().

⁹⁹⁹ Goldwin Smith, *The Life of Jane Austen* (London, 1890).

¹⁰⁰⁰ Evalyne Nordhoff?



Fabbri came to lunch, and even Bernhard admitted he was “life-diminishing”. But he said one good thing. He and Puliga met Loeser at Giacosa’s. Fabbri was keen to keep Loeser from talking of Velasquez, “but I could not prevent”, he said, “Loeser’s saying that there was something strikingly *Mauresque* in Velasquez’ sense of decoration.”

Bernhard and Fabbri took a walk.

I am not [0020 14 ‘Mrs. Burke – Charley Nordhoff’] at all well and scarcely dare to stir from the house, so I stayed in and read *The Spectator* and picked out Wagner from the music Placci left.

We discussed Mrs. Burke at dinner, a propos of her unexplained idea of going to Munich or coming here — alone. The poor thing has not succeeded in really making a single friend. Maud positively dislikes her, as did all those who knew her at Munich.

In the evening we read in *Man and Woman* about women and hypnotic phenomena.

Saidie Nordhoff wrote me of her eldest son Charley (8 years old): “Charley slept in my room last night (owing to walls being coloured), and went to sleep happily with a mouth-organ and a bag of marbles disposed conveniently under his pillow. On waking, he rolled his eyes over toward me and remarked shrewdly before they were fairly opened, “I wouldn’t give you for marbles or mouth-organs, or anything in the world. I know a boy who would give his Mother for three cows and a bull, but I wouldn’t even for *that!*” [0021 15 ‘Vernon Lee & Pater’]

Thursday, Nov. 14, 1895, Fiesole

A day of days! And we wasted the sunshine and caressing air by going to lunch with Loeser and talking stupid gossip.

Afterwards Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and I went to Dr. Baldwin to get some medicine to stop an undue loss of blood which is taking away my spirits, and making my wickedness and my woes seem too great to be borne.

In the evening I began *Voigt*¹⁰⁰¹ again, and got on better.

We talked of the desirable subordination of painting to architecture from melody to the harmony of a symphony. Still, there are songs!

A story about Vernon Lee and Walter Pater, whether true or false, should not be lost. They were staying in a country house together. Pater got hungry in the very early grey of the morning, and put on his dressing-gown and descended to “break a little bread”. But the very same [0022 16] thought to Miss Paget occurred — she had fixed on the very same place. So as Pater was sitting breaking his bread, the door softly opened, and in came Vernonia in *her* dressing gown. After a second of embarrassed silence each

¹⁰⁰¹ Voigt



fled by different doors, and during the day confided the tale separately to their friends, saying "Wasn't it terribly untoward for me!"

The only trouble about the story is, as Miss Cruttwell pointed out, the bread is not usually kept in the dining-room!

Friday, Nov. 15, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I worse in health and spirit. Bernhard still studying Lo Spagna photographs.

The younger Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling came to lunch, and nothing of the least importance was said.

Maud and I had an Italian lesson, and in the evening we read *Attila*, my *Attila*, which Michael had just sent. Bernhard said it was like a bad smell he wanted to run away from as fast as possible. Yet [0023 17] Michael, in her letter this morning, evidently thinks it is quite on a level with Shakspeare [*sic*] and Browning — she says as much!

Maud lunched with Miss Paget and Mr. Hamilton who both said that Mary A. F. Robinson¹⁰⁰² has written by far the best poetry of these days —!! They think there is *nothing better* anywhere, at any time, than her "Sestria" to the Stars.

Saturday, Nov. 16, 1895, Fiesole

The morning was so heavenly that we went out for a while into the podere. Then we came back and each one stolidly worked until lunch.

Afterwards Bernhard went to the Uffizi to look for drawings bearing on the Caen Spozalizio. and I took Mr. Hamilton to see the Pazzi Chapel and Santa Croce. Of course he saw chiefly the faults — he is not in [0024 18 'Renaissance art'] the habit of enjoying aesthetic impressions. Santa Croce simply overwhelmed me when I first entered with the effect of space. But all sorts of things pained me, too, the comparison with the best Roman things, which made the Pazzi Chapel look at the same time heavy and flimsy, the recollection of German decorative sculpture, which made the Desiderio tomb seem *etwa weiches*, and the full realization of the horrible bad taste of using frescoes like Giotto's to decorate (!!) <the> Chapel. These things, however, I hid in my heart.

In the evening we had a raging discussion over Swinburne, to whom Bernhard denied the title of poet at all. So we read him — things that Maud chose as his best — *Sapphics*, *An Interlude*, etc. — and agreed with Bernhard! We also read some A. Mary F. [*sic*] Robinson. [0025 19]

¹⁰⁰² Mary A. F. Robinson (1857-1944), poet, essayist, and biographer, later wife of James Darmesteter, the French orientalist, and on his death of the French scientist Pierre Emile Duclaux. Henry James, *The Letters*, vol. 3, p. 51,

Violet Paget enjoyed an intense, loving relationship with the poet, *Mary A. F. Robinson*.



Sunday, Nov. 17, 1895, Fiesole

Another day of white sunshine and pale blue mists. We spent most of the morning in the podere, enjoying the well-earned fruits of aesthetic training in an exquisite appreciation of the beauty of the light and forms. We came in with the firm intention of reading some poetry, but found the post, and got absorbed in letters and journals.

Frizzoni gave a long review of the Hampton Court Guide in the *Archivio Storico*, and Miss Ffoulkes,¹⁰⁰³ in the same journal, cribs a lot of Bernhard's ideas and facts, with grudging and insufficient acknowledgment.

Mr. Hobson came to lunch and afterwards came Miss Buttles and Placci who gave us *Tristan and Isolde*. Placci played [0026 20 'Von Bülow'] for nearly three hours, almost inspired, and Miss Buttles sang the *Liebestod*. We were quite worn out with excitement.

Placci told us some amusing stories of Von Bülow: how he showed him photographs of all his daughters and explained which were his and which weren't! His wife married Wagner, and after Wagner died, Von Bülow met one of the daughters in the street and said, "Tell your mother that Brahms is the greatest musician in the world, now that Wagner is dead, and she had better marry him."

Also Bernhard told us of Herr Wesendenck, who is so proud of having been König Marke to his wife's Isolde and Wagner's Tristan, that he never loses the occasion to say, "Ich bin der König Marke", and he has a big bust of Wagner in his study. [0027 21 'Monte Senario']

x Monday, Nov. 18, 1895, Fiesole

Still this marvellous weather, with the best elements of Spring, Summer and Autumn combined.

Miss Paget came to call, and was especially nice, talking about music, and how it was all movement, and should stimulate rhythms in the physiological system.

* Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1895

We started out at 930 and walked for three hours, almost reaching Monte Senario, a glorious walk. Then we ate our lunch on the hillside and lay down in the grass and smoked, "overlooking the valley." It was a landscape painted on a huge Chinese screen, the valleys all in pale mist, with only the

¹⁰⁰³ Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes, the translator of Morelli: Giovanni Morelli, *Italian Painters. Critical Studies of their Works*, trans. Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes, intro. A. H. Layard (London, John Murray, 1892-1893), in two volumes: vol. 1. *The Borghese and Doria-Pamfili galleries in Rome*; vol. 2. *The galleries of Munich and Dresden*. **Biblioteca Berenson N2810 .M6 1892**



hill tops emerging, simple and monochrome, a simplicity and beauty European artists [0028 22 'Loeser'] have never reached.

We walked down to Santa Madallena¹⁰⁰⁴ and took the diligence to help us on our way home, as I was footsore.

Italian lesson and reading. I defended state-paid motherhood at dinner.

Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1895, Fiesole

Miss Farnham came to lunch, and we talked a good deal about the Church of England, **Bernhard defending it.**

We walked across the Mugnone and up to the Bolognese road, and home by S. Domenico — an enchanting walk in this divine weather.

At dinner we talked of Loeser, with whom Maud had gone to look at the drawings, returning quite furious with his ignorance and conceit and inappropriateness. She agreed that he always finds, as Bernhard says, “le mot injuste”. He called Pisanello “monumental and solemn” —!! Their final split came over the Mantegna Judith, [0029 23] which he thinks is not genuine. He said she ought to consider it such a privilege to go with a man of such vast knowledge and experience as he had, that she ought to accept everything he said!

Bernhard is reading Karl Pearson's¹⁰⁰⁵ *Grammar of Science*, and finds it a splendid piece of clear thinking, and the most destructive to Catholicism that there has yet been. I must remember this for Ray and Karin.

A letter from Miss Sellers says: “Let us all get very rich, and hire a yacht and go to places. I will not say where the vulgar have not penetrated, for they penetrate everywhere, but only when the vulgar are not there.” [0030 24]

Thursday, Nov. 21, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I lunched with the Butties, and Miss B. sang me many songs of Schumann — divinely!

Maud entertained Bernhard with her rage against Loeser for denying the genuineness of Mantegna's finest drawing, the Judith.

We read a sentimental, heavily padded discourse by William James,¹⁰⁰⁶ originally delivered to a Y.M.C.A., but printed, goodness knows why, in the *Journal of Education*. It is called “Is Life Worth Living?”

We dined with Miss Paget, and had a little desultory talk, chiefly on music, ending up with few remarks from her on Science — her present, dimly

¹⁰⁰⁴ Convento della Maddalena, Caldine.

¹⁰⁰⁵ Karl Pearson (1857-1936), *The Grammar of Science* (London, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House Q175 .P36 1892**

¹⁰⁰⁶ William James, ‘Is Life Worth Living’, *The Journal of Education*



understood, but all the more adored God. "Ah", said Bernhard "I fancy most of us go to Science about as we should go to Whiteley's."¹⁰⁰⁷

Coming home he lectured me about trying to express my own ideas in an argument instead of trying to pull out the other person's. [0031 25 'Michael']

Friday, Nov. 22, 1895

Today, we began to work over the drawings, raking out old notes, etc.

We had a jolly walk in the cold north wind around the Caves, and then I had an Italian lesson.

A wildly absurd letter from Michael came, and at the same time a very good criticism of *Attila* in the *Chronicle*. Like a child Michael protests that they do not feel that "All is lost, even though Fiesole condemns." It is quite silly and undignified, but I have written her a sensible answer. Probably our friendship cannot go on, but at any rate I want it to die easy, as I am really fond of them.

* Saturday, Nov. 23, 1895

The first snow of the season.

Bernhard wrote to Lippmann¹⁰⁰⁸ about the book of drawings, and I had a good idea for my [0032 26] Louvre Guide. "I wish I could make it a masterpiece!" I said. "Well, why not?" Bernhard replied. "At any rate you can make it a *scandale*!"

We worked on the lists of drawings a little and read.

A really nice quiet day.

Sunday, Nov. 24, 1895, Fiesole

Worked and read (Perry's *Greek Literature*, Cantos XXIX and XXX of *Inferno*, chapter of *Man and Woman*, chapter of *Grammar of Science*, chapter of Galton's *Scientific Man*, ten pages of Voigt on Petrarch).

Two unhappy letters from Mrs. Burke explaining why she did not study or go to the Louvre. Poor thing! But the fact remains, she does not.

Placci and Signor Buonamici came and played us a symphony by Dvorak and the Buonamici played alone some Scarlatti and other XVIII century things — delicious! — and some marvelously complicated but to me less enjoyable [0033 27 'Final Quarrel with Loeser'] Lizst and Henschell. He was good humour itself and very pleasant.

It rained hard all day.

¹⁰⁰⁷ The original Whiteleys department store, built in 1863 at 31 Westbourne Grove in Notting Hill, was devastated in an enormous fire in 1887.

¹⁰⁰⁸ Friedrich Lippmann (1838-1903), Curator of the Kupferstichkabinett, Berlin.



Monday, Nov. 25, 1895

Worked, went in to Library, called and heard Miss Buttles sing, read in the evening.

A quiet, pleasant enough day.

Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1895

Maud and I lunched with Mr. Hobson, and then I called for Loeser, who had written that he wished to talk to me "on a very delicate matter." This turned out to be nothing more nor less than that, as he considered himself in every way a superior connoisseur to Bernhard, and was not only not interested in *his* work but distinctly distrusted him, thought him capable of any amount [0034 28 'Final Quarrel with Loeser'] of dishonourable dealings and direct lying, he wished to see no more of him.

Of course all this did not come out at once. He began by saying he felt their relations strained, and accused Bernhard of coming to his house and looking over his photographs without saying by your leave, and getting information from them for which he, Loeser, got no thanks. (The cause of this being that when last we lunched there, being bored, Bernhard carelessly turned over a portfolio that happened to be lying open on his table.) Then when I told him how fond Bernhard really was of him, he went on about a lot of minor attributions he "cannot accept".

"Well", I said, about one, "if one has studied the subject as thoroughly and travelled as much" — *never dreaming* he would pretend to this.

"And have I not studied *at least* as much, and *more*, and travelled at [0035 29 'Final Quarrel with Loeser'] least as much and more than Berenson?" he said in a tone of rage that came from his boots.

Then he went on to say that Bernhard ought never to touch the subject of art, that he knew nothing about it in comparison to himself, Loeser, that whenever they differed Bernhard always came around to *his* opinion. "And so he will," he said, "when I publish my article on Strassburg, and he sees my reasons why the Crivelli he was so enthusiastic about, is not a Crivelli. He will be thoroughly humiliated." Then he went on to say that "When I tell him who painted the Poldi-Pezzoli profile, he will be ashamed of publishing it as "Verocchio", and added that Bernhard was always getting enthusiastic over pictures which *he* knew to be only copies, and so on and so on.

He said that the *Lotto*, and in fact all Bernhard's writings, "when [0036 30 'Final Quarrel with Loeser'] he leaves the knowledge we all have from Morelli, or what is common property in the set, is always wrong and makes a fool of himself.

"But, Loeser," I said, "You must remember his Alvise theory, which was perfectly original, has been accepted everywhere."

"But who is there whose opinion counts?" he said with infinite scorn, implying here, as he did everywhere else throughout the whole talk, that *he*



was the one and only source of knowledge in the matter. His conceit seemed measureless, his arrogance without limits.

After a great deal more of this than I have the stomach to repeat, I said, "Well, granted the utmost possible difference of opinion on Italian art, still that is not the whole of life."

Then he said I was a woman and could not understand how dear a Man's Profession became to him — this to me, [0037 31 'Final Quarrel with Loeser'] who have published books and countless articles, from an amateur who has never published a line!

"Furthermore," he said, "I have no confidence in him. I have caught him in any quantity of lies to me."

"This is a serious charge," I said, "You must give me an instance."

"Well," said he, "when I charged him with saying that Alvise and Giovanni Bellini worked in the Scuola di S. Girolamo together on the bare authority of Crowe & Cavalcaselle, he said he got it out of Molmenti.¹⁰⁰⁹ I have followed that matter up, and Molmenti does not mention it."

"Well, but Loeser", I said, "it is easy enough when you've been reading half a hundred books, to mistake from which one you got a certain piece of information"

"No", he persisted, "it was an intentional lie, meant to blind [0038 32] me, and he has told me quantities of the same kind."

As he persisted in this, I got angry and said, "Well, in other days, you would have been challenged to a duel for trying in this sneaking way to take away a man's honour. I shall tell Berenson to have nothing more to do with you."

"Well, his behaviour about my photographs was the last straw." Loeser began again, but I cut him short, "Your accusation of lying is enough to make us refuse ever to have anything more to do with you", and I left him to chew on that.

Poor devil! We both feel the greatest pity for him. Such stupendous, unfounded conceit approaches madness, I fear, and indeed he seemed in a very nervous state. The fact is that his [0039 33] jealousy of Bernhard has become absolutely pathological, and his vanity too, is almost a disease. For from not being interested in Bernhard's attributions, his whole career is nothing but imitation of Bernhard, *à rebours*.

What an idiot he is — the loss is his, not ours, and yet we kind of loved him. But as what he wanted was not affection but recognition of equality in a line in which we and everyone else think him absolutely incompetent, there is nothing for it but to part — just as we shall have to part from the Michaels if they insist upon admiration for their dramas as a condition of

¹⁰⁰⁹ Pompeo Molmenti (1852-1928)



friendly intercourse. At the same time the pitiful spectacle of such diseased vanity, and such folly makes me feel a pity for the poor fellow, I cannot express. [0040 34 'Bad home news, Vernon]

Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1895

Worked, went in to town and saw the magazines, read.

Bernhard had very bad news from his brother, who is attacked by consumption in one lung, and has to go to Colorado to spend the winter, an expense he can ill afford. Bernhard sent him \$100 at once. He was very much cut up about it.

Thursday, Nov. 28, 1895

We went to the Pitti and enjoyed the Gran' Duca¹⁰¹⁰ more than ever.

Miss Paget said to Maud that birds are the most aesthetic creatures there are, as, having more spare energy (the condition of aesthetic or artistic pleasure) the delight in each other's bright colours and swell voices —— !!'

Friday, Nov. 29, 1895

We sat and talked a long time at lunch about "Aesthetics", starting from Miss Paget's remark that *her* remarkable system [0041 35 'Metaphysics and Aesthetics'] was "pure Metaphysics" and Psychology, evidently confusing, as most people do, the two points of view. Bernhard said Metaphysics skimmed off the intellectual bubble of the thing, got at the abstract intellectualized law, strove to define Beauty *an sich*, but never could tell us how or why we enjoy it. He said the popularity of Metaphysical Aesthetics (in so far as it can be called popular!!) lies in the secret hope cherished by most people, feeling ill at ease in their own sensations, that they can find some *brand* of beauty, 'a warranted, genuine mark, by which they may know, wherever they go', the thing that is beautiful. Most people hop from the Metaphysical into the Psychological without realizing the difference, hence all the confusion.

Bernhard himself is the first person to be fully aware of the difference and to determine to keep unwaveringly to the psychological. [0042 36 'Vernon on Aesthetics']

We dined at Miss Paget's and discussed sculpture, a propos of Hildebrand's "Problem der Form". Miss Paget violently protested that a statue should be not composed like a bas-relief, or a series of bas-reliefs, and said that to her the great artistic quality of a statue was that it *compelled you to walk around it* ... that she, who was "one of the few people to really appreciate sculpture", never found the point of view from which she was not anxious to "move on". (Of course the explanation is that she has not genuinely artistic sensations, and curiosity impells her to rush on to a new

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point of view, just as it impells her to rush through a collection of photographs when you undertake to show them to her.) When we opposed our different way of looking at sculpture, she took refuge in her fortress of "different temperaments". Some, she says, care overwhelmingly for movement — like music, [0043 37 'Buttles family'] architecture, sculpture; others are static, hate movement and care only for painting and poetry.

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1895

Bernhard lunched with Placci and greatly enjoyed both him and his sister, while Maud was being bored to death by Mr. Hobson (who seemed to enchant Miss Farnham, to Maud's intense disgust!), and I was being driven to my grave with ennui by the Buttles family. For two hours did I sit there, and never once, except when I pulled it up with obviously creaking machinery, did the conversation rise above things to eat, to wear, and to warm one's self with. What made me rage most furiously of all within, was the certainty that grew on me, that they are unaware of the existence of [0044 38 'the Buttles family'] people who don't care to spend their whole time over these things. I felt quite despairing. Unfortunately the mother, a perfectly terrible specimen of brainless, frivolous, selfish old woman (yet with something nice in the fact that she has borne two daughters whom she loves in her foolish way) seems to have taken a fancy to me, and so she went with us to the gallery, and to Santa Annunziata. In the latter, she did have, I must confess, a moment's thrill of emotion, gazing up into the cupola. But what can that mean in her stupid, sordid life? It did not last more than four seconds.

Then they took me to Giacosa's! — !

The youngest daughter reminds me of Emily Dawson, sympathetic, impressionable.

However, the day was not lost, for I caught on to Fra Bartolommeo *Vision of St. Bernard*, and enjoyed the church [0045 39 'Henry James, personal troubles']

Sunday, Dec. 1, 1895, Fiesole

I forgot to say that dining with Miss Paget, Bernhard compared the Henry James sentence to an Irishman who said he would be frightened if something happened, he *would walk a corpse all the rest of his life*. They begin with animation, but peter out.

Miss Farnham came to lunch.

Bernhard and I walked on the hills in the afternoon, fighting down our worries, for he had a most troubling letter from his brother, who ^{se} lung is attacked, and who says the family really have not enough to live on, now the father is ill, when he (the brother) gives up work and goes to Colorado.



Bernhard sent them some more money, but he has not yet enough to support them. I am of course under the screw of daily hearing how bad the children's school is. We dream of [0046 40] a really un-sordid life, and almost we feel we might attain it. And then these troubles come tugging at our heart-strings and pulling us back.

A letter from Loeser says a great many petty and disagreeable things, showing he has been cherishing envy and malice for years, regularly storing up venom.

The one funny thing is that he says he regards Bernhard's "self-blinding conceit" as pathological, and at times feels more pity than contempt — precisely our attitude to him! He says the *Lotto* is a "treatment of an Italian master that would disgrace even an Ullmann or a Venturi!" *Ma.*

Non ragioniam' di lui.

A letter from Janet <Dodge> asks me what to read in French, and I have sent her the following reply: "We are not sorry for the mass of modern French literature we have waded through, but to plunge you into that [0047 41 'French novels'] wilderness — that is another thing!

All I can do is to tell you the things we, in our present state of culture and in the fulness of our years, consider great works, and about the others to give you reminiscing notes.

Our great works are few! What we like now are all Flaubert, *comme chef d'oeuvre Madame Bovary*. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* is a horrible warning not to be a philistine.

There remain also two short stories by Huysmans, *À Vau-l'Eau* and *Un Dilemma*.

We can't read the de Goncourts now, but once we thought *Manette Salomon* a great book.

Zola I suppose you must read a little, but limit yourself to the *Contes à Ninon*, and his epic *Germinal*. *Ça suffit*.

Bourget is of course beneath contempt.

Read Guy de Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*, it is really a masterpiece, and he has never done anything else to equal it. [0048 42 'French books']

Pierre Loti is sentimental, and yet his *Au Maroc*, and *Azizadé* with its continuation *Fantôme d'Orient* were fascinating to us not many years ago, and I remember with pleasure his South Sea Idyll, *Le Mariage de Loti*.

If you must read Daudet, be satisfied with *Lettres de mon moulin* (*Numa Roumestan*, *Contes choisis*).

You might read a little of Renan,¹⁰¹¹ the Pierre Loti of philosophy, his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, and his translations of Job, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. His French is exquisite, almost equal to Voltaire's.

¹⁰¹¹ Ernest Renan



Now let us turn to a more congenial field, some of the literature that has been tested by time.

Voltaire's *Contes* are delicious reading, and if you can get his *Histoire de Moeurs*,¹⁰¹² do read that.

Then *Manon Lescaut* remains a great masterpiece,¹⁰¹³ even though it is long <and> drawn out.

Bernhard says "all or any of Stendhal", but when I remember the length of *La Chartreuse de Parme* or *Rouge et Noir*, I [0049 42] feel you could employ your time better reading French translations of good Russian novels.

Balzac too; try *Le Lys de la Vallée* and *Eugénie Grandet* and see how you get on with him.

Victor Hugo you need not read now.

Théophile Gautier has a charming little thing, *Ménagerie intime*, which I remember enjoying.

Read Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen* and other short stories.

Diderot not just yet, nor Rousseau.

It is important not to neglect Russian novels which are very much greater than French. These you can have in any language, you know.

Tourgenieff's¹⁰¹⁴ are especially well translated into French by Halpérnie: *Eaux printanières*, *Sur la Veille*, *Terres Vierges*, *Fumée*, *Une Nichee de Gentilsbhommes*, and perhaps best of all *Pères et Fils*.

Then there is Tolstoi and his great, great novel, *Anna Karénine*, and also his masterpiece, [0050 43 'Russian annd English Novels'] *La Morte d'Ivan Ilitch*.

Anything of Potapenko, *General's Daughter*, *Russian Priest*, *Jeune Homme Raisonable*, *Tschedrine*, *Les Messieurs Golovliev*, or *Oblanoff* (I think this is the name) *Simple Histoire*.

If you can get hold of it, read *My Trivial Life and Misfortunes* by "A Plain Woman", and read Meredith's *Egoist*. Jane Austen I suppose you know well."

Monday, Dec. 2, 1895, Fiesole

This morning came a letter from Michael Field, "closing our friendship", because she considers our criticisms of her drama to be the "inhuman cries of journalistic jeering".

I have preserved all the letters, and I am quite sure that I have done nothing that was unkind, and that anything except thin-skinned vanity could take exception to, especially as these criticisms [0051 44 'End of Friendship with Michael Field'] were literally dragged from me by repeated letters from Michael to us both, *insisting* that we should give our opinion of *Attila*. The

¹⁰¹² ? *Essai sur les mœurs et l'esprit des nations* (1756).

¹⁰¹³ Abbé Prévost, *Manon Lescaut* (1731).

¹⁰¹⁴ Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883).



fact that it made us laugh was not because we were hostile to Michael, but because the work, viewed objectively, was ridiculous.

I am considerably cut up at the end of a friendship that has been so pleasant. But Bernhard draws a great sigh of relief, for he cannot endure any friendship that imposes concealment and pretense, and, although he has often enough said pretty frankly what he thought of their work, yet they always fell back into posing before us as Poets, which we don't for an instant think they are, but only agreeable human beings. God keep us from poses, or from [0052 45 'End of friendship with Michael Field'] subordinating our human sides to the little work we may be able to do!

This rupture is final, for Bernhard says that even if they try to make it up he will tell them what he really thinks, how he regards Michael as a foolish, uneducated, provincial fussy old maid, whose physical presence gets horribly on his nerves, and how he has only kept on so long on Field's account, not because she is a poet, for she is not, but because she is a thinker. However, seeing that no wife could be more cowardly and acquiescent than Field before Michael's superior physical energy, and that therefore she is to be counted *null* in any human relationship, he cannot see that there is the least inducement to resume relations.

I am not so severe, because I really love them both, and find it hard to break if off like this. [0053 46 'Miss Paget']

Miss Paget came in the afternoon, bringing her new book, *Renaissance Studies and Fancies*, which we read in the evening. She makes a graceful acknowledgement to both of us, as well as to Miss Sellers. She talked in a most interesting way about Time and Space, a slightly topsy-turvy way, as usual, but at any rate intellectualizing all the time, and making us think hard both to understand and to answer her. She still has the habit of talking a great deal about "Cause and Effect", and upon this vicious metaphysical confusion a good deal of the structure of her thought seems to rest. Her idea of Architecture is as funny as her idea of sculpture, that its excellence lies in movement, which she interprets *à rebours*, as making the spectator more, that is to say, walk around it or in it. [0054 47 'Ray's ____ life']

Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1895

From mother's letter: "Ray said the other day in a puzzled little tone, "Isn't it funny, grandma, that all our life is made up of just the little things we are saying and doing all the time? I always think it is going to be some great thing, but it never is — only just the every minute little things."

Bernhard lunched with the Buttles and took them to the Pazzi Chapel.

Miss Priestley called here.



In the evening we corrected the proofs of the *Florentines* and read Ribot's *Heredity*.¹⁰¹⁵

Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1895

A nice little batch of letters: from Lippmann setting terms for the big work on Italian drawings; from Reinach arranging for a series of articles, ultimately to go into [0055 48 'Letters about work, Casa Beccari'] a book on the Uffizi drawings and congratulating me on my article in the *Chronique*; from Ephrussi to me saying he would reserve for me the *compte rendu* of Ricci's¹⁰¹⁶ book on Correggio, and from Loeser making more of a fool of himself than ever, and thereby destroying the last little spark of regret we had left at the final ending of the friendship.

In the afternoon we drove with Miss Paget and Mr. Hamilton to see the Casa Beccari,¹⁰¹⁷ near Bagno a Ripoli, a wonderful old half fortress. In the courtyard a most astonishing eucalyptus pushing up to the top of the battlements a long bare trunk like the lazy coils of a snake. The leaves were exquisitely decorative.

We had tea at the Palmerino, and in the evening read Ribot and some *Germinal*. [0056 49 'Miss Buttles, Placci, Lecture']

* Thursday, Dec. 5, 1895, Fiesole

I took Miss Buttles and her sister to see Miss Paget, but it was not a great success, as Miss Paget was rather dictatorial about the kind of thing Miss Buttles ought to sing, and Miss B. was decidedly huffy.

Bernhard stay at home and wrote to Obrist and Lippmann.

Friday, Dec. 6, 1895

Placci came to lunch, and we gave him a "seeing lesson". It was hard for him to accept "tactile values".

Then his friend Lord Balcarras came to call, and presently Mr. Morgan.¹⁰¹⁸

In the evening Bernhard lectured me for shallowness, for being contented with formulae, for not being serious enough. All sadly true, and I feel thoroughly discouraged. I snap up ideas like a doe a piece of meat, without chewing. Unlike the dog, I scarcely digest them. I have no initiative, no perseverance. Alas! [0057 50 'Miss Buttles singing']

¹⁰¹⁵ Théodule Ribot (1839-1916), *Heredity: A psychological study of its phenomena, laws, causes and consequences* (London, 1875).

¹⁰¹⁶ Corrado Ricci, *Il Correggio* (Bologna, 1894).

Corrado Ricci, *Antonio Allegri de Correggio, his life, his friends, and his time*, trans. Florence Simmonds (London, 1896). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.C7 R4 1896**

¹⁰¹⁷ Villa Beccari, now called Castello di Bisarno, Via di Badia a Ripoli 5 (near Viale Europa). Lensi Orlandi, *Le Ville di Firenze di là d'Arno* (1955), p. ____: Il 10 Luglio 1838 dal Marchese Vincenzo di Lorenzo Capponi comprò la villa Giuseppe di Luigi Beccari, oriundo di Rimini, il cui figlio Odoardo fu notissimo scienziato ed esploratore.

¹⁰¹⁸ Edward Strachan Morgan.



Saturday, Dec. 7, 1895

Black discouragement. I feel almost as low as Mrs. Burke.

I type-wrote Bernhard's "Caen Sposalizio" in the morning.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, and afterwards Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling. Miss Buttles was absolutely charming. Bernhard gave her a marvellous "seeing lesson", and she caught on to it at once. It explained her sensations — and she had really had sensations! It was enchanting.

And then we came here and she sang and sang in the most heavenly way, putting me into ecstasy, so that I forgot all about my discouragement and my stupidity and my aches and pains and swam along with a swift, delicious, free, strong motions, into a region where all was easy of attainment. What a divine voice she has!

Bernhard went to dine with the Baroness French. [0058 51 'Vernon on Bernhard's book']

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1895

I finished copying the "Caen Sposalizio" and we sent it off to Reinach.

We dined with Vernon Lee for the express purpose of hearing her solemn criticism of Bernhard's book, which we did. She posed as priestess of Isis, and would not lift the Veil — *her* "secret of aesthetics" — but we shrewdly suspected that there was nothing there.

It turned out that she did not distinguish *movement* from *motion*, and by form meant nothing but shape. In fact, I grieve to say, she was really rather stupid, though very charming and polite. Her grand central idea was that the "Art" came in at the point where, having made his thing thing "real" — that she granted as a great concession — the artist began to exercise his marvellous selection power and choose only "beauty".

But it was "stale and unprofitable", and we didn't get a single helpful idea from it. [0059 52 'Origins of aesthetics']

Monday, Dec. 9, 1895

The aesthetic capacity arose from the desire to have more life than you naturally have. The dominant law is the struggle for existence, but arises from the desire to pretend you *have* succeeded (have been a glorified actor in life) when the sense of fact was less (as in savages and children), the pretense was almost equal to reality. The savage, desiring success, *acts* success in his war dance, and thus gains a more confident temperament. People needed to *rest*, but on rest days had to have something to occupy their time with. Those who occupied their spare time in representing triumphs, would.

The above are cryptic sentences quoted from Bernhard's delightful dinner conversation, consequent upon my asking a question which had occurred to me in the middle of the night: "How do we come to have an organism



adapted to take [0060 53 ‘Gurney, Gertrude’s illness’] pleasure in a voice like that of Miss Buttles, which is so rare that it could never have been an appreciable fact in the struggle for existence?”

Curiously enough Gurney asks practically the same question in the first chapter of his *Power of Sound*,¹⁰¹⁹ which we have begun to read together.

Lord Balcarres¹⁰²⁰ came to lunch, and he and Bernhard walked up to call on the Morgans. Mr. Morgan is radiant about having a call from a Lord!!

But the news that has given the strange half-sad, half-curious colouring to all my day is the news that **Gertrude Burton is dying**. I have written offering to go to her. Poor thing, she was so passionately attached to Life. And yet, in a way, I feel a secret *envy* of her — no more petty worries and anxieties — [0061 54 ‘Death’]

“He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest, which men miscall delight,

Shall touch him not, nor torture him again.”¹⁰²¹

I wrote to Gertrude of my belief in continued life, life freer and fuller, beyond death, and I have been thinking of it all day. Yes, I really believe it, and it makes me think that she has “chosen the better part.”¹⁰²²

O if I could be where I no longer torture myself about the children, am no longer miserable because I am not a fit companion for Bernhard, [written over ‘Gertrude’, which is crossed out] am no more heart-wring because of mother’s worries in her old age. My very first feeling on hearing that Gertrude could not get any better was “Fortunata Lei!” [0062 55 ‘Shakspeare’s Sonnets and Browning’]

Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1895, Fiesole

In the afternoon we met together at Placci’s with Lord Balcarres, Signor Piccolelli, Signor Peruzzi and Buonamici to hear Miss Buttles sing. She first sang a thing of Summer’s which none of us liked. But the bad effect was taken away by some Schumann she sang divinely afterwards, and then, after *we* had gone to catch the tram, by some Hungarian airs.

At dinner Maud who had been reading the first 60 of Shakspeare’s [sic] Sonnets compared them unfavourably with such a poem as Browning’s *envoi*

¹⁰¹⁹ Edmund Gurney (1847-1888). *The Power of Sound* (1880) is an essay on the philosophy of music

¹⁰²⁰ David Alexander Edward Lindsay (‘Bal’, 1871-1940), 27th Earl of Crawford, 10th Earl of Balcarres, author of *Donatello*.

See *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*

Bought Villa Palmieri in Via Giovanni Boccaccio in 1873, where he died. In 1888 and 1893 Queen Victoria stayed here.

¹⁰²¹ Shelley, *Adonais*, on the death of Keats (1821).

¹⁰²² Luke 10.42.



at the head of *Asolando*.¹⁰²³ This I read aloud, and Bernhard and I found it not poetry at all, but inspiring exhortation. He compared it to a man who should go to a hospital and tell the sick people what a fine thing it was to be well, and inspire them with hope and determination. Shakspeare, [sic] on the other hand, quietly takes the invalids, put them in a house in the country where they breathe the fresh air and look out on green fields and flowers and hear the birds. [0063 56 'Duccio']

Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1895

Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling came up and we have a "seeing lesson" on Duccio and Simone Martini.

Then Miss Buttles sang to us, Mozart and Weber.

Here are some of the things Bernhard said apropos of Duccio: The artist evidently did not realize the figures *with his own nerves*, but contented himself with giving mere symbols or diagrams of movement. His grave is an abstract mathematical figure which gives no convincing muscular sensations. In spite of his feeling for beauty (i.e., thing we should call beautiful in life), and for expression, he never *convinces*. The lines which were originally invented to give tactile values, are fallen to mere symbolic scrawls. The enchantment comes if you translate the scenes into life and imagine yourself there — there is none of that impressiveness of genuine bodily presence Giotto give us. Now [0064 57 'Duccio'] how is it that a picture "convinces us of reality?" Real things arouse those muscular and internal sensations which are the continuous accompaniment of our lives. "Real" pictures must therefore make an appeal to our muscles and our vital functions. But Duccio's appeal only to the intellect and to the sense of pathos. His figures are as flat as a Burne Jones, a very lovely kind of postage stamp. He *illustrates* in a lovely fashion, as far as psychological interpretation is concerned. He succeeds in making his faces expressive. But, as a matter of fact, faces are the least important in the essential muscular appeal. For *that*, those articulations in which force is particularly expressed, shoulder, hip, wrist and ankle, must be accentuated. Duccio, however, concentrates all his strength on facial expression. In the Deposition, the man who ought to be pulling out the nails is too busy showing his grief to attend to the action. The hands are sometimes held up so as to *prevent* your believing in the reality of it. [0065 58 'Calls']

Our lessons this year are to be pure seeing lessons, explanative of why we find the great artists great and the mediocre artists mediocre. "I think I have already nauseated you sufficiently with historical connections", he said.

¹⁰²³ Robert Browning, *Asolando* (1889).



Thursday, Dec. 12, 1895, Fiesole

Lord Belcarres came to lunch and was very nice, in the full English sense. We talked a good deal about East London. Bernhard walked with him.

I went down to Florence and called on Mrs. Dibblee¹⁰²⁴ and the Butties.

Mrs. D., an Anglo-Indian, told me a lot about scorpions and centipedes, fleas, sand flies and eye flies in India. Otherwise deadly.

x¹⁰²⁵ Friday, Dec. 13, 1895, Fiesole

I was suffering a good deal of internal pain — neuralgia, I suppose, and scarcely felt up to any work, so I just [0066 59 'Children'] "fooled around".

In the afternoon we looked at photos and in the evening gathered notes to crush that viper Karl Karoly, who gets out such sickening handbooks on art that you feel like never looking at a picture again.

Saturday, Dec. 14, 1895, Fiesole

I went down to town in the morning to get a copy of Bell's letter against Karoly's Guide Books. When I came up, I found a letter from home that knocked me over, B.F.C.C. threatening to separate the children from me more and more. But how write of it? "The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

To keep my head above water I type-wrote vigorously most of the day. Miss Paget came to call, and was very charming. She talked a good deal about Gluck. [0067 58 'Singing']

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1895

Miss Butties came and sang most divinely, harmonizing what would have otherwise been a most deadly "afternoon tea", composed of our household, Miss Farnham, Miss Whaling, Mrs. Dibblee and her two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. The latter, talking to Maud, said in reply to Maud's remark that she thought she had met her at Miss Paget's — "O no! Miss Paget has never called on us."

Yes, Miss Butties sang like an angel, divinamente.

I sent off a letter against Karoly to *The Nation*.

x Monday, Dec. 16, 1895

We finished our reviews of Ricci's *Correggio*, Bernhard's for *The Nation*, mine for the *Chronique des Arts*.

Maud and I called on the Butties in the afternoon.

In the evening we read Gurney's *Power of Sound*. [0068 61 'HO's designs']

¹⁰²⁴ George Binney Dibblee (1868-1902), fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and manager of the *Manchester Guardian* (1892-1902). Had proposed to Alys.

Benjamin Harris Dibblee, '99, was the captain of the Harvard football team, according to ISG; see Hadley, p. 161.

¹⁰²⁵ Here the 'x' refers to a bad day?



Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1895, Fiesole

A quiet day of work. I am trying not to worry over the children, since I have thought it all out so clearly and decided that there is nothing I can do. Alas, why do I love them so much? I should be *so happy* otherwise.

Bernhard is feeling rather sick about HO, who promised us we should be the first to publish in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* some of his lovely designs. He seems to have completely lost his head because the director of the *Pan* took him up, and he offered them all his designs, and now writes expecting us to get an article into the *Gazette* tamely reproducing in April the very same designs which *Pan* has brought out in March. The thing is of course impossible, except in the case of a well-known man, and a thing [0069 62 'HO's designs'] that has already attracted attention. To discover an unknown artist a month late would be too flat. Then, Bernhard thinks, he ought to have remembered that it was he, Bernhard, who really put him on the track of discriminating among his own productions. When we went to Munich last summer, Obrist was inclined to value all his things equally, perhaps the ones with what he called "Stimmung" above the others, if anything. He did not realize the splendid presentation possibilities of his art, and delighted in representation. As to his rug, he was overcome with delight when Bernhard suggested his not finishing it. And he promised again and again we should have the first choice of pieces to reproduce.

But when the great official people [0070 63 "HO's designs"] came, he was evidently (from the tone of his letter) quite out of his senses with delight, and pressed upon them those very designs which we had taught him to see were his best, leaving nothing for us. Consequently, with the beset will in the world, we cannot help him.

No doubt he will be angry and quarrel with Bernhard. I hope not, but it does seem hard for men to keep friends. They expect too much reasonableness from each other, and each is too intent upon his own "struggle for life".

However, in this instance I must say I think Obrist has acted very foolishly and thrown away a chance. It does not matter to us, for it is not in our line anyhow. [0071 64 'Auntie Lill']

Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1895, Fiesole

I must not forget some of Auntie Lill's sayings in her recent letters. Her criticism of Logan's book was unique: "It is indeed the production of a gentleman." Of Ray and Karin she wrote, "I feel they are holy little tendrils, capable of being very delicately moulded." Again, to Logan, "Thy book shows talent and great good taste. Be very reverential in yours books of the dear Lord God Almighty's name, Glory to Him in all we say, do, and think." and to me "I trust thy books will be a great success. The only way to be sure they will be is to add prayer to research and originality."



We passed the day working and reading. [0072 65 'Getting tired of a picture']

At dinner we discussed what it is that happens when we "get tired" of a picture, which we nevertheless continue to admit as a great work of art. What happens is that it ceases to stimulate in us any more those physical movements which produce the "pleasure". But why?

Thursday, Dec. 19, 1895, Fiesole

We went to look at the Uffizi drawings, and quite enjoyed them! Took tea with the Butties, but were bored.

Bernhard has finished *L'éducation sentimentale* and finds it the least good of all Flaubert's. He is reading Vernon Lee's *Hauntings*! [0073 66 'Music, Logan']

Friday, Dec. 20, 1895

Rainy. We worked and talked and read.

x Saturday, Dec. 21, 1895

The same. Bernhard read my "Louvre".

Sunday, Dec. 22, 1895

Bothering news about the Guardi.

Reinach writes saying the "tactile values" theory can't be true, for, if it were, panoramas would be the highest art.

Fabbri came to lunch bringing a Degas (*Horsemen*)¹⁰²⁶ which he will leave with me while he is in Paris.

Miss Butties came and sang Lohengrin.

I went in to meet Logan, and we had some pleasant talk in the evening, especially about books.

Here is Bernhard's answer [0074 67 'Letter to Reinach about tactile values'] to Reinach: "Please read me again about 'tactile values', as if perchance I am right, then I have done what has never yet been accomplished, given a reason for our enjoyment of form in the plastic arts. But right or wrong, my theory ought to make clear this much at least, that a panorama is not a work of art. My formula is that artistic form skims off the material significance of things, presenting them to us in such a way that we must attend to them as form, and not as in actuality as so many object<s> appealing at haphazard to one of a million needs. But the round figures in a panorama are, at the best, but as objects in actuality itself, *not the plastic essence of them*. There is another reason why a panorama is not a work of art. It is this. A panorama aims at illusion, and produces its effects by

¹⁰²⁶ Degas, *Horsemen*.

For the present location, see Lemoisne, multi-volume *Degas et son oeuvre* **Biblioteca Berenson ND553.D3 L43 1946**. Other paintings by Degas once owned by Fabbri are listed in it.



using tri- and bi-dimensional things in such wise that we shall not know which is which. Well, to begin with, Art [0075 68] never aims at illusion, but at the extracting of the plastic as kinetic significance of objects. This extraction, presenting the object to us with greater poignancy, gives us the feeling of unexpected ease of functioning and as consequent happiness. But the panorama does not even attempt to extract: its aim is illusion, and it accomplishes its purpose in two ways that positively leave us with a feeling of poor functioning and consequently of diminished life. The two ways are the following: We never get even a perplexed feeling of being bamboozled. With the feeling there comes to any sensitive eye acute malaise, occasioned by the endless number of retinal readjustments.

2. In the picture, on the contrary, the retinal readjustments are reduced to the fewest possible — infinitely [0076 69 ‘Letter to Reinach about tactile values’] fewer than in actuality, of course. In the panorama there are more than in actuality. Not only have you, as in actuality, the liberty to wander about aimlessly instead of being chained down by the composition, but the mixture of real with fictitious dimensions entails an endless number of retinal adjustments *over and above* what we have in actuality, thus fatiguing us endlessly.

I dare say all this bores you, but dear friend, reflect that if ever we are to get beyond *ipse dixit*, it will be by finding out the *how* and the *why* of art. I believe we can find out, and I mean to try.”

Monday, Dec. 23, 1895, Fiesole

I took Logan in to see the Duomo and the Bargello. I never enjoyed the Leucas so much. I felt them down to the marrow of my bones. In fact, it was the [0077 70 ‘Call on Vernon’] first time I had seen them since I became fully conscious of the *specific pleasure* of form.

We then called on Miss Paget and talked about Venice and the strange, suspicious Anglo-American colony there. Logan and I kept on a “soft undercurrent of hope that she would offer us tea (which she did not!), and Logan was afflicted with a new pair of boots which looked too yellow, and, he feared, smelt new. But none of the p<reoccupa>tions were apparent in our speech!

Coming home, Logan gave me a good expression, that almost every person has a self and an anti-self. Bernhard is the one person I know who really and truly has no anti-self.

In the evening Miss Farnham read us a good deal of Flaubert’s *Tentation de Saint Antoine*¹⁰²⁷ and we read Matthew Arnold and some ballads. I am reading *Marius the Epicurean*. [0078 71 ‘Miss Sellers and Obrist’]

1027



Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1895, Fiesole

Went with Logan to the Academy, and then to see the Buttles, and Miss Buttles sang to us wonderful Hungarian folk songs.

In the evening we read Milton's *Nativity* and greatly enjoyed it.

I am glad to see that Bernhard and Logan get on fairly well together. I believe Bernhard would like anyone who had a serious impersonal interest.

A nice letter from Miss Sellers offering to come and live with me next winter and teach me Greek. I think it would make me very happy, although in Obrist's last letter to Bernhard he says "Beware of Miss Sellers. She is unreliable, squinting and hidden."

Obrist also says he will not come here while I am here, nor is he willing that I should have the least hand in anything that concerns him. I am not surprised, although I do not think

[0079 72 'Not all a reptile' this page crossed out with a blue crayon]

it is the part of "sweet reasonableness". But he is utterly indignant and disgusted with me, as he has every reason to be. I suppose I seem to him like some disgusting reptile. And although he has good grounds for this, *I am not all a reptile*. I thought about it last night, and felt that although what I had done was perhaps as loathsome as anything anyone ever did, yet all the same, it did not cover the whole ground of my character, and if I can shake off, as I mean to, and in part have, such peculiar tenderness, I am not the sort of person anyone needs mind having for a friend. Not that I expect Obrist to see it, ever, and indeed I don't much care. I shall have thought I would care more, but he is no longer "in my world" as Ray and Karin say. [0080 73]

Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1895

First with honours

Giotto, Leonardo, Velasquez

First with half honours

Dürer

First

Masaccio, Botticelli, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Van Eyck,

Puvis de Chavannes, **Degas**, Fouquet, Dirck Bouts, Holbein

Second with honours

Giovanni Bellini, Melozzo, Crivelli, Rubens, Watteau, **Manet**, Tintoretto

Second

Antonio Pollaiuolo, Pier dei Franceschi, Correggio, Memling, Rembrandt,

Reynolds, Turner, Moret,¹⁰²⁸ Frans Hals, Gainsborough

Third with honours

Claude, Ver Meer, Van der Wegden, Gerard David, Moroni, Guardi,

¹⁰²⁸ Henry Moret (1856-1913) first exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1880.



Borgognone, Longhi

Third

Poussin, David, Millet, Corot, Perugino, Ingres, Whistler, Cima, Pordenone, Adrea, Gainsborough, Constable, Canaletto, Luca Van Leyden, Carpaccio, Castagna, Van Dyck, Terborg, Cuyt, [0081 74]

Sculptors

Donatello

Giovanni Pisano, Michelangelo, Luca della Robbia, Sluytens, Rheims sculptors

Jacopo della Quercia, Ghiberti, Verrocchio, Pallaiuolo, Desiderio, Master of Goge's Palace, Antonio Rizzo, Vecchietta, Pietro Lombardi, Ver Viescher, Andrea della Robia, Master of Tomb of Philippe Pot, Albi screen, Rodin, Hildebrand

Bernardino and Antonio Rossellino [Mino da Fiesole], Master of Pellegrino Chapel, Caradorsa, Oruodeo, Michelozzo, Tullio Lombardi, Andrea Riccio, Riemerischneider, Bernini [Jean Goujore], [Dabris, ... tomb at Nantes], Riemerischneider [0082 75 'Music']

Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1895

Most apply the word "decorativi" to something they like without knowing why, to cover obvious academic faults.

It rained, but, after a morning of work, Logan and Bernhard and I walked via Maiano to call on Miss Paget.

* Thursday, Dec. 26, 1895

Miss May Jeffrey,¹⁰²⁹ now Mrs. Landsem, came with her husband Olaf to lunch. We had besides Miss Mary Buttles and Logan, and the combination proved rather a strain.

Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling came in the afternoon, and Miss Buttles sang for us, deliciously as usual.

In the evening we read some more Gurney, and Bernhard imparted to me the suggestion that the specific effect of music is the effect on the circulation of the blood. [0083 76]

Friday, Dec. 27, 1895

I went with Logan to the Uffizi, where we met Bryson Burroughs.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch. He said when he was little, he always thought that apples were the husbands of pears, and Monday, Wednesday and Friday the husbands of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

¹⁰²⁹ Emily Marion 'May' Jeffrey (1863 -?) married Olaf Landsem, a Norwegian novelist, who drowned at Scarborough, near Bangor, Maine, in 1896 (?).



Bernhard lunched with Placci, who read him a psychological study of convalescence, purely scientific and not at all artistic, and they argued it out for three hours.

Logan and I walked up to call on the Morgans.

We read more Gurney in the evening.

Saturday, Dec. 28, 1895

Placci came in the morning, and was sympathetic and genial as usual.

Edith Woodman and her husband came [0084 77] to lunch, and Edith told us of a "lady" they met at the pension when they first came here. As she had a frizzed front and sat up very straight they thought she was a great swell, and were delighted when she offered to help them find an apartment, and overjoyed when she came to live with them. But when she began to live on them, they were in despair, and did not know how to get her to go. They pretended Bryson's mother was coming sooner than she had said, but they could not lie successfully, and she stayed, until the mother actually arrived.

We took a walk. Vernon Lee and Miss Thomson came to call.

In the evening we made out the list of great writers which I append.¹⁰³⁰ Maud was furious at our not putting Browning in the first rank. ☞ p. 79-80 [0085 78]

Sunday, Dec. 29, 1895

Worked and read and walked.

Mr. Morgan called, and revealed a very well hidden side of his decorous, apparently conservative self. He said he could not bear order, that he was *au fond* an anarchist, and loved change and upsetting, and wild, terrible cataclysms.

I said, "Would you like different people every day?" for he said he hated to do the same thing today he had done yesterday.

"Well," he said, with a gleam in his eye, as if he saw himself the head of a harem, "I really should!"

In the evening we chatted over Pater and Oxford and books and novels, and I did a little packing, as I am to leave for England tomorrow. [0086 79 'Death of Gertrude Burton']

Dec. 30, 1895 - Jan. 27, 1896 Mary away

¹⁰³⁰ This list does not appear to have been preserved.



1896

x x x x Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896, Fiesole

I reached Florence at 11, and Bernhard met me. He meant to come to Pisa to meet me, but there was a confusion in my telegrams.

I had been with Gertrude, at Leysin,¹⁰³¹ and she died early Sunday morning, her father and I sitting by her, holding her hands. She was unconscious, and death was very easy.

We had talked much about it the day before, and she said it seemed to her a quite simple, natural phase of life — and one in which she was intensely interested. She was not sure it led anywhere, but if it did, so much the better.

Her old father, a Swedenborgian, really triumphed in her release, though the tears were dropping [0087 80] out of his eyes and hanging on his long white beard at the loss of her whom he described to me as his “dearest idol.” Dawn was flushing the mountains as she died, but the stars were still bright, and the air that came in the open window was fresh and still. It was very noble and poetic. I quoted our dear Walt to her (she first made me read him), “No array of words can say how much I am at peace about life and about death”, and she smiled at me to say that was her own attitude.

Well, I came home again, after happy, happy days with the children, but days in ... [0088 81]

All the same, Fiesole seemed to me a real Paradise — for “grown-ups.”

Bernhard looked so well and beautiful I was quite startled.

We had our “rampart walk,” and read Charles Lamb and Montaigne in the evening.

Bernhard is beginning to care more for English prose style. I need no longer mention here all the books we read, as I put them now in a separate volume.¹⁰³²

What joy to be in sunshine again!

Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1896, Fiesole

Miss Hay¹⁰³³ came to lunch, and Bernhard took a walk with her.

Later we walked down to the Palmerino and I got Mr. Hamilton to supervise the translation of Bernhard's article on the Caen Sposalizio for the *Gazette*. [0089 82]

In the evening we read Lamb and Ribot.

¹⁰³¹ Just south of Montreux, on the Domodossola-Brig-Lausanne railway line.

¹⁰³² Does this volume exist?

¹⁰³³ Perhaps Helen Julia Hay Whitney (March 11, 1875-1944), the daughter of John Hay and Clara Stone?



Thursday, Jan. 30, 1896

Read the proofs of Bernhard's article on Italian painters in the United States, which is to come out in the March *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.

Wrote endless letters.

Began to walk to Morgans', but I felt too ill to go on.

Read an essay of Lamb.

Then Edith and Bryson came to dinner, and after we took a walk in the most glorious moonlight ever seen. Edith said once she had peeped over a rock to see Bryson painting, when he did not know she was there. He was talking to a bunny who was hiding hear him, "Yes, the horrid hunter is looking out for you, but [0090 83] you just stay quiet where you are till I tell you it's safe. No! Not yet. The dogs will be after you. Wait a minute! I'll tell you all right. There now! They're turning away. Now then, scoot!!" a little story like the Fioretti.

'They are two lovely children, such dears! They kiss the _____ when they love them.

Bryson's mother insists on living with them, and it fairly clouds their lives, particularly Edith's. She is thoroughly unsympathetic, idle, selfish, useless, silly.

Bernhard said à propos of style, "il y a une style qui se fait lire — c'est déjà bien, mail il y a le style qui se fait re-lire." Pater is the latter kind. [0091 84]

Friday, Jan. 31, 1896, Fiesole

As I was very much below par in health, I spent the day quietly. But I managed to write up all my letters.

Bernhard went to walk with Benn, and paid a short call on the Buttles.

We read Lamb and Ribot in the evening. Bernhard described Margoulioth¹⁰³⁴ of Oxford as "one of those kobold¹⁰³⁵ sort of students."

Saturday, Feb. 1, 1896

Bernhard worked on Mantegna, I on the Louvre Guide.

¹⁰³⁴ David Samuel Margoliouth (1858-1940), briefly active briefly as a priest in the Church of England, was Laudian Professor of Arabic at the University of Oxford from 1889 to 1937.

His father, Ezekiel, had converted from Judaism to Anglicanism, and thereafter worked in Bethnal Green as a missionary to the Jews; he was also close to his uncle, the Anglican convert Moses Margoliouth.

Margoliouth was educated at Winchester, where he was a scholar, and at New College, Oxford where he graduated with a double first in Greats and won an unprecedented number of prizes in Classics and Oriental languages, of which he had mastered Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Armenian and Syriac, in addition to Hebrew.

¹⁰³⁵ a spirit that haunts houses or lives underground in caves or mines; Germanic mythology.



He took the Scotts and Miss Hay to the Bargello, and then called on Miss Priestley who flirted with and at him very prettily.

I put all my books in order.

Miss Buttles came and sang a little, and Mr. Morgan called. The latter, when I quoted to him, à propos of the change the new psychology is making in all [0092 85 'Mr. Morgan'] our ways of thinking, the remark of Kant, now become *impossible*, that "die Affecte sind Krankheiten des Gemüths," he actually defended it! At last he said "well, the intellect is certainly higher than the emotions."

"As a Christian, you ought to put the emotion of love higher."

The dear Englishman was quite puzzled. He does not know what "psychology" in our sense means.

In the evening we began Darwin on the Emotions.¹⁰³⁶ I also began Barrett Wendell's *Shakspeare* [sic]

Sunday, Feb. 2, 1896, Fiesole

Miss Buttles came up and sang divinely: Schubert, Rubinstein, Glück, Beethoven, Weber. Above all, "Hark! Hark! The Lark", without accompaniment.

It was so warm and sunny, we had tea in the 'cupola'. [0093 86 'Fiesole murder']

In the evening Bernhard and I dined at the Palmerino, pleasant but uneventful. Miss Wimbush¹⁰³⁷ was there, assiduously playing upon her "chapeau chinois."

Walking home we met two carabinieri in the moonlight fleeing down hill in search of a man who had been stabbed in a fray, and who was lying in a house at the top of the hill (as they very well knew!). We said we had not seen or heard any disturbance our way, whereupon they turned and fled up hill in their huge three-cornered hats and flapping black cloaks. It looked very weird. In a moment we came to where the ground was spattered with blood, and presently to the house where the wounded man lay, [0094 87] with the "chorus" hanging round the steps, the shrill choked voices of women inside. It was a case of two rival bands. A 'giovane' in one taunted another in the rival band with having too small a mouth to blow his horn. The insulted youth took to his knife by way of answer and stabbed the offender, and then escaped, the carabinieri consenting. The man was taken, apparently dying, to the hospital.

¹⁰³⁶ Charles Darwin, *Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872).

¹⁰³⁷ Evelyn Wimbush, a friend of Vernon Lee; see Vineta Colby, *Vernon Lee: A Literary Biography* (____), p. 134, 165, 175.



Monday, Feb. 3, 1896, Fiesole

Word came in the morning of the successful sale of some pictures, by which many hundred<s> of pounds fall to Bernhard's share.

Miss Farnham came to lunch, [0095 88 'Jacopo di Barbari'] and changed my feeling of indifference to one of active dislike. However, Bernhard liked her, taking a long walk with her afterwards.

It was so warm, I lay on the balcony reading Ian Maclaren's *Bonnie Briar Bush*,¹⁰³⁸ and watching the hills. I needed no wrap even.

We began *Emma*.¹⁰³⁹

Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1896, Fiesole

Again a heavenly day. Bernhard spent a large part of it writing to Reinach a tome upon a certain Jacopo di Barbari drawing denied by Müntz and Ravaisson (!!) to be such.

In the evening we wrote an unfavourable review of Chaude Phillips' Collection of Charles I.¹⁰⁴⁰ [0096 89 'The Burkes']

Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1896, Fiesole

I shopped vigorously all the morning, while Bernhard took Miss Hay and Miss Thomson to San Lorenzo.

Mr. Hamilton lunched here, but Bernhard lunched with Miss Placci and took her to the Academy afterwards. We had a lovely walk when he came back, in an air like late spring.

I have had to give up the Burkes at last, that is, to recognize that I have lent them most of the characteristics which have given me sympathy with them. Mrs. B writes me tonight — after all she has written and said about the "cruelty of tearing her child from her"!! — that she never loved it, and would have parted with it anyhow, quite independent of Jack. I fancy he has driven her into a nasty [0097 90] corner, but I shall rather die fighting than creep out in such an ignoble way.

...

p. 90-91 partially cut away [0098 91 'Bologna']

Thursday, Feb. 6, 1896, Fiesole

A unparticularized day, but lovely golden weather.

We had a little ... to dinner ...

[0099 92]

¹⁰³⁸ Ian Maclaren, *Beside the Boonie Briar Bush* (1894).

¹⁰³⁹ Jane Austen, *Emma*

¹⁰⁴⁰ Sir Claude Phillips (1848-1924), *The Picture Gallery of Charles I* (1896).



<Saturday, Feb. 8, 1896, Bologna>

... Bianchi, which he insisted was a Francia. Terrible man and terrible family.

I began *Rob Roy*.

Sunday, Feb. 9, 1896, Bologna

We revisited old scenes in Bologna, saw the famous "Bologna head", which seemed to us rather that of a youth than a woman's, enjoyed Niccolo dell'Arca, etc., etc.

* Monday, Feb. 10, 1896, Bologna

We went to Ferrara, and besides seeing and enjoying a wonderful Pietà by Mazzoni, we saw Sr. Vendeghini's¹⁰⁴¹ collection, etc., etc.

Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We spent the morning at Imola, pleasantly enough, though there is little to see there. It was very hot!

Then we came home, delighted to get into the country again, with a real view from our windows.

We finished Lowes' Development of Parliament in the XIX Century.¹⁰⁴² [0100 93 'Edith Burroughs']

Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1896, Fiesole

Papers, letters, photographs in the morning.

In the afternoon we went to town and upset our tempers at the dilatory Florentine shop-keepers.

In the evening we read *Tintern Abbey*, Lamb, *Emma* and the papers.

A good name for a (bad) painter would be 'Colpevole da Imola'.

Thursday, Feb. 13, 1896

Ill again d—— it! Arranged photos in the morning.

Moped the rest of the day.

Bryson and Edith Burroughs came to dinner and to spend the night.

Edith told us her early experiences trying to get money, how she painted sachets at two cents apiece, made models for inkstands for \$2.00 (which cost her \$1.90), painted on "bolting cloth" at 10 cents, carried her models all over New York, etc., etc. But with youth and health, such experiences are light! [0101 94 'Birthday, Zangwill']

Friday, Feb. 14, 1896, Fiesole

32 years old today.

¹⁰⁴¹ Enea Vendeghini (1841-1900), collector, Ferrara.

¹⁰⁴² G. Lowes Dickinson (1862-1932), *The Development of Parliament during the Nineteenth Century* (1895).



I drove to Monte Senario, meeting Bernhard and Edith and Bryson there, and we lay under the pines in the sun and smelt the ground.

In the evening Zangwill arrived.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 1896

I was not well, and spent a quiet day, chatting with Bernhard and Zangwill, who turns out to be a believer in the future and the mission of the Jews. Also, he does not understand the elements of the historical method. And he admires Rudyard Kipling's poetry! [0102 95 'Zangwill and culture']

Sunday, Feb. 16, 1896

Walked with Bernard and Zangwill.

The Miss Dibbles, Miss Halsey, Beatrice Horne and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan came to tea, a gathering of people "not my kind", that made me quite nervous and miserable. I believe everyone of them, except Miss Horne, — including Zangwill! — takes Tennyson for a poet!

Before they came it was nicer, for Bernhard, Zangwill and I lay on the grass in the *podere* discussing the "essence of poetry". Zangwill has no more idea of the existence of a world of culture from which he is excluded than — but I am too sleepy to find a comparison. [0103 96 'Buttles, Hildebrand']

Monday, Feb. 17, 1896

Miss Buttles¹⁰⁴³ came to sing in the afternoon, and sang "Comfort ye my people"¹⁰⁴⁴ in a most inspired way. The silent Beatrice Horne was here, and the much too talkative, endlessly boring Mrs. Buttles, who made the sky leaden for me.

¹⁰⁴³ Nettie Buttles was the niece of Emma Andrews, his mistress.

<https://www.facebook.com/EmmaBAndrewsDiary/photos/a.650907668286399.1073741827.628451203865379/845817652128732/>

Miss Buttles graduated from the University of Iowa?

'Owing to her relationship to Mr. Theodore Davis, Miss Buttles has been enabled to trace at her leisure the footsteps of Egyptian Queens in the land in which they lived their lives and which preserves for us their bodies.'

Janet R. Buttles, *The Queens of Egypt*, with a preface by Gaston Maspero (London: Constable, 1908). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DT80.B8 1908**

Gaston Camille Charles Maspero (1846-1916), a French Egyptologist.

Theodore Robinson (1852-1896), who lived at Giverny, *Girl in Hammock* (1894), oil on canvas laid down on board. The work, which depicts Robinson's friend, Miss Buttles, was one of few that the artist completed that summer and, as John I.H. Baur comments, 'Few finished paintings of this summer are known. Two, *Nettie Reading* and *Girl in Hammock*, revert to his French manner, being sweeter in color and not so self-consciously American. They are the small, intimate subjects which he could always do best.' (John I.H. Baur, *Theodore Robinson: 1852-1896* (1946), p. 42)

<http://www.christies.com/lotfinder/paintings/theodore-robinson-girl-in-hammock-5683339-details.aspx>

¹⁰⁴⁴ Handel, *The Messiah*.



Bernhard dined with the Hildebrands and greatly enjoyed them. As he and Herr Hildebrand not only seemed to think alike on all subjects, but had actually struck out the same phrases, he said it was almost embarrassing.

Maud took advantage of his being away to have what Ray and Karin call a “free conversation”. She confessed that having gained her ideas of men chiefly from French literature, she could only regard them as “love machines”. [0104 97]

* Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1896, Fiesole

Still the weather of paradise!

Zangwill introduced the serpent by discovering Longfellow as a Poet.

A lovely afternoon, sun, sweet air, blue distances.

Mr. Morgan called, and I had an Italian lesson.

Read Lamb, Jane Austen, Wendell, the accounts of the new photographic discovery, etc.

Helped Zangwill a little (chiefly by being dictated to) in his “Without Prejudice”.¹⁰⁴⁵

Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1896

Worked over photos of Jacopo Bellini's drawings in the morning.

Shopped and called on Miss Halsey in the afternoon.

Dined with Zangwill at the Palmerino.

Thursday, Feb. 20, 1896

The Burroughs came up to lunch, and we had a walk over to Poggio. [0105 98 ‘Mrs. Burke's letters’]

Friday, Feb. 21, 1896

Walked too far yesterday, and was not well all today.

Bernhard took Zangwill in to see some churches, etc., and I stayed at home and read and studied.

We invented a new painter “Nommisecca Fiesolano”

I had a letter from Mrs. Burke, asking me to find her a nurse-maid, and mentioning incidentally that she and Jack were married last Saturday.

We composed a *norm* for her letter:

“My dear Mary, I am feeling depressed and out of spirits today, as I have a bad headache, and was not able to drink my morning coffee.

By the way, I have murdered my husband and I want you to get a coffin for him (oak if possible), and kindly see to all the necessary arrangements. I am anxious that my name should not appear in the matter.

I have no more time to write, as I am just going out.

Yours affectionately, Mollie” [0106 99]

¹⁰⁴⁵ Israel Zangwill, *Without Prejudice* (London, 1896).



Saturday, Feb. 22, 1896, Fiesole

Zangwill and I lunched with the Morgans, a splendid walk up, over our first, lightly fallen snow.

We came back to find Bernhard entertaining Mrs. Hague and her two fresh and pretty daughters, who came here to tea.

In the evening Zangwill read us his third act to *The Doll's House*, bring it into harmony with good English feeling. He told us also of Clement Scott's criticism of Ibsen, where he says "Ibsen is one of those writers who call a spade a spade, but in a roundabout, circuitous way."

Bernhard spoke of William Sharp's translation of Maeterlinck as the play "flattened by Sharp".

We decided on Omen (*absit omen*) as our anti-Amen, *à propos* of the idiotic Nietzsche circular. [0107 100 'Zangwill and art']

Sunday, Feb. 23, 1896

I took Zangwill down to see the *Primavera*, the Medici tombs and San Lorenzo. In the midst of the discussions upon art and art criticism into which he plunged in front of the works of art, I managed to steal several glances at them, and thus enjoyed myself. He still labours under the delusion that artists are the best critics, and that everything except the "specific quality" — that is to say, the art — in a work of art ought to be taken into consideration. Thus, he said in the Medici chapel, that a psychological, biological novel, dealing with real life, ought to be ranked higher because it was so much harder to do than a work of imagination, dealing with a world that never existed.

I advised him to toss off a few librettos like Wagner's "Ring".

We called on the Butties.

In the evening we began to read Mill's *Nature*. [0108 101 'Letter to Miss Sellers']

Monday, Feb. 24, 1896, Fiesole

Letter to Miss Sellers

... "As to the disapproval your friends may feel for the Villa Rosa, you know from their point of view they are probably right. Our ambition is really not to know about things, but to enjoy them.

Of course that means a good deal of knowing about, and I am sure Mr. Berenson, on his own line, has as much accurate information and as many personal scientific observations as anyone engages in the same studies. But he holds this as very secondary to the capacity to enjoy all forms of art, and values very slightly those lines of study which do not lead to a greater capacity for pleasurable art-sensations.



It is true we have both travelled many weary [0109 102] miles in search of Becanizzi¹⁰⁴⁶ and Capriolis [*sic*]¹⁰⁴⁷ and other worse than insignificant painters, and that he has written a long book upon a painter not of the supremest excellence. These experiences we do not regard as ends in themselves though they may have their use.

But the point of our being here is to have leisure and opportunity to cultivate our taste so that we may appreciate all the achievements of European art.

Mr. Berenson has made up his mind to read (for pleasure) all the Greek that is considered good literature, and he is urging me to take up my Greek again for the same purpose. In the same way, we are reading a good deal of English literature, [0110 103 'Letter to Miss Sellers'] poetry and prose, along with occasional French and German things. Mr. Berenson, I believe, reads Hebrew and Arabic, but I do not pretend to follow there!

Also we are getting as much music as we can in this music-forsaken place, and, as you know, we often travel for the sake of seeing architecture. I hope all this doesn't sound priggish!

There is another side, but that, too, would not appeal to the German *Gelehrte*, I fear. It is our interest in the psychology of art enjoyment. Mr. Berenson always has on hand some work on psychology which he is poring over, and trying to fit in with his own experiences, and I read a little in a more scattered way. [0111 104]

The idea that we have money and social position, or are surrounded by *geistreich* acquaintances is strangely remote from the facts! You know the most *geistreich* of our acquaintances, I think — Vernon Lee, Carlo Placci, Mr. Reinach, and Mr. Obrist.

It is true that we are happy here, but I must confess it is not merely the work, it is the sympathetic companionship. To say anything else would be to take up an unreal pose."

a letter about their relationship? or about their work and theories?

We had a quiet day, in the snow, which fell at last, reading, talking and discussing poetry. Zangwill discovers a new "poet" every day, to whom we invariably refuse laurels! [0112 105 'Snow, Mantegna']

Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1896, Fiesole

Still snow bound, and still discussing poetry.

However, Miss Buttles came up and sang — she sings Handel very well — and Mr. Baring¹⁰⁴⁸ came to lunch, which was a diversion.

¹⁰⁴⁶ Becanizzi?

¹⁰⁴⁷ Domenico Capriolo (1494–1528) was an Italian painter born at Treviso in 1494. He produced portraits in the style of Giorgione.

¹⁰⁴⁸ Maurice Baring (1874-1945), dramatist, poet, novelist, translator and essayist.



The poetry warfare is still raging.

Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1896

The sun shone fitfully, but I was ill and did not go out.
Bernhard finished his Mantegna.

Thursday, Feb. 27, 1896

I am worse. Bernhard and Zangwill had a long walk.

When they came in, I told Bernhard how much I liked his Mantegna, and then gave him a few criticisms. These made him furious, so the day ended in gloom. [0113 106 'Zangwill and poetry, Father']

Friday, Feb. 28, 1896

Made up our quarrel and worked on the Mantegna.

Bernhard lunched with the Hagues, and I took Zangwill down to town, where he saw sights and I shopped with the Signora Triulzi.

We called on Miss Paget.

Zangwill really got on my nerves with his inability to see the difference between bad and good poetry.

Saturday, Feb. 29, 1896

Finished the Mantegna. Miss Horne called in the afternoon.

Bernhard dined with Carlo Placci.

Sunday, Mar. 1, 1896

Placci came up to lunch, and we spent the afternoon lying in the *podere*.

Father came about 5, and Bernhard and Zangwill, to escape him, dined at the Aurora.

I took father on a walk in the *podere*, and he told me once again, [0114 107 'Father'] for the twentieth time, the story of his grievances against Alban.¹⁰⁴⁹ However, as he used one delicious word, 'honeyfogle',¹⁰⁵⁰ I forgave him.

But it was hard to forgive him at dinner, when he made out to Maud that he had been enjoying the scenery and drinking in the calm beauty of the landscape. Why? His face was almost purple with wrath the whole walk.

In the evening he regaled me with an account of his grievances against Aunt Lill and Uncle James.

I "went to bed" early, but really stole over to Bernhard's to let off my feelings. [0115 108]

¹⁰⁴⁹ Alban?

¹⁰⁵⁰ honeyfuggle, also honeyfugle, honeyfogle: 1. To swindle or dupe; to intend to cheat or trick. 2. To flatter, sweet-talk; to wheedle.



Monday, Mar. 2, 1896, Fiesole

Maud turns out to have the influenza, and this frightened father, so that he went off at 11 — to our great relief!

Bernhard went to town and got me my medicine, and I am really ill. [0115 108 'Letters']

Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1896

Maud and I both ill, but the day so lovely that, as I lay on the long chair¹⁰⁵¹ in the balcony all the afternoon, I thought nothing had ever been more enchanting.

Bernhard and Zangwill had a long walk.

I had letters from Evalyne,¹⁰⁵² Janet and Miss Sellers. Janet <Dodge> says she is not in love with Dr. Singer, but I greatly fear she is.

Bernhard, writing to Lippmann about his Mantegna, begs him to see that it is well translated: "I do not want my phrases, many of which have cost me hours each, spoilt by the pitiless Charon who may ferry me over into German."

x Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1896

I was not well all day, and did not do much beyond reading, and writing to Ephrussi about Obrist.

Mr. Morgan called in the afternoon. [0116 109 'Letter from Placci']

Zangwill thus described Mrs. Sharp's book which she sent Bernhard (*Lyra Celtica*),¹⁰⁵³ "On the second instant at Edinburgh, the wife of William Sharp, of a Celtic Renaissance still-born".

Thursday, Mar. 5, 1896, Fiesole

A letter from Placci to Bernhard, "Dear Friend, I am reading slowly your book over again. I have taken 3 mornings to get to page 65. I am *enthusiastic* and felt I must tell you so. They are my moments of serenity. Otherwise, I am all alive with alive things, terribly excited, living, suffering, burying and reading papers — all full of the deplorable African news.

Were my mother well I would be off to Rome so as to be able to swim in the midst of news and life and pain and rage.

You strange people, inhabiting hills and abstract ideas, how do you [0117 110 'Maud'] manage to exist outside actualities *à large base*? I will be with you on Saturday, as arranged. Ever yours, Carlo Placci."

Nothing particular happened all day. I was rather ill, though I tried to take a walk.

¹⁰⁵¹ In a *chaise longue*.

¹⁰⁵² Evalyne Nordhoff (1866-1898), Mary's best friend.

¹⁰⁵³ Elizabeth Amelia Sharp (1856-1932), *Lyra celtica: An anthology of representative Celtic poetry* (Edinburgh, 1896). **Biblioteca Berenson** House PB1100 .S6 1896



Friday, Mar. 6, 1896

Still ill. Finished *La Peur*. Selected photographs to send to Jaccaci of Scribner's who wants Bernhard to write some articles.

Miss Cruttwell appears furious. We think the Buttles have repeated to her the things Bernhard said about her to them before they made such friends.

Saturday, Mar. 7, 1896

Edith and Bryson came to lunch, dear things, and they had a long walk with Bernhard. [0118 111 'Janet, Maud']

Sunday, Mar. 8, 1896, Fiesole

Mr. Baring, and Beatrice and Herbert Horne came to call. The latter was less appalling than I had been led to expect.

Bernhard and Zangwill had much talk and argument about the psychology of art, especially at dinner, where we talked at a great pace to cover Miss Cruttwell's fury at the news that Miss Dodge was expected soon. A letter from the latter confesses practically to being in love with Dr. Singer, and I have wired to her to come at once. He is *au fond* a Philistine, and she would be unhappy with him.

Zangwill said that the Celtic Spirit is made up of Gloom and Doom, but Mr. Sharp's book about it of Boom! [0119 112 'Gamberaia']

Monday, Mar. 9, 1896

Placci came to lunch, full of all manner of political hopes and fears, longing to be off to Rome. However, he played us the "Rhine", "Fire" and "Love" music out of Wagner, and then came with us to see the Villa Gamberaia — or rather, took us, for his friend, the Princess Ghika, has bought it, and he is the only person with a *permesso* to get in. Edith and Bryson came too, and Edith running and skipping over the hills like a dryad, her hair down and a wreath of olive on her head. We were all thrilled with enjoyment at the villa, all but poor Zangwill, who wandered about bored and preoccupied with his *Without Prejudice*.

In the evening Bernhard took Edith to the concert, as I was too ill to go. The drive had hurt me. [0120 113 'Illness, Maud going']

Tuesday, Mar. 10, 1896

Karin's seventh birthday. I was very ill, and Bernhard sent for Dr. Poggi, who came in the afternoon. He found my internal arrangements gone wrong, alas!

Maud has decided to go and live in Florence, which will indeed be a great relief for us. It is too complicated to explain. We have not "considered" her enough, perhaps — but then that always happens with uncongenial people. She feels that Bernhard is too "materialistic", and that she cannot talk about



the things dearest to her soul — the spiritual side of poetry and such like. His explanation of our pleasure in form in art seems to her “degrading”.

Wednesday, Mar. 11, 1896

Still ill and good for nothing.

Lay in the *podere* in the afternoon, chatting with Zangwill. Sometimes I dislike him so, [0121 114 ‘Zangwill’] I feel as if I could not bear to see him or hear his voice again — his slipshod, unscholarly habits of mind, his gross physical habits, his way of regarding all talk as mere words — and then something nice and kindly comes out in him, and I like the person who is so ethical on the human, if not on the intellectual side.

Bernhard went in to town and did some errands for me and called on Benn who is writing his *Greek Philosophy*. He found him in a rage with Pater’s *Plato*.

Mrs. William Sharp called, but I did not see her.

Thursday, Mar. 12, 1896

Still ill.

We corrected in the morning the proofs of Bernhard’s article on the Caen Sposalizio, which is to be the first in next month’s *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. [0122 115 ‘Aesthete’s Damnation’]

After lunch I read Mrs. Burnett’s *Lady of Quality*, which she had sent to Zangwill. Romantic rot. Zangwill made these verses:

The Aesthete’s Damnation

God said: “Heap high the coal!”

The flames began to swirl.

Cried out the burning soul,

“How beautiful they curl —

What decorative grace

These lines that twist and turn!

How they light the Devil’s face

And make it all divine!”

What life-enhancing zest

On every living curve!

O cauldrons of the blest,

I thrill in every nerve!”

Cried God: “His nerves pluck out!”

T’was done by Röntgren rays

And Hell was one vast shout

Of hypocritic praise [0123 116]

But now the burning soul,

He smiled a heavenly smile

And ceased to writhe and roll

Sure sentience and guile.



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmgorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

God, baffed, stormed and swore,
And sent him straight to heaven,
Where life is one long bore
And each day is as long as seven.
Where the souls sit round and purr
O'er each soporific blessing,
Where the music is amateur
And the Art is life-depressing

I.Z.

Friday, Mar. 13, 1896

I began my review of the *Florentine Painters for the Atlantic*, but did not feel well enough to go very far.

Bernhard called on Robert Herrick,¹⁰⁵⁴ and liked him better than before.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, brimming over with his own affairs. None of us [0124 117 'Miss Paget, Zangwill'] pretended that he wasn't delighted to be set free by his mother's death. On Mr. Paget's monument they have put "Neminem tristem fecit", and on their mother's they will put "Senescens semper dulcior".

Miss Buttles called on me, and chatted and laughed about a lot of trivial things.

Zangwill is driving me wild! I feel as if he were half dead, he neither sees nor hears nor feels nor enjoys, except in about the proportion of 1:10 compared to ordinary people. And he talks about himself continually as being a "creative genius" — as if his creations counted for a second with people of taste. His whole life is given up to this miserable writing — what he called "creation". It is as bad as the Michael Fields.

In the evening Maud read us two stanzas of one of the "lascivious poems" she composed when she was about 17. They are as follows: [0125 118 'Maud's erotic poetry']

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart —
'Tis woman's whole existence. You have known
What love is, sown
Your oats in meadows of which I am one,
And loving, lightly passed, and so, forgot.
Men may forget — A woman, I can not,
Nor would, my own.

And so the pain of knowing you forget
Mingles with all the joy I feel, when I,

¹⁰⁵⁴ Robert Herrick (1868-1938), novelist and professor of literature
letters from BB in the U of Chicago library



With downcast eye,
Think of the days wherein my pleasures lie —
The dear, dead days. — I feel my eyes grow wet
Remembering them. I do not yet regret
Virginity.

The title of this poem, which was 24 stanzas long, she took from an old exercise book of her brothers', not knowing Latin, but liking the sentiment as translated: *Aut amat aut odit mulier*.¹⁰⁵⁵ [0126 119 'Mrs. Hague, H. Horne']

Saturday, Mar. 14, 1896, Fiesole

Mrs. Hague and her two pretty daughters came to lunch. While Zangwill and Bernhard went out for a walk with them, the mother stayed and told me all about her daughters' infant diseases, and other such subjects supposed to be dear to the hearts of mothers.

I was amused to see the look of horror veiled by politeness that came on her face when I happened to mention the name of Walt Whitman. She had never heard a "nice" person speak of him before.

Mr. Morgan came in and paid a long call, and I got thoroughly exhausted with so much talking.

I finished *Sidonia*.¹⁰⁵⁶

Sunday, Mar. 15, 1896

Beatrice and Herbert Horne came to lunch, and we spent the afternoon lying in the podere. It was actually too hot.

Herbert Horne turned out to be much nicer than we feared, and Bernhard actually made friends with him! They fraternized over Tudor literature. [127 120 'Burroughs, Zangwill']

Monday, Mar. 16, 1896

Miss Priestley came to lunch, vivacious and attractive as usual.

I read *The Amazing Marriage*, and Bernhard embogged himself in *Pilgrims' Progress*, having finished *Robinson Crusoe*, in which he took great delight.

Tuesday, Mar. 17, 1896

Bernhard called to see Bryson Burroughs' design for a competition to decorate the Town Hall of Philadelphia. He found it a mere imitation of Puvis de Chavannes, but with a decided sense of space and composition.

Zangwill is absorbed in his story, "Uriel Dacosta", which I am sure is going to be quite as "impossible" as "Joseph the Dreamer". But he thinks of it as a *Creation*, and on that ground justifies himself from turning into an insensitive, tactless, unenjoying, life-diminishing — and, in all physical ways

¹⁰⁵⁵ Publius Syrus.

¹⁰⁵⁶



— piggish human creature. I simply long for him to go, but cannot turn him away until his confinement [0128 121 'Mrs. Sharp'] is over. But I shall never have him stay with me again. He is too dirty, and slovenly, and awkward and tactless, and he enjoys too little.

Wednesday, Mar. 18, 1896, Fiesole

Wrote a review of the "Florentines" for the *Chronique*.

Mrs. Sharp came to lunch and stayed on to tea, in spite of her horror of Zangwill, who attacked her poor little "Celtic Renaissance" in a most ill-bred way. I believe he meant well by it — he wanted to show her that the slashing review he is going to give her in his *Without Prejudice* is his own, not ours. She appeared to me pleasant, affectionate, nice and energetic physically.

After she had gone, Miss Paget, Miss Thompson, Mr. Baring and Miss Buttles came in.

Finished *La Fatigue intellectuelle*. [0129 122 'Horne, Zangwill']

Thursday, Mar. 19, 1896

Mr. Benn came to lunch, and Bernhard had a long walk with him. While they were gone, Mrs. Morgan called on me.

Herbert Horne came to dinner, and we spent the evening connoisseurship. He is re-constructing Botticini, in connection with his book on Botticelli, and it was most interesting to go into the whole question. He was really astonishingly nice and simple.

Zangwill gets more and more on my nerves. He is literally unfit for human society during his preoccupation with his "creations". If one could only believe in them, at least!

Friday, Mar. 20, 1896

Worked on my *Atlantic Monthly* article.

Mr. Morgan called.

Saturday, Mar. 21, 1896

A quiet day, feeling rather ill.

Maud went away to live in [0130 123 Maud & Zangwill gone] Florence, and the house seemed very peaceful, with no secretly "grunching" person in it.

Edith and Bryson came to lunch.

Bernhard dined with the Placcis.

Sunday, Mar. 22, 1896

Zangwill "did" Florence, all in one day. He came back with a list from the Pitti, missing the Gran Duca and including Artemisia Gentileschi!

I read a novel by Zangwill's brother called *The World and a Man*.



Monday, Mar. 23, 1896

Zangwill went just after lunch, having delivered himself of the opinion that art didn't count in the general scheme of things, and given us to understand that if he thought it worth while to bother himself about so unimportant a thing, he could do the art business as well as anybody! [0131 124 'Calls, Janet']

Tuesday, Mar. 24, 1896

Mr. Robert Herrick came to lunch. He said French writers were too lazy to construct plots, and objected to Meredith because he wasn't "like life".

Mr. Morgan and the Dibbles called.

Read *Measure for Measure*.

Wednesday, Mar. 25, 1896

Mrs. Sharp came to lunch. She is good-natured, but not exhilarating.

Janet Dodge arrived from Munich at 6.25, pretty tired.

Read *Troilus and Cressida*.

Thursday, Mar. 26, 1896

Bernhard lunched and walked with Mr. Benn.

Janet and I had much talk. I find her young, unsettled, self-absorbed, rather flabby, but not without charm. I feel rather despairing over her; she seems to have no "stay", physical or mental or emotional.

Friday, Mar. 27, 1896

Finished my article for the *Atlantic*. Felt very ill.

Bernhard and Janet both went to town.

Read *Othello*. [0132 125 'Miss Sellers']

Saturday, Mar. 28, 1896, Fiesole

Pretty ill all day.

Mr. Blasdes came to lunch. He leaves me indifferent.

Beatrice Horne called and Mr. Hamilton came bringing a young Frenchman named Halévy.¹⁰⁵⁷

Catalogued *Gazette* of 1882.

Sunday, Mar. 29, 1896

Read *Cymbeline* and *Pericles* and finished Wendell's interesting chronological study of Shakspeare. [*sic*]

Monday, Mar. 30, 1896

Rather ill. Did not do anything but read.

Janet and Bernhard walked. The Butties called.

¹⁰⁵⁷ Perhaps Élie Halévy (1870-1937), philosopher and historian, , son of Ludovic Halévy (1834-1908), author and playwright.



Tuesday, Mar. 31, 1896

Miss Sellers arrived in the evening, awfully tired, but still fascinating. She had much to say of Obrist. [0133 126 'Schimpfing']

Wednesday, Apr. 1, 1896

Had a great many *Schimpfen*¹⁰⁵⁸ with Miss Sellers about all our acquaintances.

Edith and Bryson came to spend a week, dear things!

Mr. Morgan called, and we all walked in the *podere*.

Read *Tempest*.

Thursday, Apr. 2, 1896

Still Schimpfing! Miss Sellers talks delightfully, and about everything she says is sympathetic to us in tone and idea.

Monsieur Halévy called, and then Vernon, who said that Literature was not Art. *Othello*, she said, could not possibly be called art!

Music and *schimpfing* in the evening. [0134 127 'Mr. Anderson']

Friday, Apr. 3, 1896

W. C. F. Anderson, of Sheffield, turned up in the morning and stayed to lunch, boring poor Miss Sellers nearly to death. My telling him that she was very busy, and expressly planning that he should walk up with the others to Monte Fiano, produced no impression on his stolidly self-absorbed mind. "It is so long since I have seen Miss Sellers, I must stay and have a good long talk with her." So he stayed from 11 to 6!!

Miss Sellers got grey and black with fatigue, and we schimpfed England all the evening.

Saturday, Apr. 4, 1896

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Campbell (Sophokles)¹⁰⁵⁹ called and caused us again to curse England. [0135 128 'Illness, Mrs. Sharp']

Sunday, Apr. 5, 1896

But England is not the only deadlifeyer. Enrico Costa came to see us, and in the course of a couple of hours we had completely dried up every one of the arts as subject of conversation or enjoyment.

Monday, Apr. 6, 1896

Mrs. Sharp came to lunch, and was very boring. Good nature and energy and affection for her dreadful husband appear to be her leading characteristics.

¹⁰⁵⁸ *Schimpfen* revile, insult, abuse

¹⁰⁵⁹ ? Lewis Campbell (1830-1908), classical scholar, author of *Sophocles* (1879)



The doctor came and examined me, and found chronic inflammation, relaxation, and displacement of the womb, coming from travail at the time of Karin's birth, but — thank heavens! — no tumour.

In the evening Miss Sellers talked, most entertainingly, of what at Girton are called "G. P's" (*grandes passions*) which, according [0136 129 'English women'] to her, are absurdly common among "educated" single women. They appear to be afflicted with that, or, like Miss Shedlock, with the insane belief that every man they know is madly in love with them.

Mrs. Green makes herself a laughing-stock by telling men that she cannot grant their unspoken, and if she only knew, *unfelt* desires for "the impossible".

Miss Sellers has only known two women who confessed to no amorous experiences — Marie von Bunsen¹⁰⁶⁰ and Ethel Arnold.¹⁰⁶¹ Miss Paget, to be sure, made the same statement in a solemn voice, as if she were a solitary, strange, unique specimen, and was much taken aback when Miss Sellers said, "My dear Vernon, I know scores of women, who, if they told the truth, would say the same thing. It's [0137 130 'Edith posing'] not at all unusual."

We *schimpfed* Miss Shedlock a good deal apropos of that disgusting list of French novels she gave Janet.¹⁰⁶²

Tuesday, Apr. 7, 1896

Bernhard lunched at Mr. Fiske's¹⁰⁶³ with the Poet Laureate¹⁰⁶⁴ and others, and quite enjoyed himself.

Miss Sellers and I made Edith pose nude as various Greek statues. She is really exquisite.

Wednesday, Apr. 8, 1896

Edith posed for all of us, including Bernhard, with the most delicious simplicity. We were in raptures over her beauty. I had a little walk with her, and she told me some more of the horrors of [0138 131] her mother-in-law, who never would accept their marriage as a fact, but kept attributing every fault in Bryson to "his unfortunate marriage". Even his admiration for olive trees she set down as a "morbid, unnatural taste" — "such ugly, gnarled things!" — due to the degeneration caused by Edith's baleful influence.

¹⁰⁶⁰ Marie von Bunsen (1860-1941).

¹⁰⁶¹ Ethel Margaret Arnold (1865-1930), journalist and author.

¹⁰⁶² See above, Sept. 28, 1895.

¹⁰⁶³ Willard Fiske (1831-1904), professor and librarian at Cornell University, friend of the Poet Laureate Alfred Austin and owner of Villa Landor, today Villa La Torraccia in via delle Fontanelle 24, now the Scuola di Musica di Fiesole.

¹⁰⁶⁴ Alfred Austin, poet laureate (1835-1913), who lived at I Cedri (Bagno a Ripoli).



Edith said that much as she loved Bryson, and thoroughly congenial as they were, if he brought his mother to live with them, she would just leave. Bernhard dined with the Eyres.

Thursday, Apr. 9, 1896, Fiesole

Edith and Bryson went off to Siena.

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch, and we had the usual struggle with sleepiness afterwards, keeping [0139 132 'Mr. Morgan, Miss Sellers'] up a spasmodic, unnatural flow of talk, when we all longed to rest.

Mr. Morgan called. I think he is a little *épris de moi*, but he is next door to unconscious of it, and is as sky and awkward as a rhinoceros.

Miss Sellers and I had a little talk explaining how she had misunderstood Bernhard. She is beautifully frank, and seems anxious to have nothing standing between us.

Friday, Apr. 10, 1896

Miss Cruttwell came to lunch and we looked at Crivelli photographs.

Robert Herrick called.

I took a long walk with Miss Sellers after seeing the doctor. I like her ever more after each talk. [0140 133 'Janet']

Saturday, Apr. 11, 1896, Fiesole

Janet Dodge seemed very low and depressed, but I could not get at her, and after tea I left her in the skillful hands of Bernhard, and went out for a long walk with Miss Sellers.

He gave her much fatherly advice, and cheered her up a good deal. But I have a feeling she is too delicate in health and too unenterprising in mind ever to repay much trouble spent on her. She will marry somebody, and be as he makes her. "This thought is as a death ..." to any profound interest in her, although of course I wish her well and am prepared to do all I can to make her happy.

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Hamilton. [0141 134 'Alys and Bertie, Mr. Rankin']

Sunday, Apr. 12, 1896

Alys and Bertie arrived in the morning, looking well and jolly.

Miss Horne came in the afternoon, and a friend (by correspondence) of Bernhard's, a Mr. Rankin, who is something of a connoisseur, a very shy, quiet, but not bad-looking man.

We had a little music, and then took a most enchanting walk to the "Caves".

In the evening we talked about girls' colleges, Miss Sellers denouncing them bitterly, from intimate experience.



We also reviled the Custs¹⁰⁶⁵ and Mr. Tatton.

Monday, Apr. 13, 1896

Mr. Rankin came to stay with Bernhard. He appeared more at his ease and more talkative.

Mr. Hensler came and sang, but we found his voice horribly unsympathetic.

We went into the Badia, which looked to me strangely formal and dead.

In the evening Miss Sellers, looking very beautiful, read to us from the *Tentation de St. Antoine*.¹⁰⁶⁶ [0142 135 'Lion and Bobby, the Journal, Rankin']

Tuesday, Apr. 14, 1896, Fiesole

I read Miss Sellers' proofs of the Pliny and was most keenly interested in the method.

"Sister Lion"¹⁰⁶⁷ and Bobby Phillimore came in the afternoon. They seemed delicate in health, and in fact they both are afraid of dying.

Alys and Bertie dined with them at Fiesole, and Bobby showed them the journal of his honeymoon, written indeed with surprising frankness and naiveté. Owing to his heart-disease, the marriage so far has been — on doctor's advice — purely platonic, and in fact even "kissing point" was only reached a very few times. They suffered a good deal from boredom, but Bobby consoled himself with writing everything in the journal, down to the diarrhea and constipation from which they suffered! In a burst of English confidence he informed Alys that his sister and her husband had had diarrhea during the whole of their honeymoon!

One entry in the journal is worth recording. Lion was ill, and Bobby went out for a walk. He enjoyed the [0143 136] sun and the flowers, and lay down in the grass by the river, forgetting all about his wife. Suddenly the thought struck him, "Poor girl! Ill at home! I must hurry back and comfort her." So he picked some flowers, and started to run back. Half way along, a

¹⁰⁶⁵ Henry John 'Harry' Cockayne-Cust (1861-1917), after Eton and TCC (Apostles), politician, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and member of Parliament.

¹⁰⁶⁶ Gustave Flaubert, *La Tentation de St. Antoine* (1874).

¹⁰⁶⁷ See *The Selected Letters of Bertrand Russell: Volume 1, The Private Years (1884-1914)*, ed. Nicholas Griffin (London, 1992), p. 45, n. 1, & p. 80, n. 2: Lucy Fitzpatrick (1869-1957) was nicknamed 'Lion' on account of her mane of black hair. She was employed by Lady Henry Somerset in her philanthropic work and was a close friend of Alys. Later she married Robert Phillimore (1871-1919), the son of Sir Walter Phillimore, a rich Liberal Law Lord, who had proposed to Alys in February 1894. He married 'Lion' in 1895. Bertrand Russell disliked him, but remained friendly with 'Lion' until her death.

See also Bertrand Russell, *Autobiography* (London, 1975), p. 433: 'In the following spring, when Alys and I were staying with her sister at Fiesole, Lion and Bobby came to see us on their return from their honeymoon in North Africa.' **Biblioteca Berenson House B1649.R94 A32 1967**



complete indifference seized him, and he checked the flowers away and lay down in the grass again, and thought no more of her.

Miss Sellers met Mr. Strong¹⁰⁶⁸ by chance in the Uffizi, and had one of those interminable, trailing argumentations about first principles that sometimes come as a boring, sordid ending to a romance, the man grinding on, trying to prove to the woman that anyhow his way of life and his *Weltanschauung* is the finest.

Wednesday, Apr. 15, 1896

When Bernhard went home last night, he found Mr. Rankin,¹⁰⁶⁹ who had retired early on the plea of illness, sitting up in bed reading Browning and drinking whiskey — in fact, drunk. It seems he must be pretty well in the habit of it, poor man! poor man! He went away this morning. [0144 137 “Two ways of describing an afternoon tea”]

We all lunched in town. Bernhard at the Scotts, Janet and I with the Herricks (Mrs. Herrick is charming) and the others at Gilli e Letta's.

Lion and Bobby stayed to dinner. The doctor came and pronounced me much better.

Thursday, Apr. 16, 1896, Fiesole

Bernhard showed Lion and Bobby some photos in the morning, and I worked on Pliny proofs with Miss Sellers.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, and dear Carlo Placci afterwards, who played “*Tristan*” to us

Bernhard and Bertie came in to tea from a long climb with Mr. Benn.

Miss Sellers was most amusing about how Anatole France, or any snobbish writer might describe the scene. “Madame Costelloe, étendue sur sa chaise longue avec de fourreurs, etc., des groupes des jeunes gens se détachaient, discutant la politique italienne. Un jeune homme de la haute noblesse, que avait laissait d'Ambassade anglaise à Paris pour se [0145 138] marier à une politicienne américaine et étudie la socialisme en Allemagne, discutait violemment les théories de Karl Marx avec un autre qui venait de conclure un mariage romantique etc. etc., tandis que, dans l'autre salle des

¹⁰⁶⁸ Sandford Arthur Strong (1863–1904), whom Eugenie Sellers married in 1897. Not to be confused with Bernhard's classmate, Charles Augustus Strong (1862-1940), Phillips Exeter '81, Harvard '85, who taught at the University of Chicago and at Columbia University. He married Bessie, the daughter of John D. Rockefeller.

¹⁰⁶⁹ William Rankin, Princeton '86. See *The Letters of Bernard Berenson and Isabella Steward Gardner, 1887-1924*, ed. Rollin van N. Hadley (Boston, 1987), p. 250-251: Bernard sells Isabella a Bacchiacca once owned by Rankin; see too p. 355 & 358.

Biblioteca Berenson Finding Aid: Rankin, William (archaeologist) to BB. 7 microfilm prints of letters, 1898-1908; includes 2 letters from the Princeton University Library about his letters, 1946.

See also Nicky Mariano, *The Berenson Archive: An Inventory of Correspondence* (Cambridge, Mass., 1965). **Biblioteca Berenson Berensoniana N7483.B47 M3 1965**



archéologues s'échauffaient sur la question des dates des métopes des etc. par ici, par là, en voyait des gens qui s'amusaient en feuilletant des albums de photographies choisies avec gout par le célèbre connaisseur M. Berenson — et une groupe de jeunes filles adorables se penchaient sur le balcon, admirant le Val d'Arno et Florence qui s'étendait a leurs pieds, etc. etc. De temps en temps tout parler cessait tandis qu'un musicien d'une talent rare évoquait les mélodies de Tristan, sur le grand piano, etc. etc."

On the other hand, describing us with equal veracity, as verging towards middle age, all badly dressed, and none famous, etc., etc., would convey a quite different effect!

Placci was full of his trip to Sicily, and the beautiful "horizontalty" of the lines of landscape and classic architecture. [0146 139 'Ambitions']

Friday, Apr. 17, 1896

I forgot to say that we were confessing our ambitions last night. Bertie owned to the modest desire to write "a dialectic logic of all the sciences, and an ethic that should apply to politics.

Alys followed with the hope that she might bring the woman's movement and socialism into closer rapport.

Bernhard seemed to be bent on writing a psychological aesthetic of the Fine Arts.

My wishes soared no higher than writing "a classic Guide to the Italian Pictures in the Louvre."

Janet wisely said, "I am too young to know", and Miss Sellers did not quite seem to know, though she said she was terribly ambitious.

Maurice Baring came to lunch, and Herbert Horne, with his friend Lawrence Binyon (minor poet and assistant in the British Museum Print Room) came to diner. The latter was most amusing about the earth-shaking quarrels of Mr. Budge and Mr. Pinches, [0147 140 'Mrs. Buttles'] both Egyptologists.

Horne and Bernhard had a real gorge of connoisseuring.

Saturday, Apr. 18, 1896

Bernhard started at 7 for Forlì, where there is a reputed Titian for sale.

I was really ill with a cold, and stayed in bed all day, although many people came in the afternoon: Miss Buttles to sing, bringing her mother and sister, Edith and Bryson, Lion and Bobby, and Miss Horne to listen.

Mr. Morgan called, but Alys sent word I was ill, for she felt she really could not stand him along with Ma Buttles, who was in fine trim, retailing the prices, material and makes of all the dresses Miss Whaling has bought in Florence, and the amount of material used in Hasseurs' drawers.

Poor Miss Sellers was much cut up by a bitter letter from Mr. Strong, who said he had spent his last day wandering about Fiesole in the hope of



meeting her. She allows herself to be depressed by his bitterness. But, if he knew, it does not advance his cause! [0148 141 'Perrys, Davis, Lord Acton']

Sunday, Apr. 19, 1896, Fiesole

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Perry came to lunch. She was more amiable than we had feared, but he was too facetious to be really interesting. I liked his face.

Bernhard came home from Forlì with a rather perturbed liver, to find a nasty letter from Mr. Davis, saying that the dealers were up in arms, and suggesting that Bernhard was taking to tricky picture-dealers' ways.

I read Lord Acton's Inaugural Address at Cambridge on the study of modern history, and *Henry IV Part II*.

Monday, Apr. 20, 1896

I read over with Miss Sellers her Preface to the Pliny, and read *Henry V*. I am getting an absorbing taste for Shakspeare! [*sic*]

We read part of Acton's address aloud in the evening, and discussed it until 11.

Janet <Dodge> rather weighs on my mind. I feel that I took her up too hastily, under the impression left upon me by what must have been an abnormal state of nervous excitement when she was in Paris. There, she seemed so interested and [0149 142 'Janet'] eager, so alive at every pore, so reaching-out, so, in brief, the ideal young person who longs to learn and can learn. But since she came here all that has faded. She sits at the table utterly silent, with a bored, distressed, sad look. She never asks questions or seems to care. Of course I understand she is ill all the time, and probably really has no energy except for her music. But it is "life-diminishing" for the rest of us, all the same. We all feel it. If she would only look interested it would be something.

Alys and I have both made strong efforts to talk with her, going up to her room and sitting with her, but she does not seem to care to talk about anything except her illnesses and her little personal affairs. I suppose when Bernhard walks with her, he talks and she listens, but really when either of us try doing that she listens so listlessly that it is discouraging. I think of mother's favourite injunction, "Lay hands suddenly on no man." [0150 143 'Fabbri, Borghese, Placci']

Tuesday, Apr. 21, 1896, Fiesole

Miss Priestley and Egisto Fabbri came to call, Fabbri blacker and gloomier than ever, bringing a photo of a most life-diminishing picture he has sent to the Champ de Mars.

Miss Sellers' friend, a Miss Anderson, who enclosed all her remarks in brackets of mirthless giggles, also called.

Miss Buttles was to have come to sing, but was kept away by a cold.



Placci, however, came early, thinking she would be here, and bringing his friend Prince Borghese (Scipione).¹⁰⁷⁰ He showed his marvellous social tact by replying to my tactless lamentations over Miss Buttles' absence. "O! I am *so glad* she hasn't come, for I wanted most of all to have a good long talk." Well, we had it, from 5.30 to 11.30!

Before dinner, Bertie talked very well on German socialism, a subject that interested Prince Borghese intensely.

After dinner we chatted rather vaguely, all dropping with fatigue, and wondering why Placci, who was literally asleep, did not go.

I forgot to say that Bernhard lunched [0151 144 'Gabriele D'Annunzio'] with Mr. Lestrangle and a young painter named Graham<e>, ¹⁰⁷¹ took Miss Lyman to the Uffizi, and called on Mr. Denman Ross. ¹⁰⁷²

Gronau came to stay with Bernhard.

Wednesday, Apr. 22, 1896

Rainy and cold. Bernhard lunched with Placi, who had Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose real name turns out to be Anafeto Cipollone!!

After lunch they had a splendid talk, and D'Annunzio Cipollone was marvellous. He dropped his pose, and became serious, impersonal and modest, besides being astonishingly eloquent. Dear Placci was enchanted with the success of the interview.

Beatrice Horne came to lunch, and we read aloud Creighton's "Renaissance in England".

Gronau was rather dull in the evening, but we were all tired, and most of us had colds in the head, so we retired early.

Thursday, Apr. 23, 1896

Bernhard and Bertie walked to Monte Senario, and enjoyed the walk and each other very much.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, and she and I [0152 145 'English women, Miss Sellers ill'] looked over the Botticellis. I must confess I was amazed anew at her stupidity, her lack of memory, and the little training of her eye, in all this time.

Miss Anstruther Thomson and Mrs. Kemp-Welsh called, the latter to see her "dearest Eugénie", who was ill in bed with a feverish cold and headache. A funny little woman, looking like a child though 38, one of those women, Miss Sellers tells me, who without passion themselves, fancy themselves perfectly irresistible to men, and revel in playing at danger.

¹⁰⁷⁰ Scipione Borghese, principe di Sulmona (1871-1927).

¹⁰⁷¹ George Grahame, *Claude Lorrain, Painter and Etcher* (1895).

¹⁰⁷² Denman Ross



Poor Miss Sellers was really ill, and I sent the *cocchino* [*sic*] for the doctor, who came at 11 and cheered her up. She thought she was going to die. She is frightfully nervous.

* Friday, Apr. 24, 1896

Mrs. Kemp-Welsh came to see Miss Sellers in the morning, and sat by Bernhard at lunch, causing him to curse at people whose conversation consists of the “higher commonplaces”. [0153 146 ‘Mrs. Kemp-Welsh, Hildebrand’] But Miss Sellers and I found her amusing enough in the subtly ironical way in which she conveyed to us the snobbery that now reigns at the Palmerino while the “Ranee¹⁰⁷³ Brook” is staying there.

We had terrible struggles with the paperers all day. Italian-like they were using a pink paper for the ceiling, instead of the brown Bernhard swore, and they maintained “che questa color rosa fu la preferita dal Signore”.

Bernhard dined with the Hildebrands and saw some really beautiful bronzes, marbles, and iron-work that H. has been making. Hildebrand has asked him to go over the translation of his book, *Problem der Form*, and Bernhard brought it back with him. I walked down in the moonlight to San Domenico to meet him.

Miss Sellers was better in the evening, and Janet, Mr. Gronau and I sat with her awhile. Then I took a little stroll in the moonlight with [0154 147 ‘Gronau, Janet’] Gronau, who spent the time lamenting his ill health and poverty, and the necessity that weighs on him, now he is going to be married, of finding some post that will give him a few hundred marks a month.

The problem of Janet Dodge continues to weigh upon me. She has been seeking out poor Miss Sellers to burden her with the tale of her woes and uncertainties, how she must live in Germany in the winter, yet cannot endure it, how she can’t bear people, yet is miserable in solitude, how music is the one thing she cares about, yet she is too nervous to practise, etc. etc.

Bernhard and I are coming to the conclusion that, as she won’t be well or happy anywhere, she had better go home and bore her family with her woes, for they are bound to endure her, and she will not find friends who can continue to bear the strain.

Poor girl! It is sad to be so very, very delicate. [0155 148 ‘Mr. Ross, Janet’]

Saturday, Apr. 25, 1896, Fiesole

Placci came to lunch, but without D’Annunzio, who failed for the second time. Placci was most amusing describing the *empressement* of the Palmerino people towards the Ranee.

We sat in the harbour nearly all the afternoon.

¹⁰⁷³ Perhaps Margaret, Lady Brooke, The Ranee of Sarawak (1849-1936) was queen consort of the second White Rajah of Sarawak, Charles Anthony Johnson Brooke.



Miss Placchi called and Mr. Denman Ross with his young artist protégé, Gerling. Mr. Ross was pleasant, with a quaint touch of Boston sententiousness, quoting Emerson, Schopenhauer, Lessing, etc., and choosing his words carefully. He spoke of the monotony of people, worn down to the same image by “incessant, inane intercourse.”

Miss Sellers is better, but not well. She charmed poor Gronau by talking a long time to him.

Janet — with a headache, poor thing! — wandered about like a restless ghost. She came into my room just as I was getting into bed, and poured forth the same rate of uncertainty and discontent. She probably needs some other young person to waste endless time talking to on personal matters — the very young people do I told her that, as I watch her, it [0156 149 ‘Janet’] seemed to me that she was not of the stuff to live happily alone, in her own way. She lacks the will to make light of difficulties in her path towards a chosen end. But I felt unable to say much, because the bottom truth is she is anaemic, and hasn’t energy to rise above physical and nervous worries. Unless she marries — and I can conceive no sensible man marrying such an invalid — I can predict nothing but a worried, unhappy, always undecided life for her. Still, she may settle into more regular tracks as she grows older. The fact is that it is exceedingly hard to associate profitably with so young a girl, unless you are either her mother, or a person of her own age. Her moods, which seem all important to her, seem to me very trivial and silly! They bore me. If she really had promise, one would be encouraged [0157 150 ‘Depression, Fabbri’] to put up with them, but they seem to me fatally weak and meaningless.

Sunday, Apr. 26, 1896, Fiesole

Miss Sellers had a sort of nervous relapse, felt very low and miserable. Janet was in the depths, and Bernhard, too, was depressed. I was unwell, but I managed to keep up, partly by a sense of humour, all these people, well off, intelligent, really enviable in their situations, making themselves miserable, because circumstances refuse to perform that office for them!

Egisto Fabbri came to lunch, and he and I started an argument about Raphael’s *Bella Jardiniera*, to which he refused all claim to being a work of art. The discussion was carried on all the afternoon by Bernhard and Fabbri as they went for a walk.

In what way does the representation of space enhance life?

Miss Godkin and Mr. Morgan called.

In the evening the moonlight was so wonderful, that we spent the whole time out of doors. Miss Sellers cheered up. [0158 151 ‘Placchi, Miss Sellers’]

Monday, Apr. 27, 1896

I finished the first draft of my *Studio* book-reviews.



Placci came to lunch and we talked politics chiefly, boring Miss Sellers nearly to death. She dislikes Placci, and the bitterness of her comments upon him infected me, so that he seemed to me rather commonplace and unimportant and a little too fond of mentioning grand names. She told her feelings to Bernhard, but I hope it will not cause his affection to wane, for he really loves Placci.

Mr. Perry came soon after lunch, and told us, but in rather a dry way, about his experiences with the medium, Mrs. Piper, the one with whom the American Society for Psychical Research has had such extraordinary results.

After this I went for a drive with Miss Sellers to Castel del Poggio. I am afraid she really is too variable in spirits to get on with easily. She torments herself about all sorts of unnecessary things, and takes little enjoyment in [0159 152 'Herbert Horne, Miss Sellers' plans'] the things that give more simple people pleasure. But she is so vivid and charming, and really *has* worked so solidly and well that one likes and admires her, in spite of all her variations of mood.

Tuesday, Apr. 28, 1896

Finished my book reviews. Bernhard lunched with Herbert Horne and they had a long connoisseuring gorge. He likes Horne, for he finds him so tenacious, so unpretentious, so serious, so hard-working.

Janet had a commonplace little California girl to call, and later Miss Paget and Miss Anstruther Thomson came. Miss Paget was in one of her charming moods.

Here are Miss Sellers' present plans for the summer and autumn:

Summer	Summer	Summer
Munich working on Furtwängler trans.	Rome and Switzerland or Italian mountains	England
Autumn	Autumn	Autumn
Preparing Doktorat or living in Rome	Munich Doktorat or travelling with us in North	Munich flat

She will probably do something quite different in the end. [0160 153 'Gronau']

Wednesday, Apr. 29, 1896

Neither Miss Sellers nor I felt well, and Bernhard was low and cross.

Mr. Gronau went away after lunch. Like "Les Amis" waving their handkerchiefs to their visitors departing on the train, we said to each other: "Enfin, nous sommes seuls!" But Gronau amused me in his absolute, almost unconscious imitation of Bernhard. He cannot think of doing anything except on Bernhard's model, particularly the *Lotto*.



Mr. Denman Ross, resplendent in a white waistcoat, called, and a little later, Mr. George Grahame, a wandering English painter with the swell manner, who talked English gossip with Miss Sellers.

We were all tired in the evening, but we hung sleepily together till half past ten, chatting. Miss Sellers very sensibly reproofed Bernhard for getting angry at inferior writers on art. It is undignified. [0161 154 'Degas, Miss Sellers']

Thursday, Apr. 30, 1896

Fabbri and Miss Buttles came to call, and Fabbri took away the Degas which he lent me last December, and which had grown to be really a part of my everyday life, always cheering and health-giving, so that I miss it terribly.

Miss Buttles sang, but nothing really supremely except "Hark, hark, the lark".

Bernhard dined with the Hildebrands, who, he said, were very nice.

I talked with Miss Sellers till late. She is really very "womanish" and silly. She is unhappy and thinks her present life so aimless and asinine and miserable, that she is actually tempted by the idea of making some wretched man happier and more effective. She thinks that would perhaps be "worthwhile". Although she dislikes Mr. Strong, to whom she was once engaged, she says she may, in some freak of nervous despair, consent to marry him, thinking she can cure him of his faults. She says it is "fate", that she is fated to be miserable, even more miserable than now, and as this would make her perfectly unhappy, she says she is sure to do it. It is too silly. [0162 155]

Friday, May 1, 1896, Fiesole

Bernhard went to the Uffizi with Denman Ross, while I, glad to have him out of the confusion, superintended his moving **into his new apartment**.

I got very tired. I fear I am really ill, but I daren't give in, as everyone else is so miserable.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and the two dear boys — like apples made children, Bernhard says — came to lunch, and I played with them.

Then Miss Sellers and I drove to town and shopped, and when I came home I was excruciatingly tired.

However, as Placci came to dinner, I had to get up and appear alive.

He began to play to us, the *Walkyrie*, and was really in vein. He went on for hours, to our intense enjoyment, and then we talked, quite waked up and most keenly interested. He has digested Bernhard's book, and is making new applications of it to music. He compares the individual *tempo* of the player to the *touch* of [0163 156 'Hildebrand's Venus, Rankin'] the artist, a most suggestive comparison. He is really thinking about the whole thing, and coming to understand it seriously.



Saturday, May 2, 1896

Raining hard.

Bernhard called on Mr. Denman Ross and the Benns, and then went with Placci to dine with the Baroness French.

Hildebrand came in after dinner, and declared that shocking Venus by Lorenzo di Credi (in the Uffizi) to be one of the finest works of art in Florence !!!! *Pare impossibile*.

Mr. Rankin called here. He had already become thoroughly Berensonized, and declared that his chief interest in art was aesthetic enjoyment, a thing he had scarcely thought of until he came here. Poor man, he looked frightfully ill, and his breath was loaded with spirits. He looked as if he had been drunk for a week. [0164 157 'Miss Julia Robins']

Sunday, May 3, 1896

Still raining. Bernhard called on Miss Julia Robins and brought her back to dinner.

Miss Sellers called on Lady Ponsonby, and fell in love with Miss Paget again, who managed to "honeyfogle" her into forgetting how hateful she had been.

Herbert Horne came to dinner, and was very nice, a contrast to Miss Robins, who was simply intolerable to us all. She reeked with provinciality and small vanity. She has hardly the brain of a chicken, as Bernhard says, but she kept trying to make an impression on us as an intellectual woman. She said she would always remember a wonderful dinner she gave at which Bernhard and Santayana were present. They said something brilliant which she enjoyed, but she has never been able to remember what it was. [0165 158 'Miss Sellers, Empoli']

* Monday, May 4, 1896, Albergo del Sole, Empoli

Miss Sellers wavering up and down about starting. If she were less charming it would have been unendurable, but we both like her so much we do not quite lose our patience with her. Bernhard says that if he were by way of falling in love again, he would do so with her, and I can only commend his taste.

It was finally decided that we should go to Siena for two days, and meet her at Chiusi Thursday night. So we started. We made a mistake about the train, and had to stay here, at Empoli.

We saw the Botticinis and the other pictures, had a very nice dinner.

In the middle of the night, a noisy night on a main street anyhow, the carts came to empty the cess pools. I draw a veil over the consequent uproar and odour! [0166 159 'Siena']



Tuesday, May 5, 1896, Grand Hotel, Siena

Unrefreshed, we came on here, and had a look round the Palazzo Publico. Then I came home and slept, but the undaunted Bernhard pursued his search for knowledge still further in distant churches.

In the afternoon we went to the gallery, and got quite bewildered among the minor Sieneſe painters. Then we ſaw the Duomo, and ended up at the photographers.

x Wednesday, May 6, 1896, Grand Hotel, Siena

This hotel is comfortable enough for rooms and ſervice, but the food is only mediocre.

We ſpent the morning chiefly in the Gallery, feeling our way a little better among the Sieneſe.

In the afternoon went to the Opera del Duomo and the photographers.

Saw Terry Flanagan in the ſtreet. [0167 160 ‘Siena, Rome, Miſſ Sellers on Life’]

Thursday, May 7, 1896, Hotel Beau Site, Rome

We ſaw the painted book covers in the Archives in the morning, and Bernhard went to churches and the gallery as well, but I was tired and came back to reſt.

We had four hours at Chiuſi, which we ſpent diſcovering a Fungai¹⁰⁷⁴ and looking at the view and driving, and then we joined Miſſ Sellers in the train to Rome, and reached here at midnight.

Friday, May 8, 1896, Hotel Haſſler, Rome

The noiſe was too terrible! None of uſ ſlept after 5, ſo our firſt move was here, where we took three top rooms giving on a flat roof with a marvellous view over Rome. Our penſion is 10 fr. a day each. Such quiet!!

Miſſ Sellers lunched with the Marcheſa Di Viti (Etta Dunham),¹⁰⁷⁵ and Bernhard and I went to the Barberini.

Then we wandered about, while Miſſ Sellers and I chatted. She feels utterly miſerable and wold like to die. Life ſeems to her ſo ſordid and dull, and ſhe dreads Mr. Strong waiting in the dreary future.

After tea we went to St. Peter’s, and after dinner ſtrolled on the Pincian and looked at the views from our terrace. [0168 161 ‘Rome’]

¹⁰⁷⁴ Bernardino Fungai (1460–1516).

¹⁰⁷⁵ Etta Dunham, marcheſa De Viti de Marco. Her portrait done by John Singer Sargent. A photo of her is preſerved in the Archive.



Saturday, May 9, 1896, Hassler, Rome

We went to the Vatican and saw the few good things, the “Nemesis”, the horned river god and the Ἀποξυόμενος.¹⁰⁷⁶

We got very tired and had to rest in the afternoon, but Bernhard, whom Rome seems to suit admirably, called on Prospero Colonna, and then on Prince Colonna, and saw the latter’s private pictures.

Bernhard lunched with the Pasolinis.

Sunday, May 10, 1896 <Rome>

Word from home that Miss Clare is to be kept for the present.

We went to the Terme, Bernhard first called on the Contessa di Santa Fiora and saw her Turas. We saw the Apollo and the Subiaco athlete at the Terme.

In the afternoon we went to the baths of Caracalla, and in the evening to a very dull dinner party with the famous Etta Dunham, now Marchesa Di Viti di Marco,¹⁰⁷⁷ who lives in a magnificent suite in the Palazzo Orsini. I talked chiefly to a political economist named Pantaleone.¹⁰⁷⁸ [0169 162 ‘Rome’]

Monday, May 11, 1896 <Rome>

Went to the Corsini in the morning, and drove in the afternoon, ending up at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Bernhard dined with his old friend Pritchard, and Miss Sellers and I chatted.

Placci sent a charming review of the *Florentine Painters*.

x Tuesday, May 12, 1896

Went to the museums on the Capitol in the morning.

Bernhard took Miss Farnham to Frascati and Albano and Miss Sellers lunched with the Stillmans.

I went to the English Embassy, Santa Maria del Popolo (a *splendid* bronze) and did some errands.

Mr. Benn sent the MS of his *Greek Philosophy*.

Wednesday, May 13, 1896

We went to St. Peter’s and the Sixtine Chapel in the morning.

¹⁰⁷⁶ The copy of the Apoxyomenos (“The Scaper”) by Lysippus is preserved in the Museo Pio-Clementino.

¹⁰⁷⁷ De Viti De Marco.

¹⁰⁷⁸ Vilfredo Pareto, *Oeuvres complètes: Tome 16, Ecrits épars* (1974), p. 51: ‘A distinguished Italian political economist, Signor Pantaleone, Director of the Higher School at Bari, wrote an article in 1890 in the *Giornale degli Economisti*, ... Maffeo Pantaleoni?’



Bernhard and Eugénie went to Sen. Baraccio in the afternoon, and then we had tea at Miss Edwardes, who said she did not like the nude in sculpture. She could stand the male figure, but not the female.

Afterwards we drove to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, the Villa Volkanski and San Giovanni Laterano.

Dr. Hellig and Dr Loewy called on Eugénie at dinner.

We chatted on the terrace in the evening. [0170 163 'Rome']

* Thursday, May 14, 1896, Hassler, Rome

As it was Ascension Day and the Galleries were all closed, we went to a lot of churches in the morning.

In the afternoon Miss Edwardes drove me and Miss Bailey drove Eugénie in the Doria Gardens, and Bernhard called on the Marchesa Passari to see her Tura.

Friday, May 15, 1896

Went to the Vatican and really enjoyed the Raphaels. We all three lunched with the Countess Pasolini and me a Mr. Brewster, a French-American of charming manners, a Henry James sort of person. The Pasolini, in spite of her animation, was a bore.

Afterwards we drove on the Aventine and enjoyed ourselves very much. We are reading Mr. Benn's short account of Greek philosophy. [0171 164 'Rome']

Saturday, May 16, 1896

We explored the Museo Cristiano, and had a most glorious time recognizing and baptising all sorts of early Sieneese and even Florentine panels. We were quite excited.

In the afternoon we went to the Borghese, and got thoroughly tired. But it was worse in the evening, when Eugénie and I went to a dreary American party at the Stillmans' — too dreary to describe!

Bernhard chose the better part, and took Enrico Costa and his friend Gamba to dine at the Café de Roma, where they had a long talk on connoisseuring.

We sat up till 1 on our roof cursing American parties!

Sunday, May 17, 1896

Still tired. Went to the Ara Coeli and the Capitol in the morning.

Mr. Brewster called after lunch, and was pleasant. Then we went to Miss [0172 165 'Mother'] Edwardes' Home for orphans, outside the Porta Pia, and called on two old American ladies, Mrs. Cole and Miss Bell. This was all quite pointless. Eugénie was in very low spirits, and I was feeling almost ill.

I am greatly troubled about Mother, whose splendid health seems to be breaking down. I cannot disguise from myself that it is the responsibility of



looking after the children that is greatly the cause of this, and though I cannot help it, as things are, it makes me very miserable.

Monday, May 18, 1896, Hassler, Rome

Damn it! I am unwell again, and quite unfit for anything except to “life-diminish” my companions.

Bernhard took the Pasolini to the Terme, and I rested and read Crowe and Cavalcaselle on the Sienese school.

In the afternoon the Pasolini [0173 166 ‘Miss Sellers’] took Eugénie and myself to see Donna Laura Minghetti’s Leonardo. She seemed very rude and quiet, and Donna Laura was not over cordial, so Miss Sellers made my life a burden by insisting that it was because Bernhard had thrust *me* upon the Pasolini to take, that if *she* had gone without me, all would have been different. The hypothesis was all wrong, as it was the Pasolini’s own idea, vehemently insisted on, that I should go, but Miss Sellers went on and on about it, until I really got hot and angry. However, I said nothing! and I do not think she even realized that she had been ruder than the others multiplied by 100!

We went afterwards to the Stillman’s to tea, while Dr. Charles was driving Bernhard about and giving him ices.

In the evening Anderson¹⁰⁷⁹ came and talked photographs, and then Miss Sellers gave us her ideas on mankind, that they are divided into two classes, the stupid and the wicked: that women thwarted in their affections and men in their ambitions are capable of anything. She always expects her friends to do the most dreadful things the moment her back is turned. [0174 167 ‘ROME and NAPLES’]

Tuesday, May 19, 1896, Hotel Hassler, Rome

Visited churches and the Academy di San Luca. Started to drive in the afternoon, but I was not well enough.

Bernhard and Miss Sellers lunched at the Pasolinis.

Wednesday, May 20, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>

Saw the Doria and Colonna galleries, and made a lot of discoveries.

Lunched, all three, with “Antonio e Etta Di Viti de Marco”,¹⁰⁸⁰ and talked about political economy. A horrid little painter named Mancini was there.

Mr. Brewster dined with us, pleasant in manner, but a little dull. He has a daughter of 21 who is an architect.

¹⁰⁷⁹ James Anderson (1813-1877) was a British photographer working mainly in Rome. His son Domenico Anderson (1854-1938) was a photographer too, and he took over the business after his father’s death. Domenico’s sons Alessandro and Giorgio continued his work until 1963, when the whole Anderson archive was bought by Alinari.

¹⁰⁸⁰ De Viti de Marco.



In the afternoon I went to the Medici gardens.

Thursday, May 21, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>

Churches and Corsini drawings in the morning.

In the afternoon a visit to Mr. Brewster's to see some fine busts by Hildebrand.

Costa came and drove us out to the Villa Madama, but it was closed.

In the evening Prof. Löwy and the Stillmans called.

Friday, May 22, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>

I was really ill, and kept in the house all day.

Bernhard and Miss Sellers went to the Vatican and the Terme.

Saturday, May 23, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>

The same story. They drove to the Villa Madama. [0175 168]

Sunday, May 24, 1896, Bellevue, Naples

Packed in the morning. Bernhard went to St. Peter's. Came here. How wonderful is the Campagna! I mean to pass my old age with it in view.

x Monday, May 25, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>

Went to the Museum and Pompeii.

Tuesday, May 26, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>

Museum, drive to Posillipo.

- [NOTE the hyphen] Wednesday, May 27, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>

Museum, study of Pompeian paintings.

I was rather ill.

x Thursday, May 28, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>

Bernhard visited churches, and had a walk with Miss Sellers, while I went to Capri and paid a visit to Frau von der Hellen,¹⁰⁸¹ who is living there. I heard all manner of interesting things about the difficulties of starting the English line of boats: Italian camorra, etc. [0176 169 'Frau von d. Hellen']

Friday, May 29, 1896, Bellevue, Naples

Frau von der Hellen came over, and we all met at the Museum, and then lunched together at the Giardino di Torino. She was awful! so jealous of

¹⁰⁸¹ Galerie Bassenge

price-lists.s3-website-us-east-1.amazonaws.com/819588387.pdf

Christian Wilhelm Allers ...

Die Studie datiert wahrscheinlich aus dem Jahr 1870, in dem **Carl Van der Hellen** eine Reise nach Rom unternahm.

Allers, der wie Krupp ein Ferienhaus auf Capri besaß, ins Visier der italienischen Justiz und wurde zu viereinhalb Jahren Zuchthaus verurteilt. Allers verließ ...



Miss Sellers, and of everyone we talked of, Madame Mengarini, Madame Helbig, Mommsen — *n'importe qui*.

She amused us awfully, and shocked us not a little. Miss Sellers recognized her as a true German type, but crude, crude, as naive as a child in her jealousy. As to manners, she has none, and in a gallery she is the most deadly of companions.

Saturday, May 30, 1896, Reale, Formia

We went to churches in the morning. Miss Sellers was in a perfectly appalling state of nerves and indecision, but she finally came with us to Capua, [0177 170 'Capua to Rome'] where we left here in the Amphitheatre while we drove to Formia and saw the interesting X century frescoes, direct descendants of such art as the Pompeian.

We reached here at 10. The hotel is alive with fleas and bugs!

Sunday, May 31, 1896, Reale, Terracina

A most enchanting drive here, but a dull afternoon, tired and flea-bitten. Bernhard had a long walk.

Monday, June 1, 1896, Hassler, Rome

Drove to the Capo Circeo, very beautiful. But the sun was so glaring that we all got headaches, and the journey to Rome (2.18-7.20) was *Torture*!

Tuesday, June 2, 1896, Rome

We spent the morning in the Palatine, and in the afternoon Bernhard and I drove [0178 171 'Placci, Fafner'] out to the Campagna while Eugénie paid calls.

We all called on Miss Edwardes in the evening.

Wednesday, June 3, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Train from 9-2.30.

Miss Sellers went home with Miss Paget, to *schumpf* us! and we drove up with Janet, who was waiting for us.

How cool and big and clean the rooms looked!

Placci came to dinner and was really charming. He talked of flying-machines, photographs of the emanations of people by X rays, and told us all about a great quarrel he is having with Vernon Lee.

Thursday, June 4, 1896, Ray's 9th birthday

Fafner came up to lunch, just as we were finishing with the bookbinder and the carpenter. He was as nice and natural as ever, a lovable boy. He told me how furious he had been with me for my letter about Janet, but we made it up.

In the evening we talked to Janet about her future, but it is so [0179 172 'Janet etc.'] useless to talk to younger people! They must make their own



mistakes, I suppose. She did not take our remarks in a very nice way. In fact, she is always disappointing, when any emergency arises. We certainly were too precipitate in thinking we liked her very much. However, she is not actively disagreeable, and has some good points. I think she can manage for herself. But I told her she might come back here, unless Logan comes to live with me.

Friday, June 5, 1896

Bernhard lunched with Placci and the Papafavas, and afterwards went to see a Botticini (ascribed to P. dei Franceschi) in private possession.

Mrs. Hooker and Mr. Illsley (friends of Evelyn's) called, the former rather beautiful and very nice, the latter charming.

Later, Miss Paget and Miss Sellers came,¹⁰⁸² and Herbert Horne came to dinner. With him we talked Botticelli, Botticini and the Maestro della Morte di Lucrezia until nearly midnight. [0180 173]

Saturday, June 6, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard worked at Sienese photos and I arranged our Roman notes in the morning.

My article on "The Philosophy of Enjoyment of Art" in *The Atlantic* arrived today. It seemed rather heavy.

In the afternoon we called on the Buttles and then I called on the Placcis. Miss Placci is so very nice.

Bernhard and Placci took supper with the Hildebrands, enjoying it very much.

Sunday, June 7, 1896

Fafner came up to spend the night, and Mr. Brewster and Herbert Horne came to lunch.

Mr. Brewster told us an appalling story of Italian intrigue. A lady in Rome who had been the mistress of Guiccioli,¹⁰⁸³ the prefect in Rome, took up with Crispi's illegitimate son when Guiccioli married. Her husband's family owned some famous diamonds, and these disappeared [0181 174 'Italian intrigue'] simultaneously with her new lover's bursting out with all sorts of extravagances.

¹⁰⁸² Are they a couple now?

¹⁰⁸³ Alessandro Guiccioli, (1843-1929), prefetto di Roma (1894-1896), was nominated by Francesco Crispi.

A descendant of Teresa Guiccioli of Ravenna, Lord Byron's lover?
From Vicenza?

Ravenna? Fattoria Guiccioli, where Anita Garibaldi died in 1849?

Siena (Altamura)?

Alessandro Guiccioli, *I Guiccioli (1796-1848): Memorie di una famiglia patrizia* (Bologna, 1934). **Biblioteca Berenson House CS769 .G8 1934**



The coincidence caused so much talk that at last Guiccioli, as Prefect, had to threaten her that unless the diamonds were forthcoming, the Law would “take its course.” The diamonds were found.

In the meantime Crispi fell and Rudinì became Prime Minister. The Lady went to him and demanded the dimission [*fortasse* dismissal?] of Guiccioli for the affront he had put upon her. She said if he was not dismissed, she would publish letters incriminating not only Crispi’s son but Crispi himself, and that this would look as if Rudinì¹⁰⁸⁴ were trying to kick a fallen enemy, and would produce strong feeling against him. So Rudinì promised to give Guiccioli the sack. Thereupon the heroine of the story repaired to the [0182 175] Prefect’s American wife (who knew nothing of it all) and said that Guiccioli had tried to bully her, a thing she could not stand from an ex-lover, and that she had retaliated by getting him dismissed from his post, the sole means of support of the family. The wife went into hysterics and fainted, and has been in bed with gout of the stomach ever since. Guiccioli was duly dismissed!

Later in the afternoon Miss Buttles and her sister came, and Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd and some friends of Janet. We had some music.

Placci and Costa came to dinner, the latter in sign of reconciliation, as Bernhard and he have had it out. It appears that the whole estrangement was caused by Loeser’s maliciousness. Everyone says Loeser appears to have [0183 176 ‘Bernhard left, Miss Sellers’] almost a monomania on the subject of Berenson, of whom he talks constantly, and in a most venomous way.

Placci played to us from the *Walkyrie*.

x Monday, June 8, 1896, Fiesole

Mrs. Hooker and her daughter and Mr. von Glenn came to lunch. It is hard to mix real Americans and Europeans. Their range of general conversation is entirely different.

In the afternoon Bernhard went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dwight.

Tuesday, June 9, 1896

Bernhard packed in the morning and went to Lodi in the 2.30 train.

Miss Sellers came up to spend the night. She was full of kindly lecturing, and she has a fine outspokenness, so that she really [0184 177 ‘Miss Sellers’ lectures’] gave me what is so rare, a perfectly friendly adverse criticism of Bernhard and myself. She thinks that to take up people with such enthusiasm and to drop them with such indignation as we do, is undignified. If one must “schimpfen”,¹⁰⁸⁵ one should do it with humour, in a lively

¹⁰⁸⁴ Antonio Starabba, marquis di Rudinì (1839-1908)

¹⁰⁸⁵ To insult, affront, scold.



society way, not treating it over-seriously. Furthermore, one must be aware that people usually impute to jealousy and goodness knows what mean motive the sentiments kindled in one's breast by the pure fire of righteous indignation. Bernhard has the reputation of being a man who cannot bear other men, as he is furiously jealous of their reputation. We are both supposed to be very unstable and changeable in our opinions and enthusiasms. We did actual harm to Obrist — not to speak of ourselves — by our first enthusiasm for his fountain, and [0185 178] subsequent indifference to his sculptural performances.

As I look back at Loeser, the Michaels, the Burkes, and Janet Dodge I see the justice of her remarks. Especially when I think of myself and Obrist, how I “magnified his name”, but did not glorify it forever.

Wednesday, June 10, 1896

A most quiet day of packing up and work, varied only by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

Read Flaubert, Shakspeare, [*si*] and Creighton, and put stray notes in order.

Thursday, June 11, 1896

Before I was dressed I had a telegram from mother: “Fear Frank gone Italy.” I cannot imagine what it means.

I read volume I of Creighton straight through. It interested me more than any novel. [0186 179 ‘Paris, Maude Robertson’]

x x x x

No entries for June 12-14, 1896

x Monday, June 15, 1896, Centrale, Turin

Nothing came of mother's fears.

I spent last night at Turin, and met Bernhard here at 1.30 today. We took a walk and rode about the town in teams.

no entry for Tuesday, June 16, 1896

Wednesday, [~~Tuesday~~], June <17> [16], 1896,
3 rue de Beaune <Paris>

Last night we spent in the train.

We went this morning to see M. Reinach, and after lunch he took us to M. Martin Le Roy's, where Bernhard confirmed all my attributions!

We called on Maude and John Robertson, and they and the Alexanders came to dine with us.

Poor Maude was in *agony*, being *enceinte* again, by some accident. They were so miserable over it, being pronounced Malthusians (!!) and too poor to afford it, that they actually talked of suicide. A year and a month after their present baby, that is the time it is due. I felt such keen sympathy with Maude. [0187 180 ‘Chantilly’]



Thursday, June <18> [17], 1896, Paris

Saw modern pictures and the Champ de Mars. The only things there we liked were the Puvis drawings, a carved wooded bed and some glass by a German whose name begins with K. We discussed an appalling difference of taste concerning Renoir, whom Bernhard likes!!!

Mrs. Gardner has bought the Titian *Europa*.

Friday, June <19> [18], 1896

We went with Reinach and M. A. Vandel to Chantilly and lunch with the Duc d'Aumale,¹⁰⁸⁶ his elephantine morganatic wife, M. Gruyer and M. Corroyer. The old man, with the glance of an eagle and an impetuous interest in all manner of subjects, was delightful. He showed us all his pictures and drawings and chatted away about everything.

We had tea at Reinach's when we came back. I felt very ill. [0188 181 'Paris, Madame André']

Saturday, June <20> [19], 1896, 3 rue de Beaune¹⁰⁸⁷

Went to Louvre and in the afternoon drove on the Bois. I was *wretchedly* ill.

Sunday, June <21> [20], 1896 <3 rue de Beaune, Paris>

Bernhard spent the day with Miss Farnham at Rambouillet and I wandered over the Louvre and read *The Heart of Midlothian*, an awfully boring book for Scott.

We walked a great deal in the evening, along the Seine, although I felt ill. Met Miss Lowndes.

Monday, June <22> [21], 1896

Went to see Madame André's collection, but she would scarcely show us any of Italians. She has a good eye for the effective <...> and much courage, rather than real taste.

Tea with Reinach.

* Tuesday, June <23> [22], 1896

Saw the Pourtalès things. Not many Italians, however.

Called on Bonnat and [0189 182 'Paris'] began to go through his drawings.

¹⁰⁸⁶ Henri Eugène Philippe Louis d'Orléans, duc d'Aumale (1822-1897).

¹⁰⁸⁷ See the letter to Senda, June 20, 1896: 'Yesterday I enjoyed myself. I lunched at Chantilly with the Duc d'Aumale, a charming old man, son of the last king of France. I envied him his simplicity of manner, his geniality and ripeness. I confess I enjoyed it historically perhaps a little snobbishly. As he was showing me his treasures, they were not mere art, but his great grandsires, [1.3] his uncles, his ancestors in short. It made me feel singularly warm toward French history for the last 800 years to have this prince show me his family relics. I caught a glimpse of Maude Mosher, who has a gorgeous baby and is on the way toward another, I fear. They are as poor as rats.'



Bernhard dined with Mr. Bing and Miss Lowndes dined with me in my room.

* Wednesday, June <24> [23], 1896

Met Reinach at Bonnat's¹⁰⁸⁸ and afterwards went to Count Robert Pourtalès where there was a Benozzo.

Reinach took tea with us, and Miss Lowndes sat with us where we dined, she having dined already.

Still ill.

Thursday, June <25> [24], 1896

Browsed about among French and Renaissance sculptures.

I felt better, so though it rained we were happy.

Dined at Weber's, and then I started for London.

It has been a week that has drawn us very close together. I feel as if I never half appreciated Bernhard's goodness before. I am sure I can never make him seriously unhappy again. [0190 183]

<Friday,> June <26> [25]-July 14, 1896, London

Bernhard stayed in Paris, seeing Cook, Placci and Horne, besides many pictures old and new.

I came to London and on the 29th had my womb scraped out with a sort of spoon by Dr. Granville Bantock.¹⁰⁸⁹ I had chloroform and felt nothing, and was recovering splendidly when I got a chill and was very ill for eight days. I had a nice nurse, and the children were dears.

In the meantime Bernhard came to London (July 1) and fell ill of a chill on his liver and tonsillitis. All his friends, Cook, Zangwill, Reinach (who was over on Jewish business), Christina <Bremner>, Janet <Dodge>, Horne, Mrs. Hodgson, Burnett, Farrer, the Burkes, etc., rallied round him, and in a few days he was able to get up, and rush round with Cook — his impresario, as he called him — seeing innumerable private collections and meeting people.

I was roasting in bed, reading Meredith. [0191 184]

Tuesday, July <14> [15], 1896, London

Emily <Dawson> came and we went to have tea with Bernhard, who is in comfortable rooms at 4 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. He looks ill and seems rushed. He said that most people were either mental bores, or temperamental ones — a good sieve to strain one's acquaintances through.

He said he longed for Fiesole, and I do too. There is peace and refreshment, and we don't bore each other, thank goodness!

¹⁰⁸⁸ Léon Joseph Florentin Bonnat (1833-1922), painter.

¹⁰⁸⁹ The father of the British composer Sir Granville Bantock (1868-1946).



<Thursday,> July 23 & <Friday,> 24, 1896

Took tea with Bernhard and Cook.

On the next day, rushed through the New Gallery with Bernhard, lunched with him, and then sat in his room and chatted an hour or so. He was just starting to visit the Poet Laureate,¹⁰⁹⁰ then Windsor, Oxford and a tour in Scotland with Cook.

I came back to Haslemere. [0192 185 'Journey to Bruges, Polychrome]

no entries until:

x Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1896, Flandres, Bruges

We left London at 10 today and had a happy journey here, though the long crossing is awfully boring.

After we arrived, we wandered about the town. Bernhard confessed to a hatred of polychrome decoration, whereat I exulted, remembering how he tried to convert me to the Sainte Chapelle!

I amused him at dinner with little "psychological" tales, gleaned this summer from Logan and Jonathan Sturges, among them the story of Whistler's quarrel with Sir William Eden¹⁰⁹¹ and his challenge to George Moore.¹⁰⁹²

We dined at the Roberson's together last night. Maude is in despair over her baby, due in two months, and not wanted, but she was charming all the same, and John was at his best. [0193 186 'Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Aachen']

x Thursday, Sept. 3, 1896, <Hotel> de la Poste, Ghent

A delicious morning of sight-seeing, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

I rested in the afternoon and read the *Vita* of Cellini, an enthralling book.

Arrived here in time for dinner.

x Friday, Sept. 4, 1896, <Grand Hotel> Mengelle, Bruxelles

Saw what there is to see in Ghent and enjoyed the Van Eyck. The other tourists *particularly* admired the horrible copies which replace the original wings.

Arrived here in time to see the Cathedral in a dusky light. Pleasant feeling of bien-être.

¹⁰⁹⁰ Alfred Austin (1835-1913)

¹⁰⁹¹ Sir William Eden (1849-1915)

¹⁰⁹² George Moore (1852-1933), novelist.



Saturday, Sept. 5, 1896

Saw the gallery and went to Antwerp, where we enjoyed the early painters, but Rubens not really so very much. I liked best of all a Foucquet¹⁰⁹³ they have recently bought.

x Sunday, Sept. 6, 1896, Union, Aix-la-Chapelle

Saw the Brussels gallery more thoroughly and had a nice lunch at the Régence.

Four hours in the train getting here. Browsed about the Cathedral. [0194 187 'Obrist']

Monday, Sept. 7, 1896, Central, Frankfurt

We saw the Cathedral, and then had a long journey here.

Obrist arrived with his embroideries, and Bernhard persuaded us both that it was best to meet as if nothing had happened. I did not want to, for I felt that it would be very painful to be vividly reminded of a series of things I am so eager to forget, but life carries on so that I found I really had forgotten, even when I saw him. It was impossible to call up anything as if I had been in it. In fact, it was quite like an impersonal ordinary acquaintance.

Bernhard was very tired, and I felt a certain burden of conversation on me as if it has been some quasi-stranger. Obrist was as picturesque in language as ever, and his ideas were the same: the greatness of Germany, "growing like a bed as asparagus, but weighed down by an upper crust of dry, parched earth"; the greatness of Obrist; the woman question, his possible marriage and possible children.

I [0195 188] wonder if we seem so utterly the same, furnished with the same set of ideas and enthusiasms, after an interval of 14 months. Perish the thought!

Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1896, Frankfurt

We went to the Städelinstitut with HO, who was very desiccating. He *says* he enjoys art, violently protests that he does, but he never seems to, and when he is taken unawares he confesses that he does not care for it unless it is some art analogue to his won that starts his own creative fancy. But he never takes the enjoyer's attitude, nor in fact the aesthetic attitude towards anything.

After lunch we saw his new embroideries, superb! Bernhard bought one on the spot for £45, and ordered another for £100, which greatly delighted poor Obrist, who has scarcely sold anything in these three years [0196 189 'Obrist'] and is becoming alarmed about money. But what an ideal patron is Bernhard! A real artist could not wish for a better appreciator, or a more generous buyer, though he might wish him richer.

¹⁰⁹³ ? Jean Fouquet (1420–1481).



beings and picturesque talkers Obrist is a charming companion, but *au fond* he is preoccupied with his own struggle for money and recognition, and his ideas by this time are cast-iron. As a thinker he is very muddled.

I should have supposed I would have some definite attitude toward him, but I find I have absolutely none except on the surface, a perfectly obvious one of a friendly acquaintance, anxious to help him on as artist, and greatly amused by him as talker. *Que la vie est drôle!* [0197 190 'Aschaffenburg, Rothenburg']

x Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1896, Hotel zum Adler, Aschaffenburg

Obrist came to have coffee with us, and we had a long argument about whether "the people" cared for art, which made me despair, despair! But surely some people think more clearly than he does!

He said goodbye, to go to London to enter his exhibit at the Arts and Crafts, and we went to the Städel'sche Institut and looked over all the Italian drawings, an awful collection with about half a dozen interesting things.

Then we came to this delicious, peaceful, quaint town, saw the gallery and wandered about.

Thursday, Sept. 10, 1896, x Hirsch, Rothenburg

We spent nearly the whole day in Würzburg, and enjoyed it.

At sunset we arrived here and had a most enchanting view of the town in the evening light, and a pleasant talk at supper with two young American art students, fresh from Paris. [0198 191 'Rothenburg']

Friday, Sept. 11, 1896, <Grand Hotel> Leinfelder,¹⁰⁹⁴ Munich

We spent most of the day wandering about the town of Rotherburg, where there is *scarcely an ugly building!* The towers surpass in quaint charm any I have ever seen, and there are scores of them, each one different. The colour of the town is indescribable. Never have we been in so complete or so winning a town.

I finished, with great regret, the *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*. Bernhard has taken again to his Herodotus, which he laid by for the summer. We are both reading *Mansfield Park*¹⁰⁹⁵ also.

Reached Munich at 9 o'clock.

Saturday, Sept. 12, 1896, Munich

Got our tickets for a week of music and began to revise — or, rather, entirely to re-write — the article on Obrist's embroideries.

In the afternoon we went to have tea with Miss Sellers, who was in a distracted, disagreeable mood. She was just having a large bath put up in her

¹⁰⁹⁴ <http://lcdl.library.cofc.edu/lcdl/catalog/lcdl:37381>

¹⁰⁹⁵ The third novel by Jane Austen, published in May 1814.



bedroom, and the discovery [0199 192 'Miss Sellers'] that it could not be emptied save by bailing the water out, and that whenever she lighted a fire she must also heat the waters, was annoying, no doubt! But the explanation was not an excuse.

Walking to the tram she said to me, "What a pity you have the reputation in Germany of being such friends with Gronau. It gives them all a very queer idea of the Villa to know that you have him staying there. He is counted a most vulgar little man here, and a great *poseur*."

The glee with which she said this, the hardly-to-be-restrained pleasure at the idea that we were taken in by a *poseur* that the Germans saw through, the delight that people should think meanly of us, was so funny as to be really painful. As a matter of fact, Gronau, though personally disagreeable enough, is not a *poseur*. With us he was as simple and modest as a man can be. What makes Germans call him that must be that he goes in for being a generally cultured man before being a *Fachmann*. [0200 193 'Meistersinger, Dr. Traube']

In the evening we went to hear the *Meistersinger*: 5 hours! It is too long. But there were exquisite bits of "real" music. The overture was awful. Perhaps we heard it from an unfavourable position. But I believe the modern opera is not meant for people who care for the arts of music — it is like a museum of pictures, here and there an enjoyable piece. And as visual effect, the stage is *too* horrible!

Sunday, Sept. 13, 1896, Leinfelder, Munich

We grappled with the Obrist article, and I felt despairing. When I try to write anything but the plainest exposition, I become horribly vulgar and journalistic. Innumerable newspaper phrases rush to my mind, and I even sometimes put them down!

Miss Sellers was charming today, a complete change of mood. She took us to call on Dr. Traube,¹⁰⁹⁶ to whom she is perfectly devoted. He is a frightful invalid of 35 who specializes in Medieval Latin. Miss Sellers spends her whole time with him at present, and really [0201 194] cares for nothing else. He has kind eyes and a gentle manner, and seemed a really lovable man.

She was most amusing about Miss Paget whom she characterized as a sycophant, not a snob.

In the evening, we heard *Figaro*, and were in rapture. *That* is music!!

x Monday, Sept. 14, 1896

Obrist article. Tea with Miss Sellers.

Miss Lowndes came to hear the IV Symphony with us. It was badly given.

¹⁰⁹⁶ The famous palaeographer Ludwig Traube (1861-1907), who held the first chair of Medieval Latin at the University of Munich, with whom Sellers had studied.



Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1896

Finished the Obrist article.

Afternoon at Schwabing as usual.

We all went to *Fidelio* in the evening, and Logan joined us there at 9.30, having just arrived from London.

Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1896

Scurried through the Glaspalast and the Secession, and saw nothing that was art, except Hildebrand's Old Faun. Obrist's bust was a disappointment.

We were confronted with a 5 years' ago admiration, Skredvig's¹⁰⁹⁷ *Christ and the People*, and were horrified to [0202 195 'Music, Furniture'] find it nothing but obvious illustration. How we have grown!

We all had tea at Schwabing with Maud Cruttwell also, and then Logan came with us to hear *Don Giovanni*, which was enjoyment almost without alloy, although less exquisite than *Figaro*.

Thursday, Sept. 17, 1896, Leinfelder, Munich

Went to the Glyptotek with Miss Sellers, and then to the Pinacotek. She lunched with us, and was very amusing.

I called on Mrs. Furtwängler and Bernhard went with Eugénie to see Dr. Traube, whom he liked.

Logan dined at Schwabing, but we went to hear *Tannhäuser*, and then quarrelled violently because Bernhard accused me of changing my opinions too quickly. But I believe he thinks exactly as I do about Wagner!!

x Friday, Sept. 18, 1896

I spent the morning with Logan in old furniture shops, while Bernhard went through the drawings. It ended in Logan's buying a charming Empire set for High Buildings,¹⁰⁹⁸ and Bernhard's getting an Empire desk, sofa and chairs for [0203 196] himself, and a jewelled pendant for me.

We had tea at Schwabing, a walk, and then heard the V Symphony, after which Logan started for Venice, and we went for supper to the Luitpold.

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1896, Zum Stein, Salzburg

Reached here at 11.45 and after lunch went up the Gaisberg, a most lovely view.

I was feeling so ill I had to go to the Gasthof and lie down, but I enjoyed the ride there and back.

Sunday, Sept. 20, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna

It was raining hard, and I felt ill, so I did not go out.

Bernhard went to the Museum.

¹⁰⁹⁷ Christian Skredsvig (1854–1924), a Norwegian painter and writer.

¹⁰⁹⁸ Haslemere.



From 12 to 7 we were in the train. We read Creighton's little pamphlet, "English National Character".

Placci arrived about 10.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1896

Placci in good spirits.

We spent the morning at the Albertina, in the afternoon saw the Harrack and Schönborn collections of horrors.

Placci told us about Mademoiselle Gordigiani's wonderful voice, which [0204 197] has suddenly developed, when she was about 28, and despairing.

He also said of himself that when he is not thinking of anything in particular, he begins to plan how he could cheat and impose on people and revenge himself for possible insults, and steal!! He has even thought of stealing toothpicks from restaurants.

In the evening we went to the Opera and saw 3 ballets, one of which contained charming costumes and a gavotte of 1830. The debutante ballerina was an Italian, with all the Italian fatal dexterity and skill, and lack of art. Her poses were marvellous, but meaningless and ugly.

Herbert Cook arrived.

x Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna

Called on Cook and went to the Albertina and after lunch to the Lichtenstein.

We heard *Lohengrin* in the evening, and thought it would have been perfect if it had stopped at the Overture!

Bernhard said that Music, like the other arts, had fallen into the clutches of the two dragons that guard the portals of real Art, dexterity and expressiveness.

Then we spoke of Pater, and Bernhard said that he was the one writer whose attitude towards [0205 198] art and life was consistent and admirable. His doctrine is "Be sure that your sensations are real sensations. Take them seriously and cherish them, for they are all you have in this world or the next."

Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1896

We went to the gallery in the morning. I showed Placci the chief Italians, and he really *had* sensations. Of the Cima he said that it gave him the sense of the atmosphere when a rain has taken away all the dust, of unsordidness coming from cleanliness.

We saw a young man and woman who were going about with both Bernhard's books — the first time we have seen it. We wanted to speak to them!



The afternoon was dull, for the most interesting part of the Academy was shut up, and we couldn't get into Lanckoronski's¹⁰⁹⁹.

After tea, [0206 199] I rested.

Placci called on the Princess Doria, a little English woman of notorious wickedness, each of whose children has a different father, and who runs strange woman lovers at the same time, who entertains kings and emperors and cares nothing about it, completely wrapped up in her vices and thinking for interest chiefly of the physiological and pathological sides of abnormal passions, rather favouring anarchists from a feeling that if anarchy were the leading philosophy she would need no excuses. ("Vice as a mental aperient", a good title for an essay.)

Bernhard and Cook bought photos, and poked about picture shops.

Then we rested, and in the evening for three hours (without Cook) had a most interesting real talk, one of the few that was not an "argument", but a searching together for the point, about music. We started from the question "What makes a tune vulgar?" Placci said incidentally that his devotion to Wagner [0207 200] came from his keen interest in all the new modulations and instrumentations that Wagner introduced. Mine was a delight as savage as an Indians' pleasure in a war-dance, the stirring of the emotions. Bernhard confessed to finding Wagner so noisy that he continually had the feeling that he *couldn't bear the music*.

Thursday, Sept. 24, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna

Albertina in the morning, but very boring drawings.

In the afternoon we went to the gallery, and in the evening to the ballet *Excelsior*, very vulgar and dull, we thought it, but Cook was in rapture and called it "simply divine". I think it was the legs and arms, not the "beauty of motion".

Friday, Sept. 25, 1896

Gallery in the morning.

In the afternoon I sent to the Kahlenberg with Placci, and Bernhard finished his notes on the [0208 201] Lichtenstein.

Placci wanted to do everything, with a child's indiscriminating curiosity. But he is so good-humoured and amusing and simple and enjoying that there is no fault to be found with him for being, after all, an Italian!

In the evening we trailed about the "Venezia in Wien", heard some nice Russian singing and saw a wickedly enchanting Spanish dancer Tortajada.¹¹⁰⁰

¹⁰⁹⁹ The *Palais Lanckoroński*, constructed in 1894-95 for Karol Lanckoronski and his family as a personal residence, housed the count's enormous art collection. Severely damaged in World War II it was torn down in the 1960s.

¹¹⁰⁰ Consuelo Hernandez 'La belle Tortajada' (1867-1957).



Saturday, Sept. 26, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna

Finished the Albertina. The "Ranee" came there with her white-haired present lover, an Austrian count. The day before she had been laughing with Placci over Miss Paget, who does not "understand things". We are going to have a story in our Fiesole Condemner called "Violet in Wonderland".

In the afternoon we saw Lanskoronsky's [*sic*] house and collection. [0209 202] Placci went to hear a new opera, the *Evangeliniam*¹¹⁰¹ in the evening.

We dined quietly and wrote letters. Bernhard is reading *Sidonie, die Klosterhexe*,¹¹⁰² and finds it fascinating. We are both reading Dickinson's *Greek View of Life*.¹¹⁰³

Sunday, Sept. 27, 1896, Ungaria, Buda-Pesth

I went with Placci to hear a Mozart Mass, and then to the Museum for a last look.

Dr. Richter lunched with us and told us how he got his Giorgione (the Berlin portrait) out of Italy.¹¹⁰⁴

Venturi came and looked round. He noticed it and said, "What is it?"

"Sarebbe difficile dirlo", so he passed it by.

Going away, he said, "Mi pare della scuola Veneziana, quel ritratto."

"Può essere. Sì, a me mi pare."

"Si può dire un Palma sciupato."

Then, when it came before the Florentine authority all he said was, "È una donna e un'uomo," and [0210 203] passed it by. Richter said he valued it at 20,000 francs (hardly daring to say so low a price). The man laughed and said he needn't pay more than 200 for taking it out of Italy.

Afterwards, he told Costa as a joke that this 'pazzo Tedesco' had valued an absurd head at 20,000 francs. Then Costa told him what it was, and he was sick!

Venturi heard of it, and pitched into him for not keeping it even for three months, as they have a right to do in case of doubt. As an excuse he said that he had noticed it was addressed to a restorer in Berlin, and so it must be in a bad condition, the restorer being of course a blind for the Berlin Museum.

¹¹⁰¹ ?

¹¹⁰² *Sidonia von Bork, die Klosterhexe*, a Gothic romance, was written by Wilhelm Meinhold and published in three volumes in 1848.

¹¹⁰³ Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (1862-1932), *The Greek View of Life* (1896).

¹¹⁰⁴ The so-called Giustiniani portrait (Gemäldegalerie Berlin), once owned by Richter's wife, Louise M. Schwab.

Dietrich Seybold, *Das Schlaraffenleben der Kunst: Eine Biografie des Kunstkenners und Leonardo da Vinci-Forschers Jean Paul Richter (1847-1937)* (2013).

<http://www.seybold.ch/Dietrich/Spotlight2JeanPaulRichterAndGiorgione>

Luke Uglow, 'Giovanni Morelli and his friend Giorgione: Connoisseurship, science and irony', *Journal of Art Historiography* 11 (December 2014).



At 4 we came here, 4-8.45 and then went out to hear some strange and fascinating Hungarian music played by a band of gypsies in a café. [0211 204]

Monday, Sept. 28, 1896, Hungaria, Buda-Pesth

We went to the Museum in the morning. The Giorgione portrait there is his finest work. There is also a Crivelli and a Gentile Bellini, the rest is rubbish.

After lunch we trailed miserably about the Exhibition, until finally Cook and I struck and came home.

I found a letter saying that the children had come home at last.

In the evening we went to Budavara and were lucky enough to see the Carmencita, who is still remarkable in spite of being middle-aged. The rest was bosh as art-enjoyment, but it was a good-natured crowd and a moderately picturesque scene.

But I shall be glad to get out of cities and crowds!

Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1896

The Gallery in the morning, chiefly looking at drawings.

In the afternoon we wandered in Buda, saw the view, St. Matthias, etc.

In the evening it was raining and there was nothing going on, so Cook and I bought a pack of cards and had some picquet. I won 2 florins and 4 kreuzers! [0212 205]

Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1896,

10.30 p.m., Railway stop at Agram, Croatia

We paid our last visit to the Museum, and came away by the 3.45 train, wonderful cheapness of travel, first class with sleeping carriage only 17 fl. 50!

Had a nice talk with Placci, Cook having remained behind, to whom it was a new idea that you must work to educate your sensations quite as much (if not more) as to educate your mind.

Thursday, Oct. 1, 1896, on boat from Fiume to Zara

We spent the day at Fiume pleasantly enough between washing, sleeping and taking an excursion to Abbazia.

We embarked at 9. Placci is talking about seriously taking up the aesthetics of music, but he has a deadly horror of being bored, and thinks if he didn't see light *at once*, he would give it up.

Friday, Oct. 2, 1896, Hotel Troccoli, Spalato [Split]

Placci woke me up at sunrise and I threw on a few things and rushed up to see the really enchanting view as we steamed into Sara.

Bernhard joined us (really dressed) and we wandered about in that small Venice for an hour and bought fruit and Maraschino. [0213 206] Then the



boat went on, long hours between low rocky islands, desolate yet beautiful with “tactile values”, until we came to Sebenico, where we had two hours wandering among *the most awful* smells, and enjoying the Duomo and the Piazza. The Duomo is a curious mixture of Gothic forms done in the Renaissance style, even the clerestory being preserved, under a barrel vaulting!

Towards sunset we came into Tran, a dream of beauty as situation, and in itself a picturesque and even beautiful little town, with the Lion of Venice grinning down at you from the remains of castles and gates.

An hour later we arrived here in a black shining port with a busy town lying behind the wide Riva.

After dinner I went for a walk with Placci, but he was too sleepy to continue, and as I found our dear old Corazza Compagnia was playing, I hunted up the little café theatre on the Riva and saw one of their plays by myself. But the greatest triumph was that I went to sleep with a piano going just under my window — going at its most thundering — and a dinner of Italians shouting at each other! [0216 207 — no scans numbered 0214-0215]

Saturday, Oct. 3, 1896, Troccoli, Spalato

We saw the town thoroughly in the morning, and found it most interesting. Here and there great bits of Roman architecture and masonry.

In the afternoon we drove to Salona, where “earth, air and sky and God above” combined to make it delicious.

While we were at dinner, we heard a great crash: two of the waiters were fighting and one bit the other’s thumb half off.

* Sunday, Oct. 4, 1896, Pellegrino, Sebenico

We drove in the morning to Clissa and the source of the Jader, a very charming drive, enlivened with pessimistic discussions of the state of Italy between the frying pan of Free Masonry and the fire of clericalism.

At 5 we came on here, and found a miserable hotel. The peasants at the junction were huddled together and cuffed and beaten about by the guards (who carried guns) as if they were animals. [0217 208] They are such a handsome race, the men especially. They bear themselves like North American indians and their costume is most picturesque.

Monday, Oct. 5, 1896, boat to Fiume

We met Mr. Phillip Stanhope at Sebenico and chatted with him on the boat all day. Although his chief preoccupation is women, he is a very intelligent administrator and practical politician, and he told us many interesting things about the Austrian régime in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where he had just been travelling.

We had five hours at Zara, and I had a most delicious swim.



Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1896, boat from Fiume to Ancona

We spent the day at Abbazia, driving [0218 209] in the morning to Lavrana and afterwards reading from the *Golden Treasury*¹¹⁰⁵ and finding, to our delight, that Placci's feelings about poetry are absolutely harmonious with our own.

In the afternoon we returned to Fiume and they walked up a hill to see the sunset while I rested and wrote letters.

Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1896, Pace, Ancona

Arrived here at 5.30, a beautiful arrival, with the mass of Ancona black against a silver sky. After a good wash and coffee we went to Sinigaglia and saw the Madonna delle Misericordie and had lunch.

In the afternoon we saw the Museo and San Domenico and spent sunset and twilight at the Duomo.

Nice letters from home about the children, and news that Tom Worthington has divorced his wife, Grace, because his temper was incompatible with hers. He appears to have acted most sensibly, leaving her money and the children, casting no [0219 210] blame upon her, and remaining very friendly with her. But as she, and still more, her father and some of her brothers and sisters, still belong to some past geological epoch of culture, it is held to be an "awful misfortune" and only mentioned with bated breath: "Poor Grace!" "So sad and terrible", and so forth.

Thursday, Oct. 8, 1896, Pace, Ancona

We spent the morning at Loreto. I felt as if I had never *seen* the Bramante loggia before. It must be that the Roman architecture I have looked at since the last time I was here has opened my eyes.

From Loreto we drove to Osimo, a most lovely drive, and saw a rather pleasing Lotto, which we ought to have seen three years ago!

Placci keeps up his spirits wonderfully, and ours too, [0220 '209' bis/211] I must say, for Bernhard seems so nervous and cross that unless he had told me out and out that it was not so, I should not be able to help thinking that he dislikes me intensely. Everything I do and say gets on his nerves, whenever he looks at me it is to tell me I am fat, or red, or hairy, or slouchy, or untidy, and these remarks he makes and others on my Americanisms and my general stupidity in bitter tones with a frown and not the slightest appearance of finding anything nice in me. It may be one way of expressing affection, to be greatly concerned with another person's faults and defects, but it is not the happiest way. It makes me very unhappy, and again and again these last two days has given me hours of such acute unhappiness that I have felt like going off and travelling by myself, where I should not be

¹¹⁰⁵ Palgrave



constantly humiliated by looks of disgust and disapproval in tones of contempt. [0221 '210' bis/212] I spoke to him about it tonight. He said "Of course, I am as fond of you as ever."

Just then Placci came in, when he had gone, I thought Bernhard would come back, as I had just said to him that the only two remarks he addressed to me on the drive were jeers, but he seems to think it a thing of so little importance that it is not worth a second thought, and he looked in and then closed the door without saying a word. [0222 213]

Friday, Oct. 9, 1896, Posta, Foligno

We left Ancona at 7 this morning, and reached Gualdo Tadino^{<o>} about 10. The only thing to see there was a ruined Nicola da Foligno, so we were rather bored.

But we had a nice lunch and walked to the train at 2 greatly refreshed.

At 2.45 we reached the station of Nocera-Umbra and then drove to the town. It is magnificently set on its hill, but it is one of the most run-down and miserable towns we ever entered. the only thing to see was a fine polyptych by Nicola da Foligno.

After seeing that, we drove here, a charming drive of two hours. We talked of poetry, and at dinner of the old subject of Freemasonry versus Clericalism.

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1896, Subasio, Assisi

We wandered about Foligno a little, and then drove to this most enchanting and sympathetic of all spots, taking in the oft-seen Spello by the way.

After lunch we strained our eyes over the Lower [0223 214] Church frescoes, saw the Upper Church and walked up to the Cathedral.

The sunset was too beautiful.

In the evening Placci read Milton's *Ode to the Nativity* and *Lycidas*, and we found ourselves, as before, in exact agreement of feeling about what is really poetry in the concrete.

Sunday, Oct. 11, 1896, Grand Hotel Brufani, Perugia

The sunrise was indescribably lovely! We got up and came here, and worked in the Gallery in the morning.

We met Miss Edwardes, who has lodgings in the Ansidei palace,¹¹⁰⁶ and I had tea with her after Placci went at 4. We like him more than ever. He is so cheery, his moods are so his own, so independent, he is so well organized for happiness, health and nerves combining with simple rather coarse and

¹¹⁰⁶ Palazzo Ansidei di Montemarte è ubicato al centro storico di Perugia, nell'angolo in cui via Ulisse Rocchi interseca la vecchia piazza San Donato, in seguito intitolata proprio alla famiglia Ansidei.



easily indulged tastes, yet not shut off from others, full of curiosity, vivacity, active in [0224 215] mind, cheerful in disposition. Then — marvel of marvels! — he understands English as no other foreigner I ever met, he has lived on English literature, no allusion, no quotation escapes him. He is very, very companionable, and an ideal travelling companion.

He says his mind is constantly reverting to that puzzling problem, “What is the difference between a vulgar and a fine time?”

Monday, Oct. 12, 1896, Belle Arti, Orvieto

Saw Cathedral and Cambio and went to Chiusi. We lunched there and then drove to Città della Pieve, a charming drive thorough oak forests, view superb. Found some Peruginos.

Dined at Chiusi and reached here at 9.

Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Pouring, pouring, pouring, all day long.

We saw the interesting Exhibition of Sacred Art, lunched and went to the Duomo.

At 4.47 we came straight home, glad to make the rain our excuse.

O the comforts of a clean room, clean clothes, and plenty of them — one's own house!

Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1896

Letters and settling in, in the morning, shopping in the afternoon. Still letters at night. Magazines positively appalling.

Thursday, Oct. 15, 1896

Notes and letters in morning. Maud Cruttwell and Binney Dibblee¹¹⁰⁷ and his sister called at 3. After tea and a walk, still struggling with the magazines.

Friday, Oct. 16, 1896

I had to go down to the Dogana in the morning. Fancy paying 20 francs duty on three old empty trunks Miss Sellers borrowed and returned from Munich. But I had to, goodness knows what besides for rugs, carpets, etc.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, boring [0226 217] as usual. He is translating Dante.

Afterwards Bernhard went to see **Gertrude Hall**¹¹⁰⁸ at the Gamberaia, and I paid a visit, which I really enjoyed, to Maud and Miss Buttles. The latter sang all kinds of things with her divine voice, which is fresh and clear after a summer of rest.

I read *Hamlet* during the day.

¹¹⁰⁷ George Binney Dibblee (1868-1902), fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and manager of the *Manchester Guardian* (1892-1902).

¹¹⁰⁸ Bernhard's favourite girl friend, Kitty Hall.



Saturday, Oct. 17, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We both “pottered”, but separately, in the morning, arranging books, papers, etc.

In the afternoon we put away the summer’s collection of photographs, a tough job.

In the evening Bernhard read pre-Dantesque Italian poetry, and I began Matarazzo’s *Chronicle of Perugia*.
(Not well.)

Sunday, Oct. 18, 1896

Carpets came, hence more pottering.

“Kitty” Hall came to lunch, perhaps the most unaffected, charming woman we know — as simple as Edith Woodman, but of far more culture and elegance.

Afterwards [0227 218] Maud came, and then (to my horror) Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, bringing, however, an alleviation in their two fresh-faced intelligent boys, who were eager to show me some drawings they had made for Ray and Karin. They stayed endlessly, long after Bernhard had gone to walk back with Miss Hall¹¹⁰⁹ to the Gamberaia.

Talking of Logan’s theory that virtue and vice are a question of the names we give things, Mr. Morgan said no boy would accept if asked to “come along and steal some apples”, though he would if they said, “Let’s go and bag some apples.”

I walked with Maud part way in.

In the evening wrote letters and went over notes.

Monday, Oct. 19, 1896

A perfectly quiet day of reading and work within doors. “Outside are the storm and strangers.”

Bernhard began his review of the Botticelli drawings for the *Nation*.¹¹¹⁰ The beginning of writing is always very hard for him. [0228 219]

Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard lunched with Placci who had Madame Montebello there, a fascinating French woman with a French woman’s rare genius for politics, exquisite and humorous talker. Bonamici also played.

I called on the Butties and found them as usual.

Then went to a tea party at Mr. Hamilton’s, a regular assembly of old crocks, Miss Wimbush, Miss Zimmermann and a young female protégée, Miss

¹¹⁰⁹ Kitty Hall, not the Newnham lecturer.

¹¹¹⁰ ‘Botticelli’s Illustrations to the *Divina Commedia*, *The Nation* 63 (Nov. 12, 1896), p. 363-364. A review of Lippmann



Alice Hall,¹¹¹¹ Miss Dibblee, the Benns, ourselves, Maud and Placci, but quite deadly, save that Placci said he was going on with his musical work. He wants to distinguish “real” music from representative, dexterous, etc., just as we do in painting, or as we all three do in poetry. I shall make him tell me what there is of “real” music. But to go surely, he must first know what “real” is in music.

Bernhard and I walked up together in beautiful moonlight.

I read *Julius Caesar*.

Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1896

Notes and Bernhard’s article on Botticelli’s Dante¹¹¹² in the morning.

After lunch we drove to S. Martino a [0229 220] Mensola, and then to the Gamberaia, to call on Kitty Hall and her friend who rejoices in the horrible soubriquet of ‘Baby’ Blood.¹¹¹³ She is a sharp-faced, once pretty, but meagre little Europeanized American of the school ma’am type, but I liked her decision and energy.

Walked back at moonrise and found dear Placci waiting, full of Mademoiselle Gordigiani who, having been with Duse, is now posing as a sort of Duse.

After dinner he played *Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni*, and read Dante to us. He was so thoroughly nice!

* Thursday, Oct. 22, 1896

Work again, a walk up to the Morgans and home in the rain, and work in the evening.

I am horrified with the way I let flowers be arranged in this house. An article on Japanese flower arrangement has opened my eyes to the possibilities of this *as an art*.

Good news of the children’s school. [0230 221]

Friday, Oct. 23, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

A very depressed letter from Eugénie Sellers, who says she has made a perfect fiasco of her life, and what she feels more, her sister has done the same.

Then Maud Cruttwell came to lunch and talked about Eugénie as “the most enviable woman she knew.” How little we do know. But I had a feeling of seeing right round and through and over Maud, as she sat and sipped Maraschino and poured out what she thinks is her soul. Her reaction to people, to ideas and to books seem to me as obvious and calculable as the reactions of a brainless frog to acid on its leg. She is all for Art that

¹¹¹¹ a third Miss hall

¹¹¹² on Lippmann’s book.

¹¹¹³ Florence Blood.



“improves” her and gives her “a nobler idea of life.” Wagner, Ibsen and Plato are her stars. Keats and Baudelaire have ceased to be great art. She has also “discovered” that you should act upon your own notions of right and wrong and not on other people’s. “Resolve-to-be-thyself-and-know-that-he-who-finds-himself-loses-his-misery” business, almost inconceivable at her age, 37.

While we were talking, Nettie Buttles and her sister came, and we had some enchanting music, though her voice is less pure, owing to her never practising.

Bernhard lunched with the Benns. [0231 220]

* Saturday, Oct. 24, 1896

We had a nice day all to ourselves, and I retain a delicious feeling from it, in spite of worrying news from home, for Bernhard was so loving and gentle to console me.

We had a walk, and we finished his article for the *Nation* on the Botticelli Dante drawings.¹¹¹⁴

Another letter from Eugénie — presto! change! In the course of the next year she is going to visit all the art collections of Europe — she, who abhors travel and has just settled in Munich. I think a quarrel with Dr. Traube is at the bottom of this, and I hope they will make it up and that she will stay quietly in Munich. I do want her to be at any rate contented, even if she can’t be happy.

Sunday, Oct. 25, 1896

Another adorable quite day.

We had a long walk in the afternoon, and Bernhard called at the Rosses, where he found a large miscellaneous company of second-hand celebrities boring each other to death. He escaped [0232 221] and joined me on the road and we walked home discussing the eternal question, “Was ist die Kunst?” If it is, like everything else, a relation, then there is art for the child, the youth and the old fogey. Art for young people doesn’t need to be seasoned with “life-enhancement”. They have enough life and to spare. What the old fogeys have forced on the world as Art (promptly rejected by the enterprising young) is peptonized food for emotional dyspeptics.

I have found the motto for our paper, the *Golden Urn: Ars brevis, uita longa est*.

Bernhard says he is torn in three directions: he wants to go along the primrose path of Connoisseurship, to dally with Philosophy and Psychology, and (perhaps most of all) devote himself to literature *als Kunstler*.

¹¹¹⁴ the book by Lippman.



What is the “specifically artistic” in literature?

Monday, Oct. 26, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I lunched with the Butties and was bored, Bernhard with Karoly (whom he liked), and then he went to see some boring pictures and called on the Stuart Tides. The wife was at home, and said in reply to his invitation to come up, “You see it is so [0233 222 ‘Maud on art’] difficult to call on all the people one *must*, you know, in one’s husband’s practise” (he is a doctor), and this remark makes me want never to see her. Such women bore me to death.

I called on Mrs. Benn.

Read lovely *Gaston de Latour*.¹¹¹⁵

Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1896

Finished first draft of Bre<r>a article for <the> *Gazette*.¹¹¹⁶

Bernhard lunched with Sidney Colvin,¹¹¹⁷ and rather enjoyed him. He is an Englishman at any rate!

I called on a young woman American doctor, Alice Littell, who is setting up here. She seemed pleasant.

I described Maud in a letter to Alys as taking every idea that chanced to graze the top of her cranium to be a divinely inspired dogma, an attitude I sympathize with when the cranium has a few cracks to let the ideas in. She thinks Pater weak and complicated, and won’t admit Rossetti, Keats or Baudelaire any more as “Art”.

¹¹¹⁵ *Gaston de Latour*, an unfinished novel by Walter Pater, was published in 1896.

¹¹¹⁶

¹¹¹⁷ Sir Sidney Colvin (1845-1927) became a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1868 and in 1873 Slade Professor of Fine Art. In 1874 he was appointed director of the Fitzwilliam Museum. In 1884 he moved to London on his appointment as keeper of prints and drawings in the British Museum. He was knighted in 1911.



[0234] [a list of names]

Hobson
> Miss Paget
Countess Rasponi
> Mr. Hamilton
> Mr. Benn
The Buttles
Miss Whaling
> Carlo Placci
Egisto Fabbri
Maud Cruttwell
Mrs. Burke
Loeser
Dr. Baldwin
> Michael Field
> Frizzoni
Miss Farnham
> Miss Sellers
> Lippmann
> Mr. and Mrs. Perry
Buonamici
Janet Dodge
Obrist
> Reinach
> M. Ephrussi
> Richter
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan
Lord Balcarres
Baroness French
Evelyn
Christina Bremmer
Emily Dawson
Gertrude Burton
> Logan
Miss Anstruther Thomson
Mr. and Mrs. Landsem
Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs
Zangwill
Mr. and Mrs. <Lucy Fitzpatrick 'Lion' and Robert> Phillimore



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The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1891-1900

Diary 1, 1891-Nov. 22, 1893, via Principe Amedeo 16, Florence; after
Nov. 21, 1892, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)

Diary 2, 1894-1895 - Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)
Florence

Diary 3, 1895-1896 - Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 4, 1896-1898, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 5, 1898-1899, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence

Diary 6, 1899-1902, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence;
I Tatti, Settignano

1. London (1891-1892)
2. Florence (1892-1895)
3. Villa Rosa & Villa Kraus, Fiesole (1895-1897)
4. Il Frullino (1897-1900)

Diary 4, 1896-1898

[0004]

Bach

Prelude and Fugue D minor

Prelude and Fugue C minor

Prelude E minor

Prelude C major

Prelude and Fugue E^b major

Sarabande E minor

Suite E minor with Interval in E major

Beethoven

Bagatelle E^b major

Mozart

Overture to Figaro D major

Fantasia in D

Rondo in D major

Minuet in D major

Chopin

Prelude in B minor

Prelude in G major

Scarlatti

Courante D minor



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[0007]

Things I know by heart 1897

La Belle Dome sans merci

Ode to Autumn

The Highland Reaper

Ode to Duty

The Strayed Reveller

"Not here, o Cepollo"

Self Dependence

The Buried Life

Omar Khayam

La Prière sur l'Acropole

"Vivamus, mea Lesbia"

"Quant'è bella giovanezza"

Lycidas

Skylard

"Swiftly Walk o'er the Werstern Wave"

Ode to ____ Wind

The Merman and the Neckan

Ode on the Nativity

The Raven

Helen

The Swan's Nest

Lady Geraldine's Courtship - alas!

Lotus Eaters

Shakspere Golden Urn

O _____ Time

[0008]

Twa Corbies

[0009 1]

Friday, Oct. 30, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I finished my last barrier between me and **my dreaded Louvre catalogue**, sending off a poor review of Lippmann's Botticelli drawings,¹¹¹⁸ and putting *all our notes* in order.

¹¹¹⁸ Friedrich Lippmann (1839-1903), *Zeichnungen von Sandro Botticelli zu Dante's Goettlicher Komoedie nach den Originalen im K. Kupferstichkabinet zu Berlin* (Berlin: G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson NC257.B68 A4 1887**
Drawings by Sandro Botticelli for Dante's Divina commedia; reduced facsimiles after the originals in the Royal Museum, Berlin, and in the Vatican Library (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1896). **Biblioteca Berenson NC1055.B7 L7 1896**



Bernhard worked on his *Central Italians*, which he is maturing as fast as he can.

In the afternoon Maud Cruttwell and Nettie Buttles came, and a little afterwards Mr. Morgan — who hastes music! — and the two young doctors from Florence, Miss Littell and Miss White.

Nettie sang from *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Walkyrie*, *Tristan*. The voice is not quite so crystalline as last year, but towards the end it came out better.

Afterwards we walked part way home with Mr. Morgan and back through the pine forest. [0010 2]

Saturday, Oct. 31, 1896, Fiesole

I went in early and had a ride on the bicycle with the Buttles in the Cascine, and joined Bernhard at 12.30 at Placci's.

Miss Gordigiani was there, and presently Buonamici¹¹¹⁹ came in, and he and Placci played some Mozart quartettes, and then Mlle. Gordigiani sang, with this wonderful voice she has just discovered in her own throat. She sang a XVII century thing, 2 Scarlattis, 2 Brahms, some florid but altogether jolly compositions of her grandfather's, and — best of all — parts of *Orfeo* and *Carmen*, parts which she not only sings but interprets to perfection. Her accompaniments are the best I have ever heard.

At lunch she talked a great deal about Eleanora Duse, who is her most intimate friend.

At half past six I met Janet Dodge at the station, and brought her and Beatrice home up here to spend Sunday.

But the music was *too lovely!* [0011 3]

Sunday, Nov. 1, 1896

B. planned out a good deal of his *Central Italian Painters* in the morning, while I worked on the lists. He is going to begin with a dissertation upon the pleasure of recognizing our own visual images — the secret of all minor painting — and apply this to the early Sieneese, who please no longer, because our furniture of visual imagery has changed since the days when they painted. Coming to Perugino, he will have a dissertation on space composition, and the Finale will be Raphael, who gives us our still current visual imagery and ideal space composition.

We are much worried about the noisiness of the gardeners' children, and hardly know what to do. The place suits us so well otherwise, and it would be hard to find another. [0012 4]

¹¹¹⁹ Giuseppe Buonamici (1846-1914) war ein [italienischer](#) Pianist, Musikpädagoge und Komponist. Buonamici studierte von 1868 bis 1870 in München bei [Hans von Bülow](#) und [Josef Rheinberger](#). Nach Bülows Weggang wurde er Klavierlehrer an der Königlichen Musikschule. Ab 1873 wirkte er als Direktor der Chorvereinigung und Klavierlehrer am Instituto Musicale in Florenz.



Dr. Stuart Tidey, an English resident doctor, came up to tea. The great fact in his family seems to be that his wife is niece to Oscar Browning, and he kept alluding to this every few minutes:

How far that little canale sheds his beams!

Sh shines an "O. B." in this lower-middle-class world!

Also came Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, he a fresh-faced young "Prof. of Literature" from the University of Chicago, she with pretty hair, a genial but heavy sensuous temperament and a baby two months old whom she is nursing, and whom she keeps at night — *modo Americano* — to the ruin of her own sleep. They are Fafner's friends.

Janet seems, on impartial consideration, a remarkably silly little person, sensitive to beauty, but too preoccupied with herself to develop any real taste or feeling. Beatrice Horne has more in her, but is painfully inexpressive. [0013 5]

Monday, Nov. 2, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Janet and Miss Horne left early. I finished the Lists for the Umbrians.

After lunch Bernhard took a walk, which he enjoyed, and I went down to town for shopping and to see how Janet Dodge is settled. I took some wine to her and to Maud.

When I came back I found a telegram from Maude Robertson saying, "Boy, both safe", which rejoiced Bernhard, as he feels himself, in a sense, the godfather of this child. Maude herself was eager to have a boy. She said she would wire "Damn" if it was a girl.

Kitty Hall also was here, paying a farewell call.

In the evening Bernhard went on with Santayana's *Sense of Beauty*, and began *Die Spiele der Thieve*. I struggled with Nietzsche's *Geburt des Tragoidie*, but really I couldn't understand it, and I declined upon the *Quarterly Review* article about him. [0014 6]

Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1896, Fiesole

Bernhard's work on his Umbrians was satisfactory to him, and I began my Louvre Catalogue.

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch. I asked Mr. Benn whether there was such a thing as "The Greek View of Life", something which Athens and Sparta and Thebes and all the rest had in common. He said they all held (though they did not always practise) an ideal of moderation, which has descended to their present day successors. As an instance, he told us how he and another Englishman climbed a mountain in Greece with some Greek boys to guide them. The party was attacked by dogs, and they threw stones to drive them off when the dogs turned tail and ran, he and his friend, in British fashion, continued to pelt them. But they were stopped by the boys who cried, "How!" "Enough — enough!"



After lunch he said he preferred Pierre Lony's *Aphrodite*¹¹²⁰ to *Salammbô*!
1121

Bernhard paid a call on Kitty Hall and Miss Blood, and I called on Miss Paget.

In the evening Bernhard read *Gaston de Latour* and I read the *Purgatorio*.
[0015 7]

Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1896

We both got on well with our work today.

Janet Dodge came to lunch, and we both thought her intensely disagreeable. I drove down with her and her "things" and went to call on Dr. Littell, and afterwards on "Mr. Horne". I believe I myself said the only interesting things during these calls, except that Miss Littell described a terrible accident in which she was severely wounded in the head. For more than a year she was haunted by the fear that the blow had injured her brain.

Bernhard is reading Homer with rapture.

Thursday, Nov. 5, 1896

Maud Cruttwell and Nettie Buttles came to lunch, the latter singing for us afterwards most of the afternoon. We found a place — the corridor — where her voice is heard to the tune's advantage.

Maud was rampantly moral as usual. Miss Paget and Miss Thomson and Mr. Morgan came too [0016 8] late for the singing.

Placci came to dinner, full of interest in the psychology of music. He has had two suggestive ideas already, both suggested by analogies in painting — namely, that harmony is like modelling, and that the conventional ending of music (often a page or two long) are like the framing in of pictures.

I decided to take music lessons from Buonamici, and went to bed quite excited with the idea.

* Friday, Nov. 6, 1896, Fiesole

Still rain and rain and rain!

A quiet day, with no people, but books and work.

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1896

We went down to Placci's at 11 to hear him play with Buonamici, who, however, did not turn up. So we talked about music and he played from *The Magic Flute*.

I asked why one wants a "frame" in time. The field of vision, being limited, naturally suggest a frame, but why time, or breath? [0017 9]

¹¹²⁰ Pierre Lony, *Aphrodite* ?

¹¹²¹ Gustave Flaubert (1862).



They could not answer, and so, man-wise, they sat on me and said it was a foolish question.

I also asked why it was that “ideated movement” in painting is always agreeable while ideated movement in music can sometimes be hideously disagreeable. Is it that what we find disagreeable is only motion, not movement, that is to say, suggested motion of parts of the body, while the agreeable ideated movements of good music are general movements of the whole body, such as suggest flying, swimming, etc.?

We lunched with Placci and then called on the Buttles. Bernhard thereupon went to Alinari’s, and I called on Janet whom I found ill and depressed, and on Maud whom I found still more rampantly moral, and on Mrs. Lovett whom I found busy bathing her baby.

Herbert Horne came to dinner, and [0018 10] was particularly nice. We spoke chiefly of old music and old instruments, such as the spinet, the harpsichord and the clavichord. He “takes it as an axiom” that music can only be properly performed on the instrument for which it was composed, and denounces as aesthetic horrors the performance of Scarlatti, Bach, Purcell, Haendel, much of Mozart, etc., etc., on the piano. In the transcription for the piano they are usually treated most barbarously, as, for instance, Bach rewritten by Rubinstein.

It is strange that they never mention music at Villa Kraus
or the Kraus collection of instruments

Sunday, Nov. 8, 1896, Fiesole

We worked in the morning, and in the afternoon drove over to the Gamberaia and called on Gertrude Hall and Miss Blood. The latter confessed to a preconceived hatred of Bernhard and his book, because Placci, in his Paget-cum-democratic-ism, had announced them as saying “the last word on art”, and supplying an “absolute impersonal standard of criticism” for pictures. [0019 11]

I forgot to say that yesterday in talking with Placci about the advantage of doing serious work such as he (Placci) has begun to do, compared to indiscriminate literary and scientific browsing he used to do, Bernhard compared me to a square meal and the other to going with a fork picking up scraps from a railway buffet.

Alys from New York: “As soon as she got a chance, Edith Burroughs drew me aside and announced in a gleeful tone, “I’ve got a baby! It’s five weeks old and my ribs have spread out an inch and a half. I feel splendidly well, and I’m so happy!” It was too enchanting to hear her talk about it. She and Bryson think and talk of nothing else, and they are full of lovely plans. They expect to go to the country in April, and then Edith will come up to town for a day in June to have the baby, and then take it back to the country!! He doctor says she is marvellously healthy, and that she will [0020



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12] carry the child very high and only show a change of shape a month before it arrives." Blessed creature! I hope it will go as well as she expects.

I forgot to say that we had a telegram several days ago to say that Maude Robertson had safely given birth to her second child, a boy. She wrote a few days beforehand saying that if it was another girl she would wire "Damn!" Bernhard gave her £100 to help her through this confinement, and so he feels a kind of god-fatherly interest in the baby.

Monday, Nov. 9, 1896

Another letter from Alys says "We went to see Edith and Bryson in their apartment up three flights of stairs in 23rd Street. ... They were radiantly happy, and full of amusing stories about their experiences. Bryson teaches a class of Y.M.C.A. young men the art of applied design, and Edith has one pupil. Then they get stray jobs. Bryson was painting theatre scenery in Philadelphia all the summer,¹¹²² and they hope soon to [0021 13] be self-supporting. I never saw such courage and freshness. They made us feel like cowardly old calculating hypocrites."

We worked in the morning, and in the afternoon walked up to Monte Fiano, where the boys were very nice, and Mrs. Morgan a vast bore.

Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1896

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, full of dogmatism about Velasquez, upon whom she seemed to think herself capable of pronouncing judgment as she looked over the reproductions in a new book that has come. She really applies "tactile values" and "life-enhancement" as a sort of yard-measure.

The Buttles girls came up and Nettie sang in the marvellous corridor. Miss Paget and Miss Thomson and Beatrice Horne also came to hear her.

Miss Paget uttered one of her "Wonderland" remarks. Looking over an illustrated book of sculpture she came upon one of the [0022 14] figures

¹¹²² Bryson Burroughs (1869-1934), later the curator of paintings (after Roger Fry) at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and Edith Woodman (1871-1916).

After his first wife's death, he married Louise Guerber (later a curator at the Metropolitan) in 1928. During the 1930s when the Metropolitan and the Museum of Modern Art had an informal arrangement to work together, Burroughs provided the text for an exhibition catalog for MoMA on Winslow Homer and other American artists. Although he was responsible for purchase of many European paintings for the museum (Brueghel's *Harvesters* and a Michelangelo drawing of the *Lybian Sybil*), he is most noted for adding American artists to the Metropolitan's collection. He died of tuberculosis at his home at age 65.

Burroughs wrote enthusiastically about the modern French artists Cézanne and the Impressionists, yet his personal painting style was ironically the pallid academic genre of Puvis de Chevannes, his teacher in Paris.

His son, Alan Burroughs (1897-1964), was a lecturer in art at Harvard University and a research fellow at the Fogg Art Museum; his daughter, Betty Burroughs (1899-____), married the painter Reginald Marsh.



from the Rheims portal. "How much it looks like a Goya!" was her comment. Afterwards Bernhard said it was as if some one had told Buonamici "How much this plain chant sounds like Gypsy music!"

Janet Dodge came to spend the night. She reminds me of Frau von der Hellen, and is almost as *ungezogen* in the naive way she shows her instinctive jealousy of every other female, carefully choosing out their most vulnerable points for attack, or minimizing any praise they may chance to receive. However, her sexual instincts stand her in better stead with men, for Bernhard said she was rather nice in a walk she took with him. But we both feel it would be rather a relief never to see her again

Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1896

Work in the morning.

In the afternoon Bernhard went with Madame de Montebello and her daughters, Placci and the Countess Rasponi [0023 15] to the Pitti. The latter he enjoyed very much, but he thought the Montebello didn't care much for anything but the human interest in portraits. She gave him this mystic translation of tactile values "i-".

I think she and Placci mount each other's heads a good deal over things they don't understand.

At 5 Bernhard, Miss Blood and I gathered at Placci's and heard him play a Mozart duet with Buonamici. Then the latter began to play, but divinely! He played Scarlatti, and then half a dozen preludes of Chopin, some of them several times over. It was wonderful! I never enjoyed music more intimately.

To make a delightful end to such an evening, I read Maeterlinck's *Aglavaine et Sélysette*, which is one of the most suggestive and mood-compelling books I have ever read. [0024/0026 16]

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1896, Fiesole

I raged about Florence, trying to find paper to mount our photographs. We had a nice talk in the evening.

Friday, Nov. 13, 1896

Still raging about for paper.

I had my first music lesson from Buonamici; he is so dear and kind, he made it pass off very well.

I came up in the 4 o'clock tram and found Bernhard showing Verrocchio photographs to the Countess Rasponi, and Mr. Morgan spoiling the fun. They all came over to tea. The Rasponi uttered some art theories which sounded like Paget-cum-Pasolini prescriptions.

Placci came to dinner. He played us some Chopin and then we fell to on the subject of "Composition" in painting and music. We tried to define *pattern* as apart from [0025/0027 17] composition, but I don't think we succeeded very well.



Finally, Placci in a burst of good humour told us the famous Thomson-Paget "secret of aesthetics". The discovery, like Newton's apple, Watts' teapot, etc., came by accident. A plasterer happened to be at work in the Capitol when Kit was looking at a certain statue there. She noticed that she enjoyed looking at it more while the plasterer was tapping than when he was not. The tapping heightened her enjoyment. Hence the way to enjoy statues and pictures was to tap while you were looking, to tap rhythmically. From this earth-shaking discovery they went on to augment the rhythmical tapping by a tune, and they soon came to the conclusion [0026 18] that every picture had its own time, the humming of which, to the accompaniment of taps, would enable you to really enjoy and appreciate it. With this bee in their bonnets they revisited the galleries and found the tunes for their favourite pictures. Unfortunately Miss Thomson being thoroughly unmusical and Miss Paget very limited in her acquaintance with tunes, most of the pictures sang to Gluck and Mozart.

And this they talked of for nearly a year with bated breath as a "great discovery", and pitied poor us because we were still stumbling in outer darkness. But it is too funny. I can hardly laugh.

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1896, Fiesole

It occurred to me today that their famous idea was like getting enjoyment from literature by eating sweets while [0029 19] reading. Bernhard suggested music, and we concocted the following telegram to Placci: "Secret of music enjoyment discovered! Eat sweets while listening."

I continued my enraging search for paper and Bernhard finished his introduction to the *Central Italians*, which I read when I got back. I thought it very, *very* good. It is about visual images and their influence on so-called taste.

Mr. Blaydes came to spend the evening with him, and I practised. I have laughed all day over the "great discovery!"

Sunday, Nov. 15, 1896

It rained, as it has done *almost every day* since the middle of August, and we spend our time working and reading. [0030 20]

Monday, Nov. 16, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I went down for Maud Cruttwell and we exasperated ourselves trying to do a little shopping. Florentine shopkeepers always seem perfectly delighted when they haven't the thing you ask for. They are quite as bad as the old Scotch lady who said in reply to a request to sell a certain thing, "We don't keep that any more. It was no use. As soon as we got some it was bought at once."

We had a quiet pleasant evening.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1896

As work all day on the photos with Maud, who has come for a fortnight to do the business. (She is to receive £10.) I was rather amusing, and would have been pleasant if Bernhard had not been cross. I felt for him, for he was nervous with being shut up in the house with rain, but all the same I had to "deal with" him, for crossness is one of the most sordid conceivable members of a family, and we are trying not to be sordid. He was very nice about it.

In the evening we read John Robertson's essay on Shakspeare [*sic*] and Montaigne. [0031 21]

Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1896

We spent all the day with the Lovetts, who came with their baby of 3 months to lunch. They were nicish. The rest of the time was devoted to photographs.

I forgot to say that yesterday Miss Blood called, and Mr. Blaydes. Bernhard feels low about his work.

Thursday, Nov. 19, 1896

Janet Dodge came to lunch and walked with Bernhard to Settignano. He called on Madame de Montebello, while Maud and I called on Miss Paget and Miss Thomson who were peculiarly nice.

Miss Blood said that Madame de Montebello's daughter of 16 says she knows everything about politics her mother knows, and has all her own ideas, but never, never says a word. The older daughter used to try to talk, but was so put down for it, that this one has never even tried. This is the French system. If a girl is bright, I suppose she gets very sharp at observing. They give them books to read with pages turned down, or cut out, or pinned up. "C'est assenant", as the young lady declared. [0032 22]

x Friday, Nov. 20, 1896

I had a music lesson from Buonamici, and then did some soul-destroying shopping, called at Janet's and drove home with Bernhard. He did not like the sound of Janet's spinet, was disturbed by its *buzz*, but I liked it rather better than before.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1896

Worked on the photos in the morning. Maud says she must give up doing them, it is too mechanical a work for her noble intellect that revels in Plato and Havelock Ellis, and even for the £10 we arranged for, she does not want to go on with it. Of course I made it easy for her, and indeed I was greatly relieved for she has seemed to be bursting with suppressed fury ever since she came. She snaps us both up and sets us right on every conceivable subject, from "Bloody Mary" to the acquaintances and friends we have. She



has really grown into something too strange and wonderful. She says Plato is the first person who ever [00933 23] “taught her to think”, fondly imagining that thinking is a habit you can acquire at 37. The truth, or part of the truth, is that living alone, with no one to expose to her hourly the folly of her own opinions, she becomes convinced that they are something divinely inspired. i think she has really lost interest in pictures, the real joy is to read one thing for an hour, then another, and so on, parcelling out her day — remembering nothing at the end!

She and I called on the Jeaffresons¹¹²³ in the afternoon, but they were out. We then had a walk.

Sunday, Nov. 22, 1896

Bernhard wrote a little on his Duccio. I finished the Signorelli, B. di Mariotto and N. da Foligno lists.

Nettie Buttles came and sang in the afternoon, and the Morgan family for a short visit.

Bernhard and I had a delightful walk around the Caves. [0034 24]

Monday, Nov. 23, 1896

The Lovetts came to lunch and we took them to look at the Villino Belvedere,¹¹²⁴ which they seemed almost decided to take.

At 5 Bernhard and I went to Placci's. He was laid up motionless with a knee hurt by the bicycle, but his sister played some Mozart duets with Buonamici, and then Buonamici gave us 2 acts of *La Bohème* — rather sweetish and nerveless it sounded after the Mozart.

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1896

Went to town and shopped, called a moment on Placci, and then had tea with the Buttles. I had a long conversation with Ma Buttles about the late lamented Mr. Buttles' fondness for ginger snaps. It appears he did not care for any other kind of cake, unless just possible crullers, which she cooked herself on Saturday mornings.

Coming home I found Maud enthusiastic over *Aglaïne et Sélysette* — but to my horror delighting in it, as a “problem play” [0035 25] much more than as a work of art. It is the “problem” that spoils it for me.

¹¹²³ Herbert Hammond Jeaffreson (†1909) studied at Trinity College, Cambridge.

‘Mrs. Jeaffreson, the widow of his loved and honoured chaplain, Herbert Hammond Jeaffreson, had prepared a cottage for him on the grounds of her beautiful Villa degli Angeli, looking out over Florence.’ Arthur James Mason, *Life of William Edward Collins, Bishop of Gibraltar* (1912), p. 174

¹¹²⁴ Belvedere in via di Fonte Lucente, Fiesole? Lensi, p. 92.



Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1896

After working in the morning, we moved furniture and arranged Bernhard's house in the afternoon, until Mr. Holroyd came to call. He and his wife have been nursing their little boy Michael through a terrible attack of typhoid.

Later I drove down and met Logan who came from Venice.

Thursday, Nov. 26, 1896

Called on Miss Paget, who was charming. We had a Thanksgiving turkey, and gave thanks for being in Italy, not in America.

Logan and I spent the evening recalling our early religious experiences. Logan dropped his belief once for all when he was about 11. He was in a cherry tree stealing cherries, and he suddenly thought [0036 26] God couldn't be omnipotent if he allowed wickedness in the world. I recalled some of the horrible hymns on which we were nourished, and sang them.

Bernhard bought a fascinating gargoyle paper-weight.

Friday, Nov. 27, 1896, Fiesole

Had my music lesson from dear Buonamici.

In the evening Logan read to us some of the "Thinking Lessons" he has been giving to his acquaintances.

Bernhard has been at work all day on an article for the *Gazette*, proving that a certain drawing in the British Museum is really by Brescianino.¹¹²⁵

I forgot to say that my article on Obrist is out, and Bernhard's in the *Nation* on the Botticelli drawings came today. The editor wrote that it was superior to the drawings!!!

Also there is a poem dedicated to him in the *Westminster Gazette*, of all places! apropos of the recent review [0037 27] of him in the *Quarterly*. Alas! Both the poem and the review itself are so dull that we cannot arrive at feeling any real pleasure in them.

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1896

A telegram came from Mrs. Gardner saying she would take the Velasquez. I rejoiced in the thought of the money, but Bernhard did not feel any *real* pleasure in it.

Mr. Morgan came to lunch, and stayed hours afterward, capping commonplaces with me. I like him, but a little goes a long way.

Then came the Lovetts, and finally to my horror, Ma Horne and her daughter.

Bernhard was down in town hunting for a picture-frame and calling on Mr. Benn.

¹¹²⁵ ? Girolamo Muziano, called Brescianino (Acquafredda, Brescia 1532-Rome 1592). Andrea del Brescianino, Siena, where he flourished from 1507 to 1525.



When the Hornes had finally gone, Logan and I walked down to the Palmerino. Miss Paget was *en veine* and very charming. [0038 28] She was full of the idea that most novels become exhausted before they finish, and need replenishment by way of further unexpected developments, which most authors do not know how to give. She was running down *The Marble Faun*, as not in tune with the historical time it is laid in. But she talked well, with incisive phrases, and was cordial and distinguished in manner. She offered to teach me singing.

Bernhard finished his article on the Raphael cartoon of the British Museum and I printed it to send off.

Maud Cruttwell went, much to our relief. We breathe again!

Sunday, Nov. 29, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

A dreadful afternoon. First the little Morgan boys came, but they were nice, but the dreadful thing was an interminable call from Miss Dibblee.

Bernhard went to dine with Mr. Davis, who is just starting for his Morris¹¹²⁶ furnished *dahabia* with £100 worth of flags, £500 <worth of> plated silver, 30 large trunks, a manservant and a maidservant. He told Bernhard to invest all his money in sugar. [039 29]

at the top of the page a clipping from a newspaper pasted down:
'Ballade of the new art criticism'

Monday, Nov. 30, 1896

Mrs. Buttles called with her daughter. I fell into a sort of open-eyed sleep, but presently she began to talk gossip about Janet Dodge's relations, all of whom she knew very well, and so she was more interesting, as they seem to have been a house, like the line of Atreus, doomed to crime and suffering.

We worked over our lists for the German Edition of the *Florentine Painters*, and at 7.30 we all three were at the Palmerino. Miss Paget was nice. She told us how she was brought up Deistically, not on the Bible, but on George Count's Constitution of Man, a treatise on Divine Law mixed with Phrenology. She imagined God as a "Being" continually occupied in framing Laws, both [0040 30] moral and physical, which men were hindered from obeying by Priests. Logan said his childish idea of God was a sort of cloud-shaped man, "diaphanous, yet burly." Bernhard told us how he was taught as a small boy to utter a curse and spit whenever he passed a Christian Church.

We laughed a good deal over Maud Cruttwell's finding *Aglavaine et Sélysette* a "problem play", in which the "teaching" was that a *ménage à trois* would be a very beautiful thing "if you could rise above the body."

The walk home in the starlight with a lantern was delicious.

¹¹²⁶ Furnished by William Morris.



Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

The Signora Triulzi is doing Bernhard's photographs, mounting them.

I heard from home that the children are to be taken to Paris for Christmas. Poor dears! They hate it. They would infinitely rather be in the country with me. Their father does it simply to be hateful. But I think Grandma and I can make them have a very good time there, all the same.

We three walked over to the Gamberaia and [0041 31] paid a long call on Miss Blood.

In the evening we laid plans for the *Golden Urn*.

Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1896

Bernhard's sister Senda writes that his *Florentine Painters* is used as a textbook for the freshmen at Smith College. Here are the questions set them on it — would we had the answers!

1. What is the purpose of this book?
2. What province does it assign to art? (in <a> general sense)
3. What is the function of painting?
4. What is the relation of painting to life?
5. Why are Botticelli, Giotto, da Vinci and Michelangelo great? (general and specific reasons)
6. How is a great painter related to a great artist?
7. How is a great artist related to a great man?
8. Does artistic appreciation demand greatness?
9. How do little artists serve art?
10. By what other interests is art served?
11. How are portraits and landscape related?
12. *Should* and *may* a picture tell a story? [0042 32]

Thursday, Dec. 3, 1896, Fiesole

I went with Maud Cruttwell to call on Miss Wimbush, whose house is furnished in exquisite taste. Maud explained to us her theory of *Aglavaine et Sélysette* as a "problem play", which 'triumphantly solves the problem of living à trois, by showing that it is perfectly possible to do so without ill-feeling if only you rise above the body.' She believes in endless change by effort of will, and I could see that she thinks she is making herself over into a second Aglavaine! O the irony of it!

Miss Sellers writes "Miss Cruttwell belongs to what I call the virginal order. She has never really given anything of herself. Poor woman, perhaps she has nothing to give, or perhaps people forbore for so long to ask for it, that she has forgotten all about it. But her doctrine of 'not caring' is certainly a strange one for a student [0043 33] of Plato!"

Bernhard went to call on the Comtesse de Montebello, and enjoyed himself very much. Miss Blood's portrait of the Princess Ghika was there,



and he was obliged to speak politely of it. But as he was going out the Countess appeared from some corridor and hissed in his ear, "What do you really think of the portrait?" There is little love lost between her and Miss Blood.

Friday, Dec. 4, 1896

I had my music lesson, and then a singing lesson from Miss Paget.

Logan came to meet the Countess Rasponi, who never turned up. We walked back together.

Miss Kolb is at the Palmerino, terribly life-diminishing.

Saturday, Dec. 5, 1896

It rained, but Bernhard went to Placci's to lunch, and then to see the Marchesa Farinola and her Pontormo and Botticelli.

Janet Dodge [0044 34] came to lunch here and we tried musical experiments. I was dumbfounded to discover that there was apparently no connection between the sound and the notes in my mind. I could not write down the simplest thing from hearing it.

Poor Janet, hearing that Herbert Horne was coming to dinner, determined to stay and drive home with him. First she complained about going out in the rain, and bored me to death about the weather. Finally, she got a chill and was sick at her stomach (whether really, or only in report, to meet my heart, I don't know, but I suspect the latter). It seemed cruel to turn her out, for she lingered on and on to the last tram. But I fancy Horne is rather avoiding her — perhaps seeing that she is sentimental about him — and I could not face her or him for a long drive. So I [0045 35] hardened my heart and let her go — after having endured infinite ennui from her all the afternoon.

Horne came to dinner, and we had a nicish [*sic*] evening.

* Sunday, Dec. 6, 1896

Logan and I spent a good deal of the morning arranging the beautiful new furniture. The whole room must be changed to live up to it!

Bernhard said he would send £100 to the Bensons, nominally for a copy of the *Seminario Giorgione* — really for two delightful people to live on. Logan was very much pleased over it.

In the afternoon, after Mr. Blaydes, who lunched here, went, we re-arranged the furniture in Bernhard's house.

After tea, we talked of Logan's Quaker story, and then finished the corrected lists for the German translation of the *Florentine Painters*. [0046 36]

Monday, Dec. 7, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Logan is starting us on the fatal path which ends in "Antiquity" shops. We went with him and bought some stuff today, and nosed about a good deal.



Then, while Bernhard called on Janet, I shopped, and afterwards we met Logan at Placci's and heard some Haydn, a minuet of Mozart, and a Sextette of Brahms — all most lovely.

The Rasponi and the Pasolini came in like whirlwinds, but soon rushed out again.

Placci seemed genial, but immersed in people — one only got hold of a tip of his finger.

In the evening we went over the Braun photos £10 of which has just arrived.

(The Rasponi family inherited Villa Fontallerta
from the Pasolini family of Rimini)

Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1896

Miss Kolb came to lunch, and Mr. Holroyd also was here, kindly fixing up the Solario in a charming frame Bernhard bought for Mr. Longyear.

Miss Kolb waked up at lunch and was witty and showed a [0047 37] temperament, and afterwards she played the *overtures* of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, and the Adagio from the Second Symphony. She plays very well, with a sensitive touch.

She was in an unconcealable rage with Miss Paget, to whom she *hates* to play, and whom she regards as “un tempérament absolument anti-musicien.”

Janet also came to lunch, and we had a long walk.

In the evening Bernhard took Horne to dine at the Rasponis with the Pasolini and Placci. A great deal of amateur “art talk” went on, but they were vivacious and kindly.

Logan and I stayed at home and discussed our childish reminiscences and our early friends.

Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1896

Bernhard took Madame de Montebello to the Uffizi. She talked a lot of rot to him about Semito-Celtic symbolism and physiognomy, and made him come back cursing at the state people's minds are in when they haven't been to a university.

I took Miss Paget to hear Janet's¹¹²⁷ spinet, which she liked, and then I haunted Curiosity shops with Logan. [0048 38]

Thursday, Dec. 10, 1896

The countess Pasolini came and spent the morning with Bernhard. She said “O if you will come back to Rome, I really will listen to you.” (Query: what has she done before?) He says her interest in art is as a sort of background for her “gentlemen friends”.

¹¹²⁷ Janet Dodge.



We began our selection of “poetry” from Shakspeare [*sic*].
Mrs. Jeaffreson, of the “Angeli” called.
We began our changes in the garden.

Friday, Dec. 11, 1896

After my music lesson, I hurried back and found Miss Blood and Mr. Morgan. The latter stayed until I positively had to go and dress to dine with the Baroness French. Placci was the only other guest, and we enjoyed ourselves very much with that delightful woman, and dear cheer-giving Carlo.

Saturday, Dec. 12, 1896

Mr. Holroyd¹¹²⁸ and the life-diminishing Janet Dodge came to lunch.

Logan and Holroyd and Bernhard walked to the Tree, but I went on slaving over the third edition of the *Venetians* which is called for. There are hundreds of changes to be made — it is an appalling job. [0049 39] We worked on it in the evening till I was tired to death, and the ungrateful wretch Bernhard then quarrelled with me for being tired. Such is the payment of unselfishness!!

Sunday, Dec. 13, 1896

Again I slaved over the *Venetians*, but this time with a better result, for after quarrelling with me violently, Bernhard made up very sweetly and we accomplished the feat of working together the whole evening without a jar!

I have ordered cases of Mr. Morgan’s excellent wine to be sent to the Robertsons, to Christina Bremner and to Helen Hopekirk. I love to think how they will enjoy it.

I am reading Rousseau’s *Confessions* and Bernhard is reading Swift and Mrs. Ady’s *Life of Millet*.

Monday, Dec. 14, 1896

I went to the Modern Exhibition — horrible, awful, unspeakable. I simply can’t write about it for the *Gazette*. Maud will write for the *Studio*, and she is very pleased to get the job.

Afterwards I sent to Placci’s and heard some Haydn and Mozart’s Third Symphony.

Bernhard dined with the Jeaffresons at the Villa Angeli.¹¹²⁹ [0050 40]

Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1896

Logan and I went in to shop, and bought a superb Aubusson carpet and some china — I enjoyed the spending of money *immensely*.

¹¹²⁸ Sir Charles Holroyd (1861-1917), a painter, first keeper of the Tate, knighted in 1903, director of the National Gallery in 1906.

¹¹²⁹ in via Angeli, Fiesole, Lensi Orlandi, p. ____.



But I feel that I shall never enjoy it again quite so much. They say the taste grows, but I think I can never again feel the same closeness to the dread of not having enough, the contrast which makes the first taste of the superfluous so delicious.

Poor Bernhard is suffering a great deal from his digestion.

Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1896

We lunched at Placci's, all three of us. Such a nice Russian girl was there. I can't remember her name, but she said that ever since she was 10 she had written down all that struck her in a personal way — emotions, conversations, things she saw, people she met, books she read — everything that really appealed to her individually.

After lunch I took Placci to hear Janet's spinet (which he liked) while Bernhard and Logan went to Bardini's, and [0051 41] called on the Benns. They are getting to be great friends, and I am so glad.

* Thursday, Dec. 17, 1896

A wet day, with our first hint of snow.

Bernhard and I paid a flying call on the Lovetts.

Miss Kolb came to dinner, and was quite fascinating! She is distinctly "our kind". How she hates Miss Paget! And with good reason. Miss Paget is playing her usual nasty tricks she plays on people who are unlucky enough to get into her power. She makes the poor girl weep nearly every day of her life. She even won't let her have enough wood, but Miss Kolb is sharp enough to confess to a *delight* in stealing it from the woodbox, when Zerlina, the maid, chances to leave it open! She was witty and entertaining [0052 42] about it, and in the end spoke freely, because, as she said, she was nothing to Miss Paget, who makes her play for her board, and *commands* her to do it, without a pretence at politeness.

Enfin, we asked her to come and spend Christmas here, if we could get Mr. and Mrs. Robinson to come over from Venice and chaperone her!

Friday, Dec. 18, 1896, Fiesole

We thought afterwards of the time-honoured warning, "Lay hands suddenly on no man."¹¹³⁰ But it is done. *Che sarà, sarà.*

After my music lesson, Logan and I called on the Jeaffresons at the Angeli. They have made the house most comfortable, *modo inglese*.

In the evening we worked to brutalizing over the new edition of the *Venetians*. It is an awful task!

Saturday, Dec. 19, 1896

Still rain.

¹¹³⁰ 1 Timothy 5.22.



We walked and peeped in at [0053 43] various villas to let, and again worked ourselves to the point of misery over the catalogue.

Sunday, Dec. 20, 1896

We walked over to the Gamberaia and paid a long call on Miss Blood, who was very much distressed over the death of Kitty Hall's mother. Her rooms are quite lovely there, but even after them, the newly arranged *salotto* here is a great joy, with its florid Aubusson carpet and graceful Empire chairs and soft hangings. Logan has made it most lovely.

Monday, Dec. 21, 1896

I had already asked the Lovetts to lunch, Janet came by chance, and Placci wrote that he would come. We should have enjoyed him more alone, for the Lovetts were heavy and embarrassed and Janet indifferent, but still he was nice as it was, a real dear. The others [0054 44] stayed and stayed, but he stayed longer, and we had a few minutes talk. He drove down to Florence with Logan and me, raging against Miss Paget.

Logan and I had tea with Miss Cruttwell. He then went to haunt the old shops, and I took Maud and did some errands, ending up with a call on the Butties.

Pleasant as the day was, the evening was best of all, for Logan read us "The Poetry of Shakespeare" (selected for the *Golden Urn*). It was delightful to be lifted away at once from everything sordid. Then he read us his arrogant introduction — a delicious bit of writing — and some of his "Tragic Walks", which we really liked. We decided on the contents of the first number, which will soon be issued.

Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1896

I worked nearly all day.

Miss Kolb came to lunch and Salvemini to dinner, greatly [0055 45] improved in two years. He told us a lot about his training as a seminarist, and said he was sure that 90% of atheists among Italian priests was a low average. As his Bishop said, a man must nowadays possess three qualifications if he is to take up the profession of priest: *che sia povero, asino e brutto*.

Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1896

Maud came up and read me her *Studio* article, while I was in the midst of furniture changing, making the place habitable for the Robinsons and Miss Kolb who are coming while I am away.

x x x x x

no entries from Dec. 24, 1896 to Jan. 17, 1897



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Sunday, Jan. 17, 1897, Giappone, Massa (Carrara)

Two enchanting weeks with the children in Paris, bicycling and skating, a hurried week in London, and now back again in Italy.

Bernhard met me tonight at 10, at the station here. How glad I was to see him! [0056 46]

Monday, Jan. 18, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We spent the day in Pisa seeing the sights, and reached here for a late dinner.

Logan was eager to hear all Alys' and Bertie's American gossip, which I had picked up from them in London.

* Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1897

Began a regular life again, music, photographs, printing Bernhard's manuscripts, etc.

In the afternoon we went to see the "Eremo alla Schifo-nebbia" — an enchanted spot.¹¹³¹ Bernhard was much taken with the idea of passing as "le bel <ermite>" [hermitte].

In the evening we read Keats.

Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1897

We walked up to the Morgans in the afternoon. The little boys were so nice.

Thursday, Jan. 21, 1897

Logan and I went shopping in Florence, [0057 47] and then called on Miss Paget, while Bernhard went to the Academy with Prince and Princess Galitzine and afterwards had tea with Miss Robins.

Friday, Jan. 22, 1897

I had my music lesson, and then called on Ma Buttles.

Logan haunted junk shops, and Bernhard stayed at home and wrote business letters.

In the evening we read the first book of *Paradise Lost*, and were rapturous with pleasure.¹¹³²

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1897

Janet Dodge and Mr. Morgan game to lunch. We asked the latter what he would do if he had £50,000 a year. Besides going into Parliament and having a country seat in Surrey and town house at Lancaster Gate,¹¹³³ he would [0058 48] endow a Theatre and a School of Acting! — a most

¹¹³¹ Where is this Eremo?

¹¹³² Is Milton in the *Golden Urn*?

¹¹³³ Just north of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.



unexpected development on the part of this seemingly staid and commonplace gentleman. Logan has a theory that if he would only express himself we should be surprised at the revelations. He has an absurdly naive and shy way of flirting with me — it often makes me laugh.

Miss Alice Taylor came up to see Bernhard, and then came here to tea. Bernhard was nasty and spiteful about Miss Paget, and we were all rather paradoxical and hateful, but she stayed a long time and succeeded in the end in getting some information out of The Master.

Janet Dodge amused us telling about Dolmetsch who lives with a sister-in-law, who isn't really his sister-in-law (having divorced his brother), spied upon by a jealous wife, who isn't really his wife (never having [0059 49] been legally married to him).

In the evening we read the second book of *Paradise Lost*.

x Sunday, Jan. 24, 1897

I received this letter from my little Bologna acquaintance May Jeffrey Landsem:¹¹³⁴

[0060 50] a page left blank for the text of a letter (on the death of May Jeffrey's husband Olaf?) Mary never copied in

[0061 51] Monday, Jan. 25, 1897, Fiesole

Really began my Louvre Guide — i.e. Bernhard did!

We lunched with Mrs. Eyre and enjoyed her gossip very much.

Logan and I went to Florence and shopped.

I called on Janet Dodge, and we ended up at Placci's with some music.

Milton in the evening.

Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1897

Logan lunched with Mr. Hamilton and Bernhard with Herbert Horne, so I had the day to myself — and quite enjoyed my solitary walk.

I printed Bernhard's manuscript and enjoyed that, and after the "rampart" walk I called on the Jeaffresons.

Horne came to tea.

In the evening we went on with *Paradise Lost*. [0062 52]

¹¹³⁴ Emily Marion Landsem (Jeffrey) (1863 -?) had married Olaf Landsem, a Norwegian novelist, who drowned at Scarborough, near Bangor, Maine, in 1896 (?). See the entries:

Tuesday, November 21, 1893, Florence

Miss Jeffrey came to lunch, and I took her to S. Lorenzo. She is engaged to a Norwegian intern named Landsem. She was furious when she learned that she would lose her nationality upon being married!

Thursday, Dec. 26, 1895

Miss May Jeffrey, now Mrs. Landsem, came with her husband Olaf to lunch. We had besides Miss Mary Buttles and Logan, and the combination proved rather a strain.



Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1897, Fiesole

I went to see Janet, and listened to Bach on the spinet for a couple of hours, enjoying it keenly.

We then called on the Hornes.

Bernhard walked over to the Gamberaia to see Miss Blood, to whom he is teaching Greek.

As usual, we read Milton all the evening. Logan and I are learning *Lycidas*.

Thursday, Jan. 28, 1897

Mr. Marsh (Bertie's friend) and his sister came to lunch, also Miss Blood, whom Logan and I took to call on Miss Paget. The call went off very well, though the Sibyl Palmerina plunged into <a> deep discourse the moment we entered and quite took Miss Blood's breath away.

Walking home Logan and I saw a villa with a divine facade and loggia which is for sale.

Milton in the evening. [0063 53]

Friday, Jan. 29, 1897

My music lesson — I am as frightened as a little girl. I don't seem to make any progress, and I am ashamed to take up Buonamici's time.

Afterwards I called on Maud Cruttwell, who was all aflame about the place of the "Idea" in Poetry. She is 'in - cred - i - bly stupid.

Herbert Horne came to dinner and was very nice.

* Saturday, Jan. 30, 1897

Worked a little on the Louvre Guide.

The little Morgan boys came to call. The Lovetts also called later, and were rather deadly, she, at least.

Milton in the evening.

Sunday, Jan. 31, 1897

A nice quiet day, with reading, music and poetry.

Miss Taylor and Miss Dodge came to lunch and we looked at photos. Miss Taylor seemed intelligent, but made of hard British caoutchouc. [0064 54]

Monday, Feb. 1, 1897, Fiesole

Logan and I went over the "Eremo" but found an impossible interior.

Bernhard went to Bardini's to see a Botticelli, which turned out to be a copy.

I shopped, and finally called on Miss Julia 'Fool' Robins, who regaled me with tales of her illness, praises of Mr. Hobson, and dissertations on dress.

I purged myself of her with the last book of *Paradise Lost*.

Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1897

Heavy mist.



Janet called and was deadly. She cares for nothing but herself in the narrowest, dreariest way.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, and Mr. Morgan called.

We read *Comus* in the evening, and found it less beautiful than we anticipated. [0065 55]

Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1897

We called on Miss Blood, all three of us, and found her ill. I think she has the same trouble that I had last spring, and I offered to bring Dr. Poggi, and to insist on his examining her. The poor unmarried women on the Continent have to endure all their internal ills without hope of remedy because it isn't etiquette for doctors to examine them. It is a strange relic!

In the evening Bernhard dined with the Ogilvys and discussed the relative merits of Marion Crawford and Rudyard Kipling—!

Thursday, Feb. 4, 1897

We called on Mrs. Ross and looked at a villa near Poggio Gherardi.¹¹³⁵

She said that once an illegally attached couple came to call on her when the Morgans were calling. Mrs. Morgan took her aside and begged her not to allude to it. "Why, it's not contagious!" said Mrs. Ross. "No," replied Mrs. Morgan, "but for my [0066 56] husband's sake. He is so good, so severely moral, he can't bear to hear such things mentioned." This is not the Morgan we know, who can listen to Miss Cruttwell discussing the advisability of having a liaison with your mother-in-law, without turning a hair.

In the evening the Lovetts told us of a co-professor of his at Chicago who accepted the job of editing *Paradise Lost*, and read it *for the first and last time* in the train going to Boston.

Lovett himself,¹¹³⁶ for a "Professor of English Literature", seemed remarkably ignorant. He is stupid too, for he had read four volumes of Creighton and never once thought whether he liked any of the popes or not! Mrs. Lovett is unspeakable.

We read *L'Allegro*, *Penoso* and *the Ode*.

Friday, Feb. 5, 1897, Fiesole, Villa Rosa

Music lesson, and then Bernhard and I meet at the Hornes and heard some duets with the *viol di braccia* and harpsichord, charming old music.

In the evening we read *Paradise Regained*. [0067 57]

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1897

Logan and I called on Baroness French, and bought some pretty silver.

¹¹³⁵ Perhaps Villa Linda?

¹¹³⁶ Robert Morss Lovett (1870-1956) graduated from [Harvard University](http://www.harvard.edu) in 1892. In 1893 he came to teach writing and [English literature](http://www.english.uchicago.edu) at the [University of Chicago](http://www.uchicago.edu).



Miss Kolb arrived unexpectedly in my absence, but stayed in bed with a headache.

Instead of reading, Bernhard and I corrected the proofs of his third edition of the *Venetians*.

Sunday, Feb. 7, 1897

Rain.

We had some music, and Janet Dodge came up, bearing reports via Miss Taylor, of venomous things Miss Cruttwell says about Bernhard. She seems to be going the way of Loeser, and Bernhard predicts a speedy partnership between them.

In the evening we read *Samson Agonistes* and had some music.

Monday, Feb. 8, 1897

Logan and I lunched at the Morgans — dull! dull! dull!

Miss Paget called, then Bernhard and I drove down to Florence. Lovely sunshine. We met Miss Kolb at Janet's and heard some twi<n>klingspinet. [0068 58]

Then we went to the Placcis and heard them play Brahms' Deutsche Requiem and Buonamici played some Mozart alone — deliciously.

In the evening we read Milton's shorter things, and had more music.

Mr. Blaydes sent Bernhard a manuscript chapter of his book, the chapter on 'Epicurus and Death'. We were all three enchanted with it, and I must add overcome with surprise. It starts close to Pater. He has real style, and a certain attractive attitude towards life. He is deeply cultivated as well. It was an unexpected revelation! [0069 59]

Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1897, Fiesole

I took Dr. Poggi to see Miss Blood, and while he was seeing here I had a long talk with the Princess Ghika — an exquisitely graceful, refined, but embarrassingly shy creature. Then I [0069 59] walked back.

I met Miss Duff Gordon and Miss Symonds on the way, walking home from having tea with Bernhard. Logan said he went over and found Bernhard *baiting* them — leading them on to say silly things about art, and then tearing them to pieces. He said it was cruel, but he joined in; but as they were young men, perhaps they did not mind it.

In the evening we had more music.

Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1897

Maud Cruttwell, Janet and Miss Buttles came up and we had some music.

Bernhard called on Miss Blood and the Ghika. They had tea out of doors. I went to meet him and we walked home in the moonlight.

We had music in the evening, and amusing badinage with Miss Kolb, *qui a de l'esprit*. [0070 60]



Thursday, Feb. 11, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard lunched with Horne and saw various things in the Libraries, etc. Then he and Logan called on Mrs. Scott at Arcetri.

I took Miss Kolb to the station, and then shopped a little with Janet Dodge, then called for Miss Taylor and brought her up here. She was full of Miss Cruttwell's hatefulness, quite had her *en grippe*.

The Kolb has left a charming impression — witty and wayward.

* Friday, Feb. 12, 1897

Bernhard felt low all day and worried about money matters. He took a long walk with Miss Taylor in the [0071 61] afternoon, while Logan and I looked at villas to let: the Frescobaldi¹¹³⁷ and Belriposo¹¹³⁸ and La Frosina.¹¹³⁹

In the evening Bernhard read the American edition of Vasari (sent by the *Nation* to review) and I printed his *Umbrians*. This new book is as good as anything he has ever done. But he did not feel much cheered up, poor dear.

Miss Taylor did not leave a remarkable impression. She seems to be very sensible and nice, but without temperament or charm. I couldn't get interested in a thing she said. And she is tainted with Theosophy — dread disease! She seems to me “old maid-ish” in the sense of Maud Cruttwell. [0072 62]

Saturday, Feb. 13, 1897

We drove to Careggi and saw the “Loggia dei Bianchi” — charming, adorable — but uninhabitable. No, **we must stick to our sky view, and never try to live down in a plain.**

In the evening we read *Cristabel*.¹¹⁴⁰

Sunday, Feb. 14, 1897. My 33rd Birthday

The darling children sent me presents they had made, and two dear little notes. Bernhard sent a loving note across, and I felt quite happy.

In the afternoon, after the departure of the boring Miss Robinses, who came to lunch, we walked to Poggio Gherardo and called on Mrs. Ross. The American habit of continual talk-like engines leaving a trail of steam behind them, had left us depressed, but in the lovely air and sunshine, we recovered.

Coming back we wandered through [0073 63] the *bosco* of *our* Fonte Scuro, and heard the first nightingale.

¹¹³⁷ Frescobaldi = Villa La Loggia, via Aretina, Lensi Orlandi, p. 124.

¹¹³⁸ Belriposo = Riposo dei Vescovi?

¹¹³⁹ La Frosina = Il Frosino, with view of Boscobello, Lensi Orlandi, p. 79.

¹¹⁴⁰ Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



Monday, Feb. 15, 1897

I finished type-writing the text of the *Central Italians*.

We went to the Placcis as usual and heard a Mozart duet, the First Symphony.

The beautiful and life-enhancing Contessa Papafava¹¹⁴¹ came in for a few moments.

Zangwill writes that he is coming to Florence with his sisters: "I should like to take them **that short walk, where, as B.B. puts it, the earth exhibits her naked ribs.**"¹¹⁴² I trust Logan will be in canonicals, and I may be permitted to see one of the services — perhaps a tip to Rosa will secure admission to the chapel where she will explain to me the ritual and the martyrology." "Martyrology" is a good touch, in Zangwill's happiest style. [0074 64]

Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1897, Grand Hotel, Siena

Eugénie Sellers wrote she would come, but as we were starting she telegraphed she wouldn't, so we came without her, but with Herbert Horne. The day was enchanting, sunny, warm, blue.

From the cemetery most lovely, Logan and I played piquette,¹¹⁴³ to our great delight. We walked about, and after dinner walked in the moonlight, full moon. We talked about "What is the essence of good prose?" and found it a difficult subject!

Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1897, Siena

Bernhard, Horne and I saw a number of churches in the morning, and discovered a hidden-away Neroccio — a great beauty.

Logan haunted book shops, and bought among others a book about the lives of the saints, over which he chuckled all day, occasionally reading extracts that were not too indecent! [0075 65]

In the afternoon we went to the Opera del Duomo and the Duomo, where we met Beatrice Horne and Janet Dodge, who are staying at the Chiusarelli.¹¹⁴⁴ They came back to tea, and then they went on the Litza¹¹⁴⁵ to see the splendid sunset, while Logan and I hired bicycles and had a run out beyond Porta Camollia.

By that time my head was throbbing with pain, and it ended in the severest neuralgic headache I have ever had. I did not realize a head *could* ache so fiercely!

¹¹⁴¹ famiglia padovana = Maria Bracceschi (1867-1952), wife of Francesco ?

¹¹⁴² Along via di Vincigliata?

¹¹⁴³ Evidently a version of whist.

¹¹⁴⁴ Albergo Chiusarelli, Lungarno Accaiuoli.

¹¹⁴⁵ a park?



Thursday, Feb. 18, 1897, Siena

Churches in the morning and a wonderful drive to Belcaro in the afternoon.

We read Coleridge in the evening.

* Friday, Feb. 19, 1897, Grand Hotel, Siena

Still churches and in the afternoon the Gallery. We met Mrs. Walter Sickert¹¹⁴⁶ there.

Afterwards we walked to the Osservanti.

Janet and Beatrice called later. [0076 66]

Saturday, Feb. 20, 1897

We saw S. Domenico, Catherine's House, and the Archives in the morning.

After lunch Bernhard and I went alone to the Gallery, the others repairing to Old Curiosity shops instead.

At 3.30 we went to the Workhouse, and then to some other churches. Janet and Beatrice came in to tea.

In the evening we read Burns, and found we didn't care much for him. Also some Wordsworth which we did like.

Sunday, Feb. 21, 1897

Churches and a drive to the Castello di Quattro Torre.¹¹⁴⁷

Mrs. Sickert called, and we liked her.

Monday, Feb. 22, 1897, Siena

An awful cold.

Horne and Bernhard spent the day at the Library and in private collections.

Ray well again — a wire ... [0077 67]

Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1897, Monte Oliveto Maggiore

Train to Asciano, explored churches and had lunch, and then drove here, an enchanted spot.

But I am fearfully ill with my cold.

Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1897, Marzocco, Montepulciano

Drove to Buonconvento, San Quirico, Pienza and here.

Weather perfect and the country too lovely.

Sunrise at Monte Oliveto glorious.

¹¹⁴⁶ Walter Richard Sickert (1860-1942), a painter and printmaker who was a member of the Camden Town Group in London. From 1885 until their divorce in 1899 he was married to Ellen Cobden, a daughter of Richard Cobden

¹¹⁴⁷ Castello delle Quattro Torri, Santa Regina, to the east of Siena



Thursday, Feb. 25, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Saw Montepulciano and drove to Chiusi, and took train home.

Logan and I wiled away the time playing piquette.

To our surprise, we found Miss Sellers *already here* — after all her telegrams and letters and hesitations. It was pleasure to see her.

Sunrise over Thrasymene splendid! [0078 68]

Friday, Feb. 26, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard called on the Perrys and the Benns, and came home with an awful cold.

Logan and Miss Sellers chatted and bicycled. I was much worried by letters saying Miss Clare was disagreeable to mother, and so I spent most of the day writing to her and Alys and mother to try to improve matters.

We chatted in the evening.

Mrs. Gardner wants the Rembrandt Landscape!

Saturday, Feb. 27, 1897, Fiesole

Both our colds awful. We stodged away over lists, being fit for nothing else.

Sunday, Feb. 28, 1897

The same tale.

In the evening Bernhard and Miss Sellers 'schimpfed' Mr. Arthur Strong.¹¹⁴⁸ [0079 69]

Monday, Mar. 1, 1897

We worked on the Lists.

In the afternoon Bernhard and Miss Sellers took a walk, and I called on Miss Taylor and Miss Robins — both terribly boring. Miss Robins has a horrible way of beginning a new sentence before she has finished the old, so that her hearer cannot get in a word. She is perhaps the most awful bore I know, though Mrs. Buttles and Mrs. Horne run her hard.

Miss Sellers told us about Miss Jane Harrison once lecturing on "Pelus and Tantalops." [0080 70]

Tuesday, Mar. 2, 1897, Fiesole, Villa Rosa

A miserable day for me owing to Bernhard's losing his temper several times while working with me in the morning, and simply furiously in the afternoon because he thought I was cheated by the men who brought a book from the Railway. Perhaps I was, but it is scarcely worth making a disgusting scene about. I feel very miserable over it — such things upset me terribly, and if he is like this now, what *will* he be as an old man? It isn't a

¹¹⁴⁸ Her future husband.



deep fault, but it is perhaps more wearing than a really worse thing would be Eheu! [0081 71]

Mr. Benn came to lunch. He looked over the proofs of our first *Golden Urn*, and said he wondered at our choosing lines from Shakspeare, [*sic*] whom he doesn't care much for. He thinks Ben Jonson a finer poet, and Lauder¹¹⁴⁹ finer than either. He quoted the following lines of Lauder as *the most beautiful in English literature*:

I know whose head thy flower-like hands have crowned,

I know for whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.

The word *unbraided*, he said, is the culminating point of beauty ____ !!!

Janet Dodge also came to lunch.

It is hard to know what to do in [0082 72] the evenings, as Miss Sellers can't bear reading aloud. We can't talk always, especially as we talk at meals and long after, and for hours at tea. I find Miss Sellers, charming as she is, extraordinarily tactless. She knows we always read, and she knows we want to go on. But I suppose she never thinks about other people enough to know that she ought either to disguise her dislike of reading or to go to her own sitting-room. She sits every night till 10.30 keeping us from doing all the things we want to do.

Ash Wednesday, Mar. 3, 1897, Fiesole

We went to the Uffizi, and then to tea at Maud Cruttwell's, where Mrs. [0083 73] Perry was gruesomely inspired to come and pay a call upon me. She was an indescribably bore, and stayed more than an hour.

Bernhard remained very cross about the payment on his book, and refused to be convinced, although we went to the Dogana and saw the Capo, who said it was all right. I am very miserable over it, not so much over the momentary affair, though it upsets me awfully, but the fear for years to come, unless he really takes his temper in hand, which he seems very little inclined to do.

He longs for the "unsordid" life, but there is nothing so sordid as losing your temper and self-control over small things, looking ugly and distorted and speaking in a harsh voice. [0084 74]

Thursday, Mar. 4, 1897

Bernhard and I made up our quarrel. The truth is I am abominably lacking in tact, a fault at least as annoying as his quick temper. But we must cultivate the art of life, the art of companionship.

We had a charming walk to the Eremo di Schiffa-nebbia, wandering in the ilex-grove gathering violets and listening to the streams.

In the evening we read Keats, in spite of Miss Sellers.

1149



Friday, Mar. 5, 1897

Worked on lists in the morning.

I had my music lesson and then called on the Butties.

Horne dined here and was quiet but nice, as usual. [0085 75]

Saturday, Mar. 6, 1897

Lists in the morning.

Janet Dodge came to lunch to see the dressmaker, Rosa's niece, who is here.

We chatted a little after lunch while Logan and Bernhard went over the manuscripts of his Central Italians.

After tea they called on the Countess Rasponi, and Miss Sellers and I took a long walk.

In the evening we revised and re-enjoyed our selections from Milton.

* Sunday, Mar. 7, 1897

The Miss Robins came to lunch and we were bored mad and blind with their incessant double river of talk. Whew!!!

Mr. Morgan called and seemed sad when we said his offered contributions *would not do* for the *Golden Urn*. If he only knew the comic of his having sent us such things and how we roared over them!

Read Milton in the evening. [0086 76]

Monday, Mar. 8, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Maud Cruttwell came up to tea. This was our only *divertimento*, after Logan left in the morning. We miss him terribly.

I told Eugénie that Maud had said that she and Logan were quite certainly engaged, and she was so annoyed that she told me that Miss Paget had assured her most solemnly that Carlo Placci was in love with me. We had a good laugh over these old maids' fancies!

Tuesday, Mar. 9, 1897

A fascinating Italian quartette played Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

I met Hildebrand¹¹⁵⁰ afterwards, and then Placci walked to San Gervasio with us, talking politics. We did [0087 77] enjoy seeing him again, but I could not <but> notice that he grew pale and trembled when he met me!!

Wednesday, Mar. 10, 1897

We went to see the Cantagalli factory¹¹⁵¹ with Horne and met and liked very much Signor Cantagalli.

We got awfully tired, and Mrs. Horne at tea was anything but refreshing!

¹¹⁵⁰ Adolf von Hildebrand (1847-1921).

¹¹⁵¹ manifattura di ceramica in Via Cantagalli, parallel to Via Senese



Thursday, Mar. 11, 1897

We went with Eugénie to the Pitti and the Boboli Gardens, and enjoyed it very much. She has been enchanting all day. [0088 78]

Friday, Mar. 12, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I had my music lesson, and then Eugénie and I had tea at Miss Godkin's with the two deadly Robins — chickens of the intellect, unhatched in haste — lively ladies who aren't so grown up as Ray and Karin.

* Saturday, Mar. 13, 1897

A quiet day in the rain — music and books, talks and walks.

Eugénie read me a foolish, foolish letter she had had from Alice Kemp-Welch,¹¹⁵² who makes out that her present suicidal woe comes — not from having lost her money (which it does) but from her cruel separation from her adored Eugénie, whom [0089 79] she thinks of every hour and longs to possess “body, soul and spirit.”

“If it were not for Willie and my Parents, I should make a sudden end to my love, but as it is I try to bear my anguish as secretly and graciously as may be,” i.e., by going out to a dozen teas every day, Miss Lowndes says.

Sunday, Mar. 14, 1897

I had the “weeping sinew” cut out of my hand, under chloroform, tied on a couple of tables in Janet's rooms. It did not hurt. I did not hear what was being said, and yet, in some queer way, I had an *impression* [0090 80] that I knew everything that was going on, and had sense enough to talk Italian. It seems to have been a very complicated reaction to stimulus not involving consciousness.

Eugénie was very nice and took care of me.

Bernhard called at the Gamberaia and Miss Blood came back to see me.

Monday, Mar. 15, 1897, Fiesole

My hand is rather bad, but I was distracted by Eugénie's most entertaining accounts of her various *affaires*. I saw her off to Rome at 5 o'clock, with the most serious and persistent of these, Arthur Strong.

Tuesday, Mar. 16, 1897

Hand torturing, not the cut, but the bandaging.

Read *Vanity Fair* [0091 81] and was not pleased.

Janet and Beatrice called, and Miss Taylor came to lunch.

Wednesday, Mar. 17, 1897

I cut open some of the bandage myself, and felt relieved.

Read some books on music.

¹¹⁵² an author



Janet to lunch.

Thursday, Mar. 18, 1897

Janet off to Milan, England, America.

Bernhard had a visit from Mr. Perry, whom I found here drinking tea on my return.

Mr. Morgan called, and we talked of the difficulty of keeping up with one's children.

Friday, Mar. 19, 1897

Bernhard lunched with the Benns and had a long walk with Mr. Benn, while I stayed in, suffering considerably in my hand, and finished the Lists for the *Central Italians*.

Mr. Jeaffreson and Miss Gurney called. [0092 82]

Saturday, Mar. 20, 1897

Bernhard lunched with the Perrys, and found Mrs. Perry more agreeable than he had anticipated.

I called on Miss Blood and Miss Paget, the latter was out.

Herbert Horne came up to dinner and to spend the night, and we had a quiet pleasant evening talking "shop" and music.

Sunday, Mar. 21, 1897

Terrible discovery that the Morelli Christ and Donaldson's Madonna are not genuine Botticellis!!

Studied photos in the morning.

Logan writes: "It is a real Thebaid down here (Fernhurst) with Alys and Bertie, Trevelyan and myself; but it isn't Italy, and another year I shan't come back so soon. It would take the prose style of a Victor Hugo to write you a proper Collins after my long winter's [0093 83] visit. I don't know when I have ever enjoyed a winter so much, and I make Alys and Bertie green with the account of our intellectual feasts and fasts. Bertie longs to join in the hounding of the German Emperor and hopes there will still be some of him left in the Autumn. He has about three words too that he wants to say about Democracy ...

I read *En route*¹¹⁵³ in the train, and was much interested in all he said as his point of view and information — there was no eddy or agitation in the 13th or aesthetic water-tight compartment. Read *En Route* and then *La Tentation*,¹¹⁵⁴ *et vous verrez, Messieurs et Dames!*

¹¹⁵³ Joris-Karl Huysmans est un écrivain et critique d'art français, (1848-1907). *En Route* (1895), retrace les étapes successives de la lente et douloureuse conversion de son auteur à la religion catholique.

¹¹⁵⁴ Gustave Flaubert, *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* (1849-1874).



Give my affectionate regards to the Bel Ermite, and tell him that,

94-95: a two blank pages

[0096 84] having formed the habit, I am still arguing aesthetics, only, as his views are attacked, I now defend them — meeting and answering all the arguments I used against him last winter in something the way he met them and answered them — only rather better!”

In the afternoon we went down to the Rehearsal of the Orchestral Concert, and enjoyed it and Placci very much.

In the evening we indexed the *Central Italians*.

Monday, Mar. 22, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard spent the morning with Horne at the library of S. Maria Nuova. He and Placci lunched with the Halseys. He then called on the Ogilvys and then we met at 5 at Placci's.

I had a quiet day, only broken by a call from that nice little boy, Hugh Morgan. [0097 85]

* Tuesday, Mar. 23, 1897

For me an utterly quiet day of reading and work.

Bernhard lunched with the Longears, whom he liked very much, in spite of the “Christian Science” craze. He took them to the Academy, and then he met Miss Blood, who drove him up. We had a long amusing talk about being “in love” — how pleasant the early stages were — and I counselled him to try it — as would indeed be natural to his age and sex! He laughed a great deal, and said the most attractive to him for such an experiment (if he were minded to make it) would be — to my surprise — Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice.¹¹⁵⁵

Wednesday, Mar. 24, 1897

Placci came up to lunch, and we talked [0098 86] religion for hours. He is becoming a Catholic again, under the influence of Madame de Montebello, whose silly, silly arguments and prejudices he recited with a sort of sacrosanct air. It made me really dislike him, for a time — not that he should be a Catholic — *ça m'est égal* — but that he should use such foolish arguments about it. However, the real Placci came out when he said he would begin to fast at once except that it would give such pleasure to his family!

He also amused us by repeating what are evidently Madame de Montebello's views of Jews, how they are taught to hate Christians, and do

¹¹⁵⁵ Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, Caroline FitzGerald, the sister of Bertrand Russells's friend Fitz, c. 1866-1911, marriage annulled in 1894



not consider adultery with a Christian woman a sin, though it would be an awful one with a [0099 87] Jewess. In fact, I got quite to dislike him, and I was so sorry for this, that at last I got him to play.

But I did not get back my comfortable feeling of affection for him till we left the Hildebrand's and, talking about the priggish girls who are brought up to have all the right tastes, he said that *he* had loved Wagner and Impressionism because they had shocked him a little, 'and his family more'. It is hard on children to have too perfect parents!!

Mr. Hildebrand was very nice to us, and his wife *perfectly charming*. I fell quite in love with her. Her husband's bust of her which he is just finishing I hope to reproduce in an article in the *Gazette*. [0100 88]

Thursday, Mar. 25, 1897

Bernhard took Miss Blood to the Bargello.

I finished the *Index of Places* and had a long chat with Dr. Paoletti, who came and freed my hand of its last bandages.

Hugh Morgan called and we had a nice talk. He is a dear boy.

Friday, Mar. 26, 1897

The *Golden Urns* came — *un vero piacere*.

I sent off the manuscript of the *Central Italians* (Lists and Index) and did a little stiff practising with a still aching hand, while Bernhard entertained the Perrys, who afterwards came here to tea.

Mr. Morgan and Percy called. We had a splendid walk at sunset. [0101 89]

Saturday, Mar. 27, 1897

We lunched at Placci's and met a clever man, Count Emo Capodilista who lives in the Villa Fanzuola near Castelfranco.¹¹⁵⁶

Placci seemed quiet and drait, but waked up when I asked him if he had begun to fast on Friday. He said he had. Of course he is in love with Madame de Montebello, but his influence on top of his early training may confirm him in his superstitions. I ought to be sympathetic, for did we not become Catholics when we fell in love! But I'm not, it makes me lose about 3/4 of my interest and pleasure in Placci. If I could believe it was only a phase, like ours —

After lunch Bernhard took the Halseys and I Hugh Morgan to see pictures. I bought Hugh a knife, and he was awfully pleased, and kept looking at it and feeling it in his pocket all the way up in the tram. [0102 90]

¹¹⁵⁶ Antonio (1837 – 1912), politico? Giorgio (1864 – 1940), militare e senatore? Villa Emo <Capodilista>, situata nei pressi di Fanzolo a Veduggio fu realizzata da Palladio a partire dal 1558, su commissione dalla famiglia Emo di Venezia, che vi ha dimorato fino al 2004.



Sunday, Mar. 28, 1897

Kraus played his beastly Brass Band morning and afternoon, and the *contadini* he has put in over my head pounded nails and clattered about in heavy boots — and the end was I gave Kraus notice I would not stay after December.

We took a long walk to the Tree to wear off our rage, and returned in an idyllic frame of mind.

The Lovetts came to dinner, he formal and refined and intelligent as usual, she coarser, fatter, and more hopelessly heavy than ever.

Monday, Mar. 29, 1897

Count Emo Capodilista came to lunch and was charming. We liked him so much.

The two Miss Ogilvys came to Bernhard's to have tea, but I went down and called on Miss Littell [103 91] who had the gruesome idea of inviting Madame Orsi to meet me. She seemed good-natured, but she reminded me that the world is full of meaningless, talkative people.

Then I called on another such, Miss Robins, and then came gladly home.

Mr. Blaydes arrived from Rome, thinner and nicer looking than before, and we had a pleasant little chat.

Tuesday, Mar. 30, 1897

Worked as usual.

In the afternoon I had a walk with Mr. Blaydes and Bernhard went to drive with Miss Robins.

Wednesday, Mar. 31, 1897

Miss Robins, D. S. MacColl¹¹⁵⁷ and his charming French wife came to call, till first Dr. Richter and Miss Taylor¹¹⁵⁸ came to lunch.

Afterwards we had a walk. [104 92]

Thursday, Apr. 1, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Quarrels with Kraus over the intolerable nuisance of his Brass Band kept us peppering hot.

Herbert Horne came to dinner and to spend the night, quiet but nice as usual.

¹¹⁵⁷ Dugald Sutherland MacColl (1859-1948) was a Scottish watercolour painter, art critic, lecturer and writer. An early exponent of Impressionism, he was keeper of the Tate gallery for five years (1906-1911). In 1897 he married Andrée Adèle Désirée Jeanne Zabé (d. 1945).

¹¹⁵⁸ Alicia Cameron Taylor; see Seybold (2014), p. 30, n. 63.



Friday, Apr. 2, 1897

I had my music lesson, and then hurried up to have tea with Placci, who was there longing for persecution and the martyr's crown. But we only laugh at him for his Catholicism, which is great disappointment.

Mr. Morgan called.

I forgot to say that yesterday Miss Blood called, and at last Mr. Strong, the Great, who was silent and grumpy and disagreeable, evidently hating to obey Eugénie — comes, and longing to be away in the congenial society of Loeser, who was waiting for [0105 93] him in the Piazza. He seemed thoroughly disagreeable and vain and ill-natured.

Saturday, Apr. 3, 1897

I went to town with Mr. Blaydes, and among other things saw a lawyer who said that legally I might sue Kraus to return my money, or stop the nuisance of his Band.

Fabbri came to dinner, the same as usual, serious and hermit-like, a *real* hermit. Depressed, too, as usual, but particularly nice.

Sunday, Apr. 4, 1897

We went to the "Prova", and heard Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, part of the *Meistersinger*, some Russian dances and the *ouverture* to *Der Freischütz*.

Then we had tea with Placci, who forced us at last into persecuting him. He said he believed in Lourdes!! But he [0106 94] was quite himself, when, in answer to our reproach that all his arguments were those of a half-educated person, he replied, "But there are no other arguments except half-educated one to support Catholicism. I take what I can get." When I said it was almost the same thing as falling in love, he looked peculiarly conscious!

Mr. Blaydes dined with us but went afterwards to his own apartment in the Torre Rossa.¹¹⁵⁹

We read *Adonais*¹¹⁶⁰ and *The Sensitive Plant*¹¹⁶¹ in the evening.

Mr. Blaydes is very nice, but curiously inexpressive. We really know no more about him as a person, or his tastes or enthusiasms, than when he came. Yet his writing shows him to be singularly sensitive and reflective. [0107 95]

Monday, Apr. 5, 1897

Bernhard went down to study the drawings with Horne and I worked on my Louvre Guide.

Horne came up to spend the night, and we looked at Botticinis and talked shop in the evening.

¹¹⁵⁹ Villa La Torrossa, via Benedetto da Maiano 3, Fiesole

¹¹⁶⁰ Shelley, *Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats* (1821).

¹¹⁶¹ Shelley, *The Sensitive Plant* (1820).



X
X X
X

Mrs. Halsey came to tea, and bored me.

Tuesday, Apr. 6, 1897

Horne stayed till 5, chatting and looking at photographs.

The Lovetts called to say goodbye. He said that when he was little they used to tell him not to grieve away the Holy Ghost. So he used to lie in bed and think pious thoughts about angels and heaven, so as to tempt it to come near, and then in a flash, before it could escape, he would say, "Curse you, you Holy Ghost!" Mrs. Lovett looked fat and coarse and impossible.

Hugh Morgan came to say goodbye.¹¹⁶² [0108 96]

Wednesday, Apr. 7, 1897

Placci writes, stupidly enough, but Catholicism does make people stupid! "Lady Paget"¹¹⁶³ yesterday spoke to me at length of her long stays at Hatfield. Lord Salisbury says long prayers in the chapel every day, and his agnostic friends are very astonished at his accentuated High Churchism. I suppose he is a "half educated" like myself — and I rejoice in the companionship. Perhaps men of action are allowed to be religious, and not amateur contemplators who amuse themselves at polishing up the tiny *engr<e>nages* of mentality. Which class of men are more useful to Humanity at large? ... I do not know. Decide you."

To which Bernhard has replied: "I am half tempted to take up your challenge about Salisbury and whether he also is "half educated" because he prays. But [0109 97] what's the use? Arguments are of small avail except where common premises are assumed, and a common method of reasoning. But I may say that by "half educated" I mean persons who seriously think that religious dogma can be defended as scientific principles can be. I think a man of (relatively) perfect education may believe anything, but such a man will not try to defend his belief.

With you I have no bone to pick. If it does not estrange from me, or make unpalatable one of the two dearest friends I have on earth,¹¹⁶⁴ I shall have nothing to say against your religion. I believe religion, as everything except concepts, to be an expression of temperament. Religion is a form of

¹¹⁶² He was going off to school in England?

¹¹⁶³ Walburga Ehrengarde Helena, Lady Paget (née Countess von Hohenthal; 1839-1929) was a diarist and writer. In 1893, when her husband retired to Britain, she bought the Torre di Belosguardo. When her husband died in 1897 she kept Belosguardo as her main residence, devoting her time to campaigning - with Vernon Lee, Augustus Hare and others - against the destruction of old Florence.

¹¹⁶⁴ Who is the other friend? Mary?



art; taken as objective reality it is [0110 98] the art of the un-aesthetic; but taken consciously as subjective it is perhaps the highest form of beauty.

By the way, it is very "half educated" to distinguish between active and contemplative life. Without either the other perishes. So let us throw stones at neither."

We had an enchanting walk to our 'Tree, the air and sunshine perfect. "A day in April never came so sweet."¹¹⁶⁵

Coming back we found Miss Taylor and her deadly, deadly parents, who paid an unduly long call.

Worked in the evening.

* Thursday, Apr. 8, 1897

Bernhard went with Horne to the drawings, lunched with him, then to the Corsini and Palazzo Vecchio, and then to call on Benn. [0111 99]

I worked and practised, and then took a walk to the Tree with Mr. Blaydes, who remains as mysteriously silent about himself as ever.

Friday, Apr. 9, 1897

Bernhard lunched with the Perrys and then called on Mrs. Halsey, hermit that he is!

I had my music lesson and then did some shopping.

I came back to tea and had a walk in the Caves with Mr. Blaydes, who was silent but nice.

Saturday, Apr. 10, 1897

Bernhard lunched at the Villa Lauder¹¹⁶⁶ to meet Prof. Marquand of Princeton,¹¹⁶⁷ whom he liked, but the wife more.

Mr. Blaydes came to lunch with me and we spent the afternoon in the *podere* reading Renan, [0112 100] Blake and Milton.

Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Tyson came to tea.

We went to a charming concert of the Rosé quartette in the evening.

¹¹⁶⁵ *The Merchant of Venice*, Act 2, Scene 9.

¹¹⁶⁶ Villa Lauder, the home of Willard Fiske, today Villa La Torraccia in via delle Fontanelle 24, now the Scuola di Musica di Fiesole. It had been the residence of Walter Savage Landor.

¹¹⁶⁷ Allan Marquand, Princeton '74 (1853–1924), the son of Henry Gurdon Marquand, financier and president of the board of trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, was an art historian at Princeton and a curator of the Princeton University Art Museum.



Sunday, Apr. 11, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We had a morning of woe through Kraus' Band, but as Ferri, the keeper of the Uffizi drawings came to see Bernhard, the Band didn't so much matter.

After lunch we called on Mrs. Ross. Then Bernhard walked over to the Gamberaia and had a pleasant flirtation with Miss Blood.

I had a headache and came back. Mr. Blaydes met me on the way and we had a little talk, chiefly consisting of silence on his part. But he said he stood in such mortal terror of boring us, he never dared to say anything. [0113 101]

Logan writes from Cannes, where he has gone to be with Father: "If he is likely to die, as is still possible, I will let thee know for I can't help feeling that the poor old thing ought to have some of us with him when it all stops. There is something pathetic about him, like a sick animal that is grateful for the least kindness. All his old platitudes and grievances and boasts — they are life to him, and he clings to them, as we should cling to the things that make our lives; and it is both sad and comic to sit by him and hear him mumbling them over in the darkened room. To feel life still in one's body, to look at the sky and sun, to have some desire to warm one's dim old existence — even if they are only greed and spite — I really can't grudge it to anyone, if one has any feeling for life, one can't but be touched by illness and old age." [0114 102]

Monday, Apr. 12, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Mr. Benn and Mr. Blaydes came to lunch.¹¹⁶⁸ Benn told us about the ideas and ideals of his youth in the sixties: Mill, George Eliot, and Tennyson. "St. Paul's for architecture and Schiller for the drama."

Afterwards we took a walk, and then I went down and met Christina Bremner, who arrived soon after 7.

Tuesday, Apr. 13, 1897

Perry came to tea. I called on Mrs. Halsey, and saw the lawyer.

Wednesday, Apr. 14, 1897

Bernhard's letter to Reinach:¹¹⁶⁹

"Now, because I write that I enjoy Homer, you lecture me for an Epicurean. If I had told you that I worked two hours every day at Homer, you'd have thought me [0115 103 'Letter to Reinach'] very fine. Yet I have done this, only, because I have done it intelligently, and therefore with great enjoyment, you think I am wicked!

¹¹⁶⁸ Is this the first time Mr. Blaydes came to lunch at Villa Rosa?

¹¹⁶⁹ Samuels, p. 278- 279.



As for publishing, I cannot publish more than I am doing of the quality I care for. Remember my work is valuable because it is strictly my own, the result, not of cram and of undigested knowledge but of a vast artistic experience.

In one season I have done a book on the Central Italian Painters, saying things never said before, systematizing in the lists attributions never made before.

That finished, I am now hard at work on the Florentine drawings. Remember, these have never been treated systematically as a continuum, and when at all, in dilettante-ish fashion, as in Morelli's *ipse dixit* mode. I am gathering them together from all the corners of the earth, attributing them properly — an almost gigantic task — interpreting, demonstrating [0116 104] them, to bring them out finally with superb reproduction of 160 of the most significant specimens. (It is a vast task in itself to choose out these from the mass of available material.)

I mean my book to be not only a repertorium of masterpieces, but a work to acquaint you with the style of the great masters in all its evolutions, to guide you to all their drawings, to teach you to know for yourself what a good drawing is, why, and by whom.

Come now, I am not a loafer. True I am an Epicurean, or, to be correct, a new Cyrenaec, but I work as hard as anyone. Only I have some of that calm of Epicurus which keeps me from publishing out of mere — forgive the paradox — *désœuvrement*¹¹⁷⁰ as most of you do.”

As to the day, Bernhard lunched in town and called with Fabbri on Miss Blood and dined there, returning late by moonlight. [0117 105]

Thursday, Apr. 15, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I slept very late and enjoyed my bath, Christina <Bremner> assisting.

Miss Priestley came to lunch and was perfectly fascinating, so witty and entertaining. She told such good stories — the English clergyman travelling who described himself as “un prêtre anglais avec deux femmes” and the clergyman’s wife who wanted “un chapeau très tranquille, parce que je suis la femme d’un prêtre. Je le veux avec une rose en avant et un plumeau derrière.” She said that when she was little she always thought the curate in black gown was meant for the devil, while the chaplain in white meant God. So she asked her mother one day, “Mama, why does Mr. Childers (the chaplain) who’s so good always make the poor curate be the devil?”

“Hush, dear! There [0118 106] isn’t such a thing as a devil in church,” was her mother’s reply.

¹¹⁷⁰ idleness.



Obrist's friend Pölnitz and his mother came to tea, he radiant-eyed and capable as before, but unfortunately lamed in his knee — she extraordinarily nice for a German!

Then Christina and I walked down to the Torre Rossa and called on Mr. Blaydes, and took a little stroll with him. He read some Shelley to us: "Rarely, rarely comest thou"¹¹⁷¹ and "Swiftly walk over the western wave."¹¹⁷²

Herbert Cook arrived in the evening, and played us some very bad music.

<Good> Friday, Apr. 16, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Lay in bed late, not feeling well. Bernhard went to the Uffizi.

We went down with Christina, Herbert Cook and Mr. Blaydes to have tea at Fabbri's. Miss Blood was there.

I went to call on Reinach and his wife while the others had tea.

Then we all drove to Grassina [0119 107] to see the Good Friday procession, but it rained and I felt ill.

Bernhard flirted a good deal with Miss Blood. But we had a jolly dinner when we came home, and a nice smoke by the fire.

Saturday, Apr. 17, 1897

Mrs. Halsey and her daughter came to lunch — terrible ponderous bore — who made me quite sick with flattery.

Horne brought Mr. Stuart Headlam¹¹⁷³ and his Ballet Lady to tea, and then came the Reinachs and Madame Reinach's sister. They stayed on to dinner, Mr. Blaydes calling in the meantime.

Poor Reno is ill.

Miss Blood also drove over to dinner, but the evening was decidedly difficult on account of the language, Madame Reinach speaking no English. Reinach himself was very dear and nice. **He said he thought all enjoyment was wrong!** [0120 108]

<Easter> Sunday, Apr. 18, 1897

The whole party, with Horne and Perry, went up to the Monte Senario, but I did not feel very well, and so stayed at home and led a quiet life.

I called to see Reno,¹¹⁷⁴ who is awfully ill, poor beastie.

¹¹⁷¹ Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822), *Rarely, Rarely, Comest Thou* (1821).

¹¹⁷² *To Night* (1822, composed at Pisa). Both poems were included in Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury* (1875).

¹¹⁷³ Stewart Duckworth Headlam (1847-1924) was a [priest](#) of the [Church of England](#) who was involved in frequent controversy. He was a pioneer and publicist of [Christian Socialism](#), on which he wrote a pamphlet for the [Fabian Society](#). He is noted for helping to bail [Oscar Wilde](#) from prison. Perhaps Mary had met Headlam with Sidney Webb?

¹¹⁷⁴ the dog



Monday, Apr. 19, 1897

Bernhard took the Reinachs, etc., to the Pitti, lunched with them, and drove with them to La Quiete.

I drove to town with Blaydes to get medicine for Reno, and errands for myself.

I was awfully sleepy in the evening, and Cook played so horribly on the piano it nearly drove me crazy.

Tuesday, Apr. 20, 1897

I passed the morning in bed, not feeling well.

In the afternoon Blaydes came, and Bernhard came home from lunching at the Placcis with Esmé Stuart.¹¹⁷⁵

The Kerr-Lawsons called, and were really [0121 109] charming.

Then I took the rampart walk with Blaydes, and returned to find the Reinachs already here. Cook also brought a young electrician named Dent to tea.

The Reinachs stayed to dinner, and we talked about French poetry. Reinach recited Lamartine and Racine, and reviled Verlaine and all the other real poetry of his native land.

Bernhard said that in the Academy this morning Madame Reinach impulsively exclaimed before the cast of the Moses, "Pourquoi a-t-il ces cornes? Il n'était pas marié!" Poor Reinach was awfully embarrassed, "Tu es vraiment d'un naïveté extraordinaire, ma chère!"

Wednesday, Apr. 21, 1897

Cook went, and Bernhard and Christina went in to town to visit some churches with the Reinachs and a large party of French people they had gathered together, among them a Madame Perron, who [0122 110] seemed to take great pleasure in gazing into Bernhard's eyes.

Blaydes came to tea with me, and read me part of *La Tentation*¹¹⁷⁶ in the *podere*.

We had music in the evening.

Here is a good story Cook told before we went of a little girl who was taken by her mother to a poultry-yard, and who asked, "Mama, can the hens lay eggs when they like, or *must* they?"

Thursday, April 22, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

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entries for April 22-28 missing

¹¹⁷⁵ Amélie Claire Leroy (1851–1934) was an English writer, who wrote over 60 works often using the pseudonym Esmé Stuart.

¹¹⁷⁶ Gustave Flaubert, *La Tentation de St. Antoine* (1874).



[0123 111]

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<April 29, 1897>

We saw the museo of Forli, and made acquaintance with the painter, Baldassare Carrari.

Bernhard says my idea of freedom is "*the lack of inhibition to an impulse.*"

Friday, Apr. 30, 1897, Risorgimento, Bari

Saw Trani and Giovinazzo, and came here.

At Giovinazzo we found a Lotto for sale — the middle panel of a triptych, a seated bishop. Late and in poor condition.

Saw Bari. [0124 112]

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Monday, May 3, 1897, Europa, Taranto

Drove from Brindisi to Oria. Saw Oria. Came here.

Tuesday, May 4, 1897, Fanfulla, Barletta

Saw Taranto. Came here.

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x x x
x

Wednesday, May 5, 1897, Vittoria, Caserta

Saw Barletta, one of our best places (next to Lecce) and then Benevento. Drove in the Park here. [0125 113]

Thursday, May 6, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

All day in train.

x x x x x x x

no entries after May 6 until May 27:

May 27, 1897, Villa Rosa

I will not say anything about this interval, which has been **full of sorrow**.

We are now busy house-hunting, as we are driven out by Kraus' Brass Band, and today we looked at villas at La Pietra, Montughi, and Castello. But I think we shall stick to our own Fiesole hill.

Mr. Morgan came to call, and remained to dinner.

We read Pater's *Demeter and Persephone* after he had gone. [0126 114]



Friday, May 28, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Mr. Morgan came to lunch and went with Bernhard to see the Villa Guarnieri,¹¹⁷⁷ while I went down to my music lesson.

Afterwards I met Mr. Head by chance in the Annunziata and had a pleasant chat with him, and then I called on Roger Fry and his wife.

Bernhard called on Mr. Benn, and we came up together in the 6.40 tram.

Saturday, May 29, 1897

Bernhard went to be painted by Mr. Kerr-Lawson,¹¹⁷⁸ and I called for him about 5 and we drove to the Gamberaia. Miss Paget and Mr. Graham were there.

After they had gone we went with Miss Blood to see two quite possible, beautifully situated little *ville*, close to the Gamberaia.¹¹⁷⁹

We stayed to dinner and [0127 115] walked home by the starlight and the gleams of the fireflies.

Sunday, May 30, 1897

Mr. Morgan and Percy called, and then Bernhard walked down and called on the Eyres¹¹⁸⁰ in the Villa Frullino.

Mr. Morgan came and stayed to dinner.

Monday, May 31, 1897

The Miss Ogilvys and Miss Blood came to tea, Miss Blood remaining to dinner, after a walk with Bernhard in the Caves.

Tuesday, June 1, 1897

Bernhard went again for his portrait, and I went to see our Agent Orsi, who gave me bad news about the villas.¹¹⁸¹ Too expensive.

I walked over to Poggio Gherardo and had tea, and then we called at Miss Paget's, and afterwards [0128 116] at the Eyres, who, as it turned out, want to let their villa. It seemed as if **it would just do for me, Bernhard taking one a little further along the same road.**

¹¹⁷⁷ Villa Guarnieri? Perhaps Villa Piatti, via San Leonardo 53-55, Arcetri?
Villa Guasto al Santuccio, via San Leonardo 65-67

¹¹⁷⁸ James Kerr-Lawson (1865-1939), Canadian painter

¹¹⁷⁹ The two little *ville* would be Gamberino and Doccia (?).

¹¹⁸⁰ Bernhard probably knew that Charles Eyre could rent out Il Frullino and La Canovaia. He had known the Eyre family since 188?, when he went with them to church on Easter morning, April 21, 1889, as he explained in a postcard to his sister of that date. They were friends of Kitty Hall. Eyre was the director of American Express in Italy, and had inherited various properties in the Florence area.

Charles Eyre, c/o French & Co.

¹¹⁸¹ These would be the villas at La Pietra, Montughi, and Castello.



Wednesday, June 2, 1897, Fiesole

The Kerr-Lawsons came to lunch. It was awfully hot.

I went down later with Mr. Kerr-Lawson and chose a piece of brocade for the dress in which he is to paint me.

Bernhard called on the Jeaffresons, and then walked to the Tree.¹¹⁸²

Thursday, June 3, 1897

We had a miserable day talking.

In the evening we went to the Morgans to supper, and walked home by the flashes of lightning and the dance of fireflies. [0129 117]

Friday, June 4, 1897, Ray's tenth birthday

Another morning of depressed, hopeless sort of talk.

In the afternoon I had a music lesson, then called on Placci, who is under the weather, then saw Orsi and did some errands, and called on Dr. Littell, and then came up to dine here with Miss Cruttwell.

Bernhard met Miss Blood at 5.30 and took a lovely walk with her, dining afterwards at the Gamberaia. It is her 29th birthday. He came home in rather better spirits.

Saturday, June 5, 1897

We lunched at Mrs. Ross' and Bernhard sat for his portrait.

Miss Taylor came to dinner.

Sunday, June 6, 1897

I called on some American cousins at [0130 118] the Savoy and on the Buttles.

Bernhard felt ill, but Placci, who came to dinner, lightened him up a little. He is full of his experiments to find out the effect of music on the breathing, a very interesting subject.

Monday, June 7, 1897, Fiesole

Bernhard called on the Buttles, and I went to see the Eyres about the new villas, and left a card on the Ogilvys.

Tuesday, June 8, 1897

We dined with Miss Blood at the Gamberaia on the terrace and walked back through the woods in the moonlight. [0131 119]

Wednesday, June 9, 1897

Placci, Count Papafava, and Mr. Jeaffreson called. The latter ...

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¹¹⁸² The Jeaffresons lived in Villa Angeli in via degli Angeli.



Thursday, June 10, 1897

Finished our business with Mr. Eyre, and took the two villas in the Via Camerata for three years.

Friday, June 11, 1897

Lunched with Placci. He and Buonamici played us Tschaikowski's *Symphonie pathétique*, a beautiful thing, but I am not sure we should really like it when we knew it. [0132 120]

Saturday, June 12, 1897, Croce d'Oro, Padua

We left Florence at 3 and came here. Bernhard read Virgil on the train.

Sunday, June 13, 1897, Albergo Lovere, Lovere

Bernhard went to the Loschis at Vicenza to arrange about buying their Giorgione, and I stayed here to see the grand Festa of Sant'Antonio, rather a bore. I met Count Emo in the church.

Then we came here, the last two hours an enchanting sail on the Lago d'Iseo.

Monday, June 14, 1897, Albergo del Ponte della Selva,¹¹⁸³

Saw Lovere, and enjoyed the porch of Santa Maria and the Jacopo Bellini in the Tadini collection — a gem!

Drove here (15 fr.) through most beautiful scenery. [0133 121]

Tuesday, June 15, 1897, Bellevue, Cadenabbia

We had the morning in Bergamo, and visited the churches and galleries. Then we went to Lecco, meeting in the train an American painter named Bunce,¹¹⁸⁴ who had lived thirty years in Venice without losing even a shade of his Americanism.

Reached here soon after 7.

Wednesday, June 16, 1897

Cool, stormy weather. I had a swim, but the water was terribly cold.

I read two novels of Gissing, *The Ransom of Eve* and *The Odd Woman*.

Bernhard sticks to Virgil.

Thursday, June 17, 1897

A day of rest again. Made the acquaintance of a nice young woman named Osgood.

Rowed, read, corrected proofs of *Central Italians*. [0134 122]

¹¹⁸³ Ponte della Selva is a *frazione* of Clusone, to the west and northwest of Lovere.

¹¹⁸⁴ William Gedney Bunce (1842-1916), best known for his studies of Venice painted during his many stays there. Bunce served two years under General Fremont during the Civil War, mainly in the Shenandoah Valley. Afterwards he attended Cooper Union in New York City, before moving to Italy where he became close friends with Augustus St. Gaudens.



Friday, June 18, 1897, Bellevue, Cadenabbia

Took an excursion to Crema and Rezzonico.¹¹⁸⁵ A most lovely walk from one to the other.

The fabled Veroneses and Borgognones at Crema were false, of course.

Rowed with Miss Osgood.

Bernhard read *Moll Flanders*.

Saturday, June 19, 1897

Excursion to Lugano, the Luini fresco seemed to me horrid!

I read *Moll Flanders*.

Miss Osgood left.

I read a lot of trashy novels by Anthony Hope,¹¹⁸⁶ Blackmore,¹¹⁸⁷ etc. — even Bernhard sank, in an unguarded half hour, to Conan Doyle!!

Sunday, June 20, 1897, Terminus, Milan

Left Cadenabbia at 2. Charming sail down the lake. Saw Como cathedral and Sant'Abbondio.

Came here. Clean but expensive hotel. [0135 123]

Monday, June 21, 1897, Grand Hotel de Turin

While Bernhard sought out Dubray the photographer and snatched a glimpse of the new Gentile da Fabriano at the Poldi, I went to the Brera. He joined me there and we had a general look around.

Then we came here. He had to meet Sig. Apostoli about Mrs. Gardner's Titian.

I went to the Academy Albertina, and then strolled around the town. Bernhard went rowing, and got caught in the current and <was> almost carried over the falls!

In the evening we went to a concert at the Liceo Musicale.

Great difficulties with the Titian. [0136 124]

Tuesday, June 22, 1897, Turin. Jubilee Day!

The Commission passed the Titian as worth 400 francs, and the insurance people made great difficulties for insuring it for 400,000!! They made sure that Bernhard and Apostoli had put a secret corrosive acid on it that would eat away the picture before it reached London. So we have to stay over.

¹¹⁸⁵ North of Menaggio.

¹¹⁸⁶ Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, better known as Anthony Hope (1863-1933), was a novelist and playwright.

¹¹⁸⁷ Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825-1900), known as R. D. Blackmore, was one of the most famous English novelists of the second half of the nineteenth century. Apart from his novel *Lorna Doone* (1869), which has enjoyed continuing popularity, his work has gone out of print.



I went to the Gallery in the morning and made acquaintance with the Director, Conte Vesmè — a pleasant, hard-working, modest man.
In the afternoon I read a lot of bad novels and practised.
The Titian business on the way to be finished.

Wednesday, June 23, 1897, Train to Paris

Titian pulled through.

Bernhard [0137 125] joined me in Vesmè's office and we looked at Lombard photographs. Vesmè lunched with us.
Then we started.

Thursday, June 24, 1897, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

Arrived at 7, fairly tired. Bernhard, however, went to the bank.

I joined him at the Louvre at noon, and we had a general look round.

In the afternoon we called on Ephrussi, and then saw the desolating wilderness of the Champ de Mars, after which we refreshed ourselves by a drive in the Bois, marvelling at the pretty ladies in their gay hats.

We ended up with a quiet dinner here, and a smoke. [0138 126]

Friday, June 25, 1897, <3 rue de Beaune, Paris>

We called on Reinach, but he was away, gone for his health.

Then we went to Monsieur Dreyfus, who took us to Monsieur Léopold Goldschmidt. After that, a few minutes in the Louvre. Then lunch.

In the afternoon Bernhard called on Madame Péreire,¹¹⁸⁸ and we heard *Carmen* in the evening with Madame <de> Nuovina as Carmen¹¹⁸⁹ — a most wicked one, looking absurdly like Sturges!

Saturday, June 26, 1897, <3 rue de Beaune, Paris>

We went to the Louvre. Bernhard lunched with the Péreires, and in the afternoon we went to Notre Dame. Fabbri called.

Burke joined us in the evening, and after dining at Larue's¹¹⁹⁰ we went to see Eleanora Duse in *Magda*, a banal, vulgar play, which gives an

¹¹⁸⁸ Perhaps the wife of Eugène Péreire (1831–1908), who had joined the bank and took over the running of the business empire on his father's death in 1875. He was the founder, in 1881, of the Banque Transatlantique, one of the oldest private banks in France. In 1909, Eugène's granddaughter Noémie Halphen married Maurice de Rothschild.

The Péreire brothers, Émile Péreire (1800–1875) and his brother Isaac (1806–1880), created Crédit Immobilier in 1852. They established railroad companies in France and in Europe. Émile Péreire was the first director of the Compagnie du Chemin de fer de Paris à Saint-Germain, which opened the first railway in Paris in 1837.

¹¹⁸⁹ photograph: <http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/btv1b7721810k>

¹¹⁹⁰ Restaurant Larue, 3 place de la Madeleine, was established in 1886.



opportunity, however, for a fascinating [0139 127] actress to deploy her talents. But I do loathe the “realistic” theatre!

Sunday, June 27, 1897, Paris

Went to the Louvre, but I had to come back and lie down, not feeling well.

X X
X

We lunched with Burke at the restaurant Maire (Boulevard Strassburg) and had some special Burgundy, de la maison, called, I think, Charbonnier.¹¹⁹¹

Then I came back to rest, while Burke and Bernhard talked and settled, I hope, a career for Bernhard's brother.

Then we went to Fabbri's studio and saw his splendid collection of Cézannes,¹¹⁹² which impressed us very much. They are not “attractive”, but they are almost *great* art, almost as great [0140 128] in the impersonality as Pier dei Franceschi.

Stéphanie¹¹⁹³ came in and we all dined together at the Tour d'Argent and ate one of Frédéric's famous *canards sauvages*. Stéphanie has gone off in looks, and she had a headache and was depressed and depressing. However, Fabbri seems desperately in love with her, and she says he is indescribably good to her. I do not think they are married yet.

Monday, June 28, 1897, 3 rue de Beaune

Saw M. Bonnat's things; lunched with Dreyfus (Yriarte and Traversi there); saw the picture of the Arconati Visconti; rested; went to Durand-Ruel's and saw Goyas, Degases, Cézannes, etc.; corrected proofs of “Central Italians”; dined here. [0141 129]

Tuesday, June 29, 1897, Paris

We went to Pierrefonds¹¹⁹⁴ to see the Reinachs, and spent the day with them, not getting home till midnight! Reinach drove us over to Compiègne,

¹¹⁹¹ Perhaps Domaine Charbonnier, 4, chemin de la Cossaie, Châteaueux?

¹¹⁹² Now the collection of Drusilla Caffarelli Gucci

¹¹⁹³ Stéphanie Nantas, his model, whom he nursed in Paris until her death. They lived at 69 rue Jouffroy.

The Fabbri live in Via Cavour now 94.

¹¹⁹⁴ The Château de Pierrefonds is a castle in the commune of Pierrefonds in the Oise département (Picardy), on the southeast edge of the Forest of Compiègne, north east of Paris, between Villers-Cotterêts and Compiègne. Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte visited the castle in 1850; later, as emperor, he asked Viollet-le-Duc in 1857 to undertake its restoration.

Was it the country estate of the Reinachs?



where we found, in the museum, a Niccolò d'Alunno¹¹⁹⁵ and a Giannicolo Manni.¹¹⁹⁶

Wednesday, June 30, 1897, Paris

Bernhard dined with Madame de Montebello, and enjoyed himself very much.

Tomorrow we cross to England.

X X X X

[0142 130]

no entries after June 30 until

[0142 130] Thursday, Sept. 2, 1897, Mengelle, Brussels

I arrived this morning and found Bernhard and his sister, come up from St. Moritz, where they had been spending a month in the midst of fashionable and fascinating Roman and Neapolitan princes and princesses. Bernhard was captivated by the Duchessa Grazioli.¹¹⁹⁷ ...

We saw the cathedral and the museum and had a drive in the Bois. Impressions much the same as last year.

Friday, Sept. 3, 1897, Grand Laboureur, Antwerp

Came here, saw cathedral and museum, same impressions as before. Shopped.

Senda remarkably beautiful and refreshingly simple.

Saturday, Sept. 4, 1897, Union, Aachen

Saw Senda off at 7, and then did the two small museums, Plantin and Kumms. Disappointing.

Came here and saw the cathedral. [0143 131]

Sunday, Sept. 5, 1897, Preussischerhof,¹¹⁹⁸ Limburg am Lahn

Practically all the day travelling, but we had a splendid view of the cathedral (in the rain) and were very much impressed.

Resolved not to drink German Sect-wine again. It is bad champagne.

Monday, Sept. 6, 1897, Bahnhof, Darmstadt

Pouring rain all day, but we went to Wiesbaden and saw the miserable gallery. Our only discoveries were a Scarsellino¹¹⁹⁹ and a Jacopo del Sellaio.¹²⁰⁰

¹¹⁹⁵ Niccolo d'Alunno; Niccolo da Foligno (c. 1430-1502), pupil of Benozzo Gozzoli.

¹¹⁹⁶ Giannicolo Manni?

¹¹⁹⁷ Nicoletta Grazioli?

¹¹⁹⁸ Now the Dom Hotel Limburg, Grabenstraße 57, 65549 Limburg.

¹¹⁹⁹ Scarsellino or Ippolito Scarsella (1550-1620).

¹²⁰⁰ Jacopo del Sellaio or Jacopo di Arcangelo, (Florence, 1442 - 1493).



We arrived here about 6 and had a nice talk about the books of our youth.

Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1897, Germania, Karlsruhe

We did the Galleries of Darmstadt and Mannheim and came here just in time for the opera *The Magic Flute*, a most bewildering affair to hear for the first time.

Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1897, Karlsruhe

Went to the Gallery in the morning — that mysterious picture still a puzzle!¹²⁰¹

At [0144 132] lunch we had almost a quarrel over a letter received from Vernon Lee, who indignantly denies any plagiarism on the part of herself or Miss Thomson in the articles on 'Beauty and Ugliness' just coming out in the *Contemporary*. They are largely stolen from conversations with Bernhard — many of them conversations that I can remember — word for word reports.

I quite agree with Bernhard that it is a sickening piece of treachery and struggle-for-life-ism in its most hateful form. But where I disagree is with his policy of protesting and calling in other people. He wrote her a semi-jocular, really very insulting letter — a great mistake!

Another mistake was in telling Placci and the Pasolini about it.

In the afternoon Bernhard had his first [0145 133] bicycle lesson, and I practised short turnings.

In the evening we read. He has finished the *Aeneid* and begun the *Bucolics*.

Thursday, Sept. 9, 1897, Germania, Karlsruhe

It poured steadily all morning, so we stayed in and read and wrote letters. During a short pause in the rain, Bernhard took his second bicycle lesson. In the evening we went to *Lobengrin*.

Friday, Sept. 10, 1897, Karlsruhe

We spent the day at Strassburg, and were amply rewarded for the journey by a picture which stood between the little *Adoration* and the *Rape of Helen* in the National Gallery, showing the author of both to have been Domenico Michelino.¹²⁰²

Then the Cathedral—! a great surprise, especially in its gorgeous stained glass.

When we came home, Bernhard had his fourth bicycle lesson. [0146 134]

Saturday, Sept. 11, 1897, Germania, Karlsruhe

While Bernhard had his lesson, I took a lovely ride in the forest, exploring narrow shady paths, haunted only by squirrels and birds. It was enchanting!

¹²⁰¹ Which picture is this?

¹²⁰² Domenico di Michelino, Florence (1417-1491).



Bernhard had another lesson in the afternoon, and then finished Flaubert's *Théâtre*. I began Prescott's *Phillip II*.¹²⁰³

Sunday, Sept. 12, 1897, Karlsruhe

Read *Egmont* and Gibbon, walked, heard *Tannhäuser* in the evening, but did not care for it much as music. As drama it is excellent, except that certain situations are unduly prolonged.

Monday, Sept. 13, 1897, Karlsruhe

We went to Stuttgart and saw the museum. Discovered an Alvisé, and [0147 135] made the acquaintance of a painter whom we named the "Strassburg Copyist", who is responsible for many pictures going under important names.

Got back rather late, but cheered ourselves up with a good bottle of wine at the Krokodil.

Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1897, Karlsruhe

A quiet day bicycling and walking, with *Egmont* and Goethe's music in the evening, really well given and surprisingly entertaining.

Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1897, Karlsruhe

Bicycling, reading and a long walk, a very pleasant one.

Thursday, Sept. 16, 1897, Karlsruhe

Bicycling and Listz's "St. Elizabeth" in the evening. Well staged, but the music is a bore. [0148 136]

Friday, Sept. 17, 1897, Germania, Karlsruhe

Bernhard far enough advanced on the bicycle to take a longish ride with me. He likes it!

In the evening we saw *Minna von Barnhelm*,¹²⁰⁴ less genial than Goldsmith, but still entertaining enough.

Saturday, Sept. 18, 1897, Karlsruhe

X X X

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Bernhard had his last bicycle lesson, and rode alone very well.

In the evening we heard Berlioz, *Fall of Troy*, but did not care for it very much. Long ago Helen Hopekirk said to Bernhard that "Berlioz had so few musical ideas ..." He did not understand what she meant, but he remembered the phrase, and we understand it now.

¹²⁰³ William Hickling Prescott (1796-859), *History of the Reign of Phillip II (1856-1858)*.

¹²⁰⁴ Lessing (1767)



We also read together Miss Paget's article on "Beauty and Ugliness", though we quarrelled violently about it at dinner, we half enjoyed reading it together. [0149 137]

Sunday, Sept. 19, 1897, Karlsruhe

Went to the Gallery in the morning and confirmed our conviction that the mysterious picture was painted by Pier Francesco Fiorentino.

marked 'No' in blue pencil in the margin

Finished Miss Paget's article, and had great fun laughing over it.

In the evening we heard *The Trojans at Carthage*, and enjoyed it very much, though on the whole, not so much as when it was revived with Delma as Dido in Paris. Her voice made a great difference. Then in Paris it was judiciously shortened, and the setting was more gorgeous and more classic. One improvement they had here was the ballet of wood and water sprites and fauns during the exquisite cave scene. The orchestra was perfect here — it was ten minutes of pure and intense joy.

Tomorrow Bernhard goes to Venice to visit the Gardners, and I go back to England to see the children.

no entries from Sept. 20-Oct. 29:

Bernhard in Venice to see Isabella, Mary in England with children

[0150 138] Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I had a week here with Mother and Grace <Worthington> and her children. Bernhard was in Sicily and Rome with the Gardners. He arrived this evening, looking well.

Sunday, Oct. 31, 1897

Settling in and unpacking notes.

We walked to the Tree in glorious weather.

[two lines crossed out: can the writing be read?]

Bernhard is truly good.

Monday, Nov. 1, 1897

We talked all morning and walked round the Caves in the afternoon. I slept for a few moments in a hollow of the ground.

I am indescribably unhappy.¹²⁰⁵ [0151 139]

Tuesday, Nov. 2, 1897

Worked at notes. Talked, shopped. Both called on Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice.

¹²⁰⁵ Is Mary in love with Wilfred, or pretending to be upset at her behaviour?



Lina Duff Gordon, very beautiful, called in the morning.

Wrote a long letter to Miss Paget about their article on "Beauty and Ugliness."

In the evening we walked to Poggio Gherardo and had a long talk about the advisability of having some warp and woof to one's life on which to embroider a pattern. The moonlight was beautiful, but I felt despairing, for I cannot enjoy it while I feel so low and vile and unworthy. [0152 140]

Wednesday, Nov. 3, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

It rained all day. I worked pretty steadily on the summer notes, and Bernhard read all the accumulated magazines.

Took the rampart walk rather late.

Thursday, Nov. 4, 1897

Bernhard lunched with the Placcis and spent the afternoon at the Gamberaia talking with everybody, including Madame Villari, against Vernon Lee, and listening to Madame de Montebello's wonderful discourse upon international politics.

I called on Maud Cruttwell.

In the evening I expressed my desire [0153 141] to expiate my crimes in the desert, and Bernhard (very sensibly!) advised me to work them off here, in my actual life, by unselfishness, energy and absolute uprightness. This is both harder and less dramatic, but I will try.

Friday, Nov. 5, 1897

Worked in the morning, cataloguing notes etc.

Bernhard called on Dr. Baldwin and Mr. Benn in the afternoon and I had a walk. The weather glorious.

In the evening we read long letters from Miss Anstruther Thomson and Miss Paget denying that they had ever taken anything from Bernhard's conversation or writings. Miss Thomson's letter seemed honest, but incredibly [0154 142] stupid, Miss Paget's not so easy to see into.

Then we corrected proofs of the fourth edition of the *Venetians*.

Saturday, Nov. 6, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Worked. Placci came at 3, and insisted on hearing with great glee all the letters in the Thomson-Paget embroglio. He is ill and must go to Algeria.

We walked down with him to the Frullino, and there found that **the new road by the house, which I thought was a private one, was public**. I was *dismayed*, and Bernhard got angry with me. But we made it up.

In the evening we chiefly worked. Bernhard predicted the D'Annunzio-Duse [0155 143] scheme of an open-air theatre in the Alban Hills would be a failure. It wants great plays — where are they? — and a kind of recitation which the Duse's realistic talent cannot attain.



Sunday, Nov. 7, 1897

Bernhard called on Madame de Montebello at the Gamberaia, and Miss Cruttwell and her friend called on me.

I worked a great deal on the lists for the *North Italian Painters*.

Monday, Nov. 8, 1897

Madame de Montebello came to Fiesole and Bernhard showed her the sights.

I received a letter from the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* asking me about a fresco just uncovered at [0156 144] the Torre di Gallo. So I went to see it, and took Herbert Horne with me. We found a terribly ruined but still fine Pollaiuolo.

We had a pleasant moonlight walk after dinner.

Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

In the morning I wrote to Wilfrid Blaydes, who is at Siena, telling him I had told Bernhard all our story.

In the afternoon we went, with Janet Dodge, to the new villas, and Miss Blood and Horne met us, and we consulted about furnishings.

Horne came to dinner and stayed late, looking over photographs, and telling us of his scheme for a new and [0157 145] very grand Art Journal, *The New Arundel*.

Bernhard and I walked down with him to San Domenico, and up by the tram-road.¹²⁰⁶ The moonlight was beautiful, and it was warm.

Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1897

With Janet and Horne we went again to see the Pollaiuolo fresco.

Bernhard had tea at the Villari's, and then dined at the Gamberaia.

Janet¹²⁰⁷ <Dodge> and I dined at Monte Fiano. The Morgans were dull, but the walk there and back in the moonlight was enchanting, in spite of a cold wind, which has sprung up. I find Janet, on the whole, quite as nice as the average person, and to me nicer, for I feel so at ease with her. And in a kind of way I love her. [0158 146]

Thursday, Nov. 11, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Mr. Benn came to lunch. He said that from the letters of Mr. Browning it came out that she was six years older than her husband, "and now I understand," he said, "why she loved him so much." He then went on to say that the reason husbands usually love their wives so much more than wives their husbands (!) is because the wife is usually younger.

¹²⁰⁶ They would have walked down to San Domenico on via Vecchia Fiesolana, and then back to Villa Kraus on via Mantellini and via Fra Giovanni da Fiesole.

¹²⁰⁷ Janet Dodge, *An Inn upon the Road* (1913), *Tony Unregenerate* (?); Samuels, p. 259, 324, 327, 405



1)¹²⁰⁸ Janet and I drove down to town and I had my first lesson with Buonamici. Then I called on Frau von der Hellen and the Miss Ogilvys, neither of whom were at home, and ended up at Maud Cruttwell's. It has [0159 147] turned really cold at last.

Horne came to dinner. He said Oscar Wilde has gone back to Lord Archibald Douglas at Naples. Smithers, the bookseller, got hold of him, and pays him a pension for writing indecent books which he, Smithers, privately sells at £30 and £50 a copy. So it is all up with him now. And everybody hoped for better things from him.

Friday, Nov. 12, 1897

Frau von der Hellen came to lunch. Her sole idea is not conversation but contradiction. However, she plays well.

After lunch we walked down to our new houses and consulted about stoves and walls. Beatrice Horne and Mr. Morgan [0160 148] came to tea.

In the evening I finished a short article on the new Pollaiuolo fresco.

Wilfrid Blaydes sent me two telegrams from Siena. The letter I wrote to him on Tuesday got lost somehow. I am very unhappy and distressed at the thought that perhaps he finds after all that he does love me, in spite of everything, and that this is making him wretched. But perhaps I am wrong, for he told me again and again that his love was dead.

Saturday, Nov. 13, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I wrote to him saying I *choose* my life as it is, without him. He sent another telegram asking me to get a letter from the Florence post office which I did in the afternoon. It said he [0161 149] wanted to see me — but that alas! can do no good. It enclosed another sealed letter, whose contents, I fear, are that I have made him love me too seriously. But I hope it may be the reverse, though it seems unlikely from the tone of the other note.

A German has written for permission to translate the *Lotto*, so we looked over it in the evening and were quite delighted with it. We have almost forgotten it!

Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897

A telegram came from W. B. asking him to meet me in the Duomo at 3. I did. He said he loved me more than everything, even “niceness”, and he wanted me to go to Naples with him in the evening train. I had already written to him telling him the reasons [0162 150] why we must not see each other any more now, and nothing he said changed those reasons, or could change them. So I left him after half an hour, and came up here to weep.

¹²⁰⁸ The numeral 1 set off by a closing parenthesis indicates her first music lesson with Buonamici.



Dear Bernhard comforted me very much, and he could not help saying it was an original situation for *him*. But he was equal to it. The train time came and went, and Wilfrid was gone. He said I should never see him again.¹²⁰⁹

Mr. Morgan came in as I was weeping, and I had to pretend it was a cold.

Monday, Nov. 15, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I was haunted by the fear — but the needless one — that Wilfrid would destroy himself. Therefore a telegram telling me his address at Posillipo was [0163 151] an immense relief.

Janet Dodge came to lunch, and we had a walk.

Bernhard lunched with the Ogilvys, and went to his masseur afterwards.

Tuesday, Nov. 16, 1897

Bernhard lunched with Ned Warren, had his hour's massage, and called (finally!) upon the Butties.

I walked down to look after his *imbianchino* and his *fumista* at the new house.

Coming back, I found Kerr-Lawson, enthusiastic over the Pollaiuolo.

In the evening we read a quarrelsome essay by John Robertson on Keats, and then we quarrelled with each other in a rather stupid and sordid way. I did all I could outwardly to apologize and make up, but as my feelings were raging, it didn't do much [0164 152] good.

Still, perhaps it is a little advance to force one's self to go and say the words, even when one can't help feelings of despair and hopelessness lurking behind. Another time perhaps I shall get further, and be able to put myself into Bernhard's place.

Wednesday, Nov. 17, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bernhard had his massage, and then called on Miss Blood, who told him he had made an unfavorable impression on Madame de Montebello and the Princess Ghika the night he dined there because he spoke slightly of Amiel¹²¹⁰ and Marie Bashkirtseff,¹²¹¹ whom they were praising.

I had the day alone, practising and being unhappy.

I read Dr. Bucke's *Man's Moral Nature*.¹²¹² Bernhard is reading Lucretius and Pindar. [0165 153]

¹²⁰⁹ Blaydes became a doctor and settled in Venice. In 1922 he treated Mary; see Samuels, *Legend*, p. 300. They met Blaydes walking in the quarries with his dog; see Mary's letter to her mother Hannah, Jan. 29, 1911.

¹²¹⁰ Henri Frédéric Amiel (1821-1881), was a Swiss philosopher, poet and critic.

¹²¹¹ Marie Bashkirtseff (1858-1884), a Ukrainian artist, whose diary created a sensation when published in 1887.

¹²¹² Richard Maurice Bucke (1837- 1902), a prominent Canadian psychiatrist, *Man's Moral Nature* (1879).



Thursday, Nov. 18, 1897

Wilfrid Blaydes sent a letter to Bernhard trying to state his own view, but it began so badly that Bernhard burnt it up after hearing only a page or two. That was enough to embitter his day.

He drove down with me and went to the Laurenziana to look at miniatures by Zanoni Strozzi, while I got Janet and took her to lunch with Frau von der Hellen, who gave us a delicious lunch and splendid music (Bach and Haendel), and showed us her hopelessly bad paintings. She was nicer than I ever knew her to be.

2) I then had my music lesson and came up with Bernhard and the Kerr-Lawsons in the 4 o'clock tram. [0166 154]

In the evening we started by being low, but we had a long talk, and one of the sincerest we have ever had. It cleared away a little of my despair, and it made me understand and love Bernhard more than ever.

Friday, Nov. 19, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We went to the new house and raged at the workmen.

Logan arrived at 5.30 and we had a most amusing evening of chat.

Miss Fletcher had told him all sorts of amusing stories of people in Venice, and in what she calls "Hell on The Hill", Asolo.

In one palace in Venice is a man living who tried to cut his throat. His head was [0167 155] set in wrong somehow, and now it is turned to one side.

Lady Layard is a very bad sleeper, and sometimes at 4 or 5 in the morning she gets so angry at the idea of other people sleeping that she rushes upstairs and pulls the covers off the maids. Then she comes down and sits on the bed and plays a guitar hung to her neck by a ribbon for hours.

Then she told of two brothers and three old aunts who lived together. The young men read some socialist alarmist books, and said they were afraid to live in England, in view of the inevitable social war. So they persuaded their aunts to consent to go away. The aunts said they must go to a place [0168 156] where there was no wind, for they didn't like wind. So they read about all sorts of places, and at last settled on Tasmania. Miss Fletcher met them in Italy on their way to this windless place where no social revolution was immanent.

Saturday, Nov. 20, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

We grappled with the new villas.

Sunday, Nov. 21, 1897

Bernhard called at Poggio and Logan and I at the Gamberaia.



We all met at the Kerr-Lawsons, Villa Mazzaratta [*sic*],¹²¹³ on the Settignano road.

Coming back we found Edith Thomas¹²¹⁴ just arrived, her letter having missed.

Monday, Nov. 22, 1897

Drove Edith and Logan to see palaces etc. in [0169 157] Florence. Bernhard called on Villaris.

Tuesday, Nov. 23, 1897

Mr. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch. He told of a New Englander who was found drunk, and explained his state by saying he had "seven generations of Puritan ancestors to drown out."

Edith went to the Uffizi and I did errands.

Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1897

Ill with a cold — grappled with the cypresses at the Frullino.

3) Thursday, Nov. 25, 1897

3) Music lesson.

Took Edith to Poggio Gherardo.

p. 157-163: a long entry on a dispute with Thomson and Paget:

Friday, Nov. 26, 1897

Bond¹²¹⁵ arrived from Rome while Edith and I were having a solemn conference at [0170 158] the Palmerino, where Miss Paget and Miss Thomson were trying to prove to me the entire originality of their work in aesthetics. They had Maud Cruttwell and Miss Wimbush as seconds, and I had Edith.

We were ushered in to the drawing-room and greeted as if we were executioners, not a smile, not a remark, and Maud's round cat-face looking preternaturally Aeginetan and Miss Wimbush's as if she were going to break into tears.

Miss Thomson then led the way into her study with the air of going into the room where a corpse lay, and proceeded to read us a paper containing the history of her art career, from Carolus¹²¹⁶ to Vernon.

A little discussion arose upon the question of what she [0171 159] meant when she said Bernhard had 'taught her to see', I contending that he must have given her his method in the process, and she contending, practically,

¹²¹³ James Kerr-Lawson, Canadian (1865-1939). The Castello di Mezzaratta as it exists today was designed by Coppedè and built in 1921.

¹²¹⁴ Edith Carpenter, Mary's cousin, the wife of Bond Thomas.

¹²¹⁵ Bond Thomas; his sister was Carey Thomas, the president of Bryn Mawr.

¹²¹⁶ Carolus Duran (1837-1917), painter.



that he never said anything to her except the driest sort of connoisseur details. It was a fruitless, wandering discussion, but she managed to lose her temper a number of times, and showed, what I have always suspected, that her rather *empresé* manner covers a very brutal and bad-tempered nature. The varnish a little scratched, there is no fineness left. She was like a sulky child insisting on its rights, and she made several absurd mistakes. For instance, I asked her whether it was [0171 160] not, as a matter of fact, possible to take in aesthetically the interior of a building at a glance, before there was time to adjust the breathing.

"Some people may," she answered very snappishly, "it doesn't interest me in the slightest" — and this a question, which, if answered in the affirmative (as it must be), overturns at least half of her theories!

She made on Edith the impression of real vindictiveness and vanity hurt to the point of fury. But part of it was done to her nervous state, for the poor thing was quite grey, and trembling. I thought of her absurd and pathetic remark, "If I stole my ideas from Mr. Berenson, how is it I am now suffering from [0172 161] brain-exhaustion?"

Then we had a lugubrious tea, and all filed off to Miss Paget's study. She had put her papers etc. together very well, and I must say she convinced me that she had been *on the track* for many years. Her manner was was well-bred and courteous, with a touch of geniality and humour that I liked. The other three never smiled once, nor unbent from a portentous fragility.

The climax of funniness — evidently well prepared for, and led up to skilfully, was the last extract from Miss Paget's notes that she read us — which she said was the only thing ever suggested by Mr. Berenson that she had ever used in print. This [0173 162] was a homily she had written after a talk with him on the sacramental view of life, wherein she deplored the marring of otherwise fine natures by the struggle-for-life, the desire to be first, to crowd others out, etc. This she intended, of course, as a dig at Bernhard, but its effect on me was slightly marred by remembering how she had said to me, when I first asked her to write for *The Golden Urn*, that she couldn't possibly afford to do it, it was so hard to *keep her name before the public* as things were.

I said "Amen!" at the end, and after more than frigid adieus to the three [0175 163] mourners, and a more cordial farewell to Miss Paget, we came away.

Edith was curiously impressed by the sight of these maiden ladies, dressed in stiff shirt-fronts with wrinkles where most women have a certain fulness, crossing their legs and putting their hands in their pockets, and taking this petty little squabble with the seriousness of a European war at least. She felt a MAN was needed in that atmosphere to give them a little sense of real values!!



I liked Miss Paget better than before, and my bad opinion of Miss Thomson was deepened. [0176 164]

Saturday, Nov. 27, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

I was ill with a frightful cold, but I had to go down to town. This made me so much worse that I had to go to bed at 8.

Bernhard sat up till 11 having a long talk with Edith and Bond, which they all three seemed to enjoy.

Sunday, Nov. 28, 1897

Mother writes that the children are beginning to be really fond of Fräulein, which would indeed be a blessing!

Bernhard sent me a little note this morning to ask how I was, in which he called me "dearest". I was awfully touched — little, little claim that I have to be loved by him or by anyone. [0177 165]

Monday, Nov. 29, 1897

I took Edith and Bond to the Pitti. Then Edith and I had tea with Janet Dodge.

Bernhard and I are both reading Gibbon.

Tuesday, Nov. 30, 1897

Edith went to bed early, and Bond told us about Millville.¹²¹⁷ We want him to write an article on it — or a book — called in *The Promised Land*. They are very happy there, exceedingly prosperous, thoroughly corrupt, and deadly dull. No one ever wants to leave Millville. When they drive, instead of going into the woods, they drive up and down the street for each other to see. They fight hotly to get elected to the Town Council. Bond once [0178 166] asked one of their clerks, who was a Councillor, why they were all so eager to get elected, seeing that there was no salary. "What is there in it?" The man thought awhile, and at last he said, Well, Mr. Thomas, I don't think it would be exactly fair to tell you." The town took some of the Firm's land and gave them in exchange another lot, around which Bond caused a fence to be put. This fence ran across an old disused highway, and a man whose

¹²¹⁷ For Bond and Edith Thomas and Millville, New Jersey, see the amusing account provided by *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, 1872-1914* (London, 1975), vol. 1, p. 130, where he describes his visit in 1896 to the 'small manufacturing town called Millville' in New Jersey. Bond Thomas, who was a cousin of his wife and Mary, 'was the manager of a glass factory which had, for a long time, been the family business. His wife, Edith, was a great friend of Alys's.' When Edith's literary ambitions turned out to be unsuccessful, she placed her husband's love letters over her head and shot herself through them with a revolver.

The Whitall Tatum Company in Millville, New Jersey, was one of the first glass factories in the United States. It was in operation from 1806 to 1938.



property fronted on the highway brought an action against Bond. The policeman came in with the warrant and said "I've a very disagreeable duty to perform, Mr. Thomas," and, throwing down the paper on a bench, added, "Read [0179 167] that." When Bond had done so, the policeman said, "You just come up to the magistrate whenever you like." Shortly before the Assize met, one of the town councillors came to Bond and asked him if he knew any men who were "sound" on the land question, whom he could recommend to be *elected by ballot* on the Jury. Bond said he didn't. "How would so-and-so and so-and-so do?" Very well Bond thought, and in due course they were *chosen by ballot*. The same evening after dark they came to him, all the Jury, to ask him his views on the land and the fence. The result was that no "true bill" was found against him. A man who [0180 168] runs an illegal race-course near Millville had managed to "fix" all the Judges but one. On him they put detectives and found out a shady episode in his past, so when the time came for this race-course to be brought up, he would receive a note advising him to be ill, or else this episode would be disclosed.

But I grow tired of writing. I do hope Bond will write it all down. Art, literature, real music, history, Europe — all this simply do not exist for the people there. It is a happy flourishing democracy.

Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1897

I read Edith's play *Crosskeys* and liked it very much.

Mrs. Gardner has just bought a lovely Crivelli. [0181 169]

Thursday, Dec. 2, 1897

Mr. Morgan came to lunch. We looked at Michelangelo and Signorelli photographs in the evening.

I had my fourth music lesson.

I sent Reno off to Naples in the early morning.

Friday, Dec. 3, 1897

Edith was tired and stayed in bed. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch.

Chatted in the evening.

Saturday, Dec. 4, 1897

Rain. Lots of talk.

Sunday, Dec. 5, 1897

I took Bond and Edith to Poggio Gherardo and the Gamberaia. Miss Blood says the Paget-Thomson article is so poor that Bernhard ought to have prayed no one would dream that either of them had ever heard a word [0182 170] from him on art!

In the evening we read Shelley.



Monday, Dec. 6, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Bond and Edith went at 5. Bernhard lunched with the Ogilvys, and met Lady Paget and Count Hochberg.

Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1897

Attended to our villas, etc., drove to town. I left some flowers for poor Horne, who has gastric fever.

Logan and I called on the Mortons, and then we looked at antiquities, and bought a few.

Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1897

A quiet day, music, work, reading, letters, talk.

Bernhard finished his notes for the German edition of *Lotto*. [0183 171]

Thursday, Dec. 9, 1897

My fifth music lesson. Then I shopped and finally met Bernhard at the Horne's. Herbert is too ill with gastric fever to see anyone.

All the way home we quarrelled but late in the evening made up and felt (at least I did) warmer at heart.

We "expurgated" our Milton and Keats with Logan in the evening, and added some few passages to the Shakspeare. [*sic*] We read Bryant's *Waterfowl*¹²¹⁸ and *Thanatopsis*¹²¹⁹ and were unexpectedly impressed.

Friday, Dec. 10, 1897

Janet <Dodge> and Mrs. Rob Morton came up to lunch, and afterwards Logan and I had an interview with <Raffaello> Mercatelli¹²²⁰ about our garden.

In the evening we read Wordsworth and Shelley.

X X

Saturday, Dec. 11, 1897

Raining all day. I did not go out. Mr. [0184 172] Morgan called, but was not especially exhilarating.

We read Wordsworth in the evening.

Sunday, Dec. 12, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Mr. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch, and afterwards we looked at photographs of Bellini and Crivelli.

Then Bernhard and I walked to the Tree, and were very happy.

¹²¹⁸ *To a Waterfowl*, a poem by William Cullen Bryant, was first published in 1818.

¹²¹⁹ *Thanatopsis* was first published in 1817.

¹²²⁰ Mercatelli Nursery, via della Mattonaia 16 and Viale Principe Eugenio 7, Florence.



Monday, Dec. 13, 1897

Work in the morning, and then shopping in Antiquity shops.

Copied the *Lotto* lists for the German translation.

Logan read us a little play he wrote, too touching and Maupassanty to be really good, and **his really splendid account of the Order of St Dion of Altamura**. We were very enthusiastic over this.¹²²¹ [0185 173]

Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1897

We had to go down to town. I called for Janet Dodge and did some shopping, and then we all went to see some not very interesting pictures. Logan bought some lovely painted silk hangings.

Tired in the evening.

Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1897

Logan and I attended to **our new garden** and went over the house.

In the evening we read Isaiah and Shelley, finding very little in the latter for our next *Golden Urn*.

Mrs. Gardner has just bought some Pesellinos, but the Loschi Giorgione is giving Bernhard a great deal of annoyance, and this, added to continual threatenings of neuralgia make him feel rather low, poor dear! [0186 174]

Thursday, Dec. 16, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Sixth music lesson. Went to Bardini's with Bernhard and then called on Arnold Dolmetsch¹²²² at the Horne's — Herbert still ill.

Finished our Shelley selections in the evening.

Friday, Dec. 17, 1897

Looked at Correggio photographs in the morning, and went to see a Correggio (for sale) after lunch. It was a great beauty, though repainted. Mrs. Gardner wants it, but Bernhard wants to make *sure* that it is worth her while.

While he was at the masseur's I raged shopping over Florence, and called on the Mortons.

A note came from W. T. B.¹²²³ asking Bernhard to write to Oscar Wilde, who is living at Naples under the name of [0187 175¹²²⁴] Sebastian Melmoth. He says "he is very susceptible to personal influence ... at present, under the feeling that every man's hand is against him, he is utterly demoralized, and is going as straight as he can to the devil. He is provided

¹²²¹ Marked with a blue pencil in the left margin.

¹²²² Eugène Arnold Dolmetsch (1858-1940), was musician and instrument maker born in France who spent much of his working life in England and established an instrument-making workshop in Haslemere.

¹²²³ Wilfrid Blaydes

¹²²⁴ 'Began Bible' written in blue pencil in the upper margin of p. 175.



with money for the present (which he uses chiefly to that end), and just now he is making a very foolish trip to Taormina for a few days. He says that when he comes back he does really mean to try to pull himself round, but he is mixed up with rascally people, and I fear he will find great difficulty.”

Poor Oscar!

In the evening we read Wordsworth, and the first eight chapters of Genesis, which we enjoyed vastly.

The illustrated edition of Bernhard's *Venetian Painters* came today, and was nicer than we feared. [0188 176]

Saturday, Dec. 18, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Mother writes: “Miss Lowndes¹²²⁵ dined here. She told us all about Miss Sellers. She was married in the Registrar's Office on Saturday, with only Miss Lowndes and little Phil Lee-Smith¹²²⁶ as witnesses, and after the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Strong went off to Rome. In the evening Miss Lowndes had a telegram from her from Dover, saying, ‘No boat crossing, journey ridiculous.’ — (!!!) Nothing further is known. We all thought Miss Lowndes seemed as if a heavy burden had been lifted ... She says Miss Sellers was pretty nervous, and, she thinks, would not have got married at all if little Phil had not pushed her into it. He insisted on having a wedding cake, and urged matters on in every direction.” [0189 177]

I went in to a concert, with Janet — a trio, giving Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven — good music but poor performers.

In the evening we read the Bible, Genesis IX-XVIII, and laughed over it a great deal. Then I read Placci's new book of stories, *Mondo Mondano*, very vulgar and poor — absolutely *fausse route*.

Sunday, Dec. 19, 1897

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and ‘Elodie’ came to lunch, and Janet after, with whom, after the others were gone, we had a gloriously beautiful walk round the Caves.

Continued our Genesis in the evening. [0190 178]

Monday, Dec. 20, 1897, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Work in the morning and curiosity shops in the afternoon.

Mr. Morgan called when we got back. Bernhard lent him £300 to enlarge his business buying white wine to sell in England.

In the evening we read some *very queer* stories in Genesis!

¹²²⁵ Mary Lowndes, a friend of Miss Sellers.

¹²²⁶ Phil **Leigh** Smith (1892-), a son of Eugenie's sister Charlotte Sellers; mentioned in Charlotte Moore, *Hancox: A House and a Family* (2010)



Tuesday, Dec. 21, 1897

We began to pack up a little.

Bernhard went off to Vicenza to get the Loschi Giorgione for Mrs. Gardner.

Wednesday, Dec. 22, 1897

Began our moving! Calorifer lighted in the new house — an *awful* odour!
[0191 179]

Thursday, Dec. 23, 1897

Moving continued. Four men at work all day, both days. The books are “un vero patrimonio”.

I called for a few moments on Horne, who is up, but not yet well, and then met Bernhard at 6.

Friday, Dec. 24, 1897

The smell in the Frullino turns out to be rotten eggs. We predicted many evils, but this we could not predict! We “moved” all day, but are still sleeping here. [0192 180]



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Il Frullino, Florence, 1898-1900

Christmas Day 1897

Our final moving.

We lunched at Doney's, and rejoiced to get out of the confusion.

The von der Hellens called in the midst of it.

The calorifer is still awful, on one side of the house, but there is one comfortable room, and there we spent the evening reading Exodus.

[0193 181]

Sunday, December 26, 1897

O it is such work to get settled in! I didn't dream it was so hard.

x x x x x

Mary goes to Rome with her children

Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1898

I spent eight days in Rome with the children — delicious days of sunshine and merriment.

Have just returned to find the house still reeking with rotten eggs —!

Everything still in confusion.

Eugenie was here while I was away with Mr. Strong! They said she [0194 182] seemed bright and happy.

Wednesday, Jan. 5, 1898, Frullino, San Domenico

Began on B's house — it seems hopeless. All in confusion here, too.

Thursday, Jan. 6, 1898

Moved Bernhard's furniture and began to put up hangings. His bed-room is a dream — painted silk hangings, matting, whit-____, and almost Chippendale furniture.

Friday, Jan. 7, 1898

Order coming slowly. More eggs removed from the calorifer!

Bernhard lunched with Father Fox.

Saturday, Jan. 8, 1898

Von der Hellens to lunch. Father [0195 183] Fox, Mr. Morgan and Miss Duff Gordon to tea — the latter exquisitely beautiful.

Finished Leviticus. Reading Esther.

Sunday, Jan. 9, 1898

Herbert Jenkins came to lunch and stayed to tea. We found him awfully nice. He has been living alone for a year in Ischia, painting and sailing. He



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fell in with our plan for starting what I call an 'Iniquity Shop'¹²²⁷ in England, i.e., *Antichità*.

Bernhard and I called on the Mortons, who have taken the Villa Martini¹²²⁸ not far away. [0196 184]

Monday, Jan. 10, 1898, **Frullino, Florence**¹²²⁹

Bernhard lunched with the Mo<o>rs,¹²³⁰ and Logan and I lunched at Doney's, and shopped.

Reading Deuteronomy.

Tuesday, Jan. 11, 1898

Still "settling in" — *tappeszeria*, *falegname*, etc.

Bernhard's rooms are lovely, and nearly finished.

I called on the von der Hellens.¹²³¹

A picture, a Madonna, by Matteo di Gualdo came, a dear.

We began Joshua.

Wednesday, Jan. 12, 1898

Bernhard lunched with the Benns and I took the chance to have Maud Cruttwell here. She was rather nice. She said Miss Anstruther Thomson was very bitter against me, as well as against Bernhard — but not so Miss Paget. However, as they are inseparable, 'tis all one. [0197 185]

Senda writes: "I met Prof. Münsterberg ... he spoke of you and of his regret at not meeting you last spring, and he said some nice things about your writings. I was amused to hear him speak of Miss Paget as your pupil. He said *your* theories were quite right, but *hers* went beyond the mark."

Miss Blood came and paid a long call, and we talked chiefly on very delicate — or rather indelicate — subjects! Surprising sides of people open up at odd moments.

Bernhard called on the contessa Rasponi [0198 186]

Thursday, Jan. 13, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Arranged our books all the morning — terribly tiring work!

After lunch I shopped and Bernhard went to the Altovitis to see an original Raphael — the original of the portrait of Bindo Altoviti at Munich. It seemed to *have been* Raphael, but is all made over.

¹²²⁷ Toplady.

¹²²⁸ Perhaps Villa Martini (Edelmann), via di Sant'Apollinare; Giulio Lensi Orlandi Cardini, *Le ville di Firenze di qua d'Arno* (Florence, 1954, 1965), p. 93.

¹²²⁹ By now Mary has figured out she lives in Florence, no longer in Fiesole.

¹²³⁰ John Burke's sister, Mrs. Emanuel Moor; see the entry below for Jan. 13, 1898.

¹²³¹ Eduard von der Hellen (1863-1927) war ein Herausgeber und Archivar des Goethearchivs in Weimar.



Then he called on the von der Hellens and I on Burke's sister, Mrs. Emanuel Moor, whom I liked.

In the evening we began Judges.

Friday, Jan. 14, 1898

Finished arranging books in the morning, but poor Bernhard is in the midst of his.

Logan and I put the next-to-last touches to our rooms in the afternoon, and sat and admired our handiwork.

Bernhard went to [0199 187] the concert of a Bolognese quartette. He came home quite excited over the Dreyfus affair.

In the evening we read Judges.

Saturday, Jan. 15, 1898

Last touches to house, and Bernhard arranging his library.

In the afternoon we drove to the Casa Nuova at Careggi, called on Jenkins' friends, Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Barber. Their place is enchanting, and their house full of pretty things, only rather too many. We came back to our more empty rooms with pleasure. Mr. Barber we liked very much, and liked his wife too, but not so much.

In the evening we read Ruth. [0200 188]

Sunday, Jan. 16, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Last touches — really last — to our houses.

Horne came to lunch, quiet and cautious as usual, but sympathetic.

Afterwards came the Morgan family, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and Mr. and Mrs. Morton — a tiring, tiresome group.

Logan and Bernhard escaped and went to the Gamberaia, but the Morgans stayed and stayed. When they at last went, I walked home with the Kerr-Lawsons and saw a really charming portrait of Maurice Hewlitt's¹²³² [*sic*] boy he is painting.

In the evening we read ten chapters of Samuel. [0201 189]

Monday, Jan. 17, 1898

A letter from Edith Thomas says: "Tell Logan that his new religion is making a tremendous stir in America. I wrote about it home, and my poor dear mother wrote back several pages of expostulation, and demanded to know if we could not see the difference between his life and Christ's!"

Our garden Statue — St Dion — came today.

In the afternoon we went to curiosity shops.

¹²³² Maurice Hewlitt, *Little Novels of Italy* (1899); *Earthwork out of Italy* (1911)



Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1898

Logan went off for a little bicycle trip to Pistoia, Lucca, etc.

Kerr-Lawson came to lunch and began his portrait of me.

Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Moor¹²³³ came to call.

Bernhard is reading Wellhausen,¹²³⁴ and I began Gibbon's autobiography, and read most of Poe's poems. [0202 190]

Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard and Horne went to look for Andrea del Castagnos — and found one.

I — at last — got to work on my Louvre Guide.

I joined them at lunch, and afterwards called on Maud Cruttwell.

Miss Blood was here when I came back. She said the housekeeping of the Gamberaia had kept her so busy for 18 months that she had only gone two or three times to see any work of art in Florence.

Thursday, Jan. 20, 1898

7) I had a music lesson and then called on Miss Paterson. By mistake her friend Miss Holdsworth took my visit to herself. However, it didn't matter.

In the evening we read *The Songs of Bilitis*,¹²³⁵ a mythical courtesan invented by Pierre Louÿs. From the first few, [0203 191] and the Bibliography at the end we thought he was genuine!

Bernhard lunched with Alfred Austin.

Friday, Jan. 21, 1898

Jenkins came to lunch and we chatted pleasantly.

Bernhard went to the concert of the Bolognese Quartette.

Miss Blood and the Princess Ghika came over to advise me about my garden, and I was very grateful. Their suggestions were admirable.

Saturday, Jan. 22, 1898

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and Miss Duff Gordon came to lunch and I sat for my portrait.

Later, I called on Mrs. Eyre — a most terrible “rout” at her house — with that detestable [0204 192] Savage Landor¹²³⁶ as the “great man”. Mrs. Eyre was horrible, flopping and giggling about, shrieking with laughter because

¹²³³ Emánuel Moór (1863-1931) was a Hungarian composer, pianist, and inventor of musical instruments. His second wife was the pianist Winifred Christie (1882-1965), but who was his first wife, the Mrs. Moor mentioned here?

¹²³⁴ Julius Wellhausen (1844-1918) was a German biblical scholar and orientalist, noted for studies on the origin of the Pentateuch.

¹²³⁵ *The Songs of Bilitis* is a collection of erotic poetry by Pierre Louÿs published in Paris in 1894. The book's sensual poems are in the manner of Sappho.

¹²³⁶ Walter Savage Landor (1775 -1864) was an English writer and poet.



there were “such a crowd of poor young men on the stairs, too shy to come in. I had to drag them in by the hair of the head.”

Sunday, Jan. 23, 1898

Horne came to lunch, and we walked over to the Rosses, in company with a young Oxford man, R. H. Johnson,¹²³⁷ who is tutoring the Rasponi boys. He says he can't do much, for the mother interferes, but he tries to teach them that they ought to finish again when they've begun it, and that it is a good thing [0205 193] occasionally to go out into the fresh air!

In the evening Mr. Moor and his wife came to dinner. He was most entertaining and really interesting. He thinks a good deal about music, and he has something of Obrist's picturesque way of expressing himself. He said that the reason of Wagner's popularity among unmusical people was that all his movements are slow, slow enough, and repeated enough for the dullest person to catch onto them. When he wants to give an impression of swiftness and movement his only device is to accelerate the *accompaniment*, [0206 194] but the air or theme remains always slow. He illustrated this at the piano, and then he played Beethoven's *Sonata appassionata*. He appeared immensely taken with my idea of an opera on *Theseus and Ariadne*, an old and cherished scheme of mine, and we decided to all go to Viareggio and talk it over.

Monday, Jan. 24, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Janet Dodge and Kerr-Lawson came to lunch, but earlier in the day I had a call from that charming creature, Miss Duff Gordon. She is very much worried about the Kerr-Lawsons, who, a little while ago, were reduced to 30 centimes as all the money they had! And he — probably [0207 195] through illness can't seem to get anything finished even enough to show and get other orders.

I sat for him after lunch until Miss Winbush?/Wimbush and Maud Cruttwell came to tea.

Janet had a mournful tale of Beatrice Horne, who entertained her every evening of their stay in Rome with a flow of tears over her — Janet's — coldness. The more she wept, the harder Janet's heart grew — and naturally! It is quite as bad as a love affair!

Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1898

We lunched with the Scott-Barbers at Carreggi, [*sic*] where Mr. Jenkins lives. [0208 196]

Mr. S. B. played to us: Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Bach and Scarlatti, and whistled some songs.

¹²³⁷ The author of *The Turn towards the Practical* (Oxford, 1906).



The Ogilvys called. They are all nice enough, *mais comme ils me sont égaux!*
They like Hall Caine!¹²³⁸

Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1898, Russic, Viareggio

Five years since we were here! Logan and Mrs. Moor met us at the train at 3, and we all started out on our bicycles for a little turn along the shore. Bernhard went very well.

In the evening we began to talk about Flaubert and other writers, when suddenly Mr. Moor turned upon us, like a Hebrew prophet, to upbraid and chide our pettiness and frivolity. It was most amusing, for his expressions are quaint and picturesque, but when he [0209 197] came to hand us out his own gold, instead of the counterfeit coin borrowed from others, it was dull enough. Though an artist, his whole idea is that the Thought is everything, but by Thought in music he means Art, and by Thought in literature he means ideas. But he could not see it. Logan said he had had an awful day of it before we came, for the husband and wife sat exchanging common places about the advance of science and the cruelty of eating animals and of vivisection, and about how Art was meant to spread Morality among the People, as if they were inspired by some direct revelation.

Moor is very like Obrist, and his wife absolutely adores him. [0210 198]

Thursday, Jan. 27, 1898, Russic, Viareggio

A little turn on the bicycle and a stroll by the sea in the morning.

After lunch we drove and bicycled to Camaiore, a lovely drive, but a dull, ugly little town at the end. On the way back my skirt (though a divided one, made for the bicycle!) caught in the pedal and threw me over, hurting my knee, but not, I hope seriously.

In the evening we had splendid music diversified by heart-breaking commonplaces. Mr. Moor alternately enchanting us with his own compositions, which are really classical, and disgusting us with his German and "*corvée*" ideas of the wretchedness of all criticism, all history, all satire. His wife saw he was making an idiot of himself, so she begged him to shut up, adding, "Of course I entirely agree with you, Moor." And she did, for she adores him. [0211 199]

¹²³⁸ Sir Thomas Henry Hall Caine (1853-1931), usually known as Hall Caine, was a novelist and playwright. In his time, he was exceedingly popular, and, at the peak of his success, his novels outsold those of his contemporaries. Many of his novels were also made into films.



Friday, Jan. 28, 1898

We “excursioned” to the Lago Massaciuccoli, through the Pineta, Mrs. Moor and I driving, and the other taking turns on their bicycles. We sailed across the lake to the Bagni Neroni.¹²³⁹

In the evening we had so many more platitudes that I was fain to retire early to bed.

Moor is not quite a European, though he is smeared with European commonplaces. He is like a Syrian who has educated himself on back numbers of the *Daily Chronicle*.¹²⁴⁰

Saturday, Jan. 29, 1898, Frullino, Florence

My knee was well, and Bernhard and I bicycled [0212 200] in the Pineta morning and afternoon. We took the 4 o'clock train home.

Logan and I played picquet, while Bernhard listened to the Moors' platitudes. If only the platitudes had been truths at the same time, but we find they were the refuge of an uneducated man against the educated, the expression of spite.

Sunday, Jan. 30, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Horne, Jenkins and Janet came to lunch. It was fairly pleasant, but certainly not worthwhile. They stayed to tea. It is too long.

Bernhard and I had a little walk, but he was feeling very ill with indigestion, poor dear!

Finished I Samuel. [0213 201]

Monday, Jan. 31, 1898, Frullino

Bernhard and Logan and I went to a concert and heard Haydn's Kaiser Quartette and the Kreuzer Sonata, with Buonamici playing like an angel. I then called on the Hornes and Bernhard on Miss Monroe, the Chicago poetess.

Began II Samuel.

Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1898

Miss Blood, the Kerr-Lawsons and Mr. Johnson come to lunch. Afterwards I sat for my portrait, and Bernhard took Miss Blood over and showed her Duccio photographs.

We were terribly bored with II Samuel in the evening!

Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1898

Bernhard and I lunched with the Rosses and [0214 202] they were really charming, so generous and genial. A Miss Harver played to us — as agreeably as if she were an organ grinder — and then she and Lina Duff

¹²³⁹ Bagni di Nerone.

¹²⁴⁰ A London newspaper, published from 1872 to 1930.



In the evening we began I Kings. We were much shocked by David's death-bed!

Thursday, Feb. 3, 1898

8) I had my music lesson. Buonamici played Beethoven to me.
Miss Blood called and raged because we were having the cypresses carelessly planted.
Janet came up to stay for a few days.
We went on with I Kings. [0215 203]

Friday, Feb. 4, 1898, Frullino

Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Barber came to lunch. They were rather nice, and she was very amusing. He gave us some music: Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin and a quaint little old *pavana*.

Saturday, Feb. 5, 1898

Finished my review (for *Atlantic*) of *Central Italians*.
Janet was ill.
We went to Buonamici's concert and then to see the newly discovered Ghirlandaio in the Ognisanti.
Began II Kings.
Dolmetsch has telegraphed for Janet to go and take the place of Elodie who is ill. He will himself give her harpsichord lessons. It is really a great chance for her, if only she is well enough to avail herself of it. [0216 204]

Sunday, Feb. 6, 1898, Frullino, Florence

A rather trying day, with too many people, and Janet ill in my bed.
The Hornes came to lunch, and stayed on to tea with the Moors, and before they left came the Kerr-Lawsons and stayed to dinner. The latter were full of the story of Miss Blood's rage, because they called there informally with Loeser, whom she did not want to know. She behaved very rudely to them when they called, and scolded them most soundly afterwards, and they were half ashamed of their blunder and half angry with her for making so much of it.
The doctor came and declared all Janet's illness to be a chill.
Wrote about new Ghirlandaio for *Chronique*. [0217 205]

Monday, Feb. 7, 1898

A long and boring afternoon choosing bicycles.
Alfred Austin and his wife called on Bernhard. Janet better.
Finished II Kings.



Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1898

Miss Duff Gordon and Mr. Johnson came to lunch and Bernhard took them (with Logan) to the Academy, while I sat to Kerr-Lawson for my portrait. Janet went away.

Nea Horne¹²⁴¹ and Beatrice called. Logan and I had a turn on our bicycles.

Finished I Chronicles in the evening.

Bernhard had a neuralgic headache.

Wednesday, Feb. 9, 1898

I) Went on my bicycle to take a music lesson of Madame Platonoff, said to be a good teacher.

Called on Janet on way home. Bernhard went to Uffizi and called on Benn. Janet had a most friendly letter from Dolmetsch. [0218 206]

Thursday, Feb. 10, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Slept miserably.

I took Janet to lunch at Doney's and saw her off. She seemed pretty ill. Then we chose Bernhard's bicycle.

In the evening we read II Chronicles and made out some "sacred" pictures.

Friday, Feb. 11, 1898

Mrs. Benn came to lunch, Mr. Benn being ill. She was most amusing. She said she was getting so Tory that she subscribed to the *Daily Chronicle*, but it was making her more Tory still. So we cross-questioned her as to her Toryism. She sympathized with the Jameson raid, but believed in the London County Council. She was almost like one of us, when suddenly she grew indignant at the idea of God's making man to [0219 207] glorify him and praise his name, and burst out into an absurd rhetorical comparison of a man who would make his sons sit round and praise him. A very funny interlude.

Bobby Trevelyan came in the afternoon and we had turns on our bicycle.

In the evening we read Ezra and discussed sacred pictures in Rome.

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1898

Kerr-Lawson to lunch.

¹²⁴¹ Horne's wife was named Hannah Louisa Gibson? Nea is a nickname?



His friend Houghton¹²⁴² came and took our photographs.

I called on Maud Cruttwell, and Bernhard had the Chicago poetess, Miss Monroe, to tea.

Discussed the Opera in the evening.

Sunday, Feb. 13, 1898

Horne to lunch. I took him to call at the Gamberaia and we walked home through the woods.

Bernhard called on the Rosses and Austins. [0220 208]

Monday, Feb. 14, 1898, Frullino, Fiesole

My 34th birthday.

Bernhard sent me a dear note, "Many joyous returns of the day! Superstition bids me say no more. I wrote so confidently a year ago; but I feel scarcely less loving now *post tot casus*! What greater compliment can I give you!"

The children sent me kisses in a telegram, quite their own idea.

Bernhard took Signor Ferrero to call on the Benns, and I had a bicycle ride.

Read Job.

Tuesday, Feb. 15, 1898

Went with Logan and Trevy to Santa Croce, and then on our bicycles to Casa Nuova, but the people¹²⁴³ were out.

Read Job in the evening. Worked on libretto of opera.

"Golden-urned" an acquaintance for "cultivation". [0221 209]

Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1898

Bernhard spent the day with Horne, driving out to see pictures, etc.

2) I had a music lesson,¹²⁴⁴ a most satisfactory one.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch and we discussed the precise meaning of a "cultivated" person.

Read Job and **selected "sacred" pictures** in the evening.

¹²⁴² The English gentleman Edmund Houghton and his wife Mary (see her undated letter to Mary in the Archive) and daughter Alice lived in via delle Terme. Houghton introduced Cecil Pinsent to Berenson in 1907. Mentioned often in the entries. The Houghtons were present at the wedding; see the entry for Apr. 28, 1901.

See R. Terry Schnadelbach, *Hidden Lives, Secret Gardens: The Florentine Villas, Gamberaia, La Pietra, I Tatti* (New York, 2009), p. 185-188 & notes 411-428. **Biblioteca Berenson** SB466.I82 F568 2009. Also Ethne Clarke, *An Infinity of Graces: Cecil Ross Pinsent, An English Architect in the Italian Landscape* (New York, 2013). **Biblioteca Berenson** SB470.P56 C53 2013 See also Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 352; *Legend*, p. 12, 20, 26 & 53.

¹²⁴³ Jenkins' friends, Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Barber.

¹²⁴⁴ with Madame de Platonoff.



Thursday, Feb. 17, 1898

9) Bernhard showed me a dear little Benvenuto di Giovanni he bought.
Kerr-Lawson came to lunch and Bernhard sat to him while I went to Buonamici for a music lesson.

Called on Madame Rasponi, who is ill.

Finished Job in the evening and discussed the "moral view of life." [0222 210]

Friday, Feb. 18, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Bicycling. Began Psalms. Finished vol. 1 *Golden Bough*.

Bernhard with Rosses and had a nice walk.

Saturday, Feb. 19, 1898

Kerr-Lawson to lunch. Bicycling.

Sunday, Feb. 20, 1898

Horne to lunch.

Trevy and Bernhard called on Miss Blood.

I called on the Mortons, who were ill, as usual, poor things.

Monday, Feb. 21, 1898

The Benns and Mr. Morgan came to lunch.

Psalms.

Tuesday, Feb. 22, 1898

Walked up to Morgan's.

On our way back we came upon the festival of illuminating the wheat fields with torches of last year's straw — a genuine [0223 211] old pagan rite. They sing a song something like this:

Moggio! Moggio! Moggolino

Sono un spigo, dammi un sacco.¹²⁴⁵

¹²⁴⁵ In the letter to Isabella Stewart Gardner of Feb. 25, 1898 (Hadley, p. 126), Bernhard described the same walk in more detail:

I had walked up through the young oaks, and chestnut woods to the top of a mountain above Fiesole, whence a friend of mine [Mr. Morgan at Monte Fiano] surveys the world spread out at his feet.

Coming down as the twilight had fallen over the landscape I began to see lights glimmering hither and thither over the whole country side. Some were near enough to seem like the dance of the will o' the wisp. Coming nearer still I heard them singing. And they sang to the loveliest old world air, without beginning or end,

Moggio, moggio

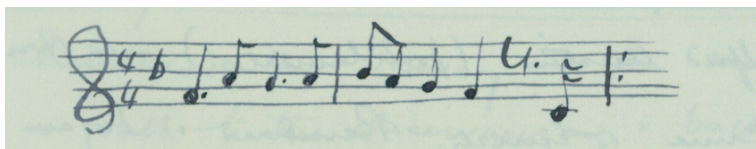
Moggolino.

Ti do un spigho,

Mi da un sacco.

(Little, little, little field. I give you an ear of corn. You repay me with a bushel.)





Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1898

Third music lesson of Madame de Platonoff. She is a very good teacher.
Called on Hornes.

Thursday, Feb. 24, 1898

Too rainy to start on our trip.
All four¹²⁴⁶ went to Bargello. Then Bernhard and I called on <the>
Hornes.
Psalms.

Friday, Feb. 25, 1898

Quiet day of practising.
Called at Rosses. [0224 212]

Saturday, Feb. 26, 1898, Frullino, Fiesole

Went to Uffizi.
In the evening read Song of Solomon and Ecclesiastes.

Sunday, Feb. 27, 1898

Alfred Austin (poet laureate!) and Horne came to lunch.
Bernhard and Logan called on Miss Blood.
Ecclesiastes.
Trevy described his religious education. "My mother used in a sort of way
to say it wouldn't do any harm to believe a certain amount, you know."

Monday, Feb. 28, 1898, Grand Hotel,¹²⁴⁷ Siena

Though it rained, we started, Logan, Bernhard, Lina Duff Gordon, Trevy
and I. Horne was afraid to come.

It poured and we did not dare to go to Colle <di Val d'Elsa>, but came
here, and it cleared in time for us [0225 213] to see San Domenico and the
view. How charming the Sienese pictures seem!

In the evening we read the Apocrypha, Tobit and parts of Ecclesiasticus.

Tuesday, Mar. 1, 1898, Grand Hotel, Siena

Churches and the gallery in the morning, a walk to the Osservanza and
back across fields — lovely, lovely weather.

¹²⁴⁶ Mary, Bernhard, Logan and Trevy?

¹²⁴⁷ Palazzo Gori, built by Alessandro VII Chigi



Lina is certainly most beautiful, but she is not exactly “our kind” — she lacks energy (anaemic), and humour, and her enthusiasms are pale. She has not much “temperament”, though she is a charming, sweet, good, unaffected girl, lovable but nothing, nothing of the sorceress.

Wednesday, Mar. 2, 1898, Siena

Churches in the morning, and the afternoon at **Sant'Eugenio — our dream of Altamura**. [0225a 214]

Thursday, Mar. 3, 1898, Grand Hotel, Siena

Drove and bicycled to San Galgano (23 miles away) — drive enchanting, but ruins not so grand as we hoped.

A pleasant but tiring day.

Friday, Mar. 4, 1898, Nazionale, Volterra

Saw Colle di Val d'Elsa, and then drove here, our bicycles ignominiously packed in with the luggage. A beautiful drive.

Saturday, Mar. 5, 1898, Volterra

“Did” Volterra, discovering several new things — two lovely della Robbia groups in a chapel of the Duomo, and a fine Signorelli.

It rained in the afternoon.

In the evening we discussed the meaning of the word “decadent”, Logan contending, quite [0225b 215] rightly, I think, that it means a person who takes hold of important things by the handle of personal sensations — like Whistler, who, commanding a gunboat in South America during a rebellion, decided to join the party that had the best view of Valparaiso,¹²⁴⁸ as the ships were manoeuvring, or a man who becomes a Catholic because he liked the smell of incense and the look of vestments, etc., etc.

Sunday, Mar. 6, 1898, Centrale, San Gimignano

A wonderful spring day. We explored Volterra, and found two more “sacred” pictures as well as most lovely views.

In the afternoon we bicycled — drove here — very beautiful, but rather difficult road.

Herbert Horne was waiting for us, and a nice dinner was prepared. [0226 216]

Monday, Mar. 7, 1898, Nazionale, San Gimignano

Raining, raining, raining!

We looked about the Duomo and Municipio, and sat and chatted, Logan telling amusing stories about Jowett and the Warden of Merton.

¹²⁴⁸ In 1866.



Horne and Bernhard and I nosed about in the rain in the afternoon, while the others stayed at home and read and discussed prose.

Tuesday, Mar. 8, 1898

Drove both morning and afternoon to out-of-the-way churches on little hills in search of pictures by Pier Francesco Fiorentino. In the morning it was an awful but enchanting pull of several miles through heavily muddy roads.

In the evening Trevy broke out into lamentations over the horror of having “opinions”. People he said were like luxuriant gooseberry — he changed it to currant — bushes, with fruit and leaves, and [0227 217] their damned opinions like caterpillars crawling over them devouring the leaves and fruit. This was contrasting Miss Duff Gordon with ourselves and Logan added, “So Miss Duff Gordon hasn’t any caterpillars.” “Well, she hasn’t much fruit either”, replied Trevy, forgetful of his earlier remark, and suddenly remindful of the undeniable fact that the young lady is not remarkable for intellect.

Wednesday, Mar. 9, [10] 1898

The Collegiata and Library, and then a charming drive-walk to Pancole¹²⁴⁹ to see a miracle-working Madonna by P. Francesco.

Thursday, Mar. 10, [11] 1898, Frullino, Florence

Miss Duff Gordon was ill, so I stayed with her while the others went to Certaldo.

Bernhard went on to Castel Fiorentino, San Miniato di Tedesco and Castel Nuovo, and joined us in the evening train. [0228 218]

Friday, Mar. 11, [12] 1898, Frullino, Florence

Logan suddenly decided to go to London, so we drove down and saw him off, and then I took Trevy to the Pitti and called on Lady Lewis and Ma Horne.

Bernhard and Trevy had tea with Benn.

Saturday, Mar. 12, [13] 1898

All three lunched at Poggio Gherardo, and then saw over the “**Canovaia**”,¹²⁵⁰ which Trevy thinks of taking.

In the evening we read his Daedalus epic.

¹²⁴⁹ Just north of San Gimignano.

¹²⁵⁰ Evidently at this point, the two houses which today constitute La Canovaia, via di Camerate 3-5, were separate residences. Bernhard being installed at numero civico 5, the house at numero civico 3 (which today bears the plaque ‘La Canovaia’, since D. H. Lawrence lived there in 1921) was available for Trevy. Today they constitute a single residence.



Sunday, Mar. 13, [14] 1898

Horne came to lunch and we walked out to the Tree. Horne said Pater had very bad taste in music.

The Kerr-Lawsons called.

Read Trevy's poetry in the evening. [0229 219]

Monday, Mar. 14, [15] 1898

Read Trevy's poetry, which has promise of future ripeness and great beauty. He is not at all what Henley¹²⁵¹ would call a "lyrist", but he has the kind of talent of Milton, though not by any means to the same degree. We like him very much.

I went to the orchestral concert in the evening and met my *bête noire*, Mrs. Halsey.

Tuesday, Mar. 15, [16] 1898

The Kerr-Lawsons came to lunch, and Trevy left at 3.

I called on **the Mortons**, and found them as usual ill, but lively and amusing. She said that **at Harvard** an "earnest" girl once asked Prof. Royce if he thought it was advisable [0230 220] to read the Bible. "Yes," he replied. "It is a capital plan to be acquainted with the folk-lore of your race."

In the evening we worked over the new edition of Bernhard's *Florentines*.

Wednesday, Mar. 16, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Quiet nice day.

I had a music lesson (6 and Bernhard called on Benn. Benn opened his heart to him and said he felt he had made a failure out of life. He longs to be printed and to be recognized for what he is, an original, learned and profound thinker.

Count Pasolini called on Bernhard in the evening. He longed to discuss **the "exact relation"** of Miss Paget and Miss Anstruther Thomson, but received no encouragement! [0231 221]

Thursday, Mar. 17, 1898

10) Music lesson from Buonamici and joined Bernhard at Horne's. Bernhard dined at Rasponi's with Furse,¹²⁵² etc. and enjoyed himself.

Worked on the Amico di Sandro, Botticini and Pier Francesco lists.

Friday, Mar. 18, 1898

Kerr-Lawson to lunch.

¹²⁵¹ William Ernest Henley (1849-1903), an influential poet, critic and editor.

¹²⁵² Charles W. Furse (1868-1904), a British artist. See list of his letters to Angelica Pasolini dall'Onda in the Fondo Angelica Pasolini dall'Onda at the Gabinetto Vieusseux: <http://195.223.100.221/onda/recordlist.php?skip=10639&-max=25>



I took Lady Lewis to Uffizi. She asked me if I did not feel in the presence of the very godhead before certain pictures. It was evident she didn't, for she cares nothing for pictures. Then we had tea with Mrs. Halsey and her fat daughter Sibyl.

a line of text crossed out

Saturday, Mar. 19, 1898

Bernhard lunched and walked with Benn. I called on Scudder.

We dined with Mortons. [0232 222]

Sunday, Mar. 20, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Mr. Scudder (editor *Atlantic*) called,¹²⁵³ a respectable old American.

Horne's article in the *Saturday*,¹²⁵⁴ inspired by Bernhard, attacking Poynter¹²⁵⁵ as Director of the National Gallery, is making a great stir in London.

In the evening we worked on lists.

Began Rabelais.

Monday, Mar. 21, 1898

Kerr-Lawson, Horne and the Halseys to lunch. The latter bored me so that I was desperate, until Bernhard suggested our driving to Brozzi¹²⁵⁶ to look up a reputed Botticini. This we did, and found two, and other pictures beside, and I was somewhat consoled. [0233 223]

Tuesday, Mar. 22, 1898

Called on the Scott-Barbers. They were ____ed with commonplaces, but their place is lovely, and they told a good story of a little girl who asked what time God dined, "Sh! dear! God doesn't dine." "O doesn't he! Well then I suppose he has an egg with his tea."

Wednesday, Mar. 23, 1898

7) My music lesson, and acres of shopping!

Discovered that the water of this house is infected — full of animal matter from these wretched drains!

Worked on the new edition of the *Florentines*.

¹²⁵³ Horace Elisha Scudder (1838-1902) was a prolific man of letters and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He attended Boston Latin and Williams College.

¹²⁵⁴ *The London Saturday Journal*.

¹²⁵⁵ Sir Edward John Poynter (1836-1919), director of the National Gallery from 1894 to 1906.

¹²⁵⁶ Brozzi è oggi un sobborgo della periferia occidentale di Firenze, al confine con il comune di Campi Bisenzio.



Thursday, Mar. 24, 1898

Kerr-Lawson to lunch — a long sitting.
Called on Mrs. Ross. [0234 224]

Friday, Mar. 25, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Worked on *Florentines*.
It rained hard all day.

Saturday, Mar. 26, 1898

Took Mrs. Halsey and Sybil to Academy and had tea with them.
Called on Miss Lohse. Bernhard called on Benn.

Sunday, Mar. 27, 1898

Ray has scarlet fever, but a very light case. Mother doesn't want me to come home, as Ray is in strict quarantine at 40, with a nice nurse.
Lady Lewis and her daughter, Mr. Morgan and Horne came to a pointless lunch. Lady Lewis is bright and capable but *foucièrement* boring and tiresome. I hope never to see her again.
Morgan stayed endlessly, but finally we went for a walk.
Horne stayed on to dinner [0235 225] and we looked at Fillippino photographs, and planned a trip to Germany and Austria next autumn.

Monday, Mar. 28, 1898

Rainy, and I was very ill from an uncooked lobster we had.
Finished the new edition of the *Florentines*.
"Ray doing splendidly", a telegram says.

Tuesday, Mar. 29, 1898

Rainy still, but I drove down and did oceans of shopping.

Wednesday, Mar. 30, 1898

8) music lesson.

Called on Miss Cruttwell.

We dined with the Kerr-Lawsons and met Mrs. Arkwright, Lina and her artist friend Mr. Waterfield, the singer Mr. Price, Mr. Power and Miss Wood, who sang vulgar music with charming voices.
[0236 s.n.]

x = new or renewed
> = less
< = more

End of 1897

Common Friends

> Christina

Robertsons

x Michael Field

> Fafner

Placci

? Eugénie Strong

Emilie Dawson

Lillian Rea

x Edith and Bond <Thomas>

> Edith and Bryson <Burroughs>

> Helen Hopekirk



Mr. Benn	<Friedrich> Lippmann
x Miss Blood	Kitty Hall
x Mrs. Ross	Mrs. Burnett
< M. and x Mme. Reinach	> Gronau
x Senda	<u>Miss Placci</u>
> Zangwill	Rankin
Miss Lowndes	> Went
< Herbert Horne	Fletcher
Herbert Cook	<Robert Morss> Lovett
Janet Dodge	Herrick
Alys and Bertie and Logan	Mine
Sturges	Evelyn
> Obrist	Rukhwabai
The Morgans	Isabel Fry
x Miss Kolb	> Mrs. Mosher
x Mr. and Mrs. Burke	Mr. Britten
x The Kerr-Lawsons	Mr. C. Sanderson
x Miss Duff Gordon	Florence Dike
> Hildebrands	? Miss Paget
x Mr. Perry	x Grace <Worthington> [Oct. 30, 1897]
	x Dr. Bucke
	W. Blaydes
	Eva McLaren [0237 s.n.]
Bernhard's	
Farrers	
Mr. and Mrs. Gardner	
Alfred Austin	
contessa Pasolini	R.I.P.
x Mrs. Halsey	Miss Paget
x Sig. Franchetti	Miss A. Thomson
Bywaters	Madame de Montebello
Carpenter	Miss Cruttwell
Klinsmann	
Frizzoni	Zangwill, Horne, Dodge, Sturges, Obrist, The Morgans

Many names crossed out in blue pencil (by Mary?): A slash drawn through other names: Robertsons, Lillian Rea

Some names underlined in blue: Michael Field
with note on p. 227: '1927 28 dead' (that is, by 1927 28 had died)

Perhaps Mary indicated the texts to be used for her life of Bernhard by marking them in blue pencil?



The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1891-1900

Diary 1, 1891-Nov. 22, 1893, viale Principe Amedeo 16, Florence; after
Nov. 21, 1892, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)

Diary 2, 1894-1895 - Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)
Florence

Diary 3, 1895-1896 - Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 4, 1896-1898, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 5, 1898-1899, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence

Diary 6, 1899-1902, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence;
I Tatti, Settignano

1. London (1891-1892)
2. Florence (1892-1895)
3. Villa Rosa & Villa Kraus, Fiesole (1895-1897)
4. Il Frullino (1897-1900)

Diary 5, 1898-1899

[0007 1] Thursday, March 31, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Logan writes: "I must tell thee of my visit to Miss Sellers. They are living at Garland's Hotel, as they were turned out of their flat, and have not yet decided about the House of Lords. She received me with shouts of joy. She was so bored, she said, and thy not answering her letter made her fear we had dropped her.

Then she began a tale of woe; how desperately bored she was, how she hated London, how dull she found society, no talk, no frankness, no congenial soul, but smart ladies all going to Stephen Phillips' lectures, and all South Kensington to Miss Harrison's, and how she would end by going to Miss Harrison's lectures herself, and how the feeling of struggle was taking hold of her, and how furious [0008 2] she had been at being asked to second best parties and not the first, and how, soon, she would struggle and scratch for invitations like the rest.

Society, she says, is overrun by third rate actors and journalists; at Wellbeck¹²⁵⁷ she began talking about the English state, and there found that the Trees were the Duke's and Duchess' most intimate friends, and at

1257



Devonshire House, whither she had gone in some hopes, as Strong had assured her that it was really brilliant, though she for a few minutes had been impressed, suddenly the door had opened and in had come the Lewis' and the Pollocks and Mrs. Green, and all the old Kensington job lot!

Then she talked of Strong; how, in his position, he couldn't help taking people seriously that we sni<t>ched at, and how in London they [0009 3] really did seem serious. She seems still fond of Strong, and on friendly enough terms to laugh at him and tell him of his foibles, but she hated Loeser, who joined them at Orvieto on their way home. She had quite a scene before she managed to meet us in Florence. She talks of spending next winter abroad, as she has been ill and the doctors say she must not stay in London. Anyhow, evidently not finding the blue bird in London, she thinks that it is abroad, that we eat it in salads and dine off it every day ..."

11) I had a lesson with Buonamici. Benn came to lunch. He says Loeser tells everyone that he "went with Mr. and Mrs. Strong on their wedding-trip"! [0010 4]

Friday, April 1, 1898, Frullino, Florence

It poured steadily, and as I was not well, I stayed at home and practised and nearly finished the list of "Sacred Pictures".

Bernhard went to the Uffizi and to see Constantin.

~~He is reading~~ X X X X X

Saturday, April 2, 1898

I had a music lesson and Bernhard went to the Pitti. Then Mrs. Halsey and her daughter came. They were pointless and long-staying.

Made out more "sacred pictures" in the evening

Sunday, April 3, 1898

Horne came for the day, going with us for a pleasant call at Poggio, where we met Count Hochberg.¹²⁵⁸ He told us a good deal about Stuart Headlam and the ballet-dancer with whom he "keeps company", as it were.¹²⁵⁹ She is a lady of forbidding aspect, and manners [0011 5] still more forbidding, who organizes ballets every year in provincial towns under the name of "Miss Pattie." Her charm for Mr. Headlam seems to be that she bullies him. She is most rude to his friends, and whenever they begin to talk of anything that interests him and them, she says "Well, I'm going to bed. I'm so bored with your talk." Then he feels very sad and says, "O, well, we won't talk about it any more." She never goes to hear him lecture or preach, and takes not the slightest interest in any of his work. Withal, she is thoroughly 'respectable', and, as Horne says, takes good care to let him know it. If she

¹²⁵⁸ See Bernhard to Senda, April 10, 1898, letter 1898.5.

¹²⁵⁹ See entry for Apr. 17, 1897.



weren't, he says, much would be forgiven her. They are coming to Florence tomorrow, but [0012 6] she relaxes "for foreign parts" sufficiently to consent to travel alone with him, without her terrible mother.

Bernhard, after Horne was gone, **began a great Lamentation over the dullness and unimportance of his work**, his longing to do nothing but read and enjoy Greek, his desire for a life completely given to aesthetic experiences. The book he is doing on Florentine Drawings is a great weight upon him.

I had a letter from Wilfrid Blaydes, who is in London, asking me to write to him.

Monday, April 4, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Lina Duff Gordon¹²⁶⁰ and her friend Aubrey Waterfield came to lunch. She appears to be in love with him, but it is rather mild, and not romantic, though at times it gives her a beautiful look.

After lunch he and [0013 7] Bernhard and I went on bicycles to I Cedri, to see the Laureate¹²⁶¹ — who was out.

Coming home, we got lost among bleak Tuscan hills, and arrived here by moonlight.

Tuesday, April 5, 1898

The Frys arrived at 3, and after tea I called on the Mortons, who were in bed as usual, and as striving as ever after culture.

Wednesday, April 6, 1898

Music lesson and a call on Mrs. Halsey, where I found the Hornes.

In the evening we had an animated discussion about Greek art vs. Velasquez, Roger Fry contending that Greek art, involving a finer attitude to the world, was higher [0014 8] as *art* — evidently not distinguishing as we do between art and life.

We also discussed "Sacred Pictures". I like her <Mrs. Fry?> so much.

Thursday, April 7, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard described Pennell's art as "taking a photograph and translating it into chicken-tracks."

He lunched with Count Hochberg, and afterwards I walked over with the Frys and we were shown over the house and given tea. The situation is lovely, but the Graf has Germanized the building as much as possible, and within he has turned it, as Fry said, into a superior sort of Savoy Hotel. But now having finished it, he wants to sell it, and begin fresh operations

¹²⁶⁰ 1874-1964; her aunt was Janet Ross. In 1916 Waterfield purchased the Fortezza della Brunella in Aulla. Their daughter, Kinta Beevor (1911-1995), *A Tuscan Childhood* (1993)

¹²⁶¹ Alfred Austin, Villa I Cedri, Bagno a Ripoli.



somewhere in England! [0015 9] He himself is rather delightful, a more genial Obrist + Stenbock, with a fierce Prussian countenance and one eye glass, and a very engaging naïf smile.

After tea we walked to Settignano, and while they explored the Gamberaia I went to the Villa Camucci¹²⁶² and had Mr. Power try my voice. He pronounced it to be a not unpleasing light soprano, and held out hopes of my learning to sing.

Friday, April 8, 1898

A quiet day of lovely sunshine. The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner and we talked about tempura painting in which all three artists had made experiments. The moonlight was enchanting, and and we all [0016 10] walked around by Doccia.

Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and I walked together talking of poor Lina, who is, or fancies she is, very much in love with young Waterfield, to whom evidently it has never occurred to be in love with her! She sees this, and is in despair. She spent all the morning telling Mrs. Kerr-Lawson, lying crumpled up on her bed and weeping. His visit has been a dreadful disappointment, and now Mrs. Ross doesn't want him any more. I shall offer to take him in.

Saturday, April 9, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Benn came to lunch.

I had a music lesson, and then met Mr. Britten for a little chat at the train. Hochberg was there to meet his jolly old white German bear of a [0017 11] father. He waited for the train marching up and down dressed in a long Haymarket with almost a bustle, open in front to show a dress suit and gorgeous pins, and on his head was stuck a little stray hat two sizes too small for him!

Easter Sunday, April 10, 1898

Horne, Horne, the silent Horne came to lunch.

We called at Poggio and found a huge deception [*sic!*] in full swing and poor Lina looking miserable, and then we had a walk through the woods.

Horne stayed to dinner.

Monday, April 11, 1898

Quiet day of music and dress-making. Mr. Pan called.

In the evening we were [0018 12] exclaiming on the marvellous peace that had prevailed and I asked Fry if he thought Berenson could provoke him. After some thought he said, Yes, he felt he could do so in speaking of Ibsen or of Duse; so we immediately plunged head first into the discussion.

¹²⁶² Perhaps Vincenzo Camucci (1769-1844), painter?



Bernhard said that the Duse did not really *act* but *personated* — what acting is one scarcely knows, but imagines from accounts of Greek things. For him personating is too real, too actual to be art at all. Strange to say, he put it all so tactfully that they agreed!

The last thing we did was to go over the “Sacred Pictures” in Rome.

Tuesday, April 12, 1898, Frullino, Florence

The Frys went, leaving a pleasant impression. [0019 13] She is peculiarly charming.

I did a little shopping, and Bernhard had a bicycle ride.

Wednesday, April 13, 1898

Music lesson.

Kerr-Lawson came to lunch and Bernhard gave him a sitting. Fry came to go over Venetian photographs.

In the evening Lina Duff Gordon came to dinner and Aubrey Waterfield to stay.

Thursday, April 14, 1898

Bernhard, Waterfield, the Halseys, the Kerr-Lawsons, Horne and Mr. Fry went to Monte Senario.

I stayed at home and had a quiet day “all to myself.” After a lesson from 12) Buonamici, I bicycled to Madallena,¹²⁶³ but as they were not there I returned.

Horne and the Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and the latter stayed all night. [0020 14]

Friday, April 15, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Quiet day of work. Waterfield is a bore.

A man named Rendall, teacher at Winchester, called and stayed to dinner.

Saturday, April 16, 1898

Called on Frys after my music lesson, and met Oscar Browning, a horrible man!

Sunday, April 17, 1898

Horne and the Frys to lunch and tea. The talk went wrong somehow. I got very tired before they went away.

Rather late in the evening came a wire to say that **poor Father had died in the afternoon** “peacefully”. There was a terrible storm of rain and wind, and I was haunted by the feeling that his shivering, naked soul had become the play of the elements —

“Imprisoned in the viewless wind

¹²⁶³ Convento della Maddalena, Caldine.



Or blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.”¹²⁶⁴ [0021 15]

Poor man! I did not feel at all the relief I always expected to feel at his death, but rather a longing to see him once again.

Monday, April 18, 1898

The vague sense of loss grows more uncomfortable. His face had become so familiar a figure in my world — it is hard to say “no more” to it each time it comes up.

Poor Father, I do hope he will have another chance somewhere else to win more love than he won here, and keep it better.

The Von der Hellens came to lunch and gave us some music. Then unexpectedly Placci turned up, much [0022 16] thinner than before, and vastly amusing.

A Wadham don named Wells called with his wife.

Tuesday, April 19, 1898, Frullino, Florence

I had the carriage and did a lot of shopping.

Lina Duff Gordon and Frau Von der Hellen came to tea — Lina most beautiful.

Worked in the evening.

Wednesday, April 20, 1898

Music lesson. Mrs. Halsey and daughter came to tea.

A letter from Mother describing Father’s death, which happened quite quietly, in his sleep. It interrupted her visit to Ray, but this was paid soon after, and when she wrote, Grandma was just going to make some milk toast to carry in to Ray.

Father’s death appeared to leave [0023 17] her very calm. She even enclosed in the same envelope with the letter telling of it, a long account of a woman who has come to preach Free Love in London, and a joke about a person taking up music late in life!

I find I miss Father more and more. He was cremated today. Poor thing. I can’t feel that he has “gone home”, as Mother says, though I hope it, hope, no that is too strong, I vaguely wish it. But even if he is become “as infants that never saw light”, it seems better so than to be in the pain which he has been in for the last 18 months — truly a “mysterious and unscrupulous [0024 18] Providence”, as the Negro preacher said!

Thursday, April 21, 1898

We were to have gone to Prato, but it has rained all day.

¹²⁶⁴ Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure* 3.1.



Bernhard finished his work on the drawings of that beast, Lorenzo di Credi, and I made great strides forward with the list of “Sacred Pictures” for the next *Golden Urn*.

Aubred Waterfield gets boringer and boring-er!

Bernhard can talk of nothing but the wonders of Pindar and the interest of Mommsen.

Friday, April 22, 1898

A quiet rainy day in which I finished most of the “Sacred Pictures”.

Bernhard lunched with the Placcis and had tea [0025 19] with Mr. Benn, who said that Mr. Lee-Hamilton had become engaged to Miss Houldsworth through a violent admiration of her novels — a satisfactory case of bad taste recoiling on its owner!

The Mortons came to dinner, very cheerful in spite of all their illnesses. They are really rather nice.

Saturday, April 23, 1898

Count Papafava came to lunch. He had *liked* that story of D’Annunzio about Lazarus — what a gulf between us and even the nicest Italians!

I called on Madame Grottanelli, and came back to find Mr. Davis of Newport here, and then came a queer Dane named Andreas Aubert,¹²⁶⁵ sent by Miss Taylor. [0026 20]

We talked much of the War of course, but no talking can make it *seem* real to me.

In the evening Bernhard dines with the Scotts and sat between Lady Windsor, who is beautiful, and Lady Ottoline Bentinck,¹²⁶⁶ who is more beautiful still.

I stayed at home and finished the list of “Sacred Pictures”.

Sunday, April 24, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Roger Fry came to lunch and was very pleasant. Miss Lowndes and her brother also came. Placci came later and we had a walk together. He says Carlo Emo is in a state of fury over the idea of Italy allowing a foreigner to aspire to become Director of Arts, for this he imagines is Bernhard’s ambition, and this he will “spend the last drop of blood” opposing! [0027 21]

¹²⁶⁵ Fredrik Ludvig Andreas Vibe Aubert (1851-1913), a Norwegian art historian.

¹²⁶⁶ Ottoline Violet Anne Cavendish-Bentinck (1873-1938), ‘Lady Ottoline Morrell’, the wife of Philip Morrell and famous for her many love affairs, lived at 39 Grosvenor Road; Frank and Mary Costelloe lived at 44 Grosvenor Road; see Mary’s diary entry for July 18, 1892. See also <http://spartacus-educational.com/Jmorrell.htm>



Monday, April 25, 1898

We spent the day at Prato with Horne and the Frys, dining with the latter on our return to Florence.

Tuesday, April 26, 1898

Mr. David came to lunch, bringing with him his latest acquisition — Donna Laura Minghetti's *Leonardo*!! that lovely profile of a girl. I should as soon have thought of the Sixtine Madonna being for sale! And he got it for 70,000 francs too — when as many pounds would not have been too much. He stayed till 5.30 and was pleasant, but it is too much to talk for 4 1/2 hours at a stretch. He spoke of someone “with a champagne appetite and a beer income”.

Then we walked over to Poggio, and met [0028 22] the Frys there, to see Lina rehearse in her gorgeous costume for the Fancy Dress Ball. Also I had to dress her hair. She looked simply like an angel. I have never seen such a vision of beauty, wonderful in gold brocade and jewels, and her yellow hair braided with pearls. Such an exquisitely graceful figure I have never seen.

Wednesday, April 27, 1898, Frullino, Florence

After a music lesson I hastened to Poggio to do Lina's hair again for the Ball, and then hurried home to dress to go to dine with Mr. Davis. [0029 23] He had with him a young Norwegian-American sculptor named Andersen,¹²⁶⁷ a handsome boy, who talked as we used to talk several years ago about “modernity” and all the new experiments in art. We kept admirably silent.

Thursday, April 28, 1898

This same youth came to call, and was as young as ever. We liked him, but of course there's no talking with such young people. One can only enjoy them for what they are.

I called on Ma Horne, and Bernhard called on the Mortons.

The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and stayed all night, as it was raining. They say Lina is very much in love with that unpromising young Waterfield, whom Mrs. Ross simply loathes. [0030 24]

Friday, April 29, 1898, Frullino, Florence

A quiet day. I called on the Butties, and then met Etta McArthur¹²⁶⁸ and her nurse at the train and brought them here. She is very ill and cannot walk a step.

Story written by a little boy of 7

¹²⁶⁷ Hendrik Christian Andersen (1872-1940) was a Norwegian-American sculptor.

¹²⁶⁸ Etta McArthur, friend from London; see Mary's appointments diary for 1890-1891.



Virtue has its own reward

A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady who kept a candy shop. The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady's daughter because he had not enough money to buy any furniture. A wicked man offered to give the young man \$25 if he would become a drunkard. The young man wanted to marry very much, so he could marry the rich candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the saloon he turned to the wicked man and said, "I will not become a drunkard. Get thee [0031 25] behind me, Satan.

On his way home he found a pocket-book containing a million dollars in gold. Then the young lady consented to marry him. They had a beautiful wedding and the next day they had twins. Thus, you see that virtue has its own reward."

Saturday, April 30, 1898

The Villaris came to tea with Bernhard, and Miss Lowndes turned up. Then Waterfield came and we walked back with him and called at Poggio. I can't make out whether he and Lina are engaged. There is no glow about them. "The loves of the Fishes" Bernhard calls it.

Sunday, May 1, 1898

The Morgans to lunch, Placci, and a long bicycle ride. [0032 26]

Monday, May 2, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard took Lady Ottoline Bentinck¹²⁶⁹ to the Pitti. As she evidently didn't care for pictures, they talked gossip about Strong.

Then he called on the Hildebrands, and found them perfectly delightful.

Tuesday, May 3, 1898

It took me all the morning to prepare Horne's rooms at Bernhard's. He came to lunch, and while Bernhard went with Mrs. Ross to call at the Lardarellos.

Guido and I gave Horne a bicycle lesson.

Etta <McArthur> got up for a while, and we looked at Giotto photographs.

Lina writes in such a mysterious way, I am more puzzled than ever! [0033 27]

Wednesday, May 4, 1898

I called on the Kerr-Lawsons, after my music lesson, and Bernhard called at Lady Paget's.

Chatted with Horne and Etta. Duccio Photographs.

¹²⁶⁹ Ottoline Violet Anne Cavendish-Bentinck (1873-1938), 'Lady Ottoline Morrell'.



Thursday, May 5, 1898

Mrs. Buttles and Nettie came to tea, and afterwards, with Horne, we walked up to the Morgans to dine, returning by moonlight. The fire flies are beginning. Simone Martini photographs.

Friday, May 6, 1898

The Lawsons and Lina and Waterfield came to dinner, Lina early with Houghton to take her photo. She told me that she and Aubrey were “engaged”, that *she* spoke to him — and he so impressed secrecy upon her that she didn’t dare to tell him she was speaking to Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and me. I am sure he isn’t serious about it. [0034 28]

Saturday, May 7, 1898, Frullino, Florence

A rainy, windy day, so cold I had to have the *caloriferi* started. We stayed at home all day, working and looking at photographs, chiefly Fra Angelico’s.

Etta told me of the wife of the Bishop of Winchester’s mad devotion to a certain Mrs. Chapman, for whom she neglects *all* her duties.¹²⁷⁰ It is one of those almost pathological cases. She says it is *The Best* and that her whole life is consecrated to this woman. It is very hard on the Bishop and everyone talks about it.

Riots in Florence.

Sunday, May 8, 1898

Beautiful after the rain.

A friend of Etta’s, Miss Balfour and her friend Miss Stephenson, came to lunch.

Bernhard bicycled and Horne and I called at Poggio. Lina was looking wretched. She says if her Aunt knew of her [0035 29] engagement, she would turn her out of the house at once.

Horne told us the story of his ancestor and his early life in the evening. Becoming a Positivist was his rescue from religion, and then Frederick Harrison turned him from Positivism by his manner of conducting the cult.

Monday, May 9, 1898

Quiet day. Bicycled and read. Bernhard called at Hochberg’s.

Tuesday, May 10, 1898

I called on Frau Hildebrand, who is *perfectly charming*.

Wednesday, May 11, 1898

Music lesson. Papafava to lunch.

¹²⁷⁰ Her duties as the wife of the Bishop of Winchester.



Walked with Bernhard and told him¹²⁷¹ the story of all his love affairs, two serious and hopeless ones that literally wasted his youth.
[0036 30]

Thursday, May 12, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Quiet, nice day.

Horne was amusing in the evening, talking about Arthur Symons'¹²⁷² love affair with an Empire dancer, and Selwyn Image's¹²⁷³ unfortunate engagement to a ballet dancer.

Friday, May 13, 1898

Bernhard lunched with Benn, and Morgan turned up to lunch here. He says there is talk of proroguing Parliament and putting Italy under military rule for a year.

Saturday, May 14, 1898

Placci came, **tremendously excited about the Riots** and the condition of Italy. He played a little, but he has fallen off.

I had a music lesson, and then went "Topladying" with Horne. [0037 31]

Sunday, May 15, 1898

Walked out and looked at villas for Horne — were charmed with the "Ombrellino".¹²⁷⁴

In the evening we had a long, long discussion wherein Horne maintained that no European could enjoy Egyptian and Japanese art as he enjoyed his own, nor Nature as he enjoys art. He isn't much of a thinker — this is the first real talk we have had, and he got hopelessly muddled.

Monday, May 16, 1898

Bernhard and Horne called on the Hildebrands, and I went to an awful musical at home at Mrs. Paves.

We looked at Pier dei Franceschi photos in the [0038 32] evening. I read *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a Picaresque play by a man named Rostand.

Tuesday, May <17> [16],¹²⁷⁵ 1898, Frullino, Florence

Scirocco and languor. I spent the afternoon with Etta, and pasted a great many things in The Children's Book.

The Countess Rasponi called on Etta.

¹²⁷¹ ? 'he told me'?

¹²⁷² Arthur William Symons (1865-1945), a poet and critic

¹²⁷³ Selwyn Image (1849-1930) was a clergyman, designer, particularly of stained glass windows, and poet.

¹²⁷⁴ Villa Ombrellino, via della Piazzuola?

¹²⁷⁵ Mary's dates are off by one date from here to May 27, when the dates of Mary 24-27 were correctd.



Bernhard called on Mr. Fiske.

We looked at Signorelli photos in the evening.

Wednesday, May <18> [17], 1898

Still scirocco. Music lesson. The Rasponi called. Horne left.

Thursday, May <19> [18], 1898

Miss Cruttwell and an Indian poetess, very beautiful, came to lunch. Kerr-Lawson also dropped in.

Friday, May <20> [19], 1898

Rained all day. Bernhard called on Miss Priestley. [0039 33]

Saturday, May <21> [20], 1898

Miss Taylor came to lunch. I almost like her.

Went with Miss Cruttwell and Miss Priestley to call at the Villa Giramonte¹²⁷⁶ on the Burne-Murdochs — a lovely place.

In the evening we went to see the Duse in *Hedda Gabbler*, a part she did not in the least understand, and which she acted as if it had been Magda or Nore.

Obrist is engaged to a girl named Marie Louise Lampe (!) of Leipzig.

Sunday, May <22> [21], 1898

Miss Lowndes came to lunch and was very nice. We called on the Rosses and met Baron Strum¹²⁷⁷ and his wife.

The Kerr-Lawsons dined here.

Monday, May <23> [22], 1898

One absurd succession of callers: the Paves, Miss Priestley, Mrs. Langton and her sister, Frau von der Hellen, Miss Liddell and her friend.

Read some of Bernard Shaw's plays. [0040 34]

Tuesday, May 24 [23], 1898

Bernhard had a walk with Papafava. I shopped and called on the Huntingtons. Read some more of Shaw's silly plays.

Wednesday, May 25 [24], 1898

Music lesson. The Placcis called on Bernhard, and Morgan on me.

Read the "Golden Urned" parts of the Bible.

Thursday, May 26 [25], 1898

My last lesson with Buonamici. Benn came to lunch and Bernhard had a walk with him.

¹²⁷⁶ via Torre del Gallo 4-6.

¹²⁷⁷ ? Baron von Strum



X X X X

Friday, May 27 [26], 1898

Quiet rainy day.

Bernhard in despair over the Corsini tondo — at last gives it back to Filippino. [0041 35]

Saturday, May 28, 1898

Music lesson. Bernhard working hard on Amico. Dined with the von der Hellens.

Sunday, May 29, 1898

Buonamici and Placci lunched here. Buonamici played Mozart and Beethoven divinely.

I read a book by Mr. Herrick of the Chicago University of which Bernhard is the hero and I the heroine — a book in which we are both represented as loathesome reptiles.¹²⁷⁸ I was angry about it at first, and then laughed — but in rather a sad way.

Warren called on Bernhard.

Monday, May 30 [29], 1898

Bernhard laughed over it too, but the American point of view does make one sick.

We consoled ourselves reading the third number of the *Golden Urn*.

Miss [0042 36] Cruttwell and Miss Lowndes called, and then Miss Holmes and a Mr. Ward.

The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and we made them very happy by giving them a chance to make £1,000 or so by selling a Bellini. I hope they will make it.

Tuesday, May 31, 1898, Il Frullino, Florence

Bernhard went to Rome on business for Warren. He left here at 6.15.

I had a long quiet day with Etta and music and Louvre work, and then called on the Kerr-Lawsons and Lina.

Wednesday, June 1, 1898

Bernhard went to the Borghese and did his best to be fair to the *Sacred and Profane Love*. “I succeeded in seeing that it was a very lovely [0043 37] young man’s dream, or something that sort, but the ruined *Education of Cupid* suits an art-debauchee like myself better, and Correggio’s *Danae*.”¹²⁷⁹

¹²⁷⁸ *The Gospel of Freedom* (New York & London, 1898). **House PR3512 .G67 1898**
See the entry for June 4, 1898.

¹²⁷⁹ A quotation from Bernhard’s letter of May 31, 1898.



I had my music lesson, called on Miss Lowndes, and came home to take Etta to see Bernhard's rooms, which she called "The Temple of Peace".

Bernhard dined with the Pasolini, who "roared and ranted in her time-honoured, stereotyped fashion, having just found the real gospel, and longing to reform the whole universe and the small industries of Rome."¹²⁸⁰

Thursday, June 2, 1898

For me a trying day of too many people.

Miss Cruttwell and Miss Liddell [0044 38] came to lunch, the latter played delightfully afterwards, Bach and Browning's favourite *Toccata of Galuppi*.

Then came Miss Burne-Murdoch and Miss Priestley, and these stayed till 7, and just as I was going to have a quiet evening of work, the Kerr-Lawsons came in.

So it has gone, the long day, and a lot of useless talk has taken it up.

Friday, June 3, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Houghton came to photograph, and stayed to lunch. He uttered a number of platitudes about art, said the pleasure in a work of art consisted in its intricacy. However, in the afternoon I got some work done. [0045 39]

Saturday, June 4, 1898, Ray's Eleventh Birthday

I took Etta down and settled her in a pension in Florence. Then called on Maud, whom I found terribly indignant about Herrick's book, *The Gospel of Freedom*.

Worked on the Louvre <Guide> in the evening.

Read *Henry Esmond*.

Sunday, June 5, 1898

The Cooks arrived early in the afternoon, and Bernhard in the evening. Mrs. Cook looks very like Nelson (great-great-uncle), aquiline nose, clear blue eyes, ruddy complexion. She is a very nice, simple, refined little creature — not interested in anything in particular, but very wholesome and nice. [0046 40]

¹²⁸⁰ A quotation from Bernhard's letter of May 31, 1898: 'She roared and ranted in her time-honoured, stereotyped fashion, had just found the real gospel, and longed to reform the whole universe and the small industries of Rome.'



Monday, June 6, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Mr. Arthur Galton¹²⁸¹ came to lunch, and we liked him very much. **He is the nearest to an "Altamuran" we have come across.**

I took Etta to Santa Croce.

Tuesday, June 7, 1898

Mrs. Ward called, and we all spent the afternoon with the Kerr-Lawsons at the Gamberaia. 'Twas most beautiful.

Mr. Galton came to dinner.

Wednesday, June 8, 1898

Music. Took Etta to Santa Maria Novella and called to say goodbye to Lina.

Maud Cruttwell came to dinner. Very hot.

Thursday, June 9, 1898

The Kerr-Lawsons and Mr. Galton to dinner.

¹²⁸¹ Arthur Galton (1852-1921), a friend of Matthew Arnold and Lionel Johnson, who had come to Australia as private secretary to Governor Sir Robert Duff. his brother Francis Galton

The Spectator, 26 March 1921, p. 14:

In the late Rev. Arthur Galton *the Spectator* loses a valued contributor and correspondent. A cousin of the well-known scientist, he was at one time a member of the Roman Catholic Church, in which he took Orders, but from which he withdrew in 1885. ____ lie, was subsequently secretary to his uncle, Sir Thomas Duff, then Governor of New South Wales. In 1899 he entered the ministry of the Church of England, being for a time chaplain to Bishop Boyd-Carpenter at Ripon, and later Vicar of Edenham, a small country parish in Lincolnshire, to which he was presented by the late Lord Ancaster. Here he led a studious and somewhat retired life, much of his time being spent in his fine library and in literary work, the best known of his books being *Urbana Scripts* (____) *Cromwell* (1887) and *Church and State in France, 1300-1907* (1907). He was a man who was capable of doing very much more than he did; but his tastes were those rather of a scholar than of an ecclesiastic in the narrower sense of the word, and he was incapable of self-advertisement. He was at times a caustic critic; but his asperity was on the surface, and it decreased with years.

His ultramontane phase, short-lived as it was, left its mark upon him. 'He expected too much from the Church of Rome,' writes one who knew him intimately, 'and also perhaps from the Church of England.' The idea of a Church connoted, for him, an institution of divine origin following a divine guidance, and the consequent disillusion was deep. His Quaker origins profoundly influenced him, and a certain natural mysticism, which disguised itself at times as cynicism, was in constant revolt against what seemed to him a purely human organization. He was unable, it seemed, to accept the fact that no creed can be more than an approximation to the realities which it endeavours to express; that dogma as such has in it, as Marceline of Ancyra reminds us, an element of human opinion and of arbitrary will. A man, however, has a right to be judged at his best, and Galton's first quality was a certain inflexible veracity.



Friday, June 10, 1898

The Cooks left. The impression of her [0047 41] remains pleasant, and he is improved.

We walked over to the Lawsons to see his portraits of Lina and myself, which — from the drawing of the faces — we liked very much. This was a great comfort to dear little Mrs. Kerr-Lawson who had been trembling with anxiety all day.

Saturday, June 11, 1898

Bernhard's dealer from Rome (Cesare Magni, by name!) came bringing a lovely Rembrandt he bought, and some Japanese bronzes. Later came Torrini with a Sieneese portrait, which Bernhard also bought.

The Rosses came to tea. Also an American named Rush and his wife and a friend. [0048 42]

Sunday, June 12, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Madame de Platonoff came to see me and give me a music lesson.

Packed quietly, and at 5 drove out to Carreggi [*sic*] and had tea with the Scott-Barbers, a Mr. Lawrence Wyndham, and a most charming Mrs. Murdoch and her daughter. They gave us some so-called music by Raff-Tschaikowski. We enjoyed our call very much.

Bernhard lunched at the Rasponi's with the Pasolinis.

Monday, June 13, 1898

Mr. Houghton to lunch to photograph the Rembrandt.

Took Etta to Michelangelo's Tombs and Bernhard joined us there.

Afterwards we went with Maud Cruttwell to see the Nobili pictures (Via S. Ambrogio 12 ^{III}) where we found 3 "F. F's", a G. Santa Croce, a Pacchiarotto and a Boccacino.

Madame Pasolini read some platitudes on art to Bernhard.

Tuesday, June 14, 1898

A day of packing. The Kerr-Lawsons to dinner.

Wednesday, June 15, 1898, Universo, Lucca

We came here in the rain, a cool [0049 43] pleasant journey. Saw the Pinacoteca, San Michele, the Duomo, Baptistery.

Thursday, June 16, 1898, Londra, Genoa

Saw Duomo, Rampart-Walk, San Frediano in morning. Reached here at 6.15.

Bernhard reading Catullus and Pindar, I Galton's edition of Tacitus.

Friday, June 17, 1898, Genoa

Did all the churches and galleries, and found the "Justus d'Allemagne" to be a sacred picture. We got rather tired.



In the afternoon we went to Santa Maria Carignano, and had a little quarrel.

Saturday, June 18, 1898, Europa, Turin

Reached here at 1.30.

Met the Cooks and Vesmè at the Exhibition. I had a headache. Dined with Cooks, chatted in evening and I finished Gibbon V. [0050 44]

Sunday, June 19, 1898, Europa, Turin

With the Cooks we spent the morning in the Gallery with the Director, Count Vesmè.

In the afternoon Bernhard and I met him again at the deadly Exposition.

Monday, June 20, 1898, Train to Paris

We went to the Academy and Duomo in the morning, and left by the 2.20 train.

Bernhard has caught a most awful cold.

Tuesday, June 21, 1898,

3 rue de Beaune¹²⁸² – Hotel du Quai Voltaire, Paris

Reached here at 7 and after breakfast went to the Louvre.

Placci came at 3 and we went to the Salon and met the Reinachs. We liked almost nothing, least of all Rodin's famous "Balzac".

We dined with the Reinachs. M. Joseph Reinach was there, apparently calm and unconcerned with his *procès*. [0051 45]

Wednesday, June 22, 1898, Paris

The Reinachs went to London.

Bernhard called on Madame André¹²⁸³ and M. Dreyfus.

I worked in the Louvre. Placci dines here and we all went to *Cyrano de Bergerac*. We liked it more to read that to see, though Coquelin acted *perfectly*.

Thursday, June 23, 1898

The Louvre.

In the afternoon tea with Miss Blood, and dinner with the Lovetts in the evening. They were rather indignant over Herrick's novel about Bernhard.

¹²⁸² Mary chose to stay just around the corner from Bernhard's Hotel Quai Voltaire, in the same hotel, Hotel de France et Lorraine, 5 rue de Beaune, where she stayed with her husband in September 1890.

¹²⁸³ Heir of a Protestant banking family, Edouard André spent his fortune on acquiring works of art which he exhibited in his new mansion, built on Boulevard Haussmann and completed in 1875. In 1881 he married a well-known artist, Nélie Jacquemart.



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Friday, June 24, 1898

Bernhard showed Miss Blood some pictures in the Louvre.

I lunched with Carey <Thomas> and her friend Miss Garrett at the Hotel Meurice.

Bernhard worked on the drawings. [0052 46]

Saturday, June 25, 1898, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

A rather wasted morning, with Dreyfus and M. Martin Le Roy, the latter's old Limoge coffers were, however, worth a morning.

Bernhard lunched with Madame André, who — at last — showed him all her things — *pas tant de choses*, after all!

Louvre and then Placci to dine, and *Zazza* acted by Madame Réjane in the evening. We enjoyed it thoroughly!

Placci becomes more and more the mouthpiece of Madame de Montebello. He says he hopes he will get so bigoted that no one was ever so full of bigotry before. Still, he is a dear, and it doesn't much matter what he thinks. [0053 47]

Sunday, June 26, 1898, Bernhard's 33rd Birthday

We went to the Louvre in the morning, but Bernhard was too submerged beneath his heavy cold to enjoy much.

After lunch we saw M. Valton's collection of drawings.

Fabbri came and we had tea and a smoke with him. He seems the same as ever. He said Stéphanie had been ill, but I did not offer to see her. She's too awful a bore!

Bernhard dined with the Péreires.

He is reading Claudian and Catullus, and I am reading the *Fioretti di San Francesco* and the interminable love letters of Madame de Lespinasse.¹²⁸⁴
[0054 48]

Monday, June 27, 1898, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

I spent the day at Chartres, enjoying very much the cathedral and the stained glass.

Bernhard went to Durand-Ruel's with Placci, lunched with Richtenberger and worked in the Louvre.

Dined at Laperouse, but it was a deception. We have now grown so middle-aged that we prefer our quiet home dinners.

¹²⁸⁴ Jeanne Julie Éléonore de Lespinasse (1732-1776).



Tuesday, June 28, 1898

Louvre in the morning. Bernhard went there with Herr von Seidlitz, and then to Rouart's Japanese collection.

We lunched at M. Charles Ephrussi's with his brother,¹²⁸⁵ Amy Renan, Von Seidlitz, M. Rodolphe Kann¹²⁸⁶ and the Minister of Holland, M. Stuers.¹²⁸⁷

After lunch we went to the houses of the two latter — all these Jew houses [0055 49] are terribly like *musées*.

We dined quietly here.

Wednesday, June 29, 1898

Called on Miss Blood (after seeing the drawings of M. Rodriguez and M. Madraza), who showed us over her friend's magnificent palace in the Place des Etats Unis (no. 11), a terribly parvenu sort of place, which she professed to admire! So did we, for that matter, *par politesse*. But why did she ask us? *Pour nous épater* with the magnificence of it? It did not have that effect. We left wondering why she didn't prefer refined poverty to accepting such hospitality! [0056 50]

I went to the Monet exhibition in the afternoon, while Bernhard finished his work on the unexposed drawings in the Louvre. We didn't care very much for the Monets any more. *Sic transit gloria pictoris!*

Towards sunset we walked round Notre Dame, very happy, and then the Lovetts came to dinner. He was most amusing about the Chicago University, especially the courses in English there. The head of the Department gives annually a course in "Pithy Sentences". Lovett was present when the first man came up for a Ph.D. in English. His thesis was "The English Paragraph". He had spent a great deal of time, and caused two students to spend a great deal of their time [0057 51] counting the words in the paragraphs of various writers, and this was counted to him for righteousness, although the whole thing, as result, was vitiated by his not having access to original editions, and his utter ignorance of the mathematical way of calculating according to the law of averages. To give a man a Ph.D. the consent of two professors from other branches is necessary. The two outsiders in this case were a professor of Philosophy and a professor of Greek. "This man's results are valueless and his method inaccurate. Do we understand that this is what you say?" they asked. [0058 52] "Well, yes, that was so. "Then we must refuse our votes," they said. However, such a row was raised that at last they said they would not

¹²⁸⁵ In 1871, Charles Ephrussi moved to Hôtel Ephrussi, 81 rue de Monceau with his parents and brothers.

In 1891 he moved with his brother Ignace to 11, avenue d'Iéna ?

¹²⁸⁶ Rodolphe Kann (1845-1905).

¹²⁸⁷ Victor de Stuers (1843-1916).



withhold their consent to his degree if the English Department was unanimous ... which finally they were induced to be. Then they wanted to give the man a "summa cum laude", on the ground that he was the first to apply for a Ph.D. in English, and they wanted to "give the thing a good send-off." It was finally reduced, however, to a mere "magna cum laude"!!

A young woman also applied, handing in a thesis on the colour-sense of [0059 53] Keats. Afterwards, someone said to her it must have been pleasant work, as Keats was so charming a poet. "Yes," she replied, "but I got so used to looking out for colour words that I could pick out every one on a page and never read any of the poetry."

We talked about America, and Bernhard begged Lovett not to misunderstand him: "I don't blame America for what it doesn't do, but for what it does!"

Thursday, June 30, 1898, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

A letter from William James to Bernhard saying that he has just had time to read his *Central* [0060 54] *Italians*. "I am *enthousiasmé*. The most utterly charming book about pictures (leaving out of course and always Fromentin's *Maîtres d'Autrefois*)¹²⁸⁸ that I have ever read. You've done the job this time, and no mistake. So full of love for the things you write of, so true psychologically, and then such an English style! It is simply delightful. Of course I like particularly what you say about habits of visualizing, etc., in their connection with taste. I think your 'life enhancement' and your 'tactile values' are ultimate analyses of the effect you have in mind, concerning which there is more yet to be said, particularly incidentally to the separation of the precious from the non-precious within the genus, but that is a negative and not a positive [0061 55] defect. I am sure that you are on sound lines. I trust that the book will get you the wide reputation you now deserve."

In the morning we went to the Louvre, and after lunch to the Luxembourg, where, outside the Manets and Puvis, we found everything had sunk to the "*Ce m'est-égal*" category! *Où sont les neiges d'autan?*!

Then we went with Miss Blood to her dentist's (Vian, 47 Bd. Haussmann) to see his modern things. Outside a few Daumiers and Degas, they were all *less than égal*.

Another thing Lovett told us about the Chicago University was that next to "English Literature" the so-called "Sociological Department" was the most flourishing. He said he went into the class of "Modern Society" (a branch of sociology) and heard the students reciting the *names of the* [0062 56] *streets* in the different towns, deducing from them the taste and interests

¹²⁸⁸ Fromentin, *Maîtres d'Autrefois*



of the inhabitants. "The thing you Americans have yet to discover is that everything is significant" was B.B.'s comment.

Friday, July 1, 1898, 3 rue de Beaune, Paris

M. Richtenberger took us to a couple of private collections in the morning, awful waste of Dutch machines. We were nearly choked with *ennui*. We grow more and more wedded to our "Primitives" all the time. *There* is art, with the smallest possible alloy of nature. We could hardly bear it today.

In the afternoon Bernhard went to Braun's, and left cards on Ephrussi and Madame de Montebello.

I took the Lovetts to La Bodinière¹²⁸⁹ to see some hypnotic musical experiments. Placci was there, and came home with me and we had a pleasant chat. [0063 57]

Saturday, July 2, 1898

blank page - M and BB in England
no entries until

[0064 58] x Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1898, * Hotel de l'Europe, Lille

We left England at 11 this morning, Horne accompanying us. His sister and Selwyn Image came to see us off. Pleasant crossing.

Strong, but not Mrs. Strong (with whom, by the way, I mean to have no more to do, as she apparently hasn't force enough to resist her husband's most foolish spites) travelled as far as Calais with us.

Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1898, Hotel de la Poste, Brussels

A miserable noisy hotel.

We saw the Museum, but not the unexposed drawings. No one is allowed to see them, it appears. Even the British Museum was refused. We enjoyed the wax bust, at least Bernhard and I did. Horne thought it was "very [0065 59] late", Bernini, or something of that kind!

Tiring journey here. Bernhard read Homer and I Mommsen. Horne nothing.

x Thursday, Sept. 8, 1898, Dom Hotel, Köln

Saw the Brussels gallery and the principal buildings, and came here.

Friday, Sept. 9, 1898,

Did the Gallery pretty thoroughly, with the Director. Enjoyed Stephan Lochner.

¹²⁸⁹ From 1890 to 1902 the Théâtre La Bodinière, directed by Charles Bodinier, staged lectures and performances for a distinguished audience of aristocrats, grand bourgeois and intelligentsia.



In the afternoon we saw the rest of the sights, and had a splendid bottle of Rhein wine for dinner (Steinberger Cabinet, 10 m.)

Saturday, Sept. 10, 1898, Angleterre, Hildesheim

Five hot hours in train. Explored the town, which is being rapidly modernized. On the whole, a disappointment. It was the first German town of the kind [0066 60] Bernhard had been to, eleven years ago,¹²⁹⁰ and the rapture with which he always spoke of it was really his impression of the first glimpse of picturesque XVI and XVII century Germany.

Coming back now, after years of experience, while it still seems quaint and picturesque, it is no more a unique impression, nor, among impressions of the kind, by any means the finest.

Sunday, Sept. 11, 1898, Schrader, Brunswick

Saw the cathedral and the Treasure and came here, and walked about the town. We had remembered the tomb of Henry the Lion and Matilda was far more beautiful than it was (though [0067 61] it is good), and this time we cared more for a huge candelabrum with a decorative base.

Hildesheim, I should say, turned out better as we explored it more. The Rathausplatz, especially, is wonderful.

Monday, Sept. 12, 1898, Hohenzollern, Berlin

Saw the gallery and the drawings and came here. I read Mommsen on Hannibal and was awfully interested.

Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1898,

Went to the gallery, met Friedländer, Gronau, Lippmann and the Holroyds. I am beginning to feel as if early German and Flemish pictures were really *mine*. I enjoyed the Foucquet,¹²⁹¹ too, very much.

After lunch we looked at the Botticelli drawings.

Then Bernhard bicycled with Lippmann and Holroyd and Horne and I called on Mrs. Willard's.

Dined with Lippmann and the Holroyds in the evening. [0068 62]

¹²⁹⁰ Mentioned in Bernhard's letter from Amsterdam to Senda of March 27, 1888: 'In all probability I shall leave to-morrow for Hanover, whence I shall make an excursion to Hildesheim, a town full of old, and perhaps beautiful churches ...'

¹²⁹¹ Jean (or Jehan) Fouquet (1420–1481) was a preeminent French painter of the 15th century, a master of both panel painting and manuscript illumination, and the apparent inventor of the portrait miniature. He was the first French artist to travel to Italy and experience first-hand the early Italian Renaissance.

Jacques Foucquet (1685–1704) was an artist primarily active in Sweden. Before becoming active as a painter in Stockholm, he was employed as at the court of Louis XIV.



Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1898, Hohenzollern, Berlin

Gallery in morning, saw pictures in the magazine.
Bicycled with Lippmann and the Holroyds to the Wannsee.
Dined with Holroyds.

Thursday, Sept. 15, 1898, Berlin

Worked in the gallery morning and afternoon.
Lippmann came to sit with us after dinner. Found a very nice restaurant, Opern, just behind the Stadt Theater.
Called on the Gronaus. She is rather pretty and seems nice.

Friday, Sept. 16, 1898, Berlin

Friedmann took us to the Simon collection. Worked at drawings in afternoon.

The Holroyds dined with us.

Lippmann told of an old lady watching the copyists in the gallery who asked, "What is done with the old pictures when the new ones are finished?" [0069 63]

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1898, Berlin

Friedmann took us to the Hainau and Kauffmann collections.
Drawings in afternoon.
The Gronaus dined with us.

Sunday, Sept. 18, 1898, Berlin

Saw Beckerath's collection of drawings in the morning, and went with Lippmann to Potsdam in the afternoon, returning late. Lippmann was very jolly and amusing. We enjoyed Sans Souci.

Monday, Sept. 19, 1898, Weber, Dresden

Gallery all to ourselves in the morning. A flying visit to the Art Exposition where we saw, but did not much like Obrist's things. His sculpture, a bust of Beethoven, was awful.

Came here. Alys and Bertie met us, and were very jolly. The Holroyds also here. [0070 64]

Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1898, Weber, Dresden

Spent the morning in the gallery. Saw Woermann, von Seidlitz and Singer.

After lunch looked at drawings, rested, and heard the *Gotterdammerung* in the evening. Were bored in places by it, and wished we could *Golden Urn* it. Even then, it would be rather dramatic music than musical music.

The Holroyds are here, and we are always seeing them. He is really very nice.

A wire from Obrist says he is already married and travelling *mit meiner Frau*.



Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1898, Dresden

The morning in the Gallery, part of afternoon in the print room.

Dined with von Seidlitz (33 Residenzstr., Blasewitz) — a hideous house in the best German taste, but rather charming simple thoughtful people. Seidlitz's modern pictures and drawings were *horrible!* [0071 65]

Thursday, Sept. 22, 1898,

Attacked with a mysterious disease of cramp in the upper part of my right leg. Really suffered from it. I had to come home from the Gallery, I felt so ill.

After lunch we went to the Gypsmuseum. In the evening Alys and Horne and I heard the first part of a concert, XVI, XVII and XVIII century music. A "blina" by Hasse¹²⁹² was particularly nice.

Friday, Sept. 23, 1898, ** Hotel Hauffe, Leipzig

Came here, and at once took train to Altenburg, where we spent three hours "guessing" the pictures in the Gallery.

Returned for dinner.

Saturday, Sept. 24, 1898, Elephant, Weimar

Saw Naumburg in the rain, "did" Weimar thoroughly, including the Belvedere.

Awfully excited about the Dreyfus case. [0072 66]

Sunday, Sept. 25, 1898, Grossherzog von Sachsen, Eisenach

Saw Gotha, and met the Holroyds there, with whom we lunched. They went on to Frankfort am Main and we came here.

Visited the Wartburg, ruined by modern restoration and visitors.

Monday, Sept. 26, 1898, Bamberger Hof, Bamberg

We went to Meiningen and saw the rather charming sympathetic Schloss and the pictures — some of them "Sacred" — and met Alys and Bertie at a junction and came here. There was time for a general look round, and in the evening we chatted.

Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1898, Bayerischer Hof, Nuremberg

Saw Bamberg and came here, and had a look round.

Heard the <Der> *fliegende Holländer*. [0073 67]

Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1898, Leinfelder, Munich

Saw Nuremberg, ate some *würstlein*, came here. I finished vol. II of Mommsen and we played whist in the train.

¹²⁹² Johann Adolph Hasse (1699-1783) was a composer, singer and teacher.



Thursday, Sept. 29, 1898, Munich

Gallery in the morning. Met Dr. Head and Mr. Daniels. The latter seemed like a clever woman, fond of asking intelligent questions — not so I — intelligent always.

Called on Miss Lowndes, who dined with us later, and on the Kolbs. They describe Obrist's wife as insignificant, but a strong tincture of jealousy no doubt coloured their view. Germaine Kolb is pretty, but distinctly not agreeable. [0074 68]

Friday, Sept. 30, 1898, Leinfelder, Munich

Gallery in morning with Maud Cruttwell.

Dr. Head and Mr. Daniels lunched with us, the latter silent, perhaps observing, perhaps too deaf for general conversation, I could not make out which. Dr. Head told me that the form of insanity Mrs. Fry suffers from is the worst of all. Not only is it the most painful — the condition of objectless fear, but it may come on at any time, even when the patient feels well, and is so horrible that in a few seconds theyEE may put an end to themselves. You can *never* feel safe.

In the afternoon Miss Lowndes took me to call on Fräulein Reuter. The lady who [0075 69] has achieved the distinction of having a baby without getting married. She showed me her child with great pride, but her mother heaved ominous sighs. She is a well-known novelist, but, though sweet and simple, seemed like a sentimental boring old maid.

A letter from W.B. <Wilfrid Blaydes> is very despondent about getting to Italy. He literally has not a penny, and of course he is utterly unfit for making it at journalism.

We called on the Hildebrands, a charming family, in their beautiful new house, built by him. It is really excellent, in the best taste, inside and out. [0076 70]

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1898, Leinfelder, Munich

Saw the Glaspalast and Scursim — horrible, horrible!

Maud lunched with us.

I called on "Puck", and met that awful Endell.

We took supper with the Kolbs. It was very dull, as Annette was not there, being still laid up in the country by a bicycle accident. Germaine is quite detestable, and there was a horrid Philistine, Mr. Saunders, as the other guest. Germaine sang — it was *awful*!

Sunday, Oct. 2, 1898, Munich

Lunched with "Puck" and his sister. They told me lots of gossip, a great deal about Obrist, who wasted two years of his life making love to a Baroness [0077 71] von Rompler (!), the sister of Helène, Las<s>alle's



famous lady love.¹²⁹³ This lady is about 50, not pretty, but fascinating, and unsparing in the use of her power. She sucked Obrist dry — he did no work, thought of nothing but her.

Then Fräulein Ruchet¹²⁹⁴ planned his marriage, in the hope of steadying him. When he proposed to Fräulein Lampe (a painter of about 30, rich, and mediocre, by report),¹²⁹⁵ she said of course she would be overjoyed, but she hadn't dared to dream of such an honour — it was higher than her highest ambition! However, when her ambition was realized, she threw over the humble means, Mademoiselle Ruchet, who has been absent from Munich now for four months. Puck [0078 72] doubts if she will return, for Obrist's wife treated her so unkindly.

We went in the morning, by the way, to the Glaspalast and saw his things and found most of them in *execrable* taste, though his line still remains beautiful. He lacks all sense of colour, of construction and of material.

Puck also told me of a strange experience of theirs. A Munich friend went to Berlin to study, whence she sent them with a letter of introduction a young American doctress, whom, after a time, they took to live with them, as Mademoiselle Ruchet used to do. After a while this young doctor told them about a friend of hers, a Russian nihilist of high family, who was hiding in Munich, and only dared [0079 73] to venture out late at night, secretly. He asked if they would mind her having him come to see her. They said no, and he came — a rather sympathetic, handsome, oldish, musical man. After a time they found that matters had gone rather far between the doctor and the Russian, and so they asked her to go.

Some time later they made the acquaintance of Helène (Princess something-or-other). One evening they went to dine with her, and when her husband entered the room what was their surprise to recognize — the Russian nihilist! As he bowed over Puck's hand, he said, "Act as if you had

¹²⁹³ A reference to Ferdinand Lassalle (1825-1864) and his mistress, Helene von Dönniges (1843-1911), the daughter of a Bavarian diplomat Wilhelm von Dönniges and sister of Margarethe von Keyserling.

Helene von Dönniges kam 1843 als erstes **von sieben Kindern** des Wilhelm von Dönniges, zu der Zeit Diplomat in Diensten von Kronprinz Maximilian von Bayern, und seiner Frau Franziska, geb. Wolff, auf die Welt.

¹²⁹⁴ In Florence Hermann Obrist and Berthe Ruchet opened an art embroidery and tapestry workshop in 1892, which was moved to Munich in 1894.

<http://www.hermann-obrist.com/index.shtml>

¹²⁹⁵ The entry for May 21, 1898: 'Obrist is engaged to a girl named Marie Louise Lampe (!) of Leipzig.'

'... im Folgejahr 1898 Heirat mit Marie Louise Lampe aus Leipzig; zwei Töchter: Leila Obrist und Amaranth Obrist, die beide unverheiratet blieben und als Malerinnen überliefert sind.'

<http://www.geni.com/people/Hermann-Obrist/6000000024505884326>



never seen me before,” and of course they did. Helène is very jealous, she said, although [0080 74] now an old lady of 67, an invalid, not beautiful, but with hair like living flames.

She told me too that since Fräulein Ruchet had her baby she has become immensely popular at Munich. Everyone goes to see her, and takes her up, to show their superiority to old-fashioned prejudices.

Puck's most intimate friend at present is a Russian girl (of 33) named Lou Salome,¹²⁹⁶ who was Nietzsche's mistress from 18-28, but finally left him as she “saw through him” and found him a charlatan. I expect his madness was beginning.

In the evening we heard the *Zauberflöte*, very well given, and then the two Kolbs, Mr. Saunders and the painter Ross came to take supper with us. Dull. [0081 75]

Monday, Oct. 3, 1898, Hotel S. Lorenzo, Verona

Spent the day travelling, but by a most comfortable train, leaving Munich at 10 and reaching here at 7, lunching and having tea in the train, and having a mock examination of the luggage also in the train.

I studied Greek and was absorbed in Mommsen's account of the Gracchi. Bernhard read Homer.

Horne endured life. He seems really unable to read a serious book. Vol. I of Mommsen has been entirely too much for him.

Tuesday, Oct. 4, 1898, Verona

Saw churches in the morning and drove to Marcellise¹²⁹⁷ in the afternoon. Horne *commence à donner sur nos neufs* with his slowness and his mania for taking down all inscriptions, no matter how unimportant. He takes hold of almost everything — except Italian architecture — by the [0082 76] non-significant characteristics. He had not had a watch for a year! This accounts for his always being late, another amazing point. He is awfully selfish too, and awfully awfully silent, altogether not a person to travel with again. His virtues are interest (though without enthusiasm) in art and the history of it, patience, uncomplainingness, and obedience to plans. But au fond he is a bore, and unsympathetic.

Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1898, Hotel S. Lorenzo, Verona

Churches morning and afternoon and a walk around Sanmichele's¹²⁹⁸ gates and houses.

¹²⁹⁶ Lou Andreas-Salomé (1861-1937)

¹²⁹⁷ East of Verona.

¹²⁹⁸ The *quartiere* San Michele is located in the eastern part of Verona.



Thursday, Oct. 6, 1898, Verona

Churches — the Gallery — I went to see Alys and Bertie and Mother who had 3/4 of an hour changing trains for Mantua.

Copied notes in the evening. I have come almost to dislike Horne, he is so dull. [0083 77]

no entries after Oct. 6 until:

Monday, Oct. 17, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Alys and Mother and I came down and spent a pleasant week here, while Bernhard went bicycling with Bertie. They stayed a while with the Countess Pasolini at Monte Ricco.¹²⁹⁹

Bad news came from America, which weighed on both our hearts. Bernhard's enemies are trying to persuade Mrs. Gardner that he has cheated her over the pictures he has bought her, and her husband (who was always jealous) believes it. Still, she does not, and that is the important thing.

Alys and I took Mother a little giro to Lucca, Viareggio and Pisa, and started her home last night. We returned here.

Have passed a quiet day, broken by a call from Mr. Morgan and a walk. [0084 77 bis]

Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Had a singing lesson. Chatted in the evening.

Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1898,

A quiet day of work.

Miss Hamilton called on Bernhard, whom she insisted on calling "Professor Berenson".

Bernhard and Alys and Bertie called on the Benns.

Thursday, Oct. 20, 1898,

Music lesson — haven't lost so much as I feared.

Shopped with Alys.

Read Goethe in the evening.

Friday, Oct. 21, 1898

Miss Lowndes to lunch, dull and rather depressing. Alys and I drove to Settignano, but Mr. Power was out, so we had a chat with Mr. Price, who is recovering from having the first joint of his finger bitten off by a savage gardener.

Then we drove to Careggi to see Mrs. Scott-Barber, Bertie and [0085 78] Bernhard arriving at the same time on their bicycles. Mrs. Scott-Barber told us many stories of the "closeness" of the little Poet Laureate. He arranged

¹²⁹⁹ **Maria Ponti** Pasolini dall'Onda.



with a stable that he should have a carriage and horses for £310 a month, and he insisted on having a reduction for months that hadn't the full complement of 31 days.

Miss Cruttwell called.

Saturday, Oct. 22, 1898

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch, and Benn and Bernhard and Bertie went for a long and delightful walk.

Alys and I bicycled down to Florence and shopped.

Sunday, Oct. 23, 1898

Mr. Power came to give me a singing lesson and stayed to lunch. Blair Fairchild¹³⁰⁰ also came, and we called at [0086 79] Poggio Gherardo in the afternoon.

We dined at Doney's and went to hear the *Resurrezione di Lazzaro*. *Non c'è mica male*. D'Annunzio (with the Duse) was dining at Doney's too, and sat in front of us at the Oratorio, an ugly little man, rather vulgar in looks, but with a marvellous way of speaking, as I overheard when he talked with B.B.

We walked home my moonlight — delicious weather!

Monday, Oct. 24, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard and Bertie went cycling to San Donato,¹³⁰¹ and passed an unforgettable day in marvellous scenery.

Alys and I entertained the [0087 80] vulgar and pushing and talkative Miss Halsey to lunch, and then, after my music lesson, called on Ma Horne.

Wilfrid Blaydes has decided to yield to his father and become a barrister. He is awfully unhappy with it.

Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1898

Walked up to the Morgans for Vintage — an awful party of Old Cats there, but an enchanting walk, and home by Vincigliata.

Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1898

Defrez came to see Bernhard, but Alys and Bertie and I went to lunch with Mr. Power and Mr. Price. We walked back through the woods. Enchanting weather.

In the evening we went over to Bernhard's rooms and looked at Signorelli photos.

I read Matthew Arnold's "Preface" — it seemed like an attack on the *Golden Urn*! [0088 81]

¹³⁰⁰ Blair Fairchild (1877-1933), composer and diplomat. Attended Harvard College. In 1903 settled in Paris.

¹³⁰¹ ? San Donato in Poggio, frazione di Tavarnelle Val di Pesa, beyond Passignano.



Thursday, Oct. 27, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Another lovely day.

Bernhard took Alys and Bertie to the Corsini, the Carmine and the Pazzi chapel. I had my music lesson and bicycled.

Read Rose's *Renaissance Painters*,¹³⁰² a worthless crib of Bernhard, Pater, Symonds, etc.

Excited over rumours of war with France.

Friday, Oct. 28, 1898

Bernhard and Bertie took a long walk by Bagazzano, ending up with tea at the Gamberaia.

Alys and I went to have a singing lesson and a lesson in voice production from Mr. Power. The singer Emma Nevada¹³⁰³ was there, with an attendant train of about half a dozen fat, middle-aged, terribly bourgeois men, whom she called *caro mio*. She is a plain, good-natured, affable American lower middle class woman of about 35, very genuine and nice.

Afterwards we called on Lady (Willoughby) Wade, who could talk of nothing but housekeeping. [0089 82]

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1898

Miss Hamilton and Lawrence Binyon came to lunch. The lady an art student, but so hopelessly American in accent and giggle and style of conversation that one feels it is *no use*.

We had a nice walk by Ponte a Mensola.

Discussed races and geographies in the evening.

Sunday, Oct. 30, 1898

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton came to lunch. She was nicer than we had been told she would be. Bertie and Bernhard and I walked with Houghton to see the Kerr-Lawson's villa at Corbignano, and ended up with tea at the Ross's.

Watts is painting Lina's picture in that costume dress. Which reminds me that young Waterfield (the beast!) wrote her early in the summer that **their love-making had been a mistake**, and they must be nothing but friends. Lina thought she was broken-hearted. [0090 83]

Monday, Oct. 31, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Music lesson, a concert with Kreuzer Sanata and Beethoven's Andante with variations and the début of a young American singer named Mary Duff.

¹³⁰² George B. Rose (1863-1943), *Renaissance masters: The art of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, and Botticelli* (New York & London, 1898). **Biblioteca Berenson N6373 .R8 1898**

¹³⁰³ Emma Nevada (née Wixom) (1859-1940) grew up in Nevada City; a soprano, she was known for her performances in operas by Bellini and Donizetti.



Then tea with horrible Miss Halsey, shopping and home.
We read aloud Pater's *Demeter* in the evening.
Bernhard and Bertie bicycled to Pontassieve.
The Dreyfus revision is decided!

Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1898

Mr. Power and Mr. Price, with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boulton, came to lunch. It poured and they had to stay on to tea, but Mr. Price was so very amusing, in his genial Irish way, that he kept us all in high spirits.

Alys and I had lessons from Mr. Power.

The weather has broken.

We read Pater's *Demeter* aloud in the evening.

Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1898

Alys and I called on Miss Lowndes and Madame de [0091 84] Platonoff, whose niece, Matilda Ducci, Alys is taking back to England.

Then we all four went to the Gamberaia to dine with Miss Blood, a pleasant dinner, except for her huge cat on the table, who snatched from all our plates, and waved his tail everywhere, and upset the flowers. We had a delightful walk home, stopping to serenade Mr. Power.

Thursday, Nov. 3, 1898

Alys and Bertie tried to go, but the line was interrupted by a land slide, so after raging around for some time they came back.

Miss Hamilton and Mr. Morgan came to lunch, and Bernhard took the lady to his house and talked to her for several hours to prove that she knew nothing about art, while I had a music lesson.

We all met at tea again, secretly raging against [0092 85] the thinness and American flatness and sentimentality which culminated when Mr. Houghton brought some photos of Alys. Then she¹³⁰⁴ gushed to Bertie, "O, aren't they just the embodiment of perfect womanhood? I can't think why you don't look *radiant*, Mr. Russell! Your eyes ought to be fairly shining, to own such a wonderful creature!" Then she gushed to Alys about the "lovely life" they must lead at the Millhangar¹³⁰⁵ "with each other and Nature," and Alys said, "I try to get away as much as I can."

Chatted in the evening.

Friday, Nov. 4, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Alys and Bertie got off.

¹³⁰⁴ Miss Hamilton.

¹³⁰⁵ The Millhangar, Fernhurst, Haslemere.



Young Fairchild came to lunch. He played us some miserable Liszt and not much better Chopin, keeping the pedal down all the while. He is studying with Buonamici, also singing with Canuccini.

He and Bernhard took a walk and I went to my [0093 86] dressmaker's, and then to tea with the Bennis. Copied note of "Jacopo del Sellaio" when I came home. Bernhard had been at work on them all day.

It does seem too dreadful for that boy¹³⁰⁶ to be spending four or five hours a day learning to make a noise which one would rather not hear!

Saturday, Nov. 5, 1898

Herr Mackowski¹³⁰⁷ came to lunch, and talked incessantly and most amusingly in very rapid German, about all his colleagues in Berlin, who are exceedingly funny. He stayed with Bernhard till tea time. I slept, as I wasn't feeling well. Finished our Berlin notes in the evening, while Bernhard read Burckhardt.

I had a queer pain in my side, under the floating ribs. [0094 87]

Sunday, Nov. 6, 1898, Frullino, Florence

A quiet day. I was not well enough to go out, so Bernhard walked alone to the Tree.

I put all our Art Magazines in order.

Miss Cruttwell called.

Monday, Nov. 7, 1898

Had my music lesson, and then a singing lesson at Settignano, walking back in the dark.

Bernhard went to Santo Spirito and puzzled over that mysterious "Trinity".

Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1898

Houghton came to lunch, and we all three walked to Settignano. While they went to the Gamberaia to look out views to be photographed, I had a singing lesson. We walked home by a new way, and called at Poggio. Lina is having her portrait done by Watts.

Logan writes: 'I really don't know when I shall come [0095 88] out — at Christmas perhaps, or perhaps in the spring. Thee knows how hard I find it to foretell the future. I want to stay on into the winter and get really

¹³⁰⁶ Blair Fairchild?

¹³⁰⁷ Hans Mackowski, 'Hans Baluschek', *Kunst und Künstler. Illustrierte Monatsschrift für bildende Kunst und Kunstgewerbe*. Verlag von Bruno Cassirer, Berlin 1903 (Jg. 1), S. 331–338.

'Die Bildwerke Gottfried Schadows'. Mit einer Einleitung von Paul Ortwin Rave. *Denkmäler deutscher Kunst*. Hrsg. vom Deutschen Verein für Kunstwissenschaft, Berlin 1951, S. 184, 187 f. Nr. 164 Abb. 147.



homesick for Italy — homesickness is such a charming unction! I think I was meant to be a hermit — one of the *Santi Padri* kind, who had leisure to enjoy his temptations.

Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1898

Quiet day. Bernhard went to town and I walked about in the *podere* and read Shakespeare.

The Wades called, and Horne, just as we were starting for Settignano, where he walked with us, full on interest in “B. della Gatta”.

Pleasant dinner, Mr. Price in great form and a delicious walk back by night. [0096 89]

Thursday, Nov. 10, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Took Miss Lowndes to lunch with the Benns. A Mr. Balfour there. Lunch uneventful. Music lesson, and then some shopping.

Young Fairchild came to dinner, and gave us some of his own music — very talent^{ed} — but o! how absolutely *nothing* talent without genius is!

Friday, Nov. 11, 1898

A most delicious bicycle ride to Quintole¹³⁰⁸ and then a climb through the olives to Terenzano — one of the perfect days, with opal haze, and sparkling sunshine, when being out of doors seems the *very best* of life.

Horne came to dinner and we looked over the Maso Finiguerra book.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1898

Dibblee came to lunch, and we had a walk up [0097 90] the valley with Fairchild who turned up. This poor boy is all broken up with a cold, so we had him come up and stay here. Chatted in the evening, but I did my notes. Mr. Power, Mr. Price and Mr. and Mrs. Boulton came to tea.

Sunday, Nov. 13, 1898

A letter from Edith Thomas tells of Evelyn's dangerous illness, the operation for tumour we all thought nothing of turning out to be very serious. I have wired for news. The uncertainty is awful.

We walked with Fairchild over the hills, and called on Miss Blood and Mr. Power. It was very beautiful, but I was too anxious to enjoy it. [0098 91]

Monday, Nov. 14, 1898, Frullino, Florence

The cable came: “Evelyn died peacefully November 2nd.”

Alas! She was my most intimate friend from the days we were at college together. There has never been a cloud, never the least little shade of lack of sympathy. I shall never love another woman so much till Ray grows to be a woman.

¹³⁰⁸ On the Via Aretina, after San Jacopo al Girone and before Compiobbi.



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Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15-16, 1898

Thoughts of Evelyn. I wish she could reach down to the depths of my heart and see how I loved her. [0099 92]

Thursday, Nov. 17, 1898

Wilfrid writes me that he has fallen desperately in love, at first sight, with an Italian girl named Magda Sindici, who has written a book, *Via Lucis*, under the name Kassandra Vivaria. The *Chronicle* has been publishing her life — she is a “revolted daughter” of a swell Roman family. He says she is very beautiful. I hope it may turn out happily for him. A month ago he was in love with Lina Duff Gordon — a year ago with me. But *this* “is final” he says! *Speriamo*. [0100 s.n. <93>]

Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff

Born January 28, 1866

Died November 2, 1898

My dearest friend for sixteen years

[0101 94]

Copy of Letter to Dr. Richter

Nov. 18, 1898

Dear Richter,

I have received your lectures on the National Gallery, and thank you very much for having had them sent to me. I am going to tell you frankly — as is my habit — that I will not review it. You surely must know from the way I have spoken of you whenever I have had a chance how friendly my intentions have always been to you. Friendly they still are, and for that reason I will say nothing of this last book. That various new suggestions you make there I cannot at all subscribe to. In fact, some of them are perfectly incomprehensible to me. Others are based on data of a very speculative if not altogether untenable kind. This is what I should have to say if I reviewed the book, and I'd much rather say it to you in private than to publish it.

Deswegen aber keine Feindschaft, bitte! I look forward with the keenest interest to the work that you are now engaged upon, and should it turn out <to be> of the quality that I expect, you may rely on me to do it full justice.

Sincerely yours,

Bernhard Berenson

no entries after Nov. 17 until Nov. 29

[0102 95] Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1898, Frullino, Florence

I could not write these days. I have been mourning for Evelyn, who was more to me than I knew.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

I have been asked to rejoice with Wilfrid, who seems to be prosecuting a successful courtship. He is to have his "answer" today, the young lady having retired into the country for a weekend to think it over. I hope she will marry him and let him settle down to literary work. If she merely becomes his mistress, it is all up with him, until she throws him [0103 96] off. But I hope she will be kinder to him than that.

Mr. and Mrs. Nowers spent ten days here very pleasantly.

Blair Fairchild, who is a nice boy, was also here. One evening we spoke of insanity, and he turned pale and could not eat. Afterwards he told Bernhard he had lost his mind several times, and lived in dread of it. Poor boy! Poor boy! His form of insanity is falling into a belief in the Jesuits (a nurse made him secretly a Catholic when he was a small child), and once during [0104 97] his first year in college he wandered away, and awoke, six days later, at a Jesuit monastery.¹³⁰⁹

Today has been quiet, with rain. I walked to Settignano and had a singing lesson.

I am reading James Havell's *Latus*, Plutarch's *Marcus Antonius*, and the last volume of Mommsen.

Bernhard has read Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* and is now re-reading Pater and Burckhardt's *Greek Culture*.

Poor Emily <Dawson> wrote me (what is alas! true) "I know I am a pretty dull person to meet and to hear from. I am [0105 98] awfully well and awfully happy, and yet I feel that I'm a bore."

Wednesday, Nov. 30, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Placci came to lunch, and in spite of his anti-Dreyfus-ism and his bigoted Catholicism, was as lovely and dear as ever, and won back our hearts.

In the late afternoon we walked to Poggio Gherardo and greeted Lina and the Kerr-Lawsons¹³¹⁰ on their return.

Thursday, Dec. 1, 1898

A telegram from W.B. saying "Yes and No" leads me to the (perhaps incorrect) inference that the lady he has set his love on has taken a fancy to him, but is ambitious and determined to get on in the world, and so won't marry [0106 99] him, though she likes to have him make love to her. I may be all wrong, but his passion seems to me, while it is very intense, only by chance devoted to her and somewhat *voulu* and literary at that. He says she is "perfectly congenial", but I hardly know how a young woman who writes her autobiography in the *Chronicle* and spends her time going to dinners and

¹³⁰⁹ A note in blue pencil in the left margin: 'All a lie.' Fairchild was well-known for inventing interesting stories. Thus we know that the comments written with the blue pencil are almost certainly Mary's!

¹³¹⁰ Bernhard perhaps met Kerr-Lawson through Mrs. Ross?



teas and balls in the journalistic London world — a whole combination of things he, not in love, would *loathe*! — can be “congenial”, adorable as she may be. But his letters have been so very much the typical letters of “a man in love”, that I really have no means of judging. However, I think I am safe — though sad — in predicting that if he does not [0107 100] make her take him seriously now he never will, but will drag on miserably her slave till she takes another caprice. And I do not believe he will have the self-restraint *not* to take whatever she will let him — her body without her soul, if he may. Though I think if he held out, he *might* win *her*. However, I know nothing about it!

I had my last singing lesson, then music, then a call on Mrs. Nowers and tea here with the Atherton brothers, as dull as a desert, the other an indifferently bad musician.

Bernhard went to the Uffizi. He saw Miss Hamilton who had been [0108 101] what she calls studying Botticelli — and to whom the Three Archangels (by Botticini) “says louder and louder that it is a real Botticelli.” The little idiot!

Friday, Dec. 2, 1898, Frullino, Florence

The Nowers came to lunch, and we walked out to the Tree — a wonderful day.

Fairchild came to tea.

Began Hogg’s Life of Shelley.

Kerr-Lawsons called.

Saturday, Dec. 3, 1898 * * * *

Quiet day of work.

Dined with Fairchild in his villa at Settignano,¹³¹¹ and had a beautiful walk home. He was overcome with horror of a swell Florentine dinner he had been to where all the ladies got drunk, and the extremest (he says!¹³¹²) indecencies took place after dinner. It had made him quite ill and nervous. [0109 102]

Sunday, Dec. 4, 1898

Percy Atherton (musician)¹³¹³ and Fairchild lunched here.

Then we called on Mr. Fiske, who was boring, and on the Rosses, who were very nice.

Began **our opus magnum** of the Minor Painters in the evening.

Looked at the Rembrandt volumes I and II which Bode is bringing out.

¹³¹¹ Mentioned in the letter of Dec. 4, 1898, to ISG (Hadley, p. 162).

¹³¹² Written in the left margin in blue pencil: ‘probably a lie’.

¹³¹³ Percy Lee Atherton (1871-1944), musician; his brother?



Monday, Dec. 5, 1898

Music lesson, and Bernhard took away Masaccio portrait (alas!) to send to Mrs. Gardner.

I called on Miss Cruttwell and Miss Lowndes. Fairchild dined with me, and told me his strange history, while Bernhard dined with Madame Rasponi.

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1898

Bernhard called on Miss Blood.

Finished Hogg. [0110 103]

Wednesday, Dec. 7, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Another lovely day, warm as summer. But we did not walk through the woods as yesterday, reviving *par moments* those exquisite sensations that belonged to the dawn of life, and which the odours of decaying leaves and of pines and of the damp earth now and then call up.

Bernhard went grubbing in the archives and then left a card on Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, and I walked by the highway to Settignano and called on Mrs. Fairchild and Satey.¹³¹⁴

Coming home, I stopped for a minute at Poggio Gherardo.

In the evening we worked at our Minor Painters.

Thursday, Dec. 8, 1898

Walked down in the rain to see the Panciatichi pictures, shown us by a quaint and original old lady, the Marchesa Paolucci.¹³¹⁵ [*sic*] [0111 104] There are some *lovely* things there.

In the afternoon I had my music lesson — Madame de Platonoff is a splendid teacher — while Bernhard wrote.

The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner. They succeeded in making £900 out of a little picture they bought for less than £1, and so they are in more comfortable circumstances. Most of their debts are paid off, poor dears!

After they went we got in an hour's work on our Minor Painters.

Friday, Dec. 9, 1898

Miss Lowndes and Miss Cruttwell came to lunch. Bernhard went in to the Uffizi, and Miss C. and I walked up to Vincigliata — a lovely afternoon.

A letter from Mrs. Strong trying to make friends but I really feel as if I *could* not see her again. [0112 105]

¹³¹⁴ Sally 'Satty' Fairchild (1870-1960).

¹³¹⁵ Paulucci delle Roncole.



Saturday, Dec. 10, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Mrs. Fairchild with Blair and Satey came to lunch. The far-famed Satey struck us as a rather ugly <girl>, with a touch of vulgarity in her looks, and not interesting — a great disappointment.

Earlier we had been with Placci to see the Alessandri pictures.

Lina came to lunch too.

Bernhard went with Miss Blood to the Boboli Gardens, and then took Blair to call on Madame Rasponi.

Michael Field writes that she has been so gloriously creative this autumn. "I could have sung with the sons of morning when they arose and sang together." And to write this to me, when all our quarrel came from our saying we didn't care for her poetry — ! [0113 106]

Sunday, Dec. 11, 1898

Beatrice and Herbert Horne to lunch. Walked with them to Settignano and all called on the Fairchilds and then on Miss Blood. Then we found the Kerr-Lawsons, who thereupon accompanied B.B. and me back to the Rosses. So we saw all **our hillside**.

Miss Fairchild, the far-famed, is a great disappointment.

Worked in the evening. B.B. read Burckhardt on Greek culture.

Monday, Dec. 12, 1898

Went to Buonamici and quartette concert; liked Boccherini quartette.

Afterwards went on a wild goose chase after a "Botticelli".

Then I called on Mrs. Madeau and found her flirting with a lot of middle aged men, all of them at the "table rapping" stage. The people were awful.

We bought (for £500) a little Crucifixion on gold ground, perhaps by Giotto. [0114 107]

Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1898

Placci came to lunch and we had a fierce <bruchaha> [brough] over the Dreyfus-Picquart affair. Mr. Morgan also was here.

Then we drove to Settignano, walked with the Fairchilds to the Bagazzano, and then all had tea with Miss Blood.

Mrs. Fairchild said she was devoted to literature, and, later, it turned out that she is a passionate admirer of Zangwill as a writer.

Miss Fairchild I really do not like. **I think she is Loeser-meat.**

Looked over Moscioni's photographs of early frescoes etc. in the evening.

Wednesday, Dec. 14, 1898

Wrapped in a mist, though at Fiesole the sun was shining.

Practised, read, wrote, quarrelled, made up. [0115 108]



Thursday, Dec. 15, 1898

Lunched with the Placcis. Carlo spoke very bitterly of Miss Blood as a parasite living on the bounty of the Princess Ghika and pretending that the money, or a large part of it, was hers. It was *so unlike* him to speak in this way that we suspected Madame de Montebello behind it.

He and Buonamici played an organ and orchestra concerto by Rheinberger, and then we went to a concert to hear Buonamici and Faini play a Bach sonata (la maggiore).

Bernhard had tea with Benn and I had my music lesson. Benn was saying that England had never been much influenced by France, and that individual men, like Gibbon, who were influenced by French things, never had themselves much influence in England. [0116 109]

Friday, Dec. 16, 1898, Frullino, Florence

We had a most divine walk — an old Fiesole “rampart walk”.¹³¹⁶ The day was en - chant - ing.

A telegram came from Alys saying that B.F.C.C. will not make trouble if I put off my home-coming till the 10th. As I *might* not have been able to go at all, this is a pure gain, and it made me happy. But I was happy anyhow with Bernhard and the sunshine.

Fairchild came and gave me a lesson, and at 7.15 I met Trevy who arrived from England with a heavy bag of books. He was very nice in the evening. [0117 110]

Saturday, Dec. 17, 1898

I lunched at Poggio and had a nice long walk with Lina, who told me how she got over her attachment to that fishy Waterfield. She suffered greatly, poor dear.

At dinner Trevy told us of the rather appalling impression Wilfrid's lady love made on the Cambridge dons. They said she wasn't “their kind”. She was amusing, but very conceited and unteachable, as she wanted to do all the talking herself. They thought she had no special endowment of mind, and was scarcely pretty, though lively and vivacious. In fact she made a very [0118 111] unfavourable impression.

Here is Wilfrid's account: “Magda quite won everybody — *elle va sans dire*, after all I have told you of her?! — even that confirmed misogynist Nathaniel Wedd!”¹³¹⁷

Wedd didn't like her at all, Trevy said. They had told him some of the things she had said, and he began to repeat them, stumbled, blushed, and

¹³¹⁶ via degli Angeli? Perhaps the Caves walk: up via Verdi, then along via di Monte Ceceri and via A. Mari to Borgunto.

¹³¹⁷ Nathaniel Wedd (1864-1940), classics don at King's; see Griffin, *Russell Letters*, p 53.



said he couldn't go on, they were really *trou fort*. Evidently she lacks tact. But then she is so young. However, the general impression was that she was very much in her element in the Journalia from which W. is seeking to extricate her. [0119 112]

Sunday, Dec. 18, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Lunched with Fairchild. We talked chiefly about Japanese things and Trevy told a marvellous story about some Japanese people who came to consult a theologian about the Christian Trinity. They put their heads together, and then the spokesman, bowing ceremoniously, said, "We understand there is an honourable Father." "Yes," said the Theologian, and explained His nature. Same tableau. "We understand there is an honourable Son," and finally, after much consultation, "We understand there is an honourable Pigeon."

After lunch we called at the Rosses and then came home. Trevy read us selections from his unedited works all the evening, greatly enjoying it. He has talent. [0120 113]

Monday, Dec. 19, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Went to see the Panciatici pictures again. Lina joined us and we lunched at Doney's and then went to hear the Passion music of Perosi.¹³¹⁸ It was very boring and the brasses were out of tune, and we came away as soon as we could.

I had a music lesson. Read *The Rape of the Lock* in the evening.

Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1898

Fairchild to lunch and Buonamici's concert: Bazzini, Brahms, Beethoven. A gathering of the Clans at the concert. Placci, Miss Blood, Lina, Mrs. Kerr-Lawson, Mrs. Ross, Fairchild, Beatrice Horne and ourselves all on two rows.

Miss Fairchild gave me a "relaxing" lesson. She is nicer than at first I thought.

Wilfrid sent me his adored lady's book to [0121 114] read, *Via Lucis*. In his infatuation he thinks it is "immature but full of promise, and the revelation of a wonderful personality." I hoped it might be, but I found it simply the sort of facile stuff an excitable girl formed on Ouida and Marion Crawford would very naturally, given the talent for expression, pour out. It has no promise. There is no distinction, either in matter or manner. She sentimentalizes over commonplaces, and her heroine is the regular hackneyed type, "not beautiful in the strict sense, but with something more than beauty", etc. It isn't so serious as Mrs. Humphrey Ward even, and this fatal fluency destroys all hope of her ever learning how to write. The type of

¹³¹⁸ Monsignor Lorenzo Perosi (1872-1956) was a composer of sacred music



mind seems to be of the ordinary journalese novel-writer. In fact, a really fundamentally vulgar book. In his normal [0122 115] senses W. B. would have *loathed* such a book. The fact that she wrote it at 18-19 makes it ever less “promising”. I fear the only promise is popularity. Of course I do not dare to tell him this!

Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Lines on Val Prinseps:

“There was once a Creator named God
Whose creations were now and then odd

I maintain and I shall

The creation of Val

Is not to the credit of God.”

Fearfully windy day. I had a headache from the wind.

Bernhard went in to the Uffizi. Trevy called on the Rosses.

The dear thing (Bernhard) is feeling better since he adopted Alys’ suggestion of drinking hot water in the morning and before meals, and so he is comparatively happy. Today, though nothing happened, he said he had had a really delightful day. [0123 116]

Thursday, Dec. 22, 1898

A magnificent lunch at the Rosses, a walk with Lina, who is, I think, quite ready to fall in love with Trevy.

Wind still high.

Friday, Dec. 23, 1898

The day of the children’s “First Communion”. I sent them little breast pins to wear, and I hope some of the anti-prayers I sent along with them will neutralize this terrible Catholic virus with which they are being inoculated. Alas! alas!

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch full of excitement at having been asked to write on Signorelli for that Loeser-Strong-Williamson series. Bernhard was very nice and said he would help her.

He spent the afternoon at the Cenacolo di S. Apollinare and Santa Maria Novella with Miss Blood, and had tea with her, and called for me when I was taking a singing lesson of Blair Fairchild, and we walked home together. [0124 117]

Saturday, Dec. 24, 1898, Frullino, Florence

Placci came up to lunch, and we had an awful row over the Dreyfus affair. He says the judges in the Cour de Cassation are all vile scoundrels who have been bribed by the Jews.



Then we calmed down, had some music, and took a delightful walk. He came in and read us nearly half of the *Purgatorio*, and we parted friends. Except for his idiot spots, he is a delicious person!

Sunday, Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1898

We called on the Rosses and Lina and wished them a Merry Christmas, and then walked home through the woods.

On returning I found a letter from W.B. saying that his adored Magda is going — to marry Mr. Heinemann, that contemptible, vulgar, [0125 118] pushing, journalistic publisher! This bears out the impression of her I have not been able to avoid getting, in spite of her lover's praises. I think Love, while it no doubt revealed to him much that was lovely in her, which would have escaped an unloving eye, blinded him to those defects which impressed others so unfavourably, defects which seem to be the ruling trait, after all. Whether W. didn't really care so much for her as he thought, for he said it was "life and death", to him, or whether he is merely stunned at the overwhelming ruin and feels the calm people are said to feel in a lion's jaws, I don't know; but at any rate he [0126 119] writes very calmly, says they remain "the closest of friends", and that at any rate she has give him "a wonderful month", although it is now "of course, rather hard on him." If he didn't really care, and it was all rhetoric — *tant pis pour lui*. The marriage is to take place in February. The young lady says that even if she does get sick of the man, the position will be a very advantageous one. how little she knows of the real contempt in which Heinemann is held by all decent people!

Monday, Dec. 26, 1898, Frullino, Florence

The Robinsons arrived from Rome [0127 120] today, and we spent the afternoon and evening chatting and laughing.

Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1898

Music in the morning. We had a climb over the hills with Lina in the afternoon, and some singing in the evening. Mrs. Robinson has a *lovely* voice.

Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1898

Miss Cruttwell to lunch. She has been asked to write on Signorelli and Bernhard is helping her. She came to study the photographs. She had been spending Christmas with Miss Paget, whose temper, she says, is going from bad to worse. She was furious [0128 121] with Maud for refusing to paint some scenes for a puppet show she is going to have. Maud being terribly busy as the book has to be finished in six months. "O that Signorelli!" said Miss Paget scornfully, "that's a very easy matter. You just come to me and I'll tell you the scheme of it, and you can do it in a few hours." She says



Miss P. has no idea of scholarship or responsibility— her one idea is effective writing.

Later in the day, we drove over and called on the Fairchilds. Trevy has been rather bad-tempered and stupid this visit, with his mind choked with half-understood [0129 122] ideas of the two Moores and other London friends, interested in absolutely nothing but the verses he is making, so it was rather a relief when he decided to go off to Ravello this week, although it is rather horrid of him, as this invitation from the beginning was to come and stay with B.B. while I was away. But he is perfectly selfish and cares for nothing but writing his verses, which I must confess, do sometimes come very near to poetry.

We played Baccarat in the evening.

Thursday, Dec. 29, 1898

It rained miserably all day, but we consoled ourselves with “Naps”¹³¹⁹ in the evening. [0130 123]

Friday, Dec. 30, 1898, Frullino, Florence

I had caught a *ferocious* cold, and it kept me miserable in the house all day.

Janet Dodge arrived in the evening, by the same train Trevy took to go to Naples. He left under a cloud, feeling he had been horrid, so I wrote to him telling him we counted him so genuinely “one of us” that he might feel free to come and go as he liked.

Horne came to dinner. Lord Balcarres called.

X X X

Saturday, Dec. 31, 1898

Cold still miserable.

Fairchild and Kerr-Lawson came to dinner.

New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1899

Cold.

Andersen the sculptor came to lunch. We liked him, and we think he has genius. He is, however, an artist, and, as such, not “our kind”

Janet Dodge and Mrs. Robinson called as [0131 124] Miss Blood and Bernhard took a walk with Placci and Lord Balcarres, and called on Mrs. Ross, from whom he bought a picture.

Miss Fairchild gave us a “relaxing” lesson.

x Monday, Jan. 2, 1899

Cold still heavy. Miss Blood called. The Robinsons went.

Fairchild came to dinner and seemed horribly depressed.

¹³¹⁹ a game, perhaps a card game?



Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1899

I started for London, glad to see the children and mother, hating to leave Bernhard.

X

Mary goes to London and leaves her diary in Florence?

Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1899

Logan and I got here last night, I with a miserable cold. Bernhard met us. We spent yesterday morning at Piacenza. [0132 125]

Janet Dodge stayed here while I was gone and kept B.B. company and played picquet with him. He says she was nicer than he expected. Talking up old music seriously with Dolmetsch has improved her. He saw something of the usual people while I was gone: the Rosses, Miss Blood, Mr. Benn, Placci and Prince Galitzine.

I had a lovely time with the children, and saw something of Blaydes, and met Donna Magda Sindici, who fascinated me. Blaydes recovered from his mighty passion for her in about 24 hours after the shock of hearing she meant to marry Heinemann! [0133 126]

Wednesday, Jan. 25, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard lunched with the Fairchilds and walked with Blair to Morgan's. Logan hunted *oggetti*, and I stayed at home and nursed my cold.

The Kerr-Lawsons called.

Thursday, Jan. 26, 1899

Logan hunted *oggetti*, and B.B. called on Lady Ottoline Bentinck. Janet Dodge came to lunch. Mrs. Jeaffreson called.

Finished Froude's *Caesar*.¹³²⁰

Miss Cruttwell called.

Friday, Jan. 27, 1899

Cold heavy. B.B. called on Hamilton Aidé.¹³²¹

I went to see the Curiosity Shops with Logan.

He and B.B. played picquet in the evening.

I began Macaulay's *Life*. Bernhard is reading Rohde's *Psyche*.¹³²²

We heard the Frosino¹³²³ was for sale, and I wrote to Mr. Morgan to ask him to buy it for me! 'Tis a heavenly place! [0134 127]

¹³²⁰ James Anthony Froude (1818-1894), *Caesar: A Sketch* (1879).

¹³²¹ Charles Hamilton Aidé (1826-1909), well-known author of novels and plays.

¹³²² Rohde, *Psyche*

¹³²³ Il Frosino, via delle Fontanelle 22, Lensi Orlandi, p. 79, with view of Boscobello. Next to La Torraccia, once the Villa of Walter Savage Landor who acquired it in 1830.



Saturday, Jan. 28, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Music lesson, and then we all walked to see the Frosino, which is a *gem* of a place.

Sunday, Jan. 29, 1899

Bernhard drove with Mr. Hamilton Aidé to lunch with the Rosses.

Janet and Mr. Morgan lunched here, and we walked to the Frosino, which looked lovelier than ever.

I called on the Rosses, and saw dear Mr. Ross, who was looking indescribably changed — alas! — since his paralytic stroke.

Horne came to dinner.

X X X

Monday, Jan. 30, 1899

Rainy day. I stayed in bed all the morning, and read Maeterlinck and Mommsen and Macaulay.

Bernhard lunched with the Placcis to meet Ferrero. Maud Cruttwell lunched here. [0135 128]

Tuesday, Jan. 31, 1899

Logan and B.B. went to Mrs. Caulfield's to see some old furniture and found themselves let in for a social function with an enthusiastic admirer of B. Berenson's writings. They were furious!

After my music lesson, we went to some antiquity shops and came home for tea.

I worked on Neri di Bicci.

Picquet in the evening and my lists of the works of minor painters.

* Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1899

Another cold. Quiet day. Music and work.

Mr. Morgan called.

Thursday, Feb. 2, 1899

Bernhard called on Miss Blood and the Kerr-Lawsons.

Rainy. Music and work. [0136 129]

Friday, Feb. 3, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Miss Hamilton and Janet to lunch. Music lesson.

Lady Ottoline Bentinck and Miss Bentinck called on B.B.

Mrs. and Miss Fairchild called.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1899

A nice letter from Mrs. Gardner.¹³²⁴

¹³²⁴ Evidently not a letter published by Hadley, p. 201-203.



Mr. Morgan writes that the owner of the Frosino¹³²⁵ wants £50,000, which is too much, so we must give up the idea. I am sorry.

We went to Bardini's to look up a Madonna in terracotta by Sperandio, to which Mrs. Gardner has taken a fancy.

In the evening we read the *Protagoras* — delicious! — and I read Plutarch's *Life of Alexander the Great* and finished Macaulay's [Macaulay *sic*] *Life*.

Sunday, Feb. 5, 1899

Miss Lowndes came to lunch. She was very amusing about Miss Paget, who has [0137 130] gone in for metaphysics and philosophy, getting them up from the Encyclopaedia Britannica to astonish Lady Ottoline, and about Lady Ottoline, whose great idea is to find out whether the great philosophers were "orthodox".

Bernhard and I called on the Rosses, and then had a walk, ending up with a call on the Kerr-Lawsons and Janet. Poor Janet's finances are going down in a dreadful way. Mrs. Kerr-Lawon said that Miss Fairchild simply detests B.B. and me, and can't keep it in — she hasn't even the tact to avoid telling such intimate friends as they how she loathes us. She certain has been a great disappointment. She has an impression of being rude and vulgar and bad-tempered and impudent.

The Kerr-Lawsons [0138 131] had a letter from Heinemann announcing his marriage to Donna Magda. It is to take place on the 21st in Rome. It is dreadful.

Trevy writes: "Tell Logan that I shall soon enter his own private pasture, and trespass on the almost virginal territory of prose — real prose of course I mean, which he and a small band have kept to themselves so long. He will soon sigh with the sonneteer:

'Whence came his feet into my field, and why?'

and perhaps continue the sonnet:

'How is it that he sees it all so drear?'

For I shall go round and pick all his most *frappant* motives and situation and press them dry of all scent and sap between the horrid pages of my books."

Monday, Feb. 6, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Logan and I lunched with the Fairchilds and had a "relaxing" lesson.

Walking back we explored the Villa Viviani.

Janet lunched [0139 132] with B.B. and they had a walk in the quarries. She has had her income cut down from £200 to £120, and she doesn't know how she *can* manage. It is very hard luck, delicate as she is.

We read *Charmides* in the evening.

¹³²⁵ via delle Fontanelle 22.



Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1899

Music lesson. Then I went to Dr. Grazzi, who discovered adenoids in the back of my throat.

Shopping with Logan and home to tea.

In the evening we read the *Lysis*, but Bernhard struck and declared himself too much bored with Socrates to go on. He prefers picquet!!

He called on Benn in the afternoon, and found him in heaven because Spencer had asked Knowles to invite him (Benn) to write a 25 page article in *The Nineteenth Century*¹³²⁶ on his philosophy. We all agreed at dinner that we should hate to write for *The Nineteenth Century*, but that no one would believe us sincere in saying so.

[0140 s.n.]

X - new or renewed
> = less
< = more
= lapsed

End of 1898
Common Friends

Placci
W. Blaydes
Trevy
The Frys
H. Horne
J. Dodge
S. Reinach
Miss Blood
Mr. and Mrs. Ross
Mr. and Mrs. Nowers
Mr. Lovett
Christina
Miss Cruttwell
Miss Duff Gordon
Fafner
Edith and Bryson
Edith and Bond
Michael Fields
Mr. Benn
X Mrs. Benn
Burkes
Emily Dawson

Lillian Rea
Gronau
Senda
Mr. and Mrs. Cook
x Blair Fairchild
x Andersen
Sturges
Miss Lowndes
Zangwill
Alys, Bertie, Logan
Obrist
Kerr-Lawsons
Hildebrands
Mr. Dickinson
Dr. Lippmann
Robertsons
Jenkins

B. B.'s

Mrs. Gardner
Contessa Rasponi
Contessa Pasolini
Duchessa Grazioli
Bywater
Carpenter
Klinsmann
Kitty Hall
Miss Placci
Went

¹³²⁶ *The Nineteenth Century* was a monthly magazine founded in 1877.



Mr. Perry	Blood
M. C.'s ¹³²⁷	Fairchild
Rukhmabai	Christina <Bremner>
Mr. Cobden Sanderson ¹³²⁸	<Maud> Cruttwell
Florence Dike	Benn
Dr. Bucke	Senda <Berenson>
Grace <Worthington>	Alys & Bertie <Russell>
Evelyn <Hunter Nordhoff> dead,	Logan <Pearsall Smith>
alas.	
Eva McLaren	My World
	Bernhard
R.I.P.	Ray
Frizzoni	Mother
Eugénie Strong	Karin
Herrick	(Evelyn)
Mr. Gardner dead	W. Blaydes
[0141 s.n.]	Logan
Practically lapsed	Alys & Bertie
for absence or indifference	Reinach
Madame Reinach	Trevy
Alfred Austin	Mr. Cobden-Sanderson
Mr. Fletcher	Placci
Miss Kolb	Lina
Mrs. Halsey	<i>Alas that Evelyn is gone</i>
Mr. Rankin	
Sig. Franchetti	My <i>real</i> world
Mrs. Burnett	Bernhard
Helen Hopekirk	Ray
	Evelyn
Those who count	Mother
in every day life here	Karin
Placci	Lina
Blaydes	
Trevy	
Horne	
Dodge	
Kerr-Lawson	
Duff Gordon	
Rosses	
Reinach	

¹³²⁷ Mary Costelloe's!

¹³²⁸ Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson (1840-1922) was an artist and bookbinder associated with the Arts and Crafts movement. Trinity, Cantab.



The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1891-1902

Diary 1, 1891-Nov. 22, 1893, viale Principe Amedeo 16, Florence;
after Nov. 21, 1892, Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)

Diary 2, 1894-1895 - Lungarno Acciaiuoli 12 (now Albergo Berchielli)
Florence

Diary 3, 1895-1896 - Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 4, 1896-1898, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Diary 5, 1898-1899, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence

Diary 6, 1899-1902, Il Frullino, via di Camerata 7, Florence;
Villa I Tatti, Settignano

1. London (1891-1892)
2. Florence (1892-1895)
3. Villa Rosa & Villa Kraus, Fiesole (1895-1897)
4. Il Frullino (1897-1900)
5. I Tatti (1901-)

Diary 6, 1899-1902

[0018 1] Wednesday, February 8, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Rainy, but clearer towards afternoon.

We started for a walk, but met Houghton and brought him back for tea.

In the evening Logan read us his extracts from Busch's *Memoirs of Bismarck*,¹³²⁹ and we read half of the *Phaedrus*, greatly enjoying it.

Thursday, Feb. 9, 1899

Bernhard lunched with Placci to meet Mr. Howard Esnie¹³³⁰ and his wife, afterwards he worked in the Uffizi.

Logan and I shopped a while in the Via Maggio, and then I went to Dr. Grazzi and had my nose cauterized.

Then I called on the Houghtons and brought away two charming Sieneſe statues in wood, poſſibly by Vecchietta, to tempt Bernhard with. They *are* tempting!

¹³²⁹ Moritz Busch, *Bismarck in the Franco-German war, 1870-1871* (London, 1879)

Biblioteca Berenson House DD218.2 .B87 1879

Moritz Busch, *Bismarck: Some secret pages of his history* (London, 1898) Biblioteca Berenson House DD218.2 B87 189

¹³³⁰ Esnie? Esina?



Blair Fairchild came to dinner, and he was really very nice. I say “really,” because we dislike his sister so that a little of it has tended to fall on him.

We bought Macaulay’s *Essays*!¹³³¹

[0019 2] Friday, Feb. 10, 1899

We finished the *Phaedrus*, rather in disappointment. But how lovely the prayer at the end: “*Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry.*”

The day has been beautiful, warm as April.

Bernhard went to Bardini’s with Lady Ottoline Bentinck,¹³³² and Logan and I called at the Rasponi’s and saw the contessina Rezia, a most attractive little creature.

I read Macaulay’s *Essay on Milton*, and found it very poor, save for one page which might serve as an introduction to the *Golden Urn* view on poetry! But Macaulay never made anything of it.

[0020 3] Saturday, Feb. 11, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Misty day.

Bernhard and I walked in the Quarries and ended up at the Rosses, where we paid a long call.

He dined at the Rasponis and argued theological points with Mme. Pasolini. Logan and I played picquet and “relaxed”.

Here is a fine bit of journalistic criticism: “This volume overflows with the kind of verse that stings the pulse of the reader and provokes him to an unwanted show of emotion”.

I read Leconte de Lisle’s translation of the *Agamemnon*¹³³³ this morning, and Macaulay on Macchiavelli¹³³⁴ last night.

Bernhard is re-reading Bryce’s *Holy Roman Empire*.¹³³⁵

¹³³¹ Thomas Macaulay, *Biographical Essays* (Leipzig, 1857). **Biblioteca Berenson** House PN35.T3 v.405, 1857. Does this volume contain the essays on Milton, Macchiavelli, Frederick the Great, Pitt, Clive, *et alii*, which are mentioned below?

Thomas Macaulay, *Critical and historical essays* (Leipzig, 1850) **Biblioteca Berenson** House PR4963 .A11 1850

¹³³² Ottoline Violet Anne Cavendish-Bentinck (1873-1938), ‘Lady Ottoline Morrell’, the wife of Philip Morrell and famous for her many love affairs, lived at 39 Grosvenor Road; Frank and Mary Costelloe lived at 44 Grosvenor Road; see Mary’s diary entry for July 18, 1892. See also <http://spartacus-educational.com/Jmorrell.htm>

¹³³³ tr. Leconte de Lisle (Paris, 1872).

¹³³⁴ Thomas Babington Macaulay, *Critical and historical essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review*, 5 vol. (Leipzig, 1850). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4963 .A11 1850 Shelved as C.LXIII.2**

¹³³⁵ James Bryce, *The Holy Roman Empire* (New York, 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson** House DD90 .B79 1880



x Sunday, Feb. 12, 1899

Called on Miss Blood, who talked of nothing but “relaxing”.

Met Bernhard at Janet’s.

Logan and I are trying to walk in the way Miss Fairchild has taught us, stepping on the ball of the foot, and pushing the ground out behind us. Using the heel very [0021 4] little, and letting the weight of the body fall forward and pull us along. She says it is very much less tiring.

I read Verrall’s Introduction to the *Agamemnon*.¹³³⁶

Monday, Feb. 13, 1899

Quiet but most lovely day.

Horne came up to tea and he and Bernhard and I walked in the park of the Villa Camerata¹³³⁷ and saw over the beautiful house which is to let. The weather is perfect.

We began to read the *Symposium*, and I read Macaulay on Frederick the Great.¹³³⁸

Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1899

My thirty-fifth birthday.

As middle age is coming upon me, I realize that I cut a very poor figure in the world, but yet a certain inner content becomes more and more real to me every year: peace, fullness, and a number of real enjoyments, so much my own that no one [0022 5] can take them away from me, so real that I scarcely want anyone else to know of them. The need of an “audience” becomes less each year, partly because I don’t find an audience willing to applaud, but partly because enjoyments of my own are growing more real.

The gain in the past year (if it is a gain!!) is to have entirely got over the last remnants of being in love with Wilfrid Blaydes. This puts a quietness into life, and gives me detachment for impersonal pleasures, and *these* draw me always nearer to Bernhard, who grows truly dearer to me every year.

I am afraid I have no new friend to record in the year. I suppose, really, I have all I want, and am not keen on finding new ones - in fact haven’t the time.

But in losing my beloved Evelyn,¹³³⁹ I have lost my very dearest and closest woman friend. I shall never have [0023 6] another so dear.

...

The day passed as quietly as usual.

¹³³⁶ A. W. Verrall, *The Agamemnon* (New York, 1889). **Biblioteca Berenson** PA3825 .A8 1889

¹³³⁷ Which Villa Camerata?

¹³³⁸ Thomas Babington Macaulay, *Life of Frederick the Great* (New York, 1877).

¹³³⁹ Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1866-1898) died on Nov. 2, 1898. See Mary’s entry for Nov. 14, 1898: ‘my most intimate friend from the days we were at college together’.



In the afternoon, as Bernhard and Logan both felt unwell, they sat in the tower, playing picquet, while I worked on my Louvre Guide.

Around 6 we walked out (Miss Lowndes¹³⁴⁰ joined us) and saw the festival called “burning the Carnival”, the contadini rushing with bundles of lighted straw around the confines of the new growing wheat, chanting a queer old song, which I may as well put down:



Grano grano, non carbonduche,
L'ultima sera di Carnevale,
Io ti vengo ad illuminare
Tanto al piano che al poggio.
Ogni spiga ne faccio un moggio
Maggio, maggio o maggiolino
Ogni spigo un quattu<or>ccino!

[0024 7] We ended up ourselves at Poggio <Gherardo>, with Lina, making a fiery procession through the olives. Then we went in and had dinner, and I found a great bunch of orchids at my plate, and my health was drunk in champagne. Mr. Ross told me stories of crocodile-shooting on the Nile in the days before steamboats, and Mrs. Ross talked scandal to Logan and BB.

The walk home in the moonlight was pleasant.

Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1899, Frullino, Florence

That idiotic, sentimental Miss Hamilton to lunch, but Benn¹³⁴¹ also, and we talked around and beyond her.

Bernhard and Benn walked, and I went down and had my nose burnt out, and then shopped a little with Logan, coming home, however, to tea.

¹³⁴⁰ Evidently Mary E. Lowndes, who apparently translated several books on psychology into English; see Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 354, where the surname ‘Lowndes’ is given, citing Leo Stein’s reminiscence in a letter to Gertrude.

¹³⁴¹ Alfred William Benn: the “philosopher friend”, as cited by Samuels (p. 351): one of the witnesses at Bernard and Mary’s wedding at the civil ceremony at Palazzo Vecchio, 27 December 1900.



Finished the *Symposium* in the evening. I began Trevelyan's *Life of Charles James Fox*.¹³⁴² Bernhard is reading Rohde's *Psyche*.¹³⁴³

[0025 8] Thursday, Feb. 16, 1899

Work as usual in the morning.

Bernhard called on Mr. Verity to see his Chinese bronzes, and he liked both them and him. Then he called on Warburg,¹³⁴⁴ whom he liked also — for a German!

I took a bicycle-ride with Logan, and ended up with a call on Janet Dodge, who is ill, poor thing.

We began *Gorgias* in the evening.

Bernhard is getting devoted to picquet.

I am learning a Gigue by Scarlatti.

Friday, Feb. 17, 1899

Bernhard called on Count Hochberg, whom he liked, and met there the Thorpes, and liked Mrs. Thorpe. He then called on Janet and the Kerr-Lawsons.

Logan and I bicycled down to Gagliardi's to see a little picture he has for sale.

We went on with the *Gorgias* in the evening, and played picquet.

Bernhard has finished Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*.¹³⁴⁵ [0026 9]

Saturday, Feb. 18, 1899, Frullino, Florence

I called on Janet Dodge and Mrs. Ross.

Madame Rasponi called here and was pleasant and even witty, but her mind hops terribly.

"over the land and over the sea,

As if it would never stop."

Miss Blood, Fairchild and Kerr-Lawson had tea with Bernhard.

Sunday, Feb. 19, 1899

Logan called on Madame Rasponi to consult about her formal garden.

¹³⁴² George Trevelyan (1838-1928), *The early history of Charles James Fox* (London, 1880)

¹³⁴³ Erwin Rohde (1845-1898), *Psyche: Seelencult und Unsterblichkeitsglaube der Griechen*, 2 vol. (2nd. ed., 1898); **Biblioteca Berenson BL785 .R64 1903** Bernhard apparently read this famous and notoriously difficult work in the original German; the English translation was published 25 years later: *Psyche: The Cult of Souls and the Belief in Immortality among the Greeks*, trans. W. B. Hillis (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1925).

See the letter to Senda dated Mary 28, 1899: "The other day I finished a huge but beautiful German book by a certain Rohde on the conception the Greeks had of the future life."

¹³⁴⁴ The only mention of Aby Warburg in these diaries.

¹³⁴⁵ James Bryce (1838-1922), *The Holy Roman Empire*, 8th ed. (New York, 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson House DD90 .B79 1880**



I began Trevelyan's *American Revolution*¹³⁴⁶ and read Bernhard's chapter on Filippino, Amico and Alunno.

We went to the Cherubini Concert *prova* and heard the VIII Symphony. Then Placci took us for an enchanting drive, in which, unfortunately, I caught a cold.

Monday, Feb. 20, 1899

Bernhard had Mrs. Caulfield and her son to tea, pushing Philistines.

Logan and I had tea with the Hornes. Benn [0027 10] went with Herbert to an antiquity shop, and made some astonishing bargains.

Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1899

This is Magda's wedding day. I wonder how Wilfrid is celebrating it!

Bernhard worked at the Uffizi and called on Benn.

I stayed in with a heavy cold, except for my lesson.

Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1899

Stayed in bed till lunch.

Placci came, and he and Logan and Bernhard had a bicycle-ride.

Finished the *Gorgias*. I finished the *American Revolution*.

Mrs. Gardner telegraphed that she wanted the Holbeins and the Angelico!

Thursday, Feb. 23, 1899

Warren telegraphed for Bernhard to go to Rome on Monday, and we made our plans all to go.

In the afternoon Bernhard had a grand tea-party, consisting of Mrs. Ross [0028 11] and Madame Turri, Lady Ottoline <Morrell> and her cousin, and Logan.

I shopped and called on Janet and Mr. Ross. Mrs. Ross took a thorough impetuous hatred to Lady Ottoline, and behaved at her most outrageous, so as to shock her, slapping her knee and saying "By God" and "Damn it". She looked gorgeous in a peacock hat and purple cloak. Henry James said of her she was the only woman he had ever met who had absolutely nothing feminine about her. Zangwill said that the distinction of sex was a purely superficial one!

In the evening we read the *Apology* and I finished Macaulay's two Essays on Pitt.

Friday, Feb. 24, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Logan left on his bicycle for Siena.

Janet Dodge came to stay.

Bernhard called on Mr. Ross. [0029 12]

¹³⁴⁶ George Otto Trevelyan, *The American Revolution* (New York, 1899). **Biblioteca Berenson House E208 .T81 1899**



Saturday, Feb. 25, 1899, Grand Hotel, Siena

I joined Logan here, leaving Janet to look after BB. We bought antiquities and had a moonlight stroll. It has turned cold.

Sunday, Feb. 26, 1899, Belle Arti, Orvieto

Bicycled out to see Mr. Neilson's place, which would not do for us at all. He came with us, and explained with pride how he had cut down one side of a beautiful old cypress avenue to make room for a filthy rockery and a stagnant green pool! No Italian could have been worse!

Then we bicycled across to Asciano, the hilly road, in the teeth of a biting wind, and came on here by train

Monday, Feb. 27, 1899, Hassler, Rome

Logan bicycled from Orte, but I came by train.

Called on Robinsons.

Bernhard arrived at midnight.

Emanuel Moor¹³⁴⁷ is here and he entertained us vastly. [0030 13]

Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1899, Hassler, Rome

Bernhard went to see some pictures with Ned Warren, and lunched with him.

We hunted antiquities in the morning, and went to the Borghese in the afternoon with Mr. Robinson.

Dined with the Robinsons and Andersen (the sculptor).¹³⁴⁸ Bernhard called on the Duchessa Grazioli and found her fascinating.

Wednesday, March 1, 1899

Shopped, and Bernhard bought a Cariani portrait of a youth, very Giorgionesque (400 lire), and a B. da Mariotto *tabernacolo* (1250 lire).

He lunched with the Grazioli, Molmenti¹³⁴⁹ and the Duca di Camastro.

Called to see Andersen's things (most of which are awful!) and then walked on the Pincian.

Tea with Miss Hertz, Miss Taylor and Miss Halsey (a snake and a toad) called.

Had the Robinsons and Mr. Christian Ross to dine at the Roma.¹³⁵⁰ Ross is a fat, white-[0031 14]haired old Norwegian painter who can talk scandal delightfully, dance on the tightrope, and looks exactly like Guido Reni's Christ on the Cross!!

Bernhard is worried about the Holbeins.

¹³⁴⁷ Emanuel Moor (1863-1931).

¹³⁴⁸ Hendrik Chrisian Andersen (1872-1940)

¹³⁴⁹ ? The painter Pompeo Marino Molmenti (1819-**1894**).

¹³⁵⁰ Ristorante Roma, via Paolo Mercuri (near St Angelo).



* Thursday, March 2, 1899

Logan and I explored the Antiquity shops on the quays, but found nothing much.

Bernhard went with the Duchessa <Grazioli> to Frascati and had lunch with her boy. He enjoyed himself very much. They talked about Love.

Logan and I drove with Mr. Robinson on the Campagna.

I had tea with Miss Halsey, who told me about Magda's wedding, and how Heinemann hung a diamond necklace around her neck at the breakfast. The Grazioli says people wonder why he married her, because (she says) her "adventures" since she was 15 have been notorious in Rome. The Father owes his position to his courage in getting people out of scrapes. [0032 15]

Friday, March 3, 1899, Hassler, Rome

Hunted antiquities in the morning and saw the <Giulio> Sterbini collection.

Called to see Robinson's things in the afternoon. And liked immensely a picture of his wife in a purple and green hat with green and white draperies - a haunting picture.

Went to St. Peter's.

I called on Miss Taylor, who lives in the most wonderful place, just over the Forum. Dr. Richter was there. They are working and travelling and everything (?) together, and she told me his wife, who is an impossible, hysterical, worldly person, makes him dreadful scenes. I could see from his glance that he is in love with her, strange as it seems! But she is either cooler or better able to conceal her feelings.

Bernhard dined with the Pasolinis. Count P. was even more outrageous than usual, so much so that his sons said if he went on they would [0033 16] have the house. He even teased her about the Marchese di Viti. He said he hadn't been able to make children, but he had made books.

Her mother was there and drew Bernhard aside to speak against Miss Paget's selfishness, her grasping ways, her habit of spying on Madame Pasolini. Madame Pasolini sang her song of reform in taxation.

Saturday, March 4, 1899

Logan and I with Andersen to the Terme. We enjoyed the Apollo and liked Andersen. We bought a Balducci!

Bernhard took the Grazioli to the Stanze and she took him to lunch with her "residuary lover", the Duca di Camastro, who has rooms that made Bernhard sick with envy.

In the afternoon we hunted antiquities, then Bernhard and I went to Stroganoff's, while the Robinsons, [0034 17] Moor and Andersen had tea with Logan.



Then we all went to hear Mrs. Robinson sing, which she did divinely to Moor's accompaniment. We three stayed to dine and played Nap.

Sunday, March 5, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Came home and unpacked. Bernhard and Logan caught colds in the train. Janet Dodge is staying here.

Monday, March 6, 1899

Bernhard very low with cold. I called on the Rosses and found them pretty well. Lina walked back with Janet and me. She grows nicer. Placci lunched here and was full of amusing gossip.

Janet and I went to the Concert at night. We liked the first two movements of Tschaiowski's *Symphonie pathétique*, and a cello thing by Valentini.

Am reading Roseberry's *Pitt*. [0035 18]

Tuesday, March 7, 1899

Colds still bad. I went to the doctor, and then with Kerr-Lawson to see a possible Titian he is wild to invest in.

Picquet in the evening. And we finished Socrates' *Apology* — than which nothing nobler has ever been conceived.

Wednesday, March 8, 1899

Colds no better and I joined the rank of invalids by a stomach upset.

Bernhard lunched with Miss Ogilvy. Read Macaulay on Clive.

Thursday, March 9, 1899

All laid up, including Janet.

Friday, March 10, 1899

Dr. Grazzi, his assistant and a chloroformist came at 9.30, and by 10.30 my adenoids were removed and I was tucked away in bed.

Invalids cross.

Karin's tenth birthday. [0036 19]

Saturday, March 11, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Kerr-Lawsons, Lina, Fairchilds and Mrs. Ross called. I read *Letters of Madame d'Arblay*¹³⁵¹ — dulllllll!

Logan and Bernhard went to the shops, and bought me a lovely green spread.

¹³⁵¹ Frances Burney (1752-1840), after her marriage known as Madame d'Arblay, was an English novelist, diarist and playwright.



Sunday, March 12, 1899

Up again. Read some. Bernhard reading Boswell. Read Luke in evening before picquet.

Bernhard called on Madame Rasponi. Logan at Gamberaia.

Monday, March 13, 1899

Went to Blumner's Concert, but didn't care much for his playing.

Blaydes seems to have fallen in love again, this time most suitably, with Cecilia Townshend, a pretty, nice, well-connected, not quite penniless girl. I hope it will go on all right. She will not lead him to any extravagances at least. She works in the C.O.S.! [0037 20]

Tuesday, March 14, 1899

While Logan and I were studying some Sienese photographs at the piano (posed just as if to *be* discerned) the door opened and in walked a young lady to discover us. She began valuable explanations at the door, and continued them across the room: how she and a friend had been the fortunate possessors of a copy of the *Golden Urn* and the unfortunate losers thereof at Milan; how she had been travelling for three days to try to secure it, and had at last determined to come and boldly ask for another, leaving Siena this morning at 7.30 for the purpose, and hoping to return in the evening with a *Golden Urn* under her arm. It was very "gratifying", as Auntie Lill would say, and of course we gave her one and kept her to lunch.

Mr. Morgan also dropped in to lunch. [0038/40 21]

Wednesday, March 15, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard called on Madame Turri and the Alfieris.

Trevy arrived, and, later, Bernhard's cousin, Louis Freedman, a well-meaning, very ordinary sort of young man, who is studying all the arts and most of the sciences in Germany.

Finished Morley's *Burke*.¹³⁵²

Thursday, March 16, 1899

Bernhard's cousin is an ass.

Miss Cruttwell and Miss Lowndes to lunch.

Friday, March 17, 1899

Mr. Benn came to lunch and Janet came back to stay awhile. I had to buy a bed and bring it up in the carriage.

Bernhard's cousin nearly killed us with his folly. His idea is to make Aesthetics a Mathematical Science.

Bernhard and Trevy called on the Rosses.

¹³⁵² John Morley, *Burke* (London & New York, 1897). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3334.B4 Z75 1897**



Saturday, March 18, 1899

Bernhard lunched with Madame Turri.

We made the cousin believe that **Altamura** [0039/41 22] was a real place. But he is so stupid that even greying him is not much fun.

Read St. Luke and Plato in the evening.

Sunday, March 19, 1899

Lina called in the morning. Logan and I called at Mr. Fiske's on Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Austin. I talked such platitudes to him, that I looked round in fear someone else might overhear them.

Read St. Luke.

Monday, March 20, 1899

Walked with Logan and Trevy to Kerr-Lawsons' pretty new home.

Read Plato.

Tuesday, March 21, 1899

George Trevelyan arrived — a nice boy of 23,¹³⁵³ with the usual Cambridge unkemptness and lack of manners. His eyes are nice and he seems to have an excellent mind (indeed he must have to have written his history of the Lollards).¹³⁵⁴ His voice is loud and unmodulated, and he is [0042 23] still beset with the spirit of Liberal party politics.

I had my music lesson and shopped.

We read Luke in the evening.

Horne came to dinner, and failed to recognize a most typical Sellaio of which we had the photograph.

Finished Pater's *Plato*. Bernhard reading Boswell.¹³⁵⁵

Wednesday, March 22, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Walked up to Morgans and had tea — a splendid walk, but cold.

Read Luke in evening, interrupted with brayings from Bernhard's ass of a cousin. Poor well-meaning idiot, with brains enough to make a decent tram-car conductor!

Began Macaulay's *Walpole*.

Thursday, March 23, 1899

A rainy day. Called on Mrs. Ross and Lina.

Bernhard took the Trevys to the Pitti.

His cousin left. [0043 24]

¹³⁵³ George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876-1962), Regius Professor of History at Cambridge (1927-1943), Master of Trinity College (1940-1951).

¹³⁵⁴ George Macaulay Trevelyan, *England in the Age of Wycliffe, 1368-1520* (1899)

¹³⁵⁵ James Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (London & New York, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3533 .B6 1894**



Friday, March 24, 1899

After my music lesson I called for Mrs. Hooker (a California friend of my dearest Evelyn) and her daughter and brought them up to tea. Janet Dodge also came.

Talked against Christianity and the Papacy all the evening.

Read Mrs. Piozzi's *Italian Letters*.¹³⁵⁶

Saturday, March 25, 1899

Windy and cold.

Bernhard called on Miss Blood, and I stayed in.

Miss Priestley came to dinner, and talked amusingly all the evening.

Sunday, March 26, 1899

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Logan and I went to see some rotten pictures and then drove Miss Priestley out to the Gamberaia, where we found Miss Blood pursuing her flirtation with Blair Fairchild. His sister says it is becoming ridiculous. Three or four notes a day, presents, telepathic thoughts of [0044 25] each other at certain moments of the day, and then a comparison of the "thoughts" and so on. Miss Fairchild laughs at it, and calls it baby-snatching. However, baby as he is, she says Blair is an old hand.

We called on Mrs. Fairchild, too.

Bernhard in the meantime lectured Janet Dodge on her selfishness. (Kerr-Lawson had been telling him that they were often on the point of liking her, and then were repelled by finding her so utterly absorbed in herself.) He made her cry, but she defended herself and said she had a lot of devoted friends, that she *wasn't* selfish and so on. Afterwards Trevy took her for a long walk, and this no doubt consoled her, especially as they started out for Poggio Gherardo and ended by sitting in the woods instead.

I saw some old Scotch acquaintances in Florence, the Birkmyres.

In the evening we read St. John. [0045 26]

Monday, March 27, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Lina came to lunch, and was rather charming.

Bernhard called on a Madame Félicie Bernstein, sent him by Poynter (via Cook) — a rich Berlin Jewess who rushes all over Europe making acquaintance with artists and critics.

Miss Hubbard of Smith College came to tea.

¹³⁵⁶ Hester Lynch Thrale (born Hester Lynch Salusbury and after her second marriage, Hester Lynch Piozzi) (1741-1821) was an author and patron of the arts. Her diaries and correspondence are an important source of information about Samuel Johnson and 18th-century life.



Tuesday, March 28, 1899

I lunched with the Birkmyres, Scotch friends of ten years ago — such good, simple, kind people, totally unspoiled by their great riches.

Then music and a dull call with Logan and Madame Rasponi.

Bernhard and Trevy called on the Rosses. Trevy, it seems, is really seriously considering the marrying of Lina. He would do it in a minute, only he finds her so unresponsive to his *real* interests - poetry and literature. If she had Janet's brains he wouldn't hesitate. He has never been in love. He is leaving tomorrow, and I know Lina [0046 27] and Mrs. Ross will be awfully disappointed. But **Bernhard thinks it will end in his buying Poggio Gherardo when Mr. Ross dies, and marrying Lina.** He holds back partly because he knows he is too wayward and irresponsible to make any woman happy.

* Wednesday, March 29, 1899, Frullino, Florence

At four o'clock in the morning, Percy Fielding rang at the bell, and arrived after having wandered for two hours disturbing the inhabitants of the neighbouring villas. He was so confused and apologetic that we weren't angry, but laughed.

The Hookers and Freedman came to lunch, and we had a long walk.

Frau Bernstein and her daughter and Horne came to tea with Bernhard. Placci called.

Thursday, March 30, 1899

Mrs. Gardner telegraphed that she could take the Mino bas-relief bust of <a> woman.

Miss [0047 28] Lowndes called.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Gutekunst. Her great idea of amusement was kicking Bernhard under the table. She is *awful*.

Friday, March 31, 1899

Janet to lunch. Drove with Birkmyres. They and <the> Poet Laureate to tea.

Music lesson. Bernhard went over to Corbignano to tea.

Lina drove Logan and Mr. Fielding to Grassina, and came home to supper.

Fabbri dined with Bernhard and me. Fielding seems very sympathetic and nice.

Finished Mrs. Creighton's *Duke of Marlborough*.¹³⁵⁷

¹³⁵⁷ Louise Creighton (1850-1936), *Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough* (London, 1879).



Saturday, April 1, 1899

Miss Erichsen,¹³⁵⁸ who was once engaged to Malcolm Macmillan (it came to nothing, as he was already married) came to lunch, and we liked her very much. I adored her, for she so much resembled my darling Evelyn — hair and eyes and nose. Bernhard liked her also, *very* much. It was quite an event, making her acquaintance — she seems just the kind of woman I am always hoping to find.

After lunch I went to the Uffizi Gallery [0048 29] with the Hookers, Freedman (that bore!), Percy Fielding and Logan.

Then we came up and had tea at Bernhard's with Placci and young Visconti Venosta (such a clever, nice boy) and Guido Marti, a so called poet, nephew to Nencioni.¹³⁵⁹

Then a little stroll, and, in the evening, Jacopo Bellini photographs.

Bernhard is reading Boswell, and I Gosse's¹³⁶⁰ *Life of Gray*.

x Easter Sunday, April 2, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Mr. and Mrs. Gutekunst came to lunch and she was really dreadful. Her one idea is an insipid sort of flirting. Otto sang — a very fine voice and nice musical feeling. I took them to call at Poggio Gherardo and then walked home alone in a beautiful sunset.

Ned Warren had tea with Bernhard, who, in a short call at Poggio had been taken an unwilling captive by the ...

pages 30-31 cut away

heading on p. 32: 'April 3, 1899 We drove with']

[0049 32] <April 3, 1899>

We drove with Percy <Feilding> [Fielding], to have tea at the Scott-Barbers, with the Poet Laureate and his family-in-law. I don't like Mr. Scott-Barber.

Tuesday, April 4 - Saturday, April 8, 1899

I went to Rome to be with the children, and had a most delicious time. I took them out to the Lake of Albano and to Tivoli. They seemed to me lovelier than ever before. They are so good, and so entertaining. Karin seems to have a real talent for acting.

The only people I saw were Andersen, the sculptor, and the Robinsons. The latter returned with me.

¹³⁵⁸ Nelly Erichsen (1862-1918), an English illustrator, born into a wealthy Danish family in Newcastle upon Tyne. She is buried in the English Cemetery at Bagni di Lucca. She illustrated Janet Ross's books, including *Florentine Villas* (1901), and also Lina Duff Gordon's book on Assisi; see Mary's diary, June 22, 1899.

¹³⁵⁹ Enrico Nencioni (1837-1896), poet and critic.

¹³⁶⁰ Edmund Gosse, *Gray* (1884).



Sunday, April 9 — Sunday, April 16, 1899

The Robinsons went on Tuesday, and Blair Fairchild arrived on Thursday driven over by Miss Blood, who is clearly very much in love with him. Various people called — <the> Poet Laureate,¹³⁶¹ [0050 33] Rasponis, Miss Venetia Cooper, Miss Ericksen, Miss Giles, etc., etc.

Logan and Percy <Fielding> bought a Sano di Pietro, and we cleaned it. Laughed and talked a good deal and studied Venetian photographs.

Bernhard went into the beefsteak and hot water cure.

Sunday, April 16, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Miss Cooper came to lunch. We all called at Poggio later.

Janet came to dinner. She has had bad news from Dolmetsch, who has given her instrument (the violone) to someone else who can play it better. She was in despair, and so were Bernhard and I about her. He prophesies she will lose her interest in old music. I hope not.

Blair Fairchild told of a marvelous dinner he went to here in Florence, where everyone got drunk, and afterwards, quite openly in various corners of the room “enjoyed themselves”, that is to say, [0051 34] literally had sexual intercourse. He said Mr. Power was one of them. Bernhard and I think it is a lie (he is noted for lying), but Logan and Percy believe it. He also said Miss Blood had just come in for an inheritance of three million dollars. Certainly a lie!

.....

Mary went to Venice; no entries after Apr. 16 until April 27¹³⁶²

Thursday, April 27, 1899

The intervening time has been spent by Bernhard quietly here with Janet Dodge and Miss Erichsen, whom I left in my house, and by me with Lina and Logan and Percy in Venice.

We bought quantities of things for Miss Toplady, and we amused ourselves very much. They bought one little head for 80 f. which they sold that same evening to Mr. Davis for fifty pounds!

Andersen, the sculptor, was there with Mr. Davis, really crazy with *ennui*, and we rescued him and brought him away.

Lina was [0052 35] very sweet, and I got fonder than ever of her. Percy I liked better and better, too.

I met Prince Hohenlohe and Zina, and Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and saw a good deal of them all.

¹³⁶¹ Alfred Austin.

¹³⁶² See Mary's letters to Ray and Karin, Apr. 20 (cleaning the modern blue paint over the original pink mantle of a Virgin) and Apr. 24, 1899 (visiting the Bensons and Prince Hohenlohe, then going to Padua tomorrow to look at pictures for sale), for interesting details not included in her diary.



Venice was heart-breakingly lovely.

Friday, April 28, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Long chat with B.B. who has discovered Davis' Leonardo to be a forgery. Cavenaghi told him that he and Morelli discovered it long ago. Also a picture he bought in Rome for £100 and sent to be cleaned turns out to be a forgery too!

And I brought back a bronze the Kerr-Lawsons bought, which Bernhard declares a forgery. How hard it is to tell!

We took Andersen to call at Poggio, and then I drove him to the station. He leaves on me a very pleasant personal impression of real naiveté and simplicity, and great sharpness of observation. [0053 36]

x Saturday, April 29, 1899

Bernhard lunched with the Benns.

I had a chat with Miss Erichsen, who has the lonely woman problem greatly on her mind.

Sunday, April 30, 1899

Took Miss Erichsen to call at the Gamberaia. Miss Blood was in great form, and became even more animated when the all-conquering Fairchild made his appearance. By signs, I should say she is very much in love with him, but is not quite sure of him yet.

Bernhard called on Judge Statts and Mrs. Toy. We chatted in the evening.

Janet is very grumpy, scarcely says a word. I suppose she feels ill. It is hysteria, poor child, and I am awfully sorry for her. But it doesn't make her much more endearable to recognize that she is not to blame. [0054 37]

Monday, May 1, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Horne came up to lunch, and was as horny as usual.

Miss Erichsen and I had a nice chat. I like her, not wildly, but thoroughly.

Tuesday, May 2, 1899

The day somehow frittered by.

Bernhard is *miserable* at not getting on better with his work, and feeling so low in health. I feel awfully lazy, and am doing nothing.

Wednesday, May 3, 1899

Bernhard and I had a long and most enchanting bicycle ride up the river. My tire gave way coming home.



I went with Miss Erichsen to see the actor Novelli¹³⁶³ in “Papa Lebonnard”,¹³⁶⁴ a filthy melodrama about as agreeable to see as a surgical operation.

Lina came to lunch to look at the Giottos. She was very sweet. [0055 38]

Thursday, May 4, 1899

Called on the Rosses and had a most pleasant chat. Walked home with Bernhard — a hot, nightingale evening.

Friday, May 5, 1899

The wind arose in the night and is blowing a cold hurricane today.

I called on Miss Cruttwell.

Bernhard and Miss Erichsen had a walk.

Miss Blood drove Fairchild over, who stayed to dinner. He said she had just come in for an immense fortune, and talked of taking a yacht and going to Greece. We can't make out whether it is true or a — “Fairchild”.

Saturday, May 6, 1899

Miss Erichsen left.

I called on Mr. Toy and Bernhard on Madame Incontri.

Placci came later and was as nice as ever. He has been in Rome and says everybody there *hates* D'Annunzio. [0056 39]

Sunday, May 7, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard went to lunch at Mr. Fiske's and met a Miss Meeks he liked.

Maud Cruttwell came here and read me the Signorelli, which will, I think, be very decent.

In the afternoon Janet went with us to call on the Scott-Barbers — dull people in a delightful place.¹³⁶⁵

Afterwards Bernhard called on Benn.

Monday, May 8, 1899

Janet left, and it was an indescribable relief. She is so tactless that she manages in little ways to keep everyone uncomfortable, and so careless that she occasions a great deal of trouble in the house. These are permanent characteristics alas, if they were only now, when she is so ill and nervous, there would be more hope. The poor thing came into my room last night and wept and wept — over nothing in particular, just nervous dread. A good thing she is going to the Rest Cure.

In the afternoon [0057 40] Bernhard worked, and then called on Miss Lowndes and had a walk.

¹³⁶³ Ermete Novelli (1851-1919).

¹³⁶⁴ Jean Aicard (1848-1921), *Papa Lebonnard* (1890).

¹³⁶⁵ La Casa Nuova, Careggi.



I went to the doctor's to have my nose burnt out, and then bought some hats and shopped.

Am working the pump for exercise.

Tuesday, May 9, 1899

Bernhard went with Placci to call on Baron Sturm. I contented myself with the humbler mansion of the Horne family.

In the evening we went over the French proofs of Bernhard's article on Amico di Sandro (for the *Gazette*). They had translated "wriggling folds" into *plis grimaçants*!

x Wednesday, May 10, 1899

Benn, Miss Erichsen, Maud and Lina to lunch. It went off badly — ill-assorted.

Bernhard walked with Benn and called on Fiske and a Cornell Professor named Tyler. I called on Mrs. Toy and met a dull creature named Miss Thayer. [0058 41]

Thursday, May 11, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Quiet day.

Bernhard finished cataloguing his Leonardo drawings (for his book) and I type-wrote his article on Colvin's Maso Finiguerra.

Called on Miss Lowndes and Mrs. Jeaffreson.

Friday, May 12, 1899

Doctor.

Miss Erichsen for the night.

Horne to dinner, and the chaplain at Siena, a vulgar journalist named Langton Douglas.¹³⁶⁶ A man I hated.

Saturday, May 13, 1899

Miss Lowndes, Miss Erichsen and ourselves spent the day at Monte Senario. It was very beautiful. I returned with a bad headache.

Sunday, May 14, 1899

Bernard and I cross with each other (he began it!).

Placci came to lunch and in his genial presence we smoothed out. He stayed to tea, and [0059 42] Blair Fairchild also came to tea, and tried to bamboozle us into believing he hadn't seen Miss Blood for a long time — when Horne met them driving together Friday evening!

¹³⁶⁶ Robert Langton Douglas (1864-1951), art critic, author and director of the National Gallery of Ireland (1916-1923).



Placci was in ecstasies over the Duse's acting in *La Gioconda*, over D'Annunzio, over everything except Perosi's¹³⁶⁷ boring music.

In the evening Bernhard read Robertson's new tome on Free Thought, and I finished my Pier di Cosimo.

Monday, May 15, 1899

I had my first massage for getting thin. It was very painful.

Mr. Douglas called, and then Janet and the Scott-Barbers.

Worked on Fra Bartolomeo in the evening.

Tuesday, May 16, 1899

Bernhard lunched at the Placcis's and met Madame Loederer, Mrs. Gascoigne and their Mexican Bishop, who adores the [0060 43] classics. He enjoyed himself. Then he called on the Hornes.

I had my music, my massage, and called on Janet who — thank goodness! — leaves tomorrow. She *has* been a burden.

Went on with Fra B<artolommeo> in the evening.

Bernhard is reading Robertson's *History of Free Thought*, which is a poor, second-hand affair, he says, though done by an able man.

x Wednesday, May 17, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Saw Janet off. Thank heavens!

Massage, shopping and home.

Bernhard called at the Gamberaia and found Miss Blood, the inevitable Fairchild, the Princess <Ghika> and Placci.

Only once did Miss Blood give herself away. Bernhard said, "I left a letter for you, Fairchild." "Who was it from? Who was it from?" eagerly cried Miss Blood. "How should I know?" "O you must run (to Blair) and get it at [0061 44] once and see who it's from," she said in an eager tone. Placci and he laughed at them coming home.

Thursday, May 18, 1899

Music, exercise, massage.

Bernhard called on Count Stroganoff.

The Houghtons — a sort of Hampstead slummer, Miss Dixie called here.

I think from a letter of Blaydes that he is again in love, this time with an actress named Knewstub,¹³⁶⁸ who calls herself Kingsley, and who is very thick with that amusing little snipe Rothenstein,¹³⁶⁹ said to be his fiancée. He doesn't say he is in love, but the symptoms are there. I must say, from the sound, it seems worse than Mrs. Heinemann, who by the way, writes

¹³⁶⁷ Lorenzo Perosi (1872-1956).

¹³⁶⁸ Alice Mary Knewstub, later Lady Rothenstein (1867-1957).

¹³⁶⁹ Sir William Rothenstein (1872-1945). His portrait of Berenson (1907).



quite sentimentally of 'the source of all that is hopeful in my life — my husband's love'.

Last night Bernhard confessed to me that [0062 45] he has never liked Obrist or Blaydes or Andersen — all people to whom he has been most awfully kind and sympathetic. The people he instinctively likes, in that nice intimate, sour-give way, are Trevy and Fafner (who is going to be married to a journalist, Miss Boyce), Carpenter, Reinach, Zangwill, Placci.

Finished Fra Bartolommeo.

Friday, May 19, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Doctor and music and a quiet day. The Venetian furniture arrived.

Count Stroganoff and the Marchesa Incontri had tea with Bernhard, and afterwards he went for a walk and called on Mr. Ross.

He finished Robertson's *History of Free Thought*.

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Saturday, May 20, 1899

The Houghtons called. Miss Erichsen came to lunch.

Bernhard lunched [0063 46] with Madame Incontri and Count Stroganoff, and afterwards received a call from Herr von Beckerath.¹³⁷⁰

Sunday, May 21, 1899

Called on Miss Blood and the Rosses. Miss Blood said she had just acquired a violent passion for jewellery, particularly modern — also she boasted of her ancestors — the two most serious signs I have yet seen of her being in love with Fairchild.

Monday, May 22, 1899

Went down to see a book-cover for a cousin of Lord Balcarras — a forgery.

The Kerr-Lawsons and Horne came to dinner. Fairchild sent word he was coming, so I had to meet him and tell him I feared Mrs. Lawson did not care to see him. He protested Logan had encouraged him to send the rude letter which Mrs. Lawson justly resented, whereas Logan [0064 47] told us he merely said, "I suppose you want to make her angry." He went away quite unhappy. We had a quiet but pleasant enough evening.

* Tuesday, May 23, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Stroganoff came to tea.

¹³⁷⁰ The collector Adolf von Beckerath (1834-1915).



In the evening we walked up to a party at the Jeaffresons, but Bernhard stayed with Miss Lowndes, who lives at their gate,¹³⁷¹ and I went on with Miss Cruttwell. I saw the Houghtons, but successfully avoided Miss Zimmern, Lady Wade, Dr. Tidey, the Morgans, and various other acquaintances.

The walk home with moonlight and fireflies was enchanting.

Wednesday, May 24, 1899

A young lady named Mona Wilson — sent by Bonté Amos,¹³⁷² called, along with a friend of hers. They may have been rather nice, but they reeked of London — 'tis a reek I cannot endure [0065 48] on these hills. I found it oppressive. They were both shy, shy, graceless — the type of English to strike horror into a foreign heart — yet I expect very good, intelligent girls, and one might like them quite well, getting to know them. But I felt no desire to go on.

Bernhard went to the Uffizi with Count Stroganoff.

We dined at the Rosses, and had a bottle of Johannisberger — divine! Lina's uncle, Canon Waterton, a dear, simple old Catholic priest, was there.

We walked back through the woods — bright moonlight and nightingales.

Thursday, May 25, 1899

Miss Lowndes and Mr. Benn came to lunch. Bernhard walked with Benn and called on the Kerr-Lawsons.

I worked upon Sogliani.¹³⁷³

In the evening we went over the chapter of Bernhard's book on Filippino, Garbo, and Carli.

An *awfully* windy day. [0066 49]

Friday, May 26, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Placci and Miss Erichsen came to lunch.

Placci stayed and we pottered about on Bernhard's pictures, particularly a new one he has bought, a copy, it would seem, by Benvenuto di Giovanni, of Pinturicchio's fresco of the kneeling knight. It is a beauty, but awful doubts assailed us, because Torrini is bringing us *too many* Benvenuto di Giovanni! Bernhard has put Gagliardi on the track as detective, to see if there is, as everyone says, a manufactory of these things!

¹³⁷¹ In the gate house of Villa Angeli.

¹³⁷² Bonté Amos, the sister of Maurice Sheldon Amos and wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Percival George Elgood (1883-1941), in the financial ministry of Egypt, was 'an audacious but intriguing Englishwoman who belonged to the advanced Bertrand Russell set'; see Barbara Sicherman, 'Sense and Sensibility: A case study of women's reading in late-Victorian America', *Literacy and Historical Development: A Reader*, ed. Harvey J. Graff (Southern Illinois University Press, 2007), p. 342.

¹³⁷³ Giovanni Antonio Sogliani (1492-1544) painter, active mainly in Florence.



Later, came the Hultons to have tea with B.B., and the Lawsons came to see the picture.

x Saturday, May 27, 1899

Miss Cruttwell and I called on the Burne-Murdochs. Bernhard went with Gagliardi to see a miserable private collection of pictures.

We came to the conclusion that our knight is the [0067 50] original from which Pinturicchio took his fresco, as his was done in 1504 when the man was already old, as he paints him in still another fresco in the same chapel. We were rather excited over it.

B.F.C.C. appears to be rather ill with his ear.

Sunday, May 28, 1899

Called together at the Gamberaia to see the adorable Kitty Hall. Placci was there too, and the rather lovely Countess Fabbricotti.

Later we called on the Lawsons and bought their Venetian Madonna.

Mr. Ward came to dine, gentle and gentlemanly, but as a painter I should say "asses in milk-cum-water." He is the pupil of Richmond and Costa and adores Leighton. We didn't say a word!

Monday, May 29, 1899

Horne came to dinner. I can't remember anything else and I can barely remember that! [0068 51]

Tuesday, May 30, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Doctor and music.

Came back to find the Houghtons, Morgans, Madame Rasponi.

A delicious sunset walk.

Finished correcting the Garbo - Carli chapter in the evening.

Wednesday, May 31, 1899

Miss Cruttwell to lunch and to read her Signorelli Orvieto chapter, Miss Erichsen to lunch and study photos and Lina to lunch and drive in later to a Dante lecture.

Miss Blood and the inevitable Fairchild, and Kitty Hall came to dinner — the latter quite adorable. Miss Blood says she can believe anything she chooses. She is going to make herself taller by Mind Cure and is trying to cure an ilex tree of red worms by the same process!

* Thursday, June 1, 1899

Mrs. Pinckney (Putnam's sister) called [0069 52] in the morning.



Bernhard went to Masini's¹³⁷⁴ lecture on Leonardo at the Accademia Colombaria, one of the old Academies which, happily, still survives.

Prince Hohenlohe and Zina called on me, and we drove down with them and went to look at a "Duccio". Mr. Douglas had brought one from Siena, hoping Bernhard would buy it. It wasn't Duccio, alas! but one of his pupils, perhaps Segna. Mr. Douglas was terribly disappointed. I could see he had built great hopes in it.

We had tea at Giacosa's and then called on the Rosses and walked back through the woods — a magic evening.

Mrs. Ross recognized, from the photo, Mr. Davis' Leonardo as a forgery by Tricca, a well-known Florentine painter (of ominous name!). It does seem to have been done by him, beautiful as it is. [070 53]

Friday, June 2, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard went to the Laurenziana in the morning. I cleaned house — the rooms are being done over.

Music lesson in the afternoon, and then a pleasant call from Prince Hohenlohe and the beautiful Zina.

Lawson called and told us that the Priore, where Blair Fairchild lives, said the young man spent all his time at the Gamberaia, never returning before 2 or 3 in the morning, generally later — *anche le cinque passate*. Of course all Settignano knows it. It amused me, remembering Miss Blood's former boast of ethereal affections, feeding on air!

Saturday, June 3, 1899

A Day of Packing etc.

Bernhard called on Madame Incontri and Miss Ogilvy — both out.

Blair and his [0071 54] very pleasant New York friend, Mr. Cottnet, came to dinner, and we had an agreeable evening. Blair sang in his hoarse, unpleasant voice. He talks of singing in opera — it is monstrous! He looked *very* self-conscious when the talk veered to the Gamberaia, and he asked me with great anxiety what his family "thought of it" and appeared greatly relieved when I said that Logan had told me they approved, *vue sa fortune nouvelle*.

Sunday, June 4, 1899, Ray's Twelfth Birthday

Poor Ray has the measles, but fortunately a very light case, and I had a wire saying she was "much better" — *the darling!*

The Butlers came to lunch, and Placci after, who went with Bernhard to call on Judge Statts, while I went to the Rosses and to the Gamberaia. [0072 55]

¹³⁷⁴ Masini



Placci came back to dinner, and Mr. Ward also came.

Monday, June 5, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Day of packing and last things.

Horne and the Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and we sat out on the lawn enjoying the fireflies.

Tuesday, June 6, 1899

Lina to lunch and she came shopping with me after my music lesson.

Blair Fairchild sent a raging note to Bernhard, professing to find an insult to Miss Blood in the attempts Bernhard made on Sunday to warn him that his nocturnal visits to the Gamberaia were observed. Bernhard wrote explaining, and an answer came making up, but confessing to horror and misery that he had given cause for scandal, and saying he would go away at once.

Placci came to dinner, and was very [0073 56] pleasant. We do like him. Madame Rasponi came in after dinner.

Wednesday, June 7, 1899, <Albergo> Roma, Venice

Packed, etc., paid bills and, at the last moment, bought another picture from Torrini!

Came here with Miss Erichsen — a hot, tiresome journey from 3-11.

Thursday, June 8, 1899

Went in the morning to San Giovanni e Paolo and the Scuola di San Marco.

The afternoon was most exciting, for we called on the *antiquario* beside St. Mark's and found some excellent Sienese forgeries, which give us doubts about — most of Bernhard's pictures!! The *antiquario* confessed they *were* forgeries, and we offered him a hundred francs if he would show us the man who did them. He said he would, but he's too great a rogue to be [0074 57] trusted. But by hook or by crook we *must* get to the bottom of it. If Bernhard's pictures are forgeries, then of course it is clear his science — and no one's! — can distinguish. As to beauty — they are lovely! But *there are too many of them*.

no entries after June 8 until

Thursday, June 22, 1899, Manin, Milan

We had a very pleasant fortnight in Venice, although Miss Erichsen turned out rather a bore. She has a habit of agreeing with *everything* one says, and not only agreeing, but saying emphatically, "Yes, of course," "That is obvious," "Clearly," "Undoubtedly," and so on, than which there is nothing that gives one a greater feeling of flatness. To have one's most precious thoughts and discoveries treated as obvious commonplaces —! She left,



however, last Sunday and <is> going to join Lina at Assisi, to make [0075 58] the illustrations for Lina's book on Assisi.

We saw Prince Hohenlohe and Zina nearly every day. They came sightseeing with us in the afternoons. Prince Hohenlohe is rather formal, but Zina is *charming, charming*. We greatly enjoyed them.

The Bensons, too, we saw a good deal of.

But the best of all was enjoying so much the great masters: the Bellini, Cima, Titian, some of the Carpaccios. They were very fresh to us, and although they are not, like the Florentines, great masters of form, they have a magic of space, composition and of *suggestion* that is itself great art.

We also began to take an interest in Jacobello del Fiore.

Today we came here, a journey of most wonderful views. [0076 59]

Friday, June 23, 1899, Manin, Milan

Called on Frizzoni and went with him to the Poldi, when Loeser ran into us, awfully embarrassed! Bernhard shook hands with him and begged him to be natural. We met him again, later, at Cavenaghi's, and he had recovered himself so that he stayed quite a while chatting. Aldo Nosedà came in.

Cavenaghi alas! says our kneeling knight is a forgery. And we could have got *nine hundred pounds for it!* But we have suspected it to be the work of our "Aragno da Siena," and he confirms our suspicions.

The Lawsons telegraphed us to meet them at the train as they were going north, and we found we had so much to talk about that they stayed off. They are *keenly* interested in the "Aragno."

I did not say that **our last week at [0077 60] Venice was one of great anxiety** — business complications with **Mrs. Gardner**. Bernhard was simply awfully worried, and felt at times **almost suicidal**. The only bright side to it was that it brought to the surface certain tender and devoted feelings that I have for him, which do indeed form, as I now am quite sure, a firm and unshakable basis of affection. These, besides all this, which is so deep that only serious affliction brings it out, he is the only really interesting person in the world to me. His mind is a continual delight.

Saturday, June 24, 1899, Milan.

Went to the Brera with the Lawsons, and after lunch to Cavenaghi's, who explained to us how and why our "Knight" was a forgery, convincing Bernhard and [0078 61] me, but not entirely Kerr-Lawson, who felt, it seemed, a certain rivalry and couldn't bring himself to admit that he had been so "done". Cavenaghi then took us to Crespi's, and what did I discover there but two more forgeries from the same hand!! It took some little trouble to convince Cavenaghi, but once convinced, he behaved very handsomely about it.



In the evening we gave him and Aldo Nosedà a dinner at the Sempione.

Sunday, June 25, 1899, Manin, Milan

Churches in the morning. San Celso, Sant'Ambrogio, Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Maria delle Grazie.

Lunch with Lawsons — a visit to the Castello with Frizzoni, Vittadini, Nosedà, Cavenaghi and — Loeser!! The latter very cordial.

Bernhard and I went to Nosedà's rooms, horribly upholstered in bright blue felt, and [0079 62] bought his Parenzano¹³⁷⁵ in its fine frame for 600 lire.

Cavenaghi promised to teach me his craft whenever I would come to learn. The Lawsons left.

Monday, June 26, 1899, Grand Hotel, Andermatt

I offered Frizzoni £2,000 for his Bellini, and he was *awfully* tempted. 'Tis a really "sacred" picture.

Cavenaghi helped me buy a pearl cross, and at 12.30 we left Milan.

Loeser was on the train and he and Bernhard had a long talk, in which Loeser admitted his violent hatred, but could assign no ground for it, but that he took "an entirely different view of art" and "felt he must keep his independence." They established at least a truce.

Then we came here. Loeser lent us and I read Santayana's *Lucifer*, but I did not care for it as poetry. [0080/82 63]

Tuesday, June 27, 1899, Grand Hotel, Andermatt

Wonderful, invigorating air! We strolled in the woods in the morning, and in the afternoon took a serious walk to the Oberalp.

Wednesday, June 28, 1899

Strolled in the morning. Walked to Hospenthal and beyond up the river in the afternoon.

Reading Döllinger's *Essays*.¹³⁷⁶

Thursday, June 29, 1899, Victoria, Bâle

Strolled in the morning. Walked to Göschenen and came here in the afternoon. This is a nice, clean, quiet hotel.

Friday, June 30, 1899, Lion d'Or, Rheims

Very comfortable journey, 10-4, by the extra express.

¹³⁷⁵ Bernardo Parentino, also known as Bernardo Parenzano (c. 1450 – c. 1500) painter, active mainly in Padua.

¹³⁷⁶ Johann Joseph Ignaz von Döllinger (1799-1890), *Studies in European history* (London, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson D103 .D64 1890**

Addresses on historical and literary subjects (London, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House D102 .D65 1894**



I read *Bouvard et Pécuchet*,¹³⁷⁷ the inexhaustible, <and> Bernhard Döllinger, and we played cards.

Had a good look around the cathedral.

no entries after June 30, 1899, until Sept. 14, 1899
pages 64-65 torn out

[0083 66] Thursday, Sept. 14, 1899, Cavour, Milan

Bernhard joined me here today p.m. St. Moritz via Cadenabbia.

He has had a gay and entertaining summer. He made a new friend, Donna Laura Gropallo, the most intellectual woman he ever met, and discovered a fascinating “enfant sublime” in Gladys Deacon of 17 who made him feel young again, and hosts of amusing acquaintances, especially Montesquiou.

But he has descended here into a nest of connoisseurs. The old ways quickly take him up again.

We lunched with the Holroyds, Cavenaghi, and Vittadini, saw Crespi's collection with the same and Mrs. Ady, and dined with the latter.

Bernhard is looking better than I have seen him for years.

I am still ill with a diarrhoea that overtook me the first day of July, from using (how foolishly!) Russell's anti-fat medicine.

And I am very worried about the children, as B.F.C.C. grows more and more disagreeable and threatens (for no new reason) to cut me off from them as much as possible. Still I *did* enjoy them the month I had them — oh more than ever! [0084 67]

Friday, Sept. 15, 1899, Cavour, Milan

Spent the day, together with the Holroyds, at Vittadini's museum, villa, Arcore.

Found a note from that bore, Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, asking me to come and see her, as she is ill in this hotel. Called on her, and again after dinner with Bernhard.

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1899

Poldi with Vittadini, Nosedà, and Prince Pio di Savoia, a Moroni looking man, a great Spanish grandee.

They all came to lunch, and most of them stayed on to a visit to the Brera in company with the director, the flowery Corrado Ricci.

Called on Lady Edmond and met that rather really remarkable youth, Stickney, and his commonplace sister, and an Italian Jew doctor of Genoa, named De Filippi. Lady Edmond entertains in a rather distinguished manner. [0085 68]

¹³⁷⁷ *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, an unfinished satirical work by Gustave Flaubert, published in 1881.



Sunday, Sept. 17, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Travelled from Milan.

Found Rosa and Leonide and Capecchi, but not Guido, who has gone into the bicycling business.

Monday, Sept. 18, 1899

Unpacked — what a work it is setting in!

Called on the Rosses. Lina is in England having her portrait painted by Watts.

The Holroyds came to dinner, and Bernhard helped Holroyd with Michelangelo drawings, as H. is writing a book on Michelangelo. Though uneducated, Holroyd has a good deal of taste, and seems a thoroughly good-hearted fellow.

Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1899

Unpacked and settled things — o the nuisance!

Started for our train and found it didn't run!

Bought a cold supper and returned home to enjoy it, having telegraphed to Alys. [0086 69]

Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1899, Amorosi, Bibbiena

Met Alys and Bertie at Arezzo at 8.50, saw Arezzo and the stupendous frescoes of Pier dei Franceschi, took train and came here.

Drove in the afternoon, or rather, Alys drove, and Bertie, Bernhard and I bicycled to Ortignano, a pretty place with an important picture by Pacchia.

Thursday, Sept. 21, 1899, Bibbiena

All-day excursion to Camaldoli, a *terrible* up-hill tug for bicyclists, Alys and I shared, fastening onto the carriage with a rope.

I relapsed into my old illness and came down feeling like the devil. But the place is lovely.

Found a horseshoe which Alys said meant B.F.C.C's death, poor man!

Friday, Sept 22, 1899, <Albergo> Fiorentino, Borgo Sansepolcro

The most *incredible* drive here from Bibiena via La Verna. I could not have believed horses could do it. I never was on such a frightful [0087 70] road. It took us 11 hours of driving.

We lunched at La Verna, a lovely place. The Andrea della Robbia *Annunciation* is a great beauty. The woods, carpeted into pale purple cyclamen, are divine.

Saturday, Sept. 23, 1899, Borgo Sansepolcro

A steady downpour, but we "did" the town just the same, and discovered a magnificent Matteo di Giovanni — sacred.

The cooking of this wretched little inn is very nice — the coffee *first rate*!



Sunday, Sept. 24, 1899, S. Marco, Gubbio

They bicycled to Città di Castello, which we soon exhausted, and then we went on and had lunch at the Santuario di Canoscia, a heavy pull up, but nice woods.

Arrived here in time for a magnificent view of this wonderful pile of buildings. [0088 71]

x Monday, Sept. 25, 1899, Posta, Foligno

Alys and Bertie started north, as they had to meet Lady Henry at Milan to “chaperon” her and her friend, Mr. Saunders, who are going to Venice with them for 3 weeks.

We came on here, and drove to Montefalco in the afternoon.

Tuesday, Sept. 26, 1899, Subasio,¹³⁷⁸ Assisi

Drove to Bevagna in the morning.

Bernhard bicycled and I came by train here in the afternoon. As the dog-soap doesn't work against fleas, who nearly killed me at Foligno, I am trying Razzin, a disgusting powder.

This place is elysium!

Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1899, <Subasio, Assisi>

All day in the churches, upper and lower.

Very happy. [0089 72]

Thursday, Sept. 28, 1899, <Subasio, Assisi>

“Discovered” the fascinating “Cappella dei Pellegrini”, and amused ourselves poking about.

Drove in the afternoon to Bettona and Torre d'Andrea.

Friday, Sept. 29, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Gladly would we have lingered at **Assisi, our best beloved Italian town**, but Bernhard has to come back to see Mrs. Gardner.¹³⁷⁹

We walked out to S. Damiano in the morning, and got lost in the hill coming back.

Took the 4.19-8.50 train here.

Saturday, Sept. 30, 1899

Mrs. Gardner had mistaken the day, and called yesterday in Bernhard's absence!

We spent the morning trying to settle in. It poured all afternoon, but Bernhard called on Madame Rasponi, whom he found jumping from subject to subject like a grasshopper.

¹³⁷⁸ Via Frate Elia 2, davanti alla Basilica Papale San Francesco,

¹³⁷⁹ See Hadley, p. 189.



Read the Art Magazines. [0090 73]

Sunday, Oct. 1, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard went to Siena to join Mrs. Gardner.

I put things in order, and arranged the summer's notes.

Monday, Oct. 2, 1899

Bernhard went to Monte Oliveto with Mrs. Gardner and Procter.

Mrs. Gardner says Miss Fairchild spent the winter writing her violent letters against him, saying how universally hated he was, how Placci (!) couldn't endure him, etc., etc., until at last Mrs. Gardner wrote to say how could they let Blair go and stay with such a disreputable character. To which Miss Fairchild wrote the whopping lie that he only stayed two days, and that because we both begged and entreated him so that he couldn't get out of it. They had a laugh over it together. Mrs. Gardner said the Fairchilds are nobodies in Boston.

I spent the day quietly working, etc. [0091 74]

Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1899, Grand Hotel, Siena

Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Procter drove to **Orvieto** and Bernhard explored Montalcino.

I came over by a late train.



Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1899, <Grand Hotel, Siena>

We have run our Forger to earth. — but a very easy matter it was — for “he” is a rollicking band of young men, cousins and friends, who turn out these works in cooperation, one drawing, one laying in the colours, another putting on the dirt, another making the frames, some children with a big dog keeping guard over the pictures that were put in the sunshine to *stagionare*! A real Renaissance group of jolly workers, intent on sport, *burle*, and their trade, which they never think of as an art. Their chief is Federigo Ioni, a rakish looking man of 30, very fun and easy, a “good fellow”. They hide nothing.

We saw photographs of nearly all [0094 75] our beloved pictures, the triptych, the shrine (bought at Signor Giorgi’s for £1,350.00 lire!!!) the Madonna and Angels, the saint holding his head, the book cover, Kerr-Lawson’s cassone — in short the whole lot.

I will just calculate, for the proper remembrance of what it costs to learn, some of our mistakes

“Rembrandt boy”	£400
“Erocole Robert” portrait	100
“Sienese forgeries	140
Venetian forgeries	20
“Guardi”	8
	£668
Candelabrum	32
German Triptych	16

We saw no sights today, but haunted the Curiosity Shops instead. Offered to buy for £1000 (it.) what I can’t help thinking may be three more forgeries.

Thursday, Oct. 5, 1899, Grand Hotel, Siena.

A delightful day.

We spent the morning chiefly on Andrea Vanni, and discovered [0095 76] that he was the author of our Madonna in San Francesco!

In the afternoon, we had a delightful walk out of the Porta Camollia, first road to left and home by the Fonte Branda.

Chatted in the evening with Henry Farrer and a Foreign Office clerk, Mr. Syong.

Friday, Oct. 6, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Came home by early train.

Found despairing letters from Alys saying all Lady Henry’s pleasure is destroyed by Lord Henry’s having come to Venice. I wired inviting her and Mr. Saunders here, though Alys says Mr. Saunders is an uncultivated, rude, narrow, middle-class prig. Lady Henry, however, adores him.

In the evening we had one of the nicest talks we have ever had!



Saturday, Oct. 7, 1899

Bernhard went to Milan, to go to the Gazzada on a visit.

I began my Louvre Guide.

Finished *Sense and Sensibility*. [0096 77]

no entries until

Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard came back after charming visits to Cagnola, the Salas, Prince Pio, etc. He counts Donna Laura Gropallo and Cagnola and Girolamo Sala and Donna Carmelita Zucchini as real friends.

I was glad to get him back!

Thursday, Oct. 26, 1899

Lunched with Rosses and called on Lawsons.

A sort of dullness fell on us, which explained itself in the evening when a very heavy cold fastened on Bernhard.

Friday, Oct. 27, 1899

Bernhard stayed in bed reading old *Spectators* and all the conceivable literature about Michelangelo.

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1899

Last night I persuaded him to have a hot bath, and just as he got out he fainted away. It was terrible! [0097 78]

The doctor came today and found his liver inflamed. Poor dear!

Sunday, Oct. 29, 1899

Bernhard got up — as it was very warm we sat in the tower.

The Frys called — very nice — and Benn.

The Lawsons came to dinner and we told them of a fine Basaiti for sale in Venice for £400, and advised them to try to sell it to a rich Glasgow merchant for £750 fr. We gave them the photograph.

Monday, Oct. 30, 1899

Fry came to lunch, and we drove over to the Gamberaia. It was most beautiful.

Alys sent me a letter from B.F.C.C. to her saying that now that he is ill, his income is less, and he must give up the Cottage unless *they* will take it for him. Alys and Bertie and Logan judged it a good time to try to make some definite [0098 79] arrangement with him as to my visits. Of course I telegraphed to them to take the Cottage in their name (Bernhard, really, paying!) and make the best terms they could.

Tuesday, Oct. 31, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard a little better, perhaps.



Reading *Euphues*.¹³⁸⁰ Benn and Morgan to tea.

Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1899.

Very quiet nice day.

Frys to dinner.

Thursday, Nov. 2, 1899

It is the anniversary of my darling Evelyne's death. Sometimes a vague envy of her comes over me. Does she still love and suffer, I wonder?

We walked to Poggio and saw Mr. Ross, who, I fear, is failing.

Friday, Nov. 3, 1899.

The Lawsons came in jubilant, as their [0099 80] Glasgow friend has bought the picture, and they are £350 richer — or rather £350 away from poverty. How happy they were! It was a good thing, for later came a telegram from Alys saying that B.F.C.C. "absolutely refuses" to come to any terms; and this distressed me greatly. So I tried to think of the Lawsons to comfort myself.

In the afternoon I had my music lesson, and left a card on Lady Edmund.

Bernhard went to see the Altoviti pictures, left a card on Madame Serristori, and called on Benn.

He was very dear and sympathetic about my worry.

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1899.

We had a charming drive to the Morgans, and then home by Vincigliata. The day was perfect for weather, and we have seldom enjoyed so much the plastic beauty of Monte Morello. What a lovely place to live in! [0100 81]

Sunday, Nov. 5, 1899, Frullino, Florence

The Frys came to lunch and we drove to Settignano, met the Lawsons and walked to the Bagazzano! Loeser, the Strongs and Hobson started a little behind us, evidently for the same place, but seeing us they did not come in!

We returned to tea with the Lawsons. An exquisite day.

What a change for Eugenie Sellers, to spend her time with Loeser. It appears he and the Strongs are inseparable.

Monday, Nov. 6, 1899

Bernhard lunched with the Serristori, and then went into Bardini's, where the Strongs were eagerly listening to — Loeser! He called on the Frys and had tea with M. Gustave Dreyfus.

He received a letter today from that charming girl (of 17!) Gladys Deacon, with whom he fell in love at St. Moritz last summer. She seems to be a little

¹³⁸⁰ *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wyt*, a didactic romance written by John Lyly, was published in 1578.



(perhaps a good deal) in [0101 82] love with him. But she is young. She appears to be a marvellous creature.

Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1899

We walked with the Frys and Mr. Thornton to **our Tree behind Fiesole**.
Went with Grace <Worthington> to Gagliardi's.
Bernhard called on the Rosses.
Wrote about Macowsky¹³⁸¹ and sent off to Reinach.

Thursday, Nov. 9, 1899

Grace <Worthington> ill in bed.
Had a charming walk towards sunset.

Friday, Nov. 10, 1899

Academy with Grace <Worthington>.
In the evening we read the article of Engerand¹³⁸² against Bernhard's attribution of the Caen Sposalizio to Lo Spagna.
Had tea with the Frys, who report the Strongs as *very* venomous. [0104 83]

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Mr. Benn came to lunch and was very amusing. He and Bernhard walked in the quarries.
Grace <Worthington> and I visited Antiquity shops.
Miss Cruttwell came to tea, and also reported the Strongs, Loeser, Hobson and Co. as very venomous.
Finished the Lo Spagna-Perugino articles.

Sunday, Nov. 12, 1899

The Frys came to lunch, and, after a call from the Morgans, accompanied us to Poggio.
Bernhard met Conte Cagnola at the train, and brought him up to dine.
The Lawsons were here, and very nice.

¹³⁸¹ review of Hans Macowsky, 'Jacopo del Sellaio', *Revue archéologique* ____ (1899), p. 478-481.

¹³⁸² ? Fernand Engerand, *Revue de l'art* 6 (10 septembre 1899), p. ____.

Fernand Engerand (1867-1938), député du Calvados de 1902 à 1936, siégeant à droite. Il s'intéresse à la fois aux questions sociales, et aux sujets de relations de l'église et de l'État. Il dépose régulièrement des demandes d'abrogation de la loi d'exil qui frappe les anciennes familles régnantes depuis 1886.

B. B., 'Le *Sposalizio* du Musée de Caen', *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* 38 (avril 1896), p. 273-190.

Mary Logan, 'Le *Sposalizio* du Musée de Caen', *Revue archéologique* 36 (janvier-juin 1900), p. 115-125.



Monday, Nov. 13, 1899

Grace <Worthington> and the Frys and Janet with Mrs. Ross to S. Piero a Sieve to see Cafaggiolo. The day was perfect, and we all enjoyed it.

Meanwhile Bernhard lunched at Madame Incontri's [0105 84] and met Count Stroganoff, Madame de Turenne, and Mrs. Wagner's daughter, the Contessa Gravina, with whom he struck up a lively flirtation.

He then called on the Placcis, and found Adelaide busting with hatred of Donna Laura <Gropallo> and the Contessa Zucchini.

Spent the evening correcting proofs for second edition of the *Florentines*.

Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1899

Tremendous excitements over the Assisi picture, and complications with the Bank.

Bernhard called on the Serristoris.

Fry stayed all night to see the Leonids,¹³⁸³ but there were none.

Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1899

Went to the Uffizi with Grace <Worthington>.

Bernhard had tea with the Countess Gravina, daughter of Madame Wagner and either Wagner or von Bulow. Hearing he was an art-critic, she asked him if he attended Miss Zimmern's lectures!

No Leonids, though again I stayed awake to watch for them! [0106 85]

Thursday, Nov. 16, 1899, Il Frullino, Florence

The wind began — it is a perfect torment.

The Frys came to lunch.

Afterwards Grace <Worthington> and I went to see the new "Botticelli" at the Pitti, which Mr. and Mrs. Strong pronounce one of his finest works. It is a miserable weak school-picture.

We went to Bardini's too.

Friday, Nov. 17, 1899

Music lesson, antiquity shops, tea with Frys.

Bernhard called on Madame de Turenne at Scandicci.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1899

Bernhard lunched with the Frys, and Grace <Worthington> and I lunched in town after having combined with the jeweler Moggi to take a selection of his jewels for Toplady's. Most amusing, choosing them out. Shopped.

¹³⁸³ meteors.



I finished my “counterblast” to Engerand’s article against Bernhard’s attribution of Caen Sposalizio to Lo Spagna.¹³⁸⁴ [0107 86]

Sunday, Nov. 19, 1899

Percy Feilding’s cousin, Miss May Levett, came to lunch, a very ordinary, but agreeable kind of English girl.

We called at the Rosses, and the Lawsons came back with us to tea. Count Hochberg was at the Rosses, and a great crowd of Sunday visitors.

Monday, Nov. 20, 1899

Bernhard lunched with the Placcis and their Mexican Bishop, and called on Benn.

Grace and I shopped.

x x

Thursday, Nov. 23, 1899

Grace <Worthington> and I have been for two days at Siena with the Frys — two delicious days.

Bernhard stayed at home slowly preparing for his chapter on Michelangelo.

Lady Edmund came to lunch today. She is the sort of person who carries on an uninterrupted conversation: sometime however, silently.

Fabbri came to dinner, and was *very* interesting. He has his own sensations and he thinks. But [0108 87] <it> is absurd to reduce painting, as he practically does, to Cézanne.

Friday, Nov. 24, 1899, Frullino, Florence

Called on the Butties.

Bernhard had Madame Villari and the Countess Gravina to tea.

Piquet in the evening.

Bernhard lunched with Count Stroganoff.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1899

Grace <Worthington> and I shopped, and we all called on Mrs. Ross.

Sunday, Nov. 26, 1899.

Grace <Worthington> and I called on Lady Wade.

Bernhard had a long visit from Herr von Beckerath.

Monday, Nov. 27, 1899

Grace <Worthington> and I spent the morning sightseeing and the afternoon having a regular gorge of Christmas shopping for Miss Toplady.

¹³⁸⁴ Mary Logan, “‘Lo Sposalizio’ du Musée de Caen”, *Revue Archéologique* 36 (1900), p. 115-125.



Tuesday, Nov. 28, 1899.

Music lesson and concert afterwards at Mrs. [0109 88] Maclean's. I played Mozart and Bach.

Bernhard took Grace to the Academy and Carmine, and then called on Stroganoff.

Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1899

A last day of shopping for Toplady's.

Bernhard lunched with the Countess Gravina and had tea with Benn.

Thursday, Nov. 30, 1899

Grace <Worthington> left at 3.

Bernhard worked in the Uffizi.

Friday, Dec. 1, 1899

Music. Bernhard lunched with the Placcis, and had an enchanting walk with Miss Lowndes.

I had my music.

In the evening came a telegram from Blaydes saying he was in great difficulties and required sixty pounds tomorrow. It made us very angry, for I had written to him that Bernhard could not give him any more, having already given him about £350. To telegraph in great trouble makes it impossible to refuse, and it looks as if he had done it for that reason. [0110 89]

no entries after Dec. 1, 1899, until

March 1, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Three months have passed since I wrote. On the 10th of December came on telegram from Frank to say he was very ill, and Mother added that he was dying. So I went back at once. He died ten days after I arrived, of cancer in the ear. He did not suffer. He was conscious only a few hours, and we had a friendly talk. He was glad to have me there. The rest of the time he wandered.

His will made a great deal of trouble, but I expected this, and, when I knew he was ill, I made Ray and Karin wards in Chancery, and on February 12th the Chancery judge broke his will and gave the children to us.

No one regretted him. He had not known how to make himself loved; and even the children said, "This is the happiest Christmas [0111 90] we have ever had", for I was there. We were happy!

I cannot even now tell how I feel about his death. At times it is awful to me. But it is such a comfort to have the children under circumstances of *our* choosing, and so infinitely better for them in every possible way, that of course the feeling of relief is stronger than any other. He left them to the sole charge of their German governess, a stupid girl just 21, and they were



never to go to any other school than the tenth-rate Catholic preparatory one he was sending them to, and were to be trained to earn their own living — with no education! How he could - !

I left them most happily established with Mother, the governess remaining on, and **came back here about two weeks ago**, [Feb. 15?] stopping [0112 91] a day in Paris to see Mr. Reinach, who was most sympathetic. Logan came soon after.

I found Bernhard not very well, hard at work over Michelangelo, and very pleasant and delightful. The others were all the same. But the world is strangely different to me now I know the children are happy. [0113 92]

no entries after Mar. 1 until May 7

Monday, May 7, 1900, Hassler, Rome

I stayed at the Frullino from the middle of February till the middle of April. I do not know why I did not write.

The chief things in our lives were that Bernhard was working very hard upon Michelangelo, that **we took a new Villa**, that we met that grand old lady Frau Wagner, that Senda Berenson arrived from America about the middle of March, and that Logan and Mrs. Robinson (whose husband is in South Africa fighting the Boers) stayed with us.

Bernhard paid a visit, too, to his friend Donna Laura Gropallo, at Nervi.

An awful American named Zug haunted us, engaged in “cracking up art like Berenson”, as he put it.

Then I went home for the Easter Vacation, and had a glorious time, with quantities of children at Friday's Hill, the pond, the “catacombs,” three riding horses, and laughter and laughter all day long. It was delicious. [0114 93]

On the way back I stopped in Paris to see M. Reinach and M. Ephrussi. Met also Cook and his wife.

Then I stayed two nights at the Frullino, where Mrs. Robinson is staying on, and arrived here late last night.

I found Bernhard in a perfect whirl of social engagement, for, it seems, he has become a Great Man, but his sister rather less involved and therefore very ready to go sight-seeing with me. We went to the Vatican Gallery and the Sacristy yesterday morning, while Bernhard lunched with Count Primoli. Drove to San Paolo in the afternoon.

Tuesday, May 8, 1900, Hassler, Rome

Santa Maria Maggiore and Lateran in the morning.

Borghese <in the> afternoon. Called on Miss Aspinwall.



Wednesday, May 9, 1900

Sights. They¹³⁸⁵ dined with Mrs. Elliott and we met at a Musicale at Miss [0115 94] Aspinwall's. Marconi sang like a bull.

Thursday, May 10, 1900

Visited Mr. Nevin's pictures. They lunched with the Duchessa Grazioli and we all went to the Borghese.

Miss Kolb came to dine in the evening.

Friday, May 11, 1900

Called on Miss Kolb at the French Embassy and saw the celebrated Caracci ceilings, and some fine Gobelins.

Corsini, Farnesina.

B.B. called on Mrs. Elliott, the Princess Venosa,¹³⁸⁶ the Nortons.¹³⁸⁷

Saturday, May 12, 1900

Went to Tivoli and Hadrian's villa with Rezia Rasponi and the Humphreys Johnstons. I always knew the Villa d'Este would *satisfy my ideal*, and it did.

I had a fierce headache and went to bed.

Domenico Anderson¹³⁸⁸ came in the evening. [0116 95]

Sunday, May 13, 1900, Hassler, Rome

Letter from Mrs. Gardner saying she has no more money to buy pictures and refusing the Fiorenzo. She seemed discouraged about her museum.

We went to the Aventine. Then B.B. and Senda lunched with the Duchessa Grazioli, and afterwards, while he wrote letters, Senda and I called on Mrs. Elliott, and saw her husband's ceiling painting for the Boston Library — an inoffensive enlarged Christmas card sort of affair.

Monday, May 14, 1900

We lunched with Count Stroganoff, who was very agreeable.

B.B. called on various people.

They dined with the Countess Pasolini, and Miss Taylor dined with me.

Tuesday, May 15, 1900

Richard Norton, who is now at the head of the American Archaeological Institute, came with us to the Terme [0117 96] in the morning. He was very agreeable, and marked the second violent prejudice this visit to Rome has overcome.

¹³⁸⁵ That is, Bernhard and Senda.

¹³⁸⁶ Teresa di Venosa (1848-1928), the wife of Ignazio Boncompagni Ludovisi, senatore del regno, e dama della regina Margherita?

¹³⁸⁷ Professor and Mrs. Richard Norton, the director of the American Archaeological Institute, the forerunner of the American Academy.

¹³⁸⁸ The photographer.



The first was Mrs. Elliott, who is a kind, life-enhancing creature, in spite of her over-emphatic manner.

The third was Etta De Viti¹³⁸⁹ whom I called on in the afternoon, and who was simple and sweet.

Wednesday, May 16, 1900

We took Miss Aspinwall to the Vatican in the morning. It was horribly crowded with pilgrims, American and Germans.

They paid various calls.

Don Guido Cagnola came to dinner, and we all liked him very much. He sighed in a melancholy way and said whenever he fell in love he suffered *terribly*, being always the victim, never the tyrant. "Once," he said, "strange to say, I fell desperately in love twice in the same year." [0118 97]

Thursday, May 17, 1900, Hassler, Rome

It rained, so we could not go on the picnic we planned. They paid last calls, and so did I, ending up together at Mrs. Elliott's.

Richter and Miss Taylor came to dinner. They filled us with despair by being so blind to all the more liberal and humanizing aspects of art.

Friday, May 18, 1900, Hotel Monzù, Sulmona

Came from Rome 9-2.30, but a beautiful road.

Sacred is the Hospital here, and very picturesque the whole town.

Good hotel.

Saturday, May 19, 1900, Croce Bianca, Rieti

Came early to Aquila and spent the day seeing all the sights. It is a very disappointing town. The only things of mark — outside of the *superb* views — are latish and not very good Renaissance things. We hoped for grim [0119 98] picturesque mediaevalism.

We came on to Rieti by a latish train.

Sunday, May 20, 1900, Europa, Terni

Saw Rieti and luxuriated in miserable Antoniazos in the Biblioteca.

Spent most of the day at the delicious town of Narni, where we discovered a fine painting by Vecchietta and an imposing wooden figure also by him.

Monday, May 21, 1900, Europa, Terni

Saw Spoleto and drove here. It is seven years since we discovered "decoration" at Spoleto. Our advance in these years has been to widen the scope of art, for this time we were profoundly and consciously impressed

¹³⁸⁹ Etta Dunham, marchesa De Viti de Marco



with the artistic beauty of the composition of the town as a whole, as it lies on the hill. [0120 99]

Tuesday, May 22, 1900, Subasio, Assisi

Drove here via Spello. Met Lina¹³⁹⁰ who had at least got our rooms in the miserable hotel cleaned for us.

Went to the Lower Church and took a wonderful walk with her out of the Porta San Giacomo, and down into the valley, with new, undreamt of views of the Monastery.

Wednesday, May 23, 1900

Lina took us into all sorts of nooks and corners in the town. She really loves Assisi, and it is doing her a good deal of good to write this book alone. What is so hard for a woman, particularly a young one, <is that> she cares for the thing in and for itself, independently of people.

In the afternoon we went to the Rocca. What a divine place Assisi is! We love it more each time! [0121 100]

Ascension Day, Thursday, May 24, 1900

At High Mass a young deacon sang ... but like an angel. He has one of those strange almost female voices, light and pure as a woman's, full and resonant as a man's, vibrating as a violin, and — well, *satisfying*. It was a real ecstasy to hear him sing the "Salutaris Hostia". I never in my life heard such a thrilling voice.

A fierce scirocco kept us at home most of the afternoon, but we walked towards sunset. Lina is very sweet.

Senda told us a little about her work. What a sane, sensible, delightful creature she is! And her work, the using of bodily exercise as an aid to spiritual development is wonderful — the real Greek ideal. I do admire her enormously. [0122 101]

Friday, May 25, 1900, Hotel Brufani, Perugia

After Mass the young deacon sang us a solo, for us alone, wretched cheap music invented at Assisi — but oh *what* a glorious voice! Never have I heard anything like it. I thought of what Walt Whitman said of some voices, that he could follow them silently as the tides follow the moon round the world. The owner of this exquisite voice is a modest, red-checked youth of 22 or 23 named Raffaello Morbidelli. He could have the world at his feet, but his only idea is to stay on at Assisi, and sing tenth-rate music to stuffy monks, though he confessed with an ingenuous blush that he would love to sing in the Cappella Sistina.

¹³⁹⁰ Lina Duff Gordon.



We came here, parting from Lina at the Perugia station. Senda was tired, but Bernhard and I [0123 102] walked out, and it was a great time, for we *saw*, for the first time, Giovanni Pisano's fountain, that is, we realized its beauty, its quality. I shall never forget it.

Saturday, May 26, 1900

Sights of Perugia and a drive to the Reservoir.

Senda told me a good deal about her *most interesting* work in physical training. She has great good sense and character.

Sunday, May 27, 1900

Sights.

I read two novels by Lucas Malet,¹³⁹¹ but did not think much of them.

Monday, May 28, 1900, Nazionale, Cortona

Still sights, and at 2 we came to Cortona, which was even lovelier than we had remembered. What a site! [0124 103]

Tuesday, May 29, 1900, Nazionale, Cortona

Senda was ill in bed, suffering great pain from her monthly time. It is hard luck!

Bernhard and I explored and enjoyed ourselves enormously.

In the afternoon I went to Castiglione Fiorentino, and then he went on to Arezzo, and I came back to poor Senda.

Wednesday, May 30, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Met Carlo and Adelaide Placci at Arezzo, and also, by chance, Miss Erichsen. Saw sights and all lunched together, but not very agreeably for Bernhard so lost his temper with the waiter.

Came back in a crowded train, and found it delicious to be at home. Miss Kolb is here.

Called on the Rosses.

Thursday, May 31, 1900

Bernhard lunched with Placci and heard him play Bach with Buonamici.

I shopped and went to the Bargello.

Mrs. Houghton came in the afternoon. [0125 104]

Friday, June 1, 1900

Placci and Buonamici came to lunch, and Buonamici played Mozart and Beethoven divinely!

I drove with Miss Kolb and called on the Cracrofts and Kerr-Lawsons.

¹³⁹¹ Lucas Malet was the pseudonym of Mary St Leger Kingsley (1852-1931), a Victorian novelist.



We all dined together at the Mezzarata, which Rob Morton and his wife have taken. They made a rather appalling impression of genuine sordidness, relieved by genuine humour, however.

Saturday, June 2, 1900

Mr. Perkins¹³⁹² came to stay with Bernhard.

I called on Miss Cracroft and the Lawsons.

Sunday, June 3, 1900

Bernhard dined with the Placcis and went to see the new play *Come le foglie*. Maud and Miss Cracroft and her mother dined here, and Lawson and his sister with her violin came in. We had some delightful music. [0126 105]

Monday, June 4, 1900, Frullino, Florence

"The day when I unwillingly and disgustedly became 13," wrote Ray, full of despair at finding herself so "grown up".

The Gravina came to lunch and stayed very long.

We had a dancing lesson. Senda is learning the Minuet and the Tarantella.

Tuesday, June 5, 1900

Dancing. First electric bath.

BB took Senda to the Bargello.

Wednesday, June 6, 1900

Took Maud Cruttwell to call on the Lawsons and Mrs. Ross.

Miss Erichsen, the Cracrofts and the Houghtons dined here and we had music.

Thursday, June 7, 1900

Called on Houghton and Buttles.

BB tired and low. [0127 106]

Friday, June 8, 1900

The Marchesa Paolucci¹³⁹³ [*sic*] sent for Bernhard to try to get back the Alessio¹³⁹⁴ he bought from her; and failing that, to say the government was after it and would not let it go out of the country, etc.

Mr. Ward and Miss Priestley and Miss Childers called.

Miss Priestley told me a flat lie, saying that Fabbri was desperately in love with her and wanted to marry, and had only gone off to Stephanie when she refused him. Why did she say that to me? She must have known I could not believe it.

¹³⁹² The first reference to F. Mason Perkins; see Samuels, p. 311, 351, 394, 399.

¹³⁹³ For Paulucci delle Roncole, see *Berenson Collection*, p. 239.

¹³⁹⁴ Alessio Baldovinetti (1425-1499). *The Madonna and Child* now attributed to Domenico Veneziano.



Saturday, June 9, 1900

Busy at the *Tatti*, lunched with Cracrofts.

Bernhard and Senda lunched with Lady Airlie¹³⁹⁵ at Bellosguardo. They called on Miss Lowndes by moonlight, but I finished my notes of our travels. [0128 107]

Sunday, June 10, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Mrs. Gardner telegraphed she would take the Fiorenzo after all! I suppose when she saw it in its frame it was irresistible.

Logan wrote that he had broken the news of my marriage to mother who took it very sensibly, although she can't help despising a woman who, once she has had the luck to become a widow, deliberately chooses to marry again. Logan says she seems awfully happy with the children.

The Director of the Uffizi sent up to try to buy the Alessio!

We went to see a fire-place in a contadino's house which may be for sale. Then we called on Miss Blood.

Bernhard and Senda dined at the Placcis, and Perkins told me his woes — entire lack of money. Poor thing, he is as ill and nervous as can be, and in love to boot. [0129 108]

Monday, June 11, 1900

I spent the day going to Siena to see a picture Ioni wrote to me about. It turned out to be a fine altarpiece by Niccolò d'Alunno. An *awfully* tiring journey, for the train is so slow!

Bernhard and Senda lunched at the Placci's.

Tuesday, June 12, 1900

Shopped with Senda, and got nearly crazy.

We had tea at the Gravina's, where General Baldisera explained to me that the African disasters weren't his fault, but the fault of the Government who, by means of telegrams, upset all the excellent plans that were made on the spot.

We then went to see a game of *pallone*, called on the Buttles and dined at the Gamberaia, on the terrace ... a very beautiful evening. Miss Blood was in a good form. [0130 109]

¹³⁹⁵ David Stanley William Ogilvy, 11th Earl of Airlie (20 January 1856 – 11 June 1900) was a Scottish peer.

David was born at Florence. He was the third child and elder son of David Ogilvy, 10th Earl of Airlie and The Hon. Henrietta Blanche Stanley.

On 19 January 1886 he married Lady Mabell Frances Elizabeth Gore (1866-1956), daughter of Arthur Gore, 5th Earl of Arran.



Wednesday, June 13, 1900, Frullino

We took the Alessio — divine picture — from the Exhibition and sent it off to Cavenaghi.

In the evening the Gravina, the Houghtons, Kerr-Lawson and Miss Cracroft came to dinner. We sat in the tower, and smoked and then had music.

The Gravina is a regular leech. Poor Perkins can hardly escape making an engagement with her every day, and her last plan was for him to take her to Vallombrosa for the day. B.B. has lent him 700 francs, which just saved him, it would seem, from outright destitution. I do not know what his other resources are, but he certainly seems in a very tight place. He has all the luxurious habits of a rich man.

The fire-place is ours, at 900 lire. [0131 110]

Thursday, June 14, 1900

They got off to Bologna at 3.

Maud Cruttwell came to dine with me. She is being regularly persecuted by Miss Wimbush, who calls her cruel for not entering into a closer and more intimate friendship than Maud is at all capable of doing. The whole lot of these “Virgins of the Hills” are as much upset over their “friendships” as any set of men and women could be. Only, I think, the changes are apt to be even more frequent! Maud, however, seems to me to have a good deal of character and sense, and she at least learns something from her experiences. She says she has really learnt that invaluable lesson of not trying to force love by *exact*ing it. [0132 111]

Friday, June 15, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Mother appears considerably upset by my letter telling her how marriage really *was* to be. But her literary style is so forcible, *da se*, that she seems often to say more than she really means, so I hope it is so in this case. How well she writes! “I always see myself as a patient ox pulling a cart, that has got to be full of some sort of a load, and it really don’t much matter what that load is. Frank has been lifted out, so there is room for Berenson; and very likely he will be an easier load to pull. Certainly he will be, if thee is happy, or at least *while* thee is happy.”

I had a lot of things to do today at *I Tatti*, and in the midst I had a very pleasant lunch with the Rasponis.

Dined at Poggio, and dear Mrs. Ross gave me a most beautiful moon stone ring. We did not want [0133 112] any wedding presents, but some people are so awfully kind they will take the occasion of giving us something. But how different a set of people from those who gave me presents sixteen years ago! I did not know *in the least* then what sort of



people I liked. Now I do, and alas the dearest of them all, Evelyn, whom I had the taste to adore even in those days, is gone.

Kerr-Lawson walked back with me. He is falling into a slouchy, fat, untidy, lazy middle-age, it would seem.

Saturday, June 16, 1900, Palazzo Tiepolo, Venice

Went to see that *wonderful* Villa Salviati with Mr. Ross and Miss Erichsen in the morning, and then came here with those two nice Italian maids, Leonide and Lidia.

Bernhard and Senda are enjoying [0134 113] themselves very much with the Countess Zucchini, Cagnola and others in Bologna. All those people seem really to love Bernhard, and I am so glad. Donna Laura Gropallo is probably coming here to see him. She used such a good expression the other day. Writing about Lady Edmund she said, "il suo intelletto non mi pare né profondo né virginale".

Logan writes that Mother was rather upset by my news, but that the next day she "seemed in the best of spirits." He says "I have never seen her more full of jokes and fun, and she spoke of thy marriage in a very different tone, and I really cannot think that she is worrying about it. Alys brought forward so many good arguments in favour of thy marriage, that I think she was quite convinced by her own [0135 114] rhetoric, if she had not been favourable before. I am delighted that you are to be married, and cannot think of a brother-in-law I should prefer to B.B."

Alys also writes a most friendly letter.

Sunday, June 17, 1900, Palazzo Tiepolo, Venice

A quiet day of settling in. Took tea with Mrs. Robinson and her sisters, and they gave me the most charming jewel, a pendant, I have ever seen. Logan found it.

I took Leonide and Lidia to the Piazza, they were quite charming about it, with the naïve refinement of the solid respectable Tuscan *contadine* good-breeding.

Monday, June 18, 1900

Found a piano, and lunched with Mrs. Robinson and her sisters.

Bernhard and Senda arrived at night, tired from their trip to Pomposa, but delighted to have done it. [0136 115]

Tuesday, June 19, 1900, Palazzo Tiepolo, Venice

Very warm. Took Senda to St. Mark's, etc. Floated about.

Wednesday, June 20, 1900

Great comfort to know that the children are settled to work under Mr. Nowers and Bertie.

We met Miss Freeman, a disciple of Bernard's, at the Academy.



Went to the Lido to bathe, and Bernhard had a walk with Miss Priestley.

Thursday, June 21, 1900

Saw San Giovanni e Paolo and San Francesco della Vigna.
Lido again. Called on Robinson and Kinsellas.

Friday, June 22, 1900

Saw San Giorgio Schiavone and San Zaccaria.
Senda and I went to the Lido with Miss Priestley and Miss Childers and the Kinsellas to bathe, and B.B. floated about with Prince Hohenlohe and Zina who are just back. [0137 116]

Saturday, June 23, 1900

Academy. Prince Hohenlohe and Zina called.
Floated.

Sunday, June 24, 1900

Pictures. Tea with Kinsellas and Miss Priestley.
Perkins to dinner.

Monday, June 25, 1900

Senda ill. Frari, San Rocco, antiquity hunting in the morning.
Called on Bensons.
Dined at Hohenlohe's with Fortuny.¹³⁹⁶

Tuesday, June 26, 1900

Went to Murano. Called on Kinsellas.
Looked at photographs of minor masters.
Bernhard's 35th birthday.

Wednesday, June 27, 1900

Salute and San Salvatore in the morning.
Lido with Miss Priestley and the Kinsellas in the afternoon.
Call on Prince Hohenlohe in evening. Zina is a delicious creature. [0138 117]

no entries after June 27, 1900 until Oct. 20, 1900

Sunday, Oct. 20, 1900, Frullino, Florence

I have been unaccountably lazy!

The summer passed most pleasantly. I was at Friday's Hill with the children, and Bernhard at St. Moritz with his sister. He saw her off at Genoa on Sept. 6, rested two days with the Gropallos at Nervi and then joined me in Paris. We saw a little of the Exposition — the Petit Palais, Palais de Costume, the old furniture, etc., and I did a lot of buying dresses,

¹³⁹⁶ Mariano Fortuny (1871-1949)



being endlessly fitted. I found — at last! — a perfectly satisfactory corset, based on anatomy.

INSERT SKETCHES

Shape of old fashioned corset, with fat squeezed down on hips and up on breast and back

Shape of mine, following the natural figure. [0139 118]

They press the stomach back and up, and are a constant reminder not to slouch.

One thing that interested us very much in Paris was the Japanese Play with the Actress Sada Yacco. We like conventions in art.

We saw a good deal of dear Reinach.

B.B. “made up” with Wickhoff, and saw Madame André’s collection all by himself.

We met the famous Alfred Hodder, Fafner’s friend, the Don Juan of Bryn Mawr. He is apparently very clever, for he seemed to us exactly “our kind”, and of course we were charmed with him.

But we have met down here an intimate friend of his, Leo Stein, who says he is really quite different, that he considers people wicked who live out of their own country, and says “Florence is all very well for those bloodless aesthetes”, but LIFE “should be to marching music” and so forth. But who knows [0140 119] what he really thinks? He is a great “womanizer”, has divorced one wife (lost another by death), made love to and been made love to by countless Bryn Mawr girls (he was Professor of Literature there), and is now engaged in a desperate sort of intrigue with Miss Gwinn (B.B. saw them in the Egyptian Gallery of the Louvre so earnestly talking that they didn’t notice a man nearly kill himself on the stairs a few feet away, while Carey <Thomas> thought Miss Gwinn was “too busy at the dressmaker’s to spare a moment”), and yet Mr. Stein says he has never heard him speak of a woman. — Well, he was very simpatico that evening, and what more does one want?

We came back with Logan, stopping a few days in Milan on the way. There we saw Prince Trivulzio’s collection, Cavenaghi, Vittadini, Cagnola, etc.

Here, we have been busy with the new villa, and Bernhard has [0141 120] finally settled into harness with his *Michelangelo*. The weather has been lovely. Janet Dodge has been here, goes next Wednesday.

I can’t think of anything special we have said, except that Bernhard, in answer to the Mortons’ gibe that Englishmen lacked humour said, “Yes, they are noted for a lack of *American* humour.” He describes Arthur Symonds as “drippings of George Moore”.

Horne is here, and we went to the Villa Salviati with him.

I’ve also visited Castello, Petraia and I Collazzi



no entries until

Sunday, Oct. 28, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Mr. Ross had another stroke on Tuesday and lost his speech for two days. I have been there every day since, and once I have seen him. He is recovering marvellously. I get fonder of them all every day.

The only other special events of this week [0142 121] are the *pranzo* I gave to forty workmen in the new Villa (on the completion of the roof), and the large Sassetta altar-piece we bought for 2000 francs last night! We are spending money at a dreadful rate, but I hope getting lovely things for the new home.

B. B. is well in his work, and feeling rather better in health. I am not trying to do much besides music.

Logan has just sent off to be type-written, an article on Madame de Sévigné.¹³⁹⁷

Now I will try to begin a real journal.

Monday, Oct. 29, 1900, Frullino, Florence

I had a music lesson today and afterwards went to several antiquity shops with Mr. Houghton, and **brought up the enormous Sassetta**, which turns out to be far lovelier than we thought. B.B. has already in imagination refused an [0143 122] offer of £10,000 (lire) for it!!

I was *awfully* cut up by Mother's pessimistic letter saying she was afraid the judge would not give permission to bring the children here.

Logan and I drove to the *Tatti*, and then we all three went to have tea with Miss Cruttwell.

Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1900

Uneventful day.

B.B. met Ioni at the Uffizi to choose frames, and I drove the donkey to the Villa and back.

Maud Cruttwell came to tea. Spent the evening making out lists of household things to be sent from the stores in London.

Worried about the children's coming. I do so want them to come!

Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1900

Lina came to call in the morning. Saw a small Lorenzo Monaco for sale in the afternoon.

Horne came to dinner, and was very pleasant in the evening. [0144 123]

¹³⁹⁷ Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, 'la marquise de Sévigné' and 'Madame de Sévigné' (1626-1696), famous for her letter writing.



Thursday, Nov. 1, 1900, Frullino, Florence

The cook and some underground acquaintances of his came up with a picture for sale — not Lorenzo Monaco, after all, but, B.B. thinks, a Giotto. Rather fine. We offered £500.

Mr. Morgan and Mrs. and Miss Cracroft came to lunch, and we had some Bach — an organ prelude and fugue in E minor — and so on.

Then I called with the Cracrofts on Maud Cruttwell and met Miss Paterson and Miss Lowndes. Called on Mrs. Thrupp, and then on the Mortons who have given notice to all their servants and want my Rosa. They are terribly fussy.

B.B. bicycled over and called on them earlier.

Wrote to Dowdeswell proposing a sort of partnership, and to Heinemann proposing a book on the unpublished Italian pictures in England.

No word about the children, the suspense is painful. But at the worst, it is *nothing* compared to this time last year!

Friday, Nov. 2, 1900, Second Anniversary of Evalyne's Death

A telegram from Mother says the decision about the children is deferred for a [0145 124] week. Pazienza!

I had my music-lesson, and came up to meet Lina and Mr. and Miss Cust at lunch. Miss Cust is very pleasant, but she is dissatisfied and unhappy, poor thing, growing old (she is 30) with no particular bough to perch upon. Cust is killing — one of these naïve Englishmen who tells you his income and his family history, and his breach of promise case in the first breath! They came to the Tatti with us, and then we all had tea at the Mortons.

Afterwards Logan and I called at Poggio, and I had a long chat with dear Mr. Ross.

I often wonder what Evalyne is feeling now.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1900

Worked in the morning.

Went to town and priced the lace. They said it was worth £1000 to the trade but that no 'particolare' could get it for less than £3000!

Saw a Sellaio for which we offered a thousand lire.

Went to the Casa Buonarroti.

In the evening I got through a task that has been hanging over me blackly for [0148 125] the past few days — that of telling Rosa she must go. Fortunately, the Mortons want her, so a position (at the same high wages, 50 fr. a month) is ready for her. I thought she would be dreadfully cut up, but she did not seem so. It is a great relief.

We suddenly find ourselves without any money!! And the workmen at the Villa are beginning to want to be paid. It is most awkward. We've spent



about £600 (sterling) on pictures and “oggetti” this autumn, as if we should never come to an end.

More encouraging news from home. Mr. Withers thinks the children will be able to come.

Sunday, Nov. 4, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Miss Cust came to lunch and we had a walk after watching a rain-storm. She is very agreeable, but one of those no-point-in-my-existence girls, who have no money, and live in an uncongenial home. Poor dear!

The Mortons also came to lunch, and Gertrude <Morton> arranged with Rosa to go on Saturday. [0149 126]

Monday, Nov. 5, 1900

Saw some pictures in the morning.

Miss Paterson came to lunch, a colourless but pathetic figure.

Drove with the donkey and Maud Cruttwell to call upon the Mortons.

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1900

B.B. called on the Rasponis, the Rosses and Sir Willoughby Wade.

I took Madame de Platonoff to see Miss Cracroft, who played us a lot of modern Russian music, which I don't care for in the least.

Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1900

In town all the morning.

Called at Poggio in the afternoon. Lina in bed with a cold.

Worried at not having a telegram about the children.

Bernhard is getting on very well with his Michelangelo. He had a long walk in the quarries. The weather is delicious. [0150 127]

Thursday, Nov. 8, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Bernhard is getting on well with his work.

The new cook came today, and is doing very well. Rosa is in tears and declares she has been calumniated. Poor thing!

Maud came to work in the morning, and in the afternoon I went to the Tatti with the donkey, and then to see the Cracrofts, Cobbs, and Mortons at Settignano.

No word about the children, and I *counted* on hearing today.

x Friday, Nov. 9, 1900

Letter saying it was all right about the children's coming.

New cook functioning well as to cooking, everything else volcanic.

Villa coming on despairingly slowly! But it looks enchanting there.



Saturday, Nov. 10, 1900

Mrs. Gardner has telegraphed that she would take the little Raphael entombment Bernhard offered her. [0151 128] This considerably relieves the financial strain. My spirits were coming back, and this completed the cure, and I felt very jolly all day.

In the morning I took Rosa to install her with the Mortons at the Villa Mezzaratta. She seemed contented.

Benn and Maud and Miss Lowndes came to lunch, and after visiting the Tatti we went to hear Miss Cracroft play. It was the first of a series of little recitals I have arranged for her. It went off very well. She gave us the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, and analyzed them a little. She played gloriously.

Sunday, Nov. 11, 1900

Saw upholsters and carpenters in the morning.

Called on Mortons, Cracrofts, Miss Blood, the Rosses in the afternoon. We found Miss Blood furiously calm over the servant question, telling us, in her sharp high voice with emphatic [0152 129] gestures, that she never allowed a servant's quarrel to reach her ears. If they couldn't get on together, they could go, if they killed each other they could get buried, but she will attend to nothing except whether the service is performed according to her mind. She has absorbed Nietzsche to a very practical purpose, but her response is too vehement to be very attractive. Somehow I don't believe in it any more than in her indifference to young men! But it is a fine pose.

The Mortons, on the contrary, live in perpetual distress over the follies and vices of their domestics. I liked Miss Blood's "che si ammazzino pure! Cosa mi fa?"

Monday, Nov. 12, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Music lesson.

At the Villa stormed and raged at the slowness of the workmen.

Called at Rosses and saw Miss Cust.

B.B. went to Casa Buonarroti, and then called [0153 130] on Pozzolini who has a beautiful bronze Mercury which he calls Benvenuto Cellini, but which Bernhard thinks is Baccio Bandinelli. He has also a good Mainardi.

A telegram came from Mr. Withers saying that the Chancery Judge has given leave for the children to come. And dismissed as frivolous the testamentary guardians' request that we should be forced to have the Governess also.

I have caught (from Lina) a bad cold.



Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1900

The wind has sprung up — a cold tramontana. But at the dear Tatti it is perfectly calm. The place is well sheltered. The workmen are getting on, but rather slowly.

I called on the Mortons, and found them as usual in the throes of domestic problems. I am afraid even Rosa won't suit them.

My cold is awful, and I have lost both taste and smell.

Bernhard had a glorious walk on the hills. [0154 131]

Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Brilliant day when wind nearly died down. Villa in morning. Had a quarrel with Bernhard over my friendly way of treating servants. Made up.

He went to tea at Poggio to meet Mr. Mounteney Jephson.¹³⁹⁸

Stein called in the evening and tried to explain Hodder's philosophy. It sounded very silly.

New cook's accounts less appalling than I feared.

Thursday, Nov. 15, 1900

A day of urging the men on to work.

Bernhard and I called at our respective Consuls to "take steps" about our Marriage.

I lunched with the Mortons and found them as full of domestic grievances as ever.

Friday, Nov. 16, 1900

Twice to the Tatti to hurry them on.

Bernhard lunched with Benn who talked against Gibbon and said Macaulay was the really great man!

He had tea with the Gravina!!

Logan and I called on the Rosses. [0155 132]

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1900

Horne came to lunch, and, in spite of a perfect down-pour, Miss Cracroft came to play, and Maud, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. Cobb, Miss Blood, Rob Morton and Mr. Stein came to listen. She played magnificently the organ Fantasy and Fugue in B minor, and the same in D minor and then the Prelude and Fugue in D for piano. After tea she played Beethoven's sonata in D minor. She is a *splendid* player.

¹³⁹⁸ Arthur Jermy Mounteney Jephson (1859–1908) was an adventurer and African explorer, who accompanied H.M. Stanley on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 1887-1889; see Samuels, p. 351,



Sunday, Nov. 18, 1900

Dr. Richter came to lunch. He was full of grievances against the Stronges, who have behaved very badly to him over the facsimiles of the Chatsworth drawings. He thinks Mrs. Strong is more pushing and venomous than even her husband.

We had a delightful walk Bernhard and I.

Miss Cust came to tea. [0156 133]

Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, Frullino, Florence

I music and Tatti in the morning.

Saw Grassi's things in the afternoon, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson came to tea. He told us about his explorations with Stanley, a whole year in the jungle, lost — 5 months in prison under sentence of death with Enim Pasha. It was fascinating to hear him talk.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1900

Mrs. Ross came with Logan and me to the Villa in the morning. She found it delightful.

The Gravina came to lunch and outdid herself in platitudes and stupidities. I found her almost intolerable, so silly, so uneducated, so touchy, so absorbed in herself: above all, so stick-to-you. She drove with us to the villa, and then with me to the town, and I could hardly shake her off. I loathe her.

Horne came to dinner, was nice, but heavy, yet I like him. [0157 134]

Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1900

Shopping in morning. Villa afternoon.

Fabbri came to dinner and was very nice, so nice that Logan, who meant to retire to his own study after dinner, stayed to talk till 11. Fabbri is one of the most sympathetic people we know — he reads and looks and feels for himself. Like us, the exhibition of Rodin's things at Paris finished him forever for Fabbri — but he was loath to believe that it was bad taste spoiling even good bits of plastic form. Fabbri does not care for Puvis. I suspect he lacks all appreciation for space composition, for he spoke with aversion of Perugino and indifference of Raphael.

Thursday, Nov. 22, 1900

Captain Jephson, Lina and Rezia Rasponi to lunch. It was very amusing.

I called on Mrs. Thrupp and Gertrude Morton¹³⁹⁹ and on Rosa. [0158 135]

¹³⁹⁹ Perhaps a writer? 1894: December 6 issue of *Youth's Companion Magazine* with 'Mrs. Donovan's Pies' by Gertrude Morton



Friday, Nov. 23, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Shopping all morning. Got some very charming old chintz from the Houghtons.

I heard from Janet Dodge that she is at last going back to the Dolmetsch concerts.

Logan and Bernhard called on Hochberg, but I went to bed with a headache.

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1900

Logan and Bernhard had lunch with Count Hochberg.

I went to the station to tell Lina that they weren't coming on a planned excursion, and found Captain Mounteney Jephson there, who drove out to the Villa with me and then came back to lunch. On the way he told me his whole history, how an American girl named Anna Head had ruined his life, preventing his accepting a number of most advantageous posts, and in the end throwing him over.

The story was as it were shadowed by [0159 136] £.s.d., and few returned gifts of family diamonds lurked in the most tragic passages. Altogether, so characteristically "English" in its naiveté, its frankness, its awareness of the money-basis of life, and, I must add, in its almost awkward feeling of honour, that while it made me laugh, **it made me like him.**

I came back to find a telegram saying mother and the children had missed the connection at Turin. They won't arrive till 1.14 tonight!

Called on the Rosses in the rain. Found Mrs. Ross furious with Miss Erichsen's incompetence.

Sunday, Nov. 25, 1900

Met the children at 2! But they were awake (and awaking) at 7. We drove to Settignano to Church, called on Thrupp, Rosa and Mortons.

In afternoon saw new Villa and called at Rosses. Captain Jephson told them tales of his adventures [0160 138] in the African jungle. They drove the donkey, and looked so sweet and happy and rosy that it made my heart rejoice to see them. I told them of my marriage, but they don't seem to think much of it. Bernhard they set down, as I said, as "a sort of uncle", and really I think they thought very little about it.

Monday, Nov. 26, 1900, Frullino, Florence

Miss Cust and Captain Jephson came to lunch and we went to hear Miss Cracroft. On the way he told me that he had been proposed to by a mother for her daughter, and that, being very lonely, he was awfully tempted, as, without being in love, he is very fond of the girl. He says he can never be in love again as he was with the Californian girl named Anna Head. He asked my advice, but I waited to tell mother and B.B. They both think he had better marry. [0161 139]



Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1900

Logan and Bernhard went to Cafaggiolo with Lina, Miss Erichsen and Capt. Jephson.

I “moved”, and went to bed early with an awful cold and sore throat. The children are regular idiots, capering about, full of fun and life, perfectly absorbed in their own existence. One feels like Antaeus touching earth at seeing them.

Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1900

Capt. Jephson came with me to the Villa and we walked back through the woods. He told me *all* the circumstances of the case, and I strongly advised him to marry the girl. I believe he is one of those strange beings who “love once and once only” but he is affectionate and kind and will make her a very nice husband.

Continued “moving” in the afternoon, with small success. Bernhard called on Benn who said that riches in a nation killed out brains. [0162 140]

no entries after Nov. 28 until

Sunday, Dec. 8, 1900, I Tatti, Settignano

I made my *sgombero* on Friday the 30th, and rain and all conceivable discomforts.

On Saturday dear genial Buonamici came to lunch, and Miss Cracroft came to meet him. We had some divine music.

On Sunday Captain Jephson came to lunch and I took him to the Gamberaia. The next days I moved Bernhard’s things, with the blessed interval of one of Miss Cracroft’s Bach recitals.

Bernhard is staying at Poggio, well taken care of by Mrs. Ross, the Capable and Energetic.

On Wednesday we went with Logan and Lina and Mrs. Erichsen¹⁴⁰⁰ to **Monte Guffone**,¹⁴⁰¹ an unimaginably romantic place.

On Thursday Captain Jephson came to lunch and accompanied me to the Pretura to witness my identity. He was indescribably depressed, and told [0163 141] me of his debts, and disappointments. We had a charming adieu.

Yesterday Miss Cracroft gave another recital — most enjoyable.

I am realizing more and more what Bernhard’s inward ideals and spiritual needs are. I hope I can help him make them real. No one can imagine how adorable he is. [0164 142]

no entries after Dec. 8, 1900 until April 28, 1901

¹⁴⁰⁰ Nelly’s mother?

¹⁴⁰¹ The Villa di Montegufoni, the residence of the Sitwell family.

