

The Diaries of Mary Berenson,
Apr. 28, 1901-Jan. 12, 1909

no entries in Mary's diary after Dec. 8, 1900 until April 28, 1901

(continuation of Diary 6)

I Tatti, 1901-

xx April 28, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano

I have let months run by.

Bernhard and I were married at the end of December, first at the Municipio, with Benn and Miss Cruttwell as witnesses, and, two days after, here, in our own Chapel by the *priore* of Settignano, with Placci and Buonamici as *testimoni*.

Mother and the children were here, Logan, Donna Laura Gropallo, Maud Cruttwell, Miss Lowndes,¹ Herbert Horne, Mrs. Ross, the Lawsons, the Mortons, the Houghtons and various others. Lina was in Rome.

Mother and Logan and Ray and Karin left the next day but one, and we began to settle in.

Up to Easter it was rather a scramble of getting things in order, and organizing the service and paying bills, and also of continual company. Miss Cracroft's recitals were our greatest joy. She came on [0165 143] Saturdays and played always Bach.

Early in March Mrs. Baldwin (ex Mrs. Parker Deacon) and her fascinating daughter Gladys came and they were with us for two weeks here and we were with them for some time at Siena.

At Siena Jephson joined us, eager to refute some disgusting slanders the Eyres had set afloat about him. He came back with us to the Tatti, and Trevy and his Dutch wife came for a week, and then I went to England for four weeks,² B.B. to Nervi to visit Donna Laura for two weeks, and Jephson to the Riviera, and then to England, where I saw him several times. He was ill and depressed, but I got very fond of him. There is something awfully nice about him, and I like him for being so "correct".

I had a most enchanting time with Mother and Grace <Worthington> and her children, altogether the most delightful Easter [0166 144] I have ever had. But it is charming to get back to all this beauty, and to Bernhard, who seems really glad to have me again!

¹ ! Not to be confused with the Mary Lowndes (1856–1929), a British stained-glass artist who co-founded Lowndes and Drury, the partnership that built The Glass House studio, Fulham. She was also a poster artist, in particular connected with her active participation in the suffragette movement. Lowndes was a leading light in the Arts and Crafts movement and chair of the Artists' Suffrage League (ASL).

² for an abortion?



I stopped two nights in Paris with Mrs. Baldwin, and met Conte Robert de Montesquiou.

B.B. had had Stein staying here, and had seen a lot of Mr. Davis and something of M. Hubert,³ an anthropologist friend of Reinach's.

I have given no idea of these months, but how can I? I am happier than ever I have been. Our house is beautiful, and we get on *au mieux*.

Today we called on the Mortons and the Rosses. It rained, but afterwards the temperature was perfect. We enjoyed the afternoon's walk very much. It is marvellous to be so happy. I cannot understand how I came to be so blessed. [0167 145]

Monday, April 29, 1901, I Tatti

It is charming here, perfect weather, and the house very beautiful. We went in after lunch to see some things at Brauer's, and came out to have tea with the Stickneys, Mrs. Cameron and M. Hubert — all of them, except the Mother Stickney, refined and thoughtful. M. Hubert and Mr. Stickney seem to be quite unusually thoughtful, and very much our kind.

I had a letter from Jephson saying that Lord Lansdowne would not grant him further sick-leave and that he must resign his post as King's Messenger, which means *all* his income. He is eager to work, but he is ill. It is a desperate situation, and he is terribly anxious and miserable.

I did not tell Bernhard, for Jephson begged me not to, for fear it might seem he was asking for further help, and Bernhard has already been so generous. I am awfully sorry. [0168 146]

Tuesday, April 30, 1901, I Tatti

A most beautiful day — the sort of day when one has moments of absolute *bien-être* and even of poetry, as the light comes and goes on the hills.

We had an anthropological lunch, with Prof. Belucci of Perugia (and his daughter) and M. Hubert, Reinach's assistant, a very *simpatico* sort of scholar and thoughtful young man.

Then we had a walk through the woods, and I stopped to see Lina and the Rosses.

We read Blake in the evening, but we found very little real poetry outside the *Songs of Innocence*.

Wednesday, May 1, 1901

I am busy making up accounts. We have spent nearly £3,000 since the beginning of the year!

Benn came to lunch, but wasn't well or in form.

³ Henri Hubert (1872-1927), an archaeologist.



Zug⁴ came to tea and was worse, then Mrs. Lawson and Gertrude <Morton> came in, having left sick husbands at home, and B.B. was feeling almost too ill to hold up his [0169 147] head, poor dear.

I read Keats, while the industrious Bernhard worked over his *Lotto*.

Thursday, May 2, 1901

Percy Fielding <Feilding> came up to lunch. He had been travelling with Aubrey Waterfield, and they finally had a quarrel, in the course of which Percy told his companion that I had said he was the most selfish person who ever stayed in my house! It was quite true, but I did not say it to be repeated!!

I paid various calls and then met B.B. at the Mortons, a goodbye visit.

Stickney came to dinner and was interesting and sympathetic, though he praised Anatole France rather too lightly. But he is one of the most interesting people, more or less in our line, that we know.

Poor Jephson telegraphed that his bad news was confirmed. He added that my letters were a consolation to him. I thought they would be, as he is terribly alone in his trouble. He likes to boast, or to talk of Miss Head, but hates to speak of his real anxieties — health and money. [0170 148]

Friday, May 3, 1901, I Tatti

Quiet day with music lesson.

Percy Fielding <Feilding> came up to stay, and Mrs. Cameron and her daughter dined with us.

Saturday, May 4, 1901

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. She says Mrs. Strong was here a fortnight, hanging on Loeser's lips, and repeating all his phrases. He finds her terribly snobbified — a real social struggler.

We went to Fiesole in the afternoon, called on <the> Gronaus and drove home in enchanting weather by Vincigliata.

I have taken back that rogue Carlo as cook.

Sunday, May 5, 1901

Mrs. Robinson, the Houghtons and a Miss Weeks (sent by Mr. Stein) came to tea, and we went to the Gamberaia — a most heavenly afternoon.

Pleasant dinner with Percy Fielding <Feilding> and Mrs. Robinson who spent the night. [0171 149]

Monday, May 6, 1901

Drove to town with Joe⁵ and Percy — and had tea at Mr. Acton's — what an *awful* collection of horrors he has!

⁴ Georg Breed Zug will become a lecturer in Chicago, where Mary will give a talk; see the entry for May 7, 1900 ('an awful American named Zug'); May 1, Oct. 29, 1901

⁵ Joe Robinson?



Met Don Guido Cagnola at 6, who came here to stay.
Quiet evening of chat.

Tuesday, May 7, 1901

"A two little-remembered *jeu d'esprit* at Oxford more than 30 years ago, of a certain college ribbon described as "white ribbons with 3 blue stripes, which, however, some say are blue ribbons with 2 white stripes, so various are man's opinions upon even well-known subjects".

Music lesson.

Bernhard took Cagnola and Percy to Braun's and Houghton's.

Fabbri came to dine.

Wednesday, May 8, 1901

Called on Hildebrands.

Bernhard took Cagnola to Uffizi.

Called on Rosses. Lina nearly dead with her visitor, Signorina Belucci.
[0172 150]

no entries after May 8 until May 15, 1901

Wednesday, May 15, 1901, I Tatti

The Countess Gravina, that "savings-bank of used-up commonplaces", as B.B. called her, came to stay (self-invited!) from Thursday till Monday.

Zangwill, passing through Florence came to dinner on Thursday and on Sunday, Cagnola went away on Sunday, and Maud on the same day brought Mrs. Fleming, Rudyard Kipling's sister, to call. She did not take my fancy in the least. She said I had an amber coloured aura which went before me — the last a peculiarity shared by only one other person in Florence, namely Lady Paget!

On Saturday I called on the Marchesa Incontri whose ill-behaved, filthy dogs are enough to make one vow never to return. She picked fleas off of them and dropped them in the tea-cups. This was supposed to be a joke.

I read, with immense pleasure, *La Princesse de Clèves*. [0173 151] B.B. is reading and — alas for one's prejudices! — enjoying Anatole France's *Vie Letteraire*. I am also re-reading Keats' letters.

We lunched at the Placcis today with Salvemini, Prince Galitzine and Papafava. The Gronaus and Burn-Murdochs called.

Thursday, May 16, 1901

Kugler, the poet of Virginia — a specimen:

Alas for the South!

Her books have grown fewer.

She was never much given

To Literature.

I got up this morning early and went with Lina to an open air Mass way up on the hill above Settignano. It was picturesque and the country was



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

beautiful, and it has left charming memories, but of course one was sleepy all day.

Miss MacLehose, looking most uncompromisingly Scotch in her sailor-hat and angular gown, was marching [0174 152] with the procession — *per l'amore del caro Priore*, to whom she is devoted. She invented a novel way of cheering up the invalid Kerr-Lawson. She said, "I will come and read you out of the guide-book the descriptions of all the places I went to when I was in Rome." *And she did*, illustrating them with the little "dioramic" photograph books she had bought on the spot. Jim couldn't think of any possible way of escape!!

De Filippi called, bringing a message from Lady Fitzmaurice, with whom he is very much in love. He said that Stickney was so much in love with Mrs. Cameron that he was no good for anything else.

We drove to Brozzi⁶ in the afternoon.

Friday, May 17, 1901, I Tatti

Carlo Placci came to lunch, full of his visit to Rome, talking politics.

We have ensured our pictures and furniture for nearly twenty thousand pounds! [0175 153]

Saturday, May 18, 1901

Salvemini and Papafava came to lunch, both of them most intelligent people. B. B. and Salvemini had a walk. Salvemini's view of society is that only talent should have rewards, he would destroy all caste. This is not deeply intelligent, it seems to me. For individual talent can never create that permanent milieu of refinement which is one of the best things of civilization.

I had a music-lesson and called on the Rosses. Mother had sent a verse of congratulation to Mr. Ross on his swiftly approaching death. "Joy, shipmate, joy," but he returned the prosaic answer that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!

A letter from Mother says Grace has had a cable saying "Edith⁷ died yesterday" — that is, on Wednesday. I am afraid she killed herself. *Es ist eine alte Geschichte.*" [0176 154]

Sunday, May 19, 1901, I Tatti

I have been thinking about Edith a good deal. I find I did not really love her. Her death is a break to 18 years of association, it removes a person with whom, sometimes, one could talk with extreme openness, but not a person who had any share of my heart. If she killed herself, I can't help feeling it was rather fine of her. She had been trying her best to make terms with life, but it wouldn't work. I wonder if she is better off now?

⁶ Near Campi Bisenzio.

⁷ Edith Carpenter Thomas, the wife of Bond Thomas.



We have had a quiet day, which B.B. has spent in, I must confess, very just reproaches for my carelessness about the terms of the lease of this house, and my general incompetence. As he very seldom praises me for anything, taking my virtues (if indeed he thinks I have any!) for granted, it is awfully discouraging. With him, I feel a useless and stupid and lazy and good-for-nothing sort of female superfluity [0177 155] and it is anything but a pleasant feeling. This is very unfortunate. Yes, I am sure he loves me very much.

Monday, May 20, 1901

We had an enchanting drive to Villamagna⁸ — the Spring at its best.

Tuesday, May 21, 1901

Ned Warren came up to tea, and remained to dinner. He was very agreeable, and told a number of most amusing stories about wild goose chases after bronzes and antiques.

Wednesday, May 22, 1901

A note from poor Jephson, who is ill again. All he could say was that he couldn't write on account of headache and seediness.

B. B. spent part of the afternoon basking in the woods.

I went to his old villa,⁹ had a music-lesson, called on dear old Mr. Ross. [0178 156]

Thursday, May 23, 1901, I Tatti

Lina came to lunch and was very sweet. She spoke in a charmingly frank way about having been in love with Aubrey Waterfield, and was rejoicing at being free from the feeling.

We went in to see the Duca di Brindisi's pictures and some others, and called on the Benns.

Placci came to dinner, and was very nice, but I think he was decidedly sleepy.

Friday, May 24, 1901

B.B. wakes up in the morning always feeling quite indifferent to life, or if anything, bored at the thought of going on. He says he would like to stop here and now. He feels no real warmth towards anyone but me. Even Gladys has faded out of his grasp.

We called on the Kiplings, but did not find them — then went to Dr. Pieraccini (10 via Bufalini), who said the usual [0179 157] thing about Bernhard, that he worked too hard, and needed, like a field, to lie fallow a long time.

⁸ Villamagna, in the hills above Bagno a Ripoli, beneath the Convento dell'Incontro. Here Mary wrote 'Villa-Magni'.

⁹ La Canovaia.



In the evening I read Perkins' manuscript on Giotto, and then we were both ill, not from the Giotto (though it's bad enough!) but from something we had eaten.

Saturday, May 25, 1901

Both ill in bed. Mrs. Ross came in to cheer us.

I was scarcely surprised to get a letter in Edith's writing — it was posted at 7. p.m. May the 14th — just a few minutes, I suppose, before she killed herself. It said "Dearest M. W.,¹⁰ Just a word to tell you that after all he loved her best.¹¹ I am really going this time. There is nothing to live for without him. This for you alone and good-bye. Edith."

I thought she would write to me, but I expected a longer letter. It has made a deep impression on me, though I find the letter far too "literary".
[0180 158]

Sunday, May 26, 1901, I Tatti

Grace writes that the account of Edith's suicide was in the New York papers. She shot herself through the heart while Bond, Florence's husband and some of the members of the University Settlement were having a meeting in the room above. They burst open the door, and she died in a few moments in Bond's arms, without being able to speak.

Monday, May 27, 1901

I have re-read Christina Rossetti's so-called Poems. B.B. says they are merely "prose made manifest".

Perkins came over from Siena for a week. Pale, nervous, penniless as ever, shiftless, too, not really knowing how to work, and Mrs. Robinson came up for a week. She is very gay and full of spirits.

Tuesday, May 28, 1901

Quiet day of no adventures. [0181 159]

Wednesday, May 29, 1901

Shopping and a music lesson.

B.B. still very low, not recovering from his poisoning, and yet trying to work.

Mounteney Jephson writes almost desperate with headaches and general seediness.

Called on Mr. Ross who seemed very low.

Thursday, May 30, 1901

Shopping with Mrs. Lawson.

¹⁰ 'Mary Whitall'.

¹¹ Evidently her husband Bond Thomas had fallen in love with another woman?



Brought **Miss Bernardine Hall**¹² out to tea and dinner, a fascinating person, who is another B.B. Papageno — Papagena!! When she talks, it is the expression of a most curiously similar temperament.

I went with Lina and Caterina to the Jeaffreson's Garden Party by moonlight. Lina is, I think, a little in love with Orlando Ward — just at the pleasant stage. He is an awfully nice fellow, but alas perfectly penniless and in bad health.

B.B. continues low, but **he very much enjoyed Miss Hall**. [0182 160]

no entries after May 30 until

Monday, June 10, 1901, I Tatti

A couple of weeks, nearly, have passed.

Miss Hall and her friend Miss Grenfield came to stay a couple of days with us and were delightful.

Jo Robinson came also for ten days, but left a less pleasant impression. She is bright and observant and full of animal spirits, but dreadfully uneducated, absurdly dogmatic about the little scraps of culture she has at second-hand.

Perkins came for a week too, on the plea that he wanted to study photographs and work out the plan of his book on Sienese art. But in reality he spent almost all his time rushing about Florence to execute commissions for his lady-love, or else playing (he plays well) on my piano.

Salvemini and Papafava came up to dinner, also various Houghtons, Steins, and the usual lot.

On Friday last B. B. went to Barletta to meet Ned Warren and go to see some [0183 161] pictures.

I have been packing, and have dined with the Rosses.

Tonight I had a long talk with Lina, who is divinely simple and frank. She says she is "afraid of caring too much for Orlando Ward" — dear creature! (She's already deep in love with him) — and she doesn't see how it could come to anything, given their pennilessness. She says Mrs. Ross' temper these days is something awful!

Tuesday, June 11, 1901, <Hotel> Brun, Bologna

Met Bernhard here at 10. We rested, and then went to see curiosity shops with Cagnola, and dined with his sister, the Countess Zucchini, at the Villa Mezzaratta,¹³ who should come in in the evening but the Hon. Mrs. Pelham, an old political chum of mine. She is an inept, foolish, giggling, fake-

¹² Perhaps a sister of Gertrude 'Kitty' Hall, one of Bernhard's favorite girl friends from his Boston days?

¹³ Near the Convento dell'Osservanza is the Villa Mezzaratta, which may be visited by permission of the Hotel Brun.

From a Web site: at the Minghetti's place at Bologna, the Villa Mezzaratta on the colle dell'Osservanza, Donna Laura plays billiards with Morelli



youthful sort of a person, living in Bologna to start a branch of the Theosophical Society!! [0184 162]

Wednesday, June 12, 1901, Cavour, Milan

Came here, called on Cavenaghi, saw Nosedà.
Very hot.

Thursday, June 13, 1901, Nazionale, Bâle

Went over the Brera with the director Ricci.¹⁴
Came here. Air most delicious.

Friday, June 14, 1901, Zähringerhof, Freiburg im/Breisgau

Came here, saw the Cathedral, which we didn't care for half so much as the one at Strassburg.
Called on Father Kraus, who, though ill, was very entertaining.

Saturday, June 15, 1901, Kur-Hotel,¹⁵ Schönwald

Came here via Offenburg, whose sole claim to renown in Baedeker is a monument to Drake who introduced the potato into Europe, and Triberg.¹⁶
Rain, rain.

Sunday, June 16, 1901, Schönwald

Rain in the morning, but we took [0185 163] a wet walk.
We found Bernhard's fool-cousin, Louis Freedman, here when we came back. He had run over from Strassburg for the day. I asked him if he was going on with his violin lessons. "No," he said, "I found I was growing too ambitious. I felt the need of expressing myself in music, and of course I should have had to take up composition." He also said he had "desisted from original thought" for the moment in order the better to follow his professors. One of his principal subjects is Art, and he has come to the conclusion that because Perugino was a villain, his pictures of Madonnas and Saints are all hypocritical, and he says they give him no pleasure. I should have enjoyed his folly more, but I got a bad headache.

Monday, June 17, 1901

Still Rain — but two pleasant walks. [0186 164]

Tuesday, June 18, 1901, Kur-Hotel, Schönwald

It rained hard all day.
I read Myer's *Life of Wordsworth*, and enjoyed it immensely.
B.B. finished Justi's *Michelangelo* and wrote a review of it for the *Cultura*.

¹⁴ Corrado Ricci.

¹⁵ Mary wrote 'Cur Hotel'.

¹⁶ Triberg im Schwarzwald is a town in the Black Forest.



Wednesday, June 19, 1901

Walked in the morning, and drove to Gutenbach in the afternoon.

B.B. finished Gronau's *Tizian*,¹⁷ which he finds surprisingly good. He is also reading Hartland's *Legend of Persens*,¹⁸ and his head is full of superstition!

I am reading Negro's *L'imperatore Giuliano l'Apostata*.¹⁹

Thursday, June 20, 1901

Corrected in the morning the proofs of my article for the *Gazette* on the School of Pesellino.

no entries after June 20 until

no pages were numbered 165-167;
while numbering Mary skipped from 164 to 168

[0187 168] Sept. 18, 1901, Hotel Bellevue, Cadenabbia²⁰

I have just arrived from Paris, joining Bernhard who came down from St. Moritz.

We had a quiet summer at Fernhurst, in Logan's house, High Buildings. The children and I slept out under the trees. Bernhard's mother and sister Bessie passed the summer with us. We had very few guests, as the house was pretty full, the company mixed, and B.B. not at all well. Zangwill came, however, and Fry and Dickinson and Jephson, and, after B.B. was gone, the dear Michael Fields.

We paid one or two visits — twice to Jephson at Eastbourne (I went twice after B.B. had gone), and to the Moors at Camberley and <to> the Poet Laureate at Ashford (a lovely place).

Bernhard read Hayden's *Letters*,²¹ *The Compleat Angler*²² and *Spiele der Thiere*,²³ and so on, but I was so busy house- and children-keeping that I

¹⁷ Georg Gronau, *Tizian* (Berlin, 1900).

¹⁸ Edwin Sidney Hartland (1848-1927), *The Legend of Persens: A study of tradition in story, custom and belief*, 3 vol. (London, 1894-1896). **Biblioteca Berenson** BL820.P5 H37 1894. This copy bears a note from the author to Berenson.

¹⁹ Gaetano Negri, *L'imperatore Giuliano l'Apostata* (Milano, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson** Deposit DG317 .N37 1901

²⁰ Bernhard's favourite hotel at Cadenabbia, next to Villa Carlotta, directly on the road but with a splendid view across the lake to Bellagio, now the Grand Hotel Cadenabbia.

The first hotel opened on the lake in 1820, the Albergo della Cadenabbia was later renamed Hotel Bellevue. In 1826 the first steamers started to ferry passengers about the lake. The 14-year old Ruskin visited Cadenabbia in 1833.

²¹

²²

²³



read almost nothing except Carlyle's *French Revolution*.²⁴ However, [0188 169] I enjoyed that so much that it didn't matter reading nothing else.

Bernhard's mother is a dear little plucky creature, whom I got really to love. But she is all sentiment, and we cannot stand sentiment without a good dose of common-sense. Still, I think having her was the right thing. Bessie made no particular impression on me, but she seemed a very nice girl. They remained on for about three weeks after Bernhard left. I settled them at Oxford, and then took them on a little trip, with the five children and Grace and Christina Bremner, on the Thames.

Bernhard got on very nicely with the children. They thought him "awfully decent".

At St. Moritz he saw a great deal of Donna Laura Gropallo, who is evidently in love with him, and was frightfully jealous if he spoke to another woman, especially Adelaide Placci! Adelaide also was furiously jealous.

The person he liked most was [0189 170] the Marchesa Serristori of Florence, a gay, sunny, always amused but perfectly self-conscious creature. He also saw some of Harry Cust and his wife and of Humphreys Johnston,²⁵ and with pleasure.

To me, outside of the family, our complete reconciliation with the Michaels²⁶ and the further friendship with Mounteney Jephson were the pleasantest personal things. The Mikes are quite adorable, and Mounteney, though in a totally different world of interests, is a thoroughly nice person. I spent four days with him in Paris on my way here, he coming up from Hyères to meet me. We looked forward to going to the Louvre, to Chartres, to seeing all sort of things together, but he was ill in bed the whole time, and suffering a great deal.

In Paris and on the way down I read that really great book *Adolphe*,²⁷ and the much over-rated *Liaisons Dangereuses*.²⁸ O yes, how *could* I forget. We read Maeterlink's charming *Vie des Abeilles*.²⁹ How I enjoyed it! [0190 171]

Thursday, Sept. 19, 1901, Cadenabbia

Quiet morning.

Called on the Trottis³⁰ and had tea there. Met a good many of the Lake-dwellers. They are not what one imagines from their great names! This place

²⁴

²⁵ John Humphreys Johnston (1857-1941), painter.

²⁶ Michael Field.

²⁷

Adolphe

²⁸

Liaisons Dangereuses.

²⁹

Maeterlink, *Vie des Abeilles*

³⁰ Villa Trotti is located just below Bellagio; now owned by Hotel Miralago.



is a Paradise — Serpent, Forbidden Fruit and all, only I think the Tree of Knowledge has been left out!

Friday, Sept. 20, 1901

Went with a nice, handsome Englishman named Bland and some insignificant dull American girls named Forbes to the heavenly Arconati Visconti Villa, and had tea at the Latteria.

This hotel is filled with English people. Perhaps it is better than having it filled with Italians!

Carlo Placci arrived in the evening.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1901

Aldo Nosedà came in the morning <and> was far more agreeable and witty than I had imagined he could be.

After lunch Placci [0191 172] and Donna Carmelita Zucchini drove us up to have tea with Donna Mina Sala at Guello.³¹ This lady has lost her husband, whom she adored, and the Zucchini said that the only expression she ever gave to her grief was the attempt to make other people happier. "Her trouble has ennobled her," she said, and somehow the old commonplace penetrated me with a flash, that trouble *might* have that effect instead of making people rebellious and sullen and despairing.

Donna Carmelita is the person I like best (so far) of all this set. She reminds me of Grace <Worthington> in her warmth. Donna Laura seems perfectly detestable, but Bernhard and Carlo say she is so interesting as a mind that one has to forgive her outrageous character.

Sunday, Sept. 22, 1901

Aldo Nosedà came to lunch, and after lunch we went with Placci to the Trotti and Trivulzio.³² To our great delight Guido [0192 173] Cagnola was there, and came for a pleasant row on the lake with us when the "afternoon-tea" atmosphere got too strong for us to bear. All sort of Swells were there, but it was quite as boring as a tea-party in Pimlico.

Monday, Sept. 23, 1901, Hotel Bellevue, Cadenabbia

We went to Blevio³³ to lunch with Mrs. McCreery, a rich American (southern) grand-widow of unenviable fame. I did not like her, and she did not amuse me much.

³¹ Guello, a village located on the crest of the hill south of Bellagio.

³² The Villa Trivulzio is located on the lake at Bellagio, inherited from the Poldi Pezzoli family. Now the Villa Trivulzio Gerli.

³³ Blevio, down the lake toward Como, across from Cernobbio.



Chatted with the Labouchères³⁴ in the evening.

Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1901, La Gazzada, Varese

Spent a rainy day in Milan, seeing Prince Trivulzio's collection.

Bought a Borgognone³⁵ at Cantoni's³⁶ for 7000 lire.

Came here after dinner in a pour.

Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1901

A most lovely house. I went all over it with Don Guido.

It rained all day. [0193 174]

Thursday, Sept. 26, 1901, Gazzada

Chatted and strolled about.

Drove in the afternoon to a romantic Villa called Frascarola³⁷ — yews, cypresses, fountains, desolation — the real Tuscan *Stimmung*.

BB and I both laid low by poisoning — some oysters, I fear that we ate at Milan.

Donna Carmelita Zucchini is here, very warming and delightful. Also an intelligent man, Prof. Stucchi.

Friday, Sept. 27, 1901

Logan writes "I have found a quantity of thy letters among these old papers. Shall I send them to thee? There are all thy letters when thee was at Smith College and I was at Haverford 1883-4 — charming letters in which thee tried to wake my soul by pouring out the enthusiasm of thy own. What a charming, simple Arcadian world (seen from this distance) these letters create! How I looked up to your brilliant life of intellect at Smith [0194 175] College, where thee and Florence <?> and Edith <Thomas?> discussed Friendship and Love and Top-Eye,³⁸ and Genius, read Mrs. Browning, Myers and Emerson, and settled that the Good and the True and the Beautiful were all one. What aspirations, what boxes of candy, what generosity and ignorance, and flirtation in that Arcadia in the cheerful American sunshine! Lord help us, whither have we wandered since? ... Thee gives in one a list of the subjects discussed by thee and Florence in one evening — years would be inadequate now!"

Bernhard and I are still suffering from our poisoning, but better.

Prince Hohenlohe and Zina came over to see us, but as donna Carmelita

³⁴ Henry Du Pré Labouchère (1831-1912) was a politician, writer, publisher and theatre owner in the Victorian and Edwardian eras. He lived with the actress Henrietta Hodson from 1868, and they married in 1887. Labouchère inherited a large fortune, and was a member of parliament in the 1860s and again from 1880 to 1906.

La Piazzola. - Villa Labouchère. Carocci (1906), vol. 1, p. 214.

³⁵ Bergognone (Ambrogio da Fossano).

³⁶ Achille Cantoni in Via Ugo Foscolo next to the Duomo; see Strehlke, p. 14 et al.

³⁷ The Villa Medici near Frascarola?

³⁸ Top-Eye?



could not receive them here we met them at the Station and drove with them to visit Castiglione d'Olona,³⁹ Don Guido coming with us. They were very pleasant, unchanged. *Au fond*, I am bored in their society, but they do very well, and even extra well, as far as most friendships go. I often wonder if [0195 176] people really feel the cordial things they say. I feel them on the surface, and I do really wish them well, but at such a distance that it is almost the perspective of History.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1901, La Gazzada.

Bernhard and all the others went into Milan for the day, but I stayed in bed on the plea of poisoning. I felt I simply could not face a day hanging down in Milan with them all.

I read *Thomas Gordieff* by Gorki, *Jardin des Supplices* by Mirabeau and *Confessions d'un Amant* by Prévost, the first really fine, the second disgusting, the third indifferent.

The Gropallos came this evening. I am bored solid, I am ashamed to say, although I am fond of Don Guido. I wish I knew some way to conquer this *ennui* — it is almost a disease. But to sit about and to chatter for hours is as bad as any torture Mirabeau describes! [0196 is blank; no scan for p. 178]

Monday, Sept. 30, 1901, La Gazzada

Yesterday and today I have spent in bed with this poisoning.

B. B. has been up and about, but feeling very ill.

I have sunk to countless frivolous novels of Gyp and Prevost, useless to name them.

<La Gazzada,> Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1901

We had a pleasant drive in the afternoon with Don Guido, Donna Laura and Signor Silvestri.

On our return we found a wire from Mrs. Gardner saying she would take the Gaddi. Whereat we both rejoiced. I am so glad for Grace, for it puts £100 into Toplady's. Bernhard really is generous!

An evening of amusing shouting-Italian-wise, and personalities.

<La Gazzada,> Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1901

A solid downpour.

Read several novels — packed — chatted.

Prince Trivulzio, Conte Greppi, and the Marchesa d'Adda are all here, a lively Italian party.

Last night they discussed with Andover the question whether “Lady **Edmond**” was likely to [0197 is blank; no scan for p. 178] crown her new husband, De Filippi, with home. “E fatti da essere . . .,” Don Guido said, and the Marchesa d'Adda said hours were only painful while they were pouring. A fine, well-grown pain, she thought, would add greatly to De

³⁹ Castiglione d'Olona



Filippi's appearance. He is so tiny! They call them "Lord and Lady Phillips".

Thursday, Oct. 3, 1901, Croce Bianca, Parma

A letter last night from Mounteney Jephson says he is again the prey of these frightful headaches. Poor dear!

We lunched with Emily <Dawson> and Don Guido in Milan, hung round a bit, and took four hours getting here.

Friday, Oct. 4, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano

I left Bernhard at Bologna. He went to the Apostolis at Rimini, and I came here, travelling down with Emily Dawson and her mother.

Janet Dodge and the Houghtons met me, and we had dinner together at Doney's.

[0198 179] Saturday, Oct. 5, 1901, I Tatti

Unpacked, etc.

Called on the Rosses. Mrs. Ross is FURIOUS at Lina's engagement. They will not allow Aubrey Waterfield's name to be mentioned. Lina is at Subiaco. Mrs. Ross says she is "perfectly happy". What luck to be in love! *Se durasse!!*

B.B. visited San Marino.

Sunday, Oct. 6, 1901

Called on Miss Blood and the Cracrofts.

Janet is staying with me.

Monday, Oct. 7, 1901

Called on Lady Helen Vincent, and the Houghtons, Adelaide Placci, and Miss Cruttwell.

Mother writes considerably worried about money.

Labouchères called.

Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1901

Emily Dawson came to lunch, and the Cracrofts afterwards, incompetent as ever. Though she knew we wanted a new series of Bach concerts, Miss Cracroft hasn't learnt a single new thing for us.

Called on Rosses. [0199 180]

Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1901

Rainy. Miss Minturn and <the> Lawsons called.

Re-arranged furniture and made B.B.'s room perfect!

Thursday, Oct. 10, 1901

Still furniture-arranging. It goes slowly, but things are getting to look better.

Am reading Barrett Wendell's *American Literature*.

Called on Rosses. Spent afternoon at dentist's.



Bernhard is enjoying himself at Urbisaglia.⁴⁰

Friday, Oct. 11, 1901

Went up to Morgan's Vintage. Walked down with Stein and Houghton who came to dinner and discussed Love. Houghton has the soul of a Troubadour's whose Love is Adoration Service, Stein of the American business-man, to whom Love means partnership. He could not understand Houghton.

Houghton saw some of B.B.'s trousers laid out. He said it reminded him of a man who was looking in at a leather [0200 181] shop. The salesman came out and asked if he wanted to buy a portmanteau. "What for?" "To put your clothes in". "What? And go naked about the streets!! No, thank you!"

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano

Cracrofts, Houghtons, and Maud Cruttwell to lunch.

Music after, Stein, Lawsons, Cust and Burton, Mrs. Damer, Miss Minturn (Alys' New York friend). I am afraid Mrs. Cracroft plays less well.

Janet and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ross. He was in great form.

Sunday, Oct. 13, 1901

Not at all well. Depressed. Took Miss Minturn to call at Poggio, and called on Mrs. Minturn after.

B.B. reading Boissier's *Cicéron et ses amis* and *Waverley*.

Nothing pleased or amused me today — a useless un-alive sort of time. [0201 182]

Monday, Oct. 14, 1901

Music lesson. Called on Labouchères, etc.

Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1901

B.B. got back.⁴¹ He has enjoyed himself very much. He found the people more refined and more English than our Milanese friends. He likes the Duchess's brother, <the> Duca di Mondragone⁴² — what a wonderful name!

He saw all sorts of marvelous little towns, and made the acquaintance of a new painter of mixed Matteo da Gualdo – Crivelli – Fiorenzo tendencies, Stefano Folchetti da S. Genesio.⁴³

⁴⁰ Just south of Macerata.

⁴¹ Bernhard has returned from a trip down the Adriatic coast? He went to Rimini on Oct. 4.

⁴² The duchess is Nicoletta Grazioli Lante della Rovere (born Princess Giustiniani Bandini, 1860-1938); she married Mario Grazioli Lante della Rovere in 1881. Her brother was principe Giustiniani Bandini, Duca di Mondragone and Earl of Newburgh (1862-1941). Her sister was Maria Cristina Giustiniani Bandini (1866-1959).

⁴³ Stefano Folchetti (active 1492-1513).



We dined with the Lawsons, along with Dr. Head and Wood and that quiet sculptor, Sargent, who so much resembles Bertie. Head is really a flat-footed Philistine; but it is rather pathetic to see such a bumptious, self-assertive man so eager for the least scrap of an idea. [0202 183]

Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1901, I Tatti

Rain and scirocco, but at night the moon through dark clouds and Venus hanging like the Star of Bethlehem over Poggio Gherardo.

Called on Benn, who has taken to smoking a pipe. He says it puts him into such a blissful mood that he doesn't dare to have his wife around, for fear he should give her whatever she asked! "Laryngoscopic" that!

Bernhard and I had a jolly talk. I was reproaching him with his (so I say) unnatural insensitiveness to feminine seduction. He and the Duchess were speaking of someone who was very *sweet*.

"That's an adjective no one would apply to you," says the gallant B.B.

"Au!" said the Duchess "Si vous saviez _____!"⁴⁴

"Je m'en garderai bien, Madame." His answer was all right, but he ought to have *felt* something, and he didn't. He says lots of the ladies of his acquaintance reproach him with his "coldness". [0203 184]

Mr. Benn gave us a *Questionnaire* brought out by the Society for Psychical Research. Here are the questions

I. Would you prefer (a) to live after death or (b) not?

II. (a) If I (a), do you desire a future life whatever its conditions might be?

(b) If not, what would have to be its character to make the prospect seem tolerable? Would you, e.g., be content with a life more or less like your present life?

(c) Can you say what elements in life (if any) are felt by you to call for its perpetuity?

III. Can you state *why* you feel this way, as regards questions I and II?

IV. Do you *now* feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental comfort?

V. Have your feelings on questions I, II, and IV undergone change? If so, where and in what ways?

VI. (a) Would you like to know *for certain* about the future life, or (b) would you prefer to have it as *matter of faith*? [0204 185]

Bernhard's answers

I. Undecided

II. (a) No. (b) I should need the assurance of an ever finer *quality* of experience, with no dread of coming to a maximum, that is.

(c) I feel as if thus far, after 25 years of intellectual experience, I had never gone beyond cataloguing subjects for experience and study, but do not see in this a postulate for future life.

⁴⁴ A blank appears here in Mary's text.



III. In my ideal universe, life should cease with the finest moment of functioning, and I see no *personal* reason for living beyond such a moment.

IV. No.

V. At about the age of 5 I suffered agonies of dread of death, chiefly because of Hell. I envied animals because they had no souls, and sticks and stones because they had never lived. Since then, the question has never very deeply interested me.

VI. Would rather know. Earlier in life such certainty might have made much difference.

Remarks. At 36, my present age, living has its own momentum, has become a habit, and in my own case would not easily be determined by a question of interest so remote — to me — as that of a future life. Hence my interest is slight, and what little there is, is of intellectual curiosity [0205 186]

Mine

I. Yes.

II. (a) No.

(b) I hope for more mental energy and a sense of leisure, but I should be content with present conditions if I could believe there was something worthwhile in suffering.

(c) Love and Curiosity and Enjoyment of Nature and Art.

III. I should prefer life after death because I have always been very happy and there have been times when I have felt that the happiness, if the conditions continued unchanged, had enough in it to make it last indefinitely. It seems to be only hindering *circumstances* that prevent continuous joy, and I like to dream of vague conditions under which nothing should impede us. My feeling comes really from a sense of having more capacity for enjoyment and happiness and even love than Life has ever been able to draw out, or is likely to.

IV. No.

V. So far as I am aware, I have always felt as I do now, except when I was very much bored trying to live an uncongenial life, and then I imagined that by the time I came to die I should have *had enough*, and not want to go on, any more than we want to eat a second dinner at the end of the first.

VI. I should rather not *know*, at least with the risk of the answer being negative. I like to have a sort of fringe of hope at the edge of existence.

VI. I look forward to Death with interest and a sort of pleasant curiosity, with a hope that somehow everything afterwards [0206 187] will be as delightful and interesting as the most charming moments of my life have been. It is not a *reasoned* hope, I should almost say my reason was against it; but a pleasantly excited state of nerves is aroused by the idea of Death.

Thursday, Oct. 17, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano

Music lesson. Called on Rosses.

B. B. reading *L'Opposition sous les Césars*.



Friday, Oct. 18, 1901

Rain.

Benn came to lunch, but nothing special was said.

Went to Galli-Dunn's Antiquity shop but found nothing.

Looked over *Who's Who?* and found that one man, being asked for his wife's maiden name, for the second edition replied, "I am sorry I cannot give you my wife's maiden name, but she is at present travelling in Europe".

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1901

Lunched at Poggio to meet Mr. "Sidney Lee," [0207 188] editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He was dull, heavy, ugly, insensitive, and distinctly not a gentleman.

Afterwards, we had the usual Bach-a-nalia. Miss Cracroft played some of the mysterious, impressive Passion Music, three times over, yet we felt we hadn't at all grasped it.

Horne arrived to stay, and Stein remained on to dinner. Dullish.

Sunday, Oct. 20, 1901

Went over to see Lina, who was looking beautiful and happy. The "Miracle" has happened to her. *Pourvu que ça dure!* She came to tea with her friend Miss Hewitt, and Lee and his friend Mr. Seecombe also came.

We read the Song of Solomon in the evening.

Bernhard has an awful cold.

Monday, Oct. 21, 1901

Music. Called on Mrs. McLean, who has been eleven months in bed, as Miss Robins and the Houghtons.

Logan sends a description of one of the usual [0208 189] horrible muddles of the Kinsellas.

"I saw Kate yesterday and heard about their misadventures in meeting Douglas on his arrival from South Africa. The boat was expected on Friday, and they expected to be back on Friday night, so they went to Southampton without any luggage. They got into the wrong train, had to be hustled out, wandered all over Waterloo from one platform to another; and when they reached Southampton there was no sign of the ship. They spent the day staring at the bulletin board till their eyes cracked, then had to sleep without any luggage in the noisy hotel, were waked by mistake at dawn the next day, and, after spending Saturday again staring at the bulletin board, they were nearly dead.

Then the hotel-porter told them that the boat would not be in till Sunday afternoon, and it occurred to them to come up and sleep at home, and go down again on Sunday to meet it. Without asking for more authentic information, they rushed up to town; and that evening, when they were playing cards after dinner with a young [0209 190] man who had dined with them, a telegram came from Douglas saying he had landed, and was very



much disappointed at not finding them there.

Mrs. Robinson threw the cards on the floor and went off into wild hysterics, and Kate didn't know what would happen. The young man, to give Joe something to do, jammed a hat on her head and dragged her out into the street, telling her she must go to a telegraph office and telegraph to Douglas. They went down the street, he dragging her. Joe with her hat on the side of her head, waving a pocket handkerchief, sobbing and declaring that her heart was broken and she wished she was dead, and she couldn't telegraph or anything.

It was Saturday night and the street was full of drunken women, and Joe, Kate said, behaved just like one of them. When they had gone another telegram arrived, saying Douglas would come up that night, so Kate rushed after them almost hatless, and found them in the Victoria telegraph office, the young trying to get Joe to telegraph, and Joe weeping and protesting, and everyone staring at her. Then they had to rush out and buy some food — it was then midnight — [0210 191] Expecting to go to Southampton the next day, they had nothing in the house.

At about 4 Douglas arrived, and all he said was, "Well, you girls have muddled it!" He arrived very soon after they had left.

Thursday, October 22, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano.

Pouring all day, but the Houghtons came to dinner and cheered us up with their jovial Tales.

Wednesday, October 23, 1901

Sunshine returned.

Mrs. Minturn and her daughter Mildred, and Emily Dawson came to lunch.

Later, Bernhard and Horne took a walk, and I went to see Lina and with her to a horrible tea-party at Mrs. Donner's, where lots of people I don't want to meet came up and greeted me. It wasn't much use going either, for she only said, "When are you coming again?" and "When are you going to bring that husband of yours". [0211 192]

Thursday, Oct. 24, 1901

Woke up in the night with a marvellous, utterly indescribable feeling of perfect bliss. I don't know how long it lasted, but it was so different in quality to anything in ordinary life that it is unforgettable. I wonder if there is anyone who lives at that level, and even who feels in that way often? It was all that one could imagine for Heaven.

The day has not been up to this level — naturally — but still the weather has been absolutely perfect.

That A. N° 1 bore, Miss Julia Robins, came burbling up to lunch.

Later, I had my music lesson.



Friday, Oct. 25, 1901

Another perfect day.

We drove out to Ponte a Sieve in the afternoon, Bernhard, Janet, Horne and I, to see a charming Fra Angelico sort of picture in the church. But really the drive and the sunshine made the point.

The Kerr-Lawsons came over and spent the evening.

The moonlight is heavenly. [0212 193]

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano.

The unutterable Gravina to lunch, with Emily, who is delightful.

Bach in the afternoon, Stein to dinner, whose presence caused Janet <Dodge> and me to play innumerable games of Patience.

Sunday, Oct. 27, 1901

We walked to the Bagazzano with Horne, and then had a deadly tea with Miss Blood,⁴⁵ about whom the worst bores in Florence tend to swarm.

Began *Tom Sawyer* in the evening to liven us up.

Monday, Oct. 28, 1901

Music.

B.B. paid several calls, and brought the Houghtons back to dinner.

Lunched at Poggio with Lord Currie.⁴⁶

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1901

Called on Madame Turri at Villa Salviati, taking Mrs. Ross who was gorgeous in a purple cloak.

Zug, "G. B. Zug of Pittsburgh, Pa.," came to dine [0213 194] and was simply colossally dull. I finally had to read *Tom Sawyer*, and he listened without a smile, and went away in the middle.

Mother writes: "Mr. Thorold told Grace <Worthington> that Lady Mount-Temple's deathbed was a scene of strife — Juliet kept lighting candles, and one of the dear Lady's nieces kept blowing them out. Then Juliet kept trying to moisten the Lady's parched lips, and "Uncle Augustus" kept snatching the sponge from her and saying no one should touch his sister but himself. I tell Alys I shall engage a Policeman to be present at my deathbed, so that if Ray lights candles and Alys blows them out, he may interfere to preserve order."

Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1901

A letter from poor Mounteney, written again from the depths of a raging headache. Poor thing!

Grace <Worthington> arrived at 7.15, as jolly, and delightful as ever.

⁴⁵ At Villa Gamberaia.

⁴⁶ Philip Henry Wodehouse Currie, 1st Baron Currie (1834-1906), ambassador to the Ottoman Empire 1893-1898 and ambassador to Italy 1898-1902.



[0214 195]

Thursday, Oct. 31, 1901, I Tatti, Settignano.

Shopped with Grace <Worthington> in the afternoon. Called on Houghtons.

Friday, Nov. 1, 1901

Janet Dodge went, to the relief of us all. She said not one word of thanks, of gratitude and appreciation!!

Mr. Houghton went to see her off. "How kind of him to promise to come," I said. "I'll make him rush ahead and get me a good seat," was her reply, alas, thoroughly characteristic.

Lord Currie, the English Ambassador, came to lunch, and afterwards, the Countess Rasponi called.

Then we went to Miss Cracroft's and heard her play Beethoven for hours.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1901

Bought a Neri di Bicci for four hundred lire.⁴⁷

Shopped with Grace <Worthington>.

Bach in afternoon.

Houghtons and Stein to dinner.

It is the third anniversary of darling Evalyne's death. I love her *more than ever*. [0215 196]

Sunday, Nov. 3, 1901

Called on Fiske, who was too ill to see us.

Walk lovely. Such weather!!

Horne and I stopped at the Rosses.

Monday, Nov. 4, 1901

Ray writes: "I have done a huge piece of the tapestry, but I have given it up in favour of stamps for a while. I have not been swimming for ages, for we have no time.

On Monday we have Hockey and Greek, on Tuesday Dancing, on Wednesday Hockey (or swim), on Thursday Greek, on Friday sometimes Hockey and Dentist (for me), on Saturday riding and theatre, and on Sunday French book and stamps.

Every night a 'mergigger' till 9.15, and the cousins to tea twice a week. Also we wonder why we don't play tennis more, swim more and go skating! Then we want to play Ping Pong, and Karin and Pug photograph and go to the South Kensington Museum. Then Gram says we are very [0216 197] silly not to go to partys [*siz*] and get into the set that go to tea with each other on alternate days, and go out for walks together. Then we contemplate and play, and we would like to work the marionettes.

⁴⁷ Strehlke, p. 481.



Also I go to Uncle Tom to supper once a week, and Gram wonders why I don't go oftener and talk to Val! As if he or I would enjoy talking! I would sit on a chair and he on a table, and we would both be very dull until he or I rushed away. It is much easier to talk in a ditch than in a drawing room.

Then I have tons to read, and Terry always has two or three books going. Then there is needlework and stamps and drawings for the art club, and letters to you. We are really hard-worked mortals."

We went to Poggio to meet Mrs. Whitaker of Palermo, who sings. Unfortunately she brought her daughter and their mandolins, which nearly drove us wild.

Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1901

Grace <Worthington>, Emily <Dawson>, Houghton and I went to Prato in the morning, and in the afternoon we met Bernhard and Horne at Poggio a Cajano. [0217 198]

Houghton informed us that if you were very careful how you got out of bed, you needn't 'make' it. All the trouble, he said, came from people carelessly throwing the covers off.

Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1901

Bernhard went off to the Niccolini villa near Pisa.

Grace <Worthington> and I shopped and called on Maud Cruttwell.

Thursday, Nov. 7, 1901

Shopping with Grace <Worthington>.

Stein and Cracrofts called.

Horne is ill.

Friday, Nov. 8, 1901

Bernhard returned after a pleasant visit. The Villa was lovely.

Today he visited San Miniato al Tedesco, and Empoli, and discovered Masolino's masterpiece at Empoli!!

Horne is in bed. I dutifully called on Miss Robins who has been ill.

At the Niccolini's was Lady Paget whom — alas for the guilty human prejudice — B.B. found rather nice!! [0218 199]

Saturday, Nov. 9-Nov. 16, 1901, I Tatti

A quiet week.

Grace <Worthington> and Herbert Horne went away and Christina Bremner arrived.

The silly Gravina came to lunch one day, and delightful Carlo Placci returned from his wanderings, came and gave us his basket of news.

The weather has been very warm; we sit with open windows. I have been rather unwell.



no entries after Nov. 9, 1901 until Jan. 17, 1902;
p. 200-201 torn out

[0219 202] <Friday,> Jan. 17, 1902, I Tatti

We had Placci to lunch today excited

...

helping start a campaign against the destruction of pictures in Italy.

At 3 the Countess came with the Princesse Narischkine,⁴⁸ and, later, the latter's lover, Prince Lichtenstein, younger brother of the Viennese picture-owner. The ladies talked about *ennui* and themselves in relation to it, and were quite excited and interested. The Prince "Kunst-fussed".

Placci I always think of <?> as a safety-boat on the social sea.

The Houghtons and Stein came to dinner, and were "the same."

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1902

Christina <Bremner> came to lunch, and, later, two unmentionable bores, a Mrs. Royds and Miss Childs, sent by the Brocklebanks. Provincial middle-class — deadly.

Horne came to dinner with his new type, which is beautiful. He groweth fat.

I am reading everything of and about Carlyle, B.B. lots of things about Anthropology and Mythology. [0220 203]

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1902, I Tatti

Mr. Benn, Mr. Morgan and Fr. Fawkes came to lunch.

Later, came the Triulzis on a telegram from Blaydes, to arrange about his invention — the *Telops* — which Blaydes is trying to run in England. Then the Lawsons.

A dull day, and I have a bad cold.

Bernhard is perfectly absorbed in his Verrocchio studies.

A letter from Emily <Dawson> says: "I wrote thus far when the most marvellous sunset called me to the window, and there I have been ever since looking and wishing — wishing that for one gorgeous half-hour at any rate one's own life might be dyed crimson and purple, instead of drab-drab-drab!! It's a relief that the splendour has now faded quite away. Close the shutters — turn up the electric lights. Life will never be better, richer, more worth living! That's past hoping for!"

And Michael <Field> writes of the "Old Masters" at Burlington House: "Mary, I found Cook's Crivelli again — ah good — such spiritual [0221 204] passion and such peaches! To find such feeling for the natural beauty of the earth, and for the natural beauty of spiritual things, how rare.

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Collection de M. B. Narischkine. Catalogue des tableaux anciens et modernes composant la collection de M. B. Narischkine



Bye and bye, when Bernhard has got to his last manner and his *Tempest* days, let him write a book on Crivelli, and dedicate it to Michael. It shall be printed in very large type, and full of beautiful pictures. It shall be all about Crivelli — no mention of any other painter save those that fashioned him — about Crivelli and how his spirit shot forth its leaves and scents — and the world will say, ‘This book written to please an extremely old woman is more enchanting than all the others.’ ”

Monday, January 20, 1902

Bernhard hard at work on Verrocchio.

I had a music-lesson, and arranged the Triulzi Telops business with lawyer. Triulzi wanted to give his invention to the Officina Galileo, but we insisted on his keeping it in his own name.

I got my notes together, and am starting a new system of indexing. [0222 205]

Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1902, I Tatti

We lunched at the Countess Serristori’s, Placci being the other guest, and the Count happily away. She is a brilliant, perfectly intelligent woman, and talks well. Subtle, appreciative, interesting, observing.

Afterwards Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and I wrung my soul philanthropising. I do loathe it, but it seems forced on me.

We called on the Rosses after tea, and the old man delighted us with vivid stories of the Great Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Radcliffe.

Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1902

Bernhard went with Dr. Grazzini to see a “Botticelli” and a “Donatello” — the usual *inganno* — Dr. G. about as intelligent in the matter as BB would be in diagnosing a disease.

Stein came early in the afternoon, and we sat for an hour in the warm sunshine. He was not actually unpleasant, that is all I can say. He remained to dinner.

I am *absorbed* in Carlyle’s *Life*. [0223 206]

This from Ray’s letter: “The other day on the top of the bus, we got to talking about what we would consider an ideal day and night. Our ideas were very different, that is, Pug’s and mine, and Karin framed her answers after both of ours, chiefly Puggie’s.

Pug said that she would like to have as much money as she liked for one day to buy Museum things, then to go to bed with a fire in the room and Karin to talk to, and to be allowed to talk as long as they liked, and to sleep as long in the morning.

I said I would like to get up *very* early and go for a long ride with you, and then, after breakfast, to play in a hockey match. Then there must be a tennis tournament to watch, and after lunch it must become very hot, and I would swim in a race. Then in the evening we would act a Play which we had



rehearsed before and knew perfectly, and then we would have games and singing and dancing and sweets. When we went to bed, I would be allowed to read a very exciting book as long as I liked, and eat as many sweets as I like. I did not add at the time, but I certainly would like to have a long snuggle with you after that.

Karin said she would like to buy some things all morning, and in the afternoon to have a ride and a swim in the sea, and in the evening to go to bed with Pug and talk as long as she liked, and get up with a fire and not take a cold bath. She said she would like perfectly delicious meals too." [0224 207]

Thursday, Jan. 23, 1902, I Tatti

Jens Thiis to lunch. He spent the afternoon with Bernhard and proved himself perfectly intelligent about Florentine Drawings.

I had my music lesson, called on Mrs. Maclean, and met Logan at 6. He is full of the engagement of Morrell and Lady Ottoline Bentinck.

Friday, Jan. 24, 1902

Gronau came in the morning to study Leonardo, and Placci came to lunch. He and Bernhard had a walk, while Logan and I went to the Houghtons and bought a jewel as a wedding present to Lady Ottoline.

I called on Madame Narischkine.

Chatted in evening.

I sent Grace <Worthington> a lot of notes on *cassoni*, as she is going to write an article on them for the *Queen*.

Saturday, January 25, 1902

Mrs. Raymond Pelly and her two daughters came to lunch — she a typical clergyman's wife of the best, most genial type. The daughters physically degenerate. [0225 208]

Miss Cracroft gave her usual concert in the afternoon, and then Logan and I went to the Rosses and were caught in a thunder and hail storm — at this time of the year!

Horne spent the night, but we were all awfully dull.

Sunday, Jan. 26, 1902

A nice letter from Jephson, in answer to Bernhard's. He seems to feel that Bernhard has been awfully nice and generous — as he has — and says he will of course do just as Bernhard thinks best.

Conte and Contessa Serristori came to call; she was enchanting — such a bright, clever creature!

'Then an awful man, all made in reddish squares, with a *merci treno* way of speaking, endless pauses at every station. He was named Emerson, and was sent by Prof. Fiske. He "buys" for Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, of California, but only in a small way, I think. A man you *can't* have anything to do with.

The Lawsons also called, full of the [0226/0228 209] fantastic idea of



selling their Polidoro to Mr. Davis as a Titian (which they believe it to be). It puts Bernhard into a very awkward position, for of course Davis will ask his advice, and he can't advise it, anymore than Davis (we hope) could advise Bernhard to buy stock that he considered worthless. The Lawsons will be furious, but there is no help for it.

Monday, Jan. 27, 1902, I Tatti.

Cold coming on.

Called on Brauer. Music. Uffizi.

Began to read Don Quixote.

Lawsons called and were awfully nice about the picture. I am sure they meant no harm, and had no "plot", as Bernhard thought. He gives people credit for too much brains — doesn't realize how they "muddle along."

Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1902

Bowled over with heavy cold.

Finished Froude's *Carlyle*.⁴⁹ Began *Reminiscences*.⁵⁰

We are reading *Don Quixote* (Shelton).⁵¹

Lina called, and said Mrs. Ross still treats her engagement as [0227/0229 210] if it didn't exist, and Sir William Mackley is too cowardly to say anything.

Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1902

Cold awful, till I got up to lunch, and was glad, for Placci brought <a>vivacious, intelligent, thoughtful youth named Calderoni, who talked with the energy and abandon and disinterestedness of nice young people Ah! Youth, youth.

We all felt middle-aged beside him, and Placci went to sleep after lunch.

Life, alas, has ready its hose of platitudes to squirt on him and dampen his ardour and fine passionateness, if not to extinguish it entirely. In ten years he will be a demagogue, or a conservative *deputato*.

The Mackleys called, and Logan and B.B. went with them to Mrs. Donner's deadly tea.

Thursday, Jan. 30, 1902

Cold awful, but lunched at Turri's where (to our surprise) was Carlo

⁴⁹ James Anthony Froude (1818-1894), *Thomas Carlyle: A History of the first forty years of life, 1795-1835* (New York, 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson** House PR4433 .F78 1896

Biblioteca Berenson House (PR4433 .F74 1897

⁵⁰ Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), *Reminiscences* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson** House PR4430 .R4 1887

⁵¹ Miguel de Cervantes, *The history of the witty and valorous knight errant Don Quixote of the Mancha*, trans. Thomas Shelton (London, 1675). **Biblioteca Berenson** Special Collections PQ6329 .A2 1675 M

trans. Thomas Shelton (London, 1725). **Biblioteca Berenson** Special Collections PQ6329 .A2 1725 S



Placci! [0230 211] Nothing said worth remembering.

Bernhard went to the Uffizi, but I came home and found Lovett, as interesting and sympathetic as ever. We talked all afternoon — despairingly of the present self-satisfied vulgarity of America, the way “the present generation” devotes all their energy not to reading but to sport, etc.

Bernhard came in and Lawson.

Don Quixote in the evening.

Friday, Jan. 31, 1902, I Tatti.

Cold awful.

Logan and B.B. went to lunch at the Placci's. Placci read them verses of a new poet named Orsini, good verses too.

They went to a poorish concert and then to call on Rezia Corsini, whom they found charming.

I began my reviews for the *Gazette*.⁵² Bernhard's *Lotto*, Strutt's *Fra Filippo*,⁵³ Boyer d'Agen's *Pintoricchio*,⁵⁴ and the *Mantegnas* of Yriarte, Kristeller and Maud Cruttwell.⁵⁵ [0231 212]

Saturday, Feb. 1, 1902

Bernhard went to see Conte Mannelli's picture — an “Alunno di Domenico.”

Fr. Fawkes came to lunch.

Music — Scarlatti and Bach — in the afternoon.

The silent Horne for <the> night.

Sunday, Feb. 2, 1902

Bernhard went down to see Horne's picture — a very pretty “P.F.”,⁵⁶ and called on the Mortons.

I read Kristeller's *Mantegna*.

Rain.

Monday, Feb. 3, 1902

Still rain, but a few minutes of sunshine.

⁵² Review of B. Berenson, *Lorenzo Lotto* and other publications, *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Sept. 1, 1902, p. 257-258.

⁵³ Edward C. Strutt, *Fra Filippo Lippi* (London, 1901) **Biblioteca Berenson** ND623.L7 S75 1901

⁵⁴ Augustin Boyer d'Agen (1857-1945), *Le peintre des Borgia, Pinturicchio : sa vie, son oeuvre, son temps, 1454-1513. Le monde pontifical et la société Italienne pendant la Renaissance* (Paris, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson** ND623.P59 B6 1901 F

⁵⁵ Charles Yriarte (1832-1898), *Mantegna: sa vie, sa maison, son tombeau* (Paris, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson** ND623.M3 Y8 1901

Paul Kristeller (1863-1931), *Andrea Mantegna* (London, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson** ND623.M3 K8 1901

Maud Cruttwell, *Andrea Mantegna* (London, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson** ND623.M3 C8 1901

⁵⁶ Piero della Francesca?



Bernhard worked in the Uffizi.

I had my music, a *très mauvaise quart d'heure* scolding by the good-for-nothing niece of Madame Platonoff, and a call on the Pellys, where the girls entertained us with opera comic songs — to our sense very little comic.

Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1902

Cust to lunch. Talked of Siena.

no entries after Feb. 4, 1902, until Feb. 13

[0232 213] Thursday, Feb. 13, 1902⁵⁷

Emily Dawson arrived a week ago, and we have done nothing in particular, except go to Miss Cracroft's concerts (cursing the strings) and read *Don Quixote* aloud in the evening. We have also all read (separately) Norman Hapgood's *Lincoln* and *Washington*, and <William> James' *Talks to Teachers*, and Bernhard is reading Müller's *Doriano*.

A nice youth from New College, Algernon Cecil, came up to lunch one day, and genial Mrs. Pelly with her Gilbert and Sullivan daughter, who again regaled us with slightly veiled vulgarity in the nature of comic songs, whereat, I must confess, we all laughed heartily.

In the meantime Ray went with her friend Winnie on a visit to Cambridge. Mother and Alys and I fondly hope it would be her passing of the [0233 214] *partem asinorum* that leads from Childhood to Girlhood, and Alys arranged brunches, teas, dinners, debates, etc., for her entertainment, while we all dreamt dreams of her "entrance into life".

Finally came her letter to me: "We had dinner with Miss Jane Harrison, which was beastly, and coffee afterwards with the Dons, which was beastlier ... then came the beastly undergraduates, and I was in agony!"

The only thing, apparently, that aroused her enthusiasm was Winnie's sitting down in the milk.

But part of this can be explained by her hatred of being made a "heroine", and she felt, and resented, the dreams Grandma and I had made.

Bernhard has written to **Mounteney that he may write to me**. We haven't heard from him for three weeks, and I am afraid he is ill again. *Nothing* [0234 215] could exceed Bernhard's delicacy and generosity **about this whole affair**. It would take a demon to go back on him after this!

Thursday, Feb. 13, 1902, I Tatti

Bernhard went to the Uffizi, studying Ghirlandaio.

I had my music and played at Mrs. Maclean's, and heard Mathilde Ducci sing — a splendid voice, but untrained — a *most hateful* girl.

⁵⁷ Perhaps Mary meant to write 'Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1902'.



Friday, Feb. 14, 1902, My 38th Birthday

Bernhard gave me back my Ring, in token of renewed trust. I shall try to be worthy of it.

We called on the Dawsons and Gertrude Morton.

x x x

I left a page blank, thinking to write some birthday reflections, but I feel too low in spirits to make it worthwhile. [0235 216]

The only new things of the past year have been people, Mrs. Baldwin and the fascinating Gladys, and Mounteney. Gladys has swum out of our ken, and **Mounteney is shut out, though not entirely, I hope.**

The children and Mother are still there, and the Memory of Evelyn, as living as it ever was. I think of her a great deal.

I have lost Edith <Carpenter Bond> — but she did not mean very, very much to me.

Bernhard is less well, I am afraid, but his temper is softened, and he is dear and considerate and loving. **I really can't think what has made my fancy go wandering.** It is certainly no defect in him — it must be native **inconstancy** in me. [0238 216 bis]

Saturday, Feb. 15, 1902, I Tatti

Miss Cracroft too ill for Music.

Philip and Lady Ottoline Morrell came to lunch. She was exquisite.

Cust and his train of *putti* came afterwards, and Stein, not at all exquisite, and wore out our afternoon.

Sunday, Feb. 16, 1902

A letter from Mounteney, who says **he is suffering such remorse** that he cannot write to me. I am so sorry. I know how frightfully he suffers. **And I hate to have caused it, and then to be able to afford no help, not to say even one friendly, affectionate word.**

Monday, Feb. 17, 1902

We dined at Doney's with the Morrells and were to have gone to see the Duse in *La Gioconda*, but the play was put off.

Fabbri called.

Am reading *Clarissa*. [0239 217]

Tuesday, Feb 18, 1902

Wonderful weather at last.

I walked over the hills to Settignano, and called on the Cracrofts. Miss. C. came back with me and played to us in the twilight and moonlight. It seemed to me one of the most delightful things in the world.

Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1902

Called on Gertrude <Moulton Morton?>, who is very ill.

Bernhard and I called (after the Uffizi) on Madame Narischkine and her



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

uncle Mr. Manzurof, a Russian official, who finds everything “absolutely perfect” in Russia.

Stein stayed to dinner.

Thursday, Feb. 20, 1902

I wrote to Jephson.

Bernhard went, as usual, to the Uffizi and then called on Horne.

I called on Mrs. Pelly and took her to Miss Cracroft’s concert.

Fabbri came to dine.

Friday, Feb. 21, 1902

Had a nice walk with Bernhard and [0240 218] Logan.

Mother writes: “I often and often wonder how it is that people so fundamental good as you are can be so content without any real link with God, or even, I fear, without any certainty that there *is* a God to be linked to. My soul was always so full of aspirations, that a God was a necessity to me. I was like a bird with an instinct of migration upon me, and a country to migrate to was as essential as it is to the bird. But you have seemed content to sit on a branch and merely flap the wings that were meant for flying, and to let your horizon be bounded by the fences of one little field, with no longing for the great spaces of the eternities. But thy letter gives a glimpse into other and higher needs of your nature, and I am delighted to see that you *would* like to fly, if you knew where the beautiful islands lie for which your spirits long. Religion has been to me the “most fascinating background”, as she expresses it, to all my life”. [0241 219]

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1902, I Tatti

The Houghtons and Mr. Rosenheim to lunch. Bach concert afterwards.
Horne to dine.

Sunday, Feb. 23, 1902

Had a delightful drive to La Quiete, then a walk through the Careggi woods.

B.B. then called on Horne and Logan and I on Donna Lucrezia Corsini — nice, fresh, hearty creature.

Monday, Feb. 24, 1902

Music lesson. Concert. Bernhard in Uffizi.

I finished *Clarissa Harlowe*,⁵⁸ nine volumes of what comes perilously close to twaddle, but somehow manages to be interesting.

Don Quixote is enchanting!

Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1902

Rain again.

⁵⁸ Samuel Richardson, *Clarissa Harlowe* (London, 1902). House PR3664 .C5 1902



Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and then had tea with Benn.

I suffered a call from the well-meaning Mr. Kenworthy Browne. [0242 220]

Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1902, I Tatti

Mother writes: "Today is a great match at 'Upfields' between the Westminster Boys and the Charterhouse Boys, and all the children are going to look on and to help shout. Grace <Worthington> is to chaperon them.

Ray looks radiant and beautiful today, and, if English boys and girls ever thought of such things, she would certainly be a belle at the match. But I do not suppose the two sexes will so much as deign to look at one another".

It reminds me of those famous lines.

"Miss Buss and Miss Beale

Cupid's darts do not feel.

How different from us

Are Miss Beale and Miss Buss!"

Mrs. Pelly and her sister, "Lady Snake", came to call, also Walter Savage Landor (illegitimate) grandson of *the* W. S. L., a pleasant, mild sort of man.

Thursday, Feb. 27, 1902

A letter from Mounteney saying that he is not sure we can have "nothing but a [0243 221] f...

the first three lines of p. 221 cut away

Bernhard and Logan walked over to the Benn's new villa. I had my music lesson.

no entries after Feb. 27 until

Thursday, March 13, 1902, I Tatti

Suddenly Gladys <Deacon> came (the day Logan went away) and she has been filling our time and thoughts. She is radiant and sphinx-like. Strange likenesses of her mother flit across her face. Placci has come to adore. She has been marvellous. I shall begin my new volume with my impression of her.

Otherwise we were living quietly. Working, seeing a few neighbours, hearing a little music.

I plodded through *Miss Martineau's Autobiography*⁵⁹ and read Hudson's

⁵⁹ Harriet Martineau (1802-1876), *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography* (London, 1877).
Biblioteca Berenson House PR4984.M51 Z46 1877c [Shelved as L.R.II.1.]



*Naturalist on the La Plata*⁶⁰ and we all read Sidney Lee's *Shakespeare*⁶¹ and various odds and ends.

Last Sunday Mounteney wrote a very nice letter, **saying we should try, but give it ...** [0244 222]

[the first three lines of p. 222 cut off]

I have written to him. **How I hope he will come back well.**

I had my first *real* letter from Ray, and it has set my thinking a good deal. She says she would have loved to come out this Easter, but Granma was so set against it. She feels me, she says, more to her than before, since our long talks at Christmas (how thoughtful I am for them!) and she wants me to come back, for Grandma worries so, and Terry only makes things worse, and all the moral responsibility falls on Ray, who doesn't feel quite equal to it. Life has caught her, poor child. But all this will develop her tact. Her observation is very keen.

I believe little else has entered over secluded world, but the news that the dear Mikes have to leave their beautiful Richmond house, owing to pianos and [0245 *s.n.* <223>] singers next door. We are so sorry.

no entries after March 13 until March 26, 1902

The scans of p. 177-178 are missing.

A scan of p. 222 including the first three lines is needed.

⁶⁰ William Henry Hudson (1841-1922), *The Naturalist in La Plata* (London, 1895).

Biblioteca Berenson QL239 .H8 1895

⁶¹ Sir Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare* (1899). **Biblioteca Berenson PR2900 .L44 1899**



Diary 7

[007] January - February - March 1902

Froude, Carlyle's Early Life, 2 vols.

Froude, Life in London, 2 vols.

*Reminiscences*⁶²

Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, 3 vols.⁶³

Letters of Carlyle and Emerson, 2 vols.⁶⁴

Autobiography of Harriet Martineau⁶⁵

x Norman Hapgood, *George Washington*⁶⁶

x Norman Hapgood, *Abraham Lincoln*⁶⁷

Naturalist on La Plata⁶⁸

x William James, *Talks to Teachers*⁶⁹

x Westermarck's *Human Marriage*⁷⁰

Crawley's *Mystic Rose*⁷¹

Clarissa Harlow⁷²

⁶² Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), *Reminiscences*, ed. Charles Eliot Norton (1827-1908), 2 vol. (London: Macmillan, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4430 .R4 1887**

⁶³ Jane Welsh Carlyle (1801-1866), *Letters and memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, ed. James Anthony Froude, 3 vol. (London: Longmans, Green, 1883). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4419.C5 A8 1883**

⁶⁴ *The correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834-1872*, ed. Charles Eliot Norton, 3rd ed., 2 vol. (Boston: Osgood, 1883). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4433.A5 E5 1883c**

⁶⁵ Harriet Martineau (1802-1876), *Harriet Martineau's autobiography*, 3 vol. (London: Smith, Elder, 1877). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4984.M51 Z46 1877c [Shelved as L.R.II.1]**

⁶⁶ Norman Hapgood (1868-1937), *George Washington* (New York & London: Macmillan, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House E312 .H25 1901**

⁶⁷ Norman Hapgood (1868-1937), *Abraham Lincoln, the man of the people* (New York & London: Macmillan, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House E457 .H25 1899**

⁶⁸ William Henry Hudson (1841-1922), *The naturalist in La Plata*, 3rd ed. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House QL239 .H8 1895**

⁶⁹ William James (1842-1910), *Talks to Teachers on Psychology and to Students on some of Life's Ideal* (New York: Longman Green, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House BF54 .J36 1901**

⁷⁰ Edward Westermarck (1862-1939), *The history of human marriage*, 3rd ed. (London: Macmillan, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House GN484.4 .W47 1901**

⁷¹ Alfred Ernest Crawley (1869-1924), *The mystic rose: A study of primitive marriage* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1902). **Biblioteca Berenson House GN480 .C8 1902**

⁷² ?



x *Don Quixote*, trans. Shelton⁷³
x Turgenev, *Smoke*
Turgenev, *Household of Gentlefolk*
Hodder, *The New Americans*⁷⁴
Gorki, *Les Déchus*⁷⁵
x Boissier, *Tombes Etrusches*⁷⁶

STANDARDIZE place, day, date

[1 013] Pensione **Saccaro**, Via Sallustio Bandini, Siena,
Wednesday, March 26, 1902

I do not seem very successful in keep a journal. It is partly that Bernhard talks less, and partly that things don't seem so particularly important.

The event of this month has been the reappearance of **the radiant Gladys**, so beautiful, so brilliant — “with her soft elixir ways”, her hard clear youthful logic, her *gaminerie*, her lively imagination, her moods, her daring. It would take volumes to describe her, and I don't feel up to it.

She has been travelling with us. We [2 014] went first to Pisa, then to Massa Marittima, then Corneto, then Viterbo, and are now settled here for a week. Gladys has been enchanting, but tiring. A wonderful creature, but too young to talk to as an equal, and too much of a born actress to take quite seriously. But so beautiful, so graceful, so changeful in a hundred moods, so brilliant that it is enough to turn anybody's head. Part of her mysteriousness comes from her being, as it were, sexless. She has never changed physically from a child to a woman, and her doctor said she [3 015] probably never will. She calls herself a “hermaphrodite”, but she isn't that. Brought up by a mamma who thinks of nothing but Dress and Sex, her mind plays around all the problems of sex in a most alarming manner, with an audacity and outspokenness that make your hair stand on end. She is positively impish. But she has never felt anything, so she dares.

Her defects are bad form — for she is distinctly in bad form — and lying; but as Bernhard says, she is so wonderful, she can afford the first, and she

⁷³ ? perhaps Miguel de Cervantes, *The history of the valorous and witty knight errant, Don Quixote, of the Mancha*, trans. Thomas Shelton (fl. 1612) (London: R. Scot, T. Basset, J. Wright, R. Chiswell, 1675). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ6329 .A2 1675 M**

or perhaps (London: R. Knaplock, J. & B. Sprint, J. Walthoe, D. Midwinter et al., 1725). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PQ6329 .A2 1725 S**

⁷⁴ Alfred Hodder (1866-1907), *The new Americans* (New York & London: Macmillan, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House PS3515.O33 N49 1901**

⁷⁵ Not Maksim Gorky (1868-1936), *Les Déchus: Le ménage Orlov, Les ex-hommes*, traduits par S. Kikina et P.G. La Chesnais (Paris: Mercure de France, 1922). **Biblioteca Berenson House PG3464.F5 D4 1922**

⁷⁶ Perhaps Gaston Boissier (1823-1908), *Le tombe etrusche di Corneto* (Rome, 1883). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DG222.7.T6 B65 1883**



may outgrow the second. [4 016]

Easter Sunday, March 30, 1902,
Siena, Pensione Saccaro, Via Salustio Bandini 17

The Trevys have joined us, also Mr. Stein, so we are a mixed and talkative party. We go to see the sights in the mornings, and drive in the afternoons. One day we drove to Cetinale,⁷⁷ a villa of the Chigis, with a "Thebaid"⁷⁸ in a grove, or rather forest of ilexes. Another day to Pontignano.⁷⁹

Today they are all gone to Lecceto,⁸⁰ but I did not feel well enough to go. And I was glad of the excuse, for so much mixed talking bores me. Gladys is of course interested in nothing except herself or what touches her, and, being so brilliant a creature, she cannot [5 017] be 'put down', as so young a girl naturally would be. Therefore all our endless talk centres around the things that interest her. Still, she had read and felt to a certain extent, and sometimes it is less boring.

But I am preoccupied and worried — besides having to fight with a creeping cold. I am worried over two things: first, that Bernhard isn't resting, that he exhibits such alarming marks of fatigue; also that I fear he is laying up trouble for himself in **caring too much for Gladys** — and I do want him to be happy.

And secondly that I had a very depressed [6 018] letter from Mounteney, from Port Said, saying the voyage so far had done him no good, that he was worse than when he started. I have a dread of receiving word at any moment that he is dying or dead.

But apart from there two worries, I do think it's an awful bore to have to talk so much. Most of what is said isn't worth hearing. Time passes *so* slowly, I look at the clocks' face a hundred times in the evening, surprised to see it isn't later.

Last night Mrs. Trevy played to us on the violin. That was a real pleasure. I think all this talk, and the sort of feeling [7 019] of being the master of ceremonies is very tiring to Bernhard. His face looks awfully tired, and his body droops together.

I have been reading *The Mystic Rose*,⁸¹ a study, à la Frazer, of primitive marriage customs. This has rather interested me, but on the whole it disgusts me with the whole subject.

But I here record it is a mistake to be avoided in the future — the

⁷⁷ Villa Cetinale near Sovicille. Originally built in 1680 on ruins of an Etruscan settlement, Villa Cetinale was transformed into a Roman Baroque villa for Fabio Chigi, Pope Alexander VII.

⁷⁸ The Holy Wood.

⁷⁹ Certosa di Pontignano.

⁸⁰

⁸¹ Alfred Ernest Crawley (1869-1924), *The Mystic Rose: A study of primitive marriage* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1902). **Biblioteca Berenson House GN480 .C8 1902**



arrangement of party of people of different ages or tastes, and, *überhaupt*, the forced companionship of *anyone* on one's trips for rest and refreshment. [8 020]

no entries after March 30 until April 19, 1902

I Tatti, Settignano, Saturday, April 19, 1902

On the day before we left Siena, April 4, as we were starting out on an excursion to Montisi,⁸² Bernhard slipped and fell, and then fainted away on the Siena platform. I thought he was gone — it was a dreadful five minutes. I think it was nothing but the shock, but he has been tired and not himself since ...

no entries after April 19 until

Thursday, May 8, 1902, I Tatti

I really must write — so many interesting things flow by, and one forgets.

Gladys stayed with us a week, and left. Brilliant, beautiful, cruel, selfish, untrained — what will become of her? She has now gone to Blenheim for a visit — and yet she told me the [9 021] Duchess of Marlborough was nearly broken-hearted because the Duke would make such wild love to her. Was it true! All in all, I never knew a person who told so many lies as that beautiful and radiant creature.

Then we had Mr. Britten for three weeks, with his amusing stories, his really rather extraordinary culture, and the hopeless narrowness of his Catholicism. And with him dear Mr. and Mrs. Nowers. We had delicious weather, and they all seemed to enjoy their holiday.

Prince Hohenlohe and Zina dined here one night, and the Davis party took up some of our time.

I am now in the midst of a controversy [10 024] with most of the dealers and amateurs in Florence about a picture Davis bought, which I think is a forgery made by young Costantini.

Then we made the acquaintance of **the rich American, Mr. H. W. Cannon,⁸³ who has bought La Doccia, under Fiesole, a charming, modest, refined man, in spite of his millions!** He had staying with him the popular American writer "Mr. Dooley" (Mr. Dunne)⁸⁴ whom we really liked — a young man, a friend of Norman Hapgood's.

Bernhard finished his last chapter⁸⁵ on the 3rd of this month.

⁸² Montisi is a frazione of San Giovanni d'Asso.

⁸³ Henry White Cannon (September 27, 1850 – April 27, 1934) was a United States [Comptroller of the Currency](#) from 1884 to 1886.

⁸⁴ Finley Peter Dunne (1867-1936), *Mr. Dooley in peace and in war* (Boston, Small, Maynard & Company, 1898).

⁸⁵ *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters*.



We are now busy with odds and ends. [11 025]

Friday, May 9, 1902, I Tatti, Settignano

It has been rainy and cold all day — thermometer at 60°. We went over Bernhard's chapter on Andrea. Really, he has written a *Great Book!*

We called on the Rosses, too, who are missing Lina, though Lina is doubtless so busy in London with preparations for her wedding, that she doesn't think of her old life.

Gladys writes from Blenheim: "The sniffy Oxford Dons are very displeased at the prospect of having to receive the holders of the Rhodes scholarships, and are grumbling that it is going to cause great expense to the University. Among the political men I have seen there seems to prevail little else than jealousy, and it is only among the upper and the upper middle classes that unstinted praise is given to the Great Man."⁸⁶ [12 026]

Saturday, May 10, 1902, I Tatti

Bernhard went to the Gallery in the morning, and I went across to the Via Maggio to see if the antiquary there had found out anything about Mr. Davis' picture. He said that the *cameriere* of Count Alberti told him that it was a forgery by Constantini and had been sold about 15 days ago to a rich American.

On the way back I called on Gertrude Morton, who has been ill in bed nearly three months. She said she had come to the end of her rope with regard to Rob, and must consult us about what to do. Poor thing, married to that hysterical, boring, uneducated, conceited fool!

In the afternoon we had music, all Bach. It was raining, so only a few people came, but it was delightful. [13 027]

Sunday, May 11, 1902

I went down to see Gertrude, and found her worn out with a struggle with Rob, who refused to go to his Cure because there was no sleeping-car. Finally, being persuaded, he made her rub him, and promise to pack his clothes herself and make a list of all his things! She said she was breaking down under a strain of many years.

Benn came to lunch, and astonished us by his simply marvellous memory — whole phrases still lingering in his brain out of books he hasn't read for 20 or 30 years!

Later, the Musgraves came to call, bringing a Mrs. Sydney Ball of Oxford.

In the evening we wrote a short article for Reinach on a picture at Nevers.⁸⁷ [14 028]

Monday, May 12, 1902, I Tatti

Mr. Gronau came to lunch, and Count Papafava to dine. Poor Papafava

⁸⁶ ? Gladstone?

⁸⁷



has a disease of the nerves which threatens complete paralysis, but he takes it very cheerfully and bravely.

Called on the Serristori, Gravina and McLean, and saw Gertrude, who was having an awful time getting Rob off to Roncegno.⁸⁸

Tuesday, May 13, 1902

Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and found that, as usual, Houghton hadn't done what he promised, and all the photographs for his Book were in miserable confusion. Mrs Houghton, however, took it in hand and promised to see it through. She says Edmund is a delightful play-fellow, but absolutely [15 029] unreliable for business or anything practical.

In the evening Stein brought his sister⁸⁹ to dine — a fat, unwieldy person, the colour of mahogany, but with a grand, monumental head, plenty of brains and immense geniality — a really splendid woman.

Wednesday, May 14, 1902

Gertrude told us her story — a life of martyrdom with a half-cracked man, who sometimes has attacks of actual mania. The doctor says if she goes on living with him, she can't last more than a few years, even if he doesn't kill her, as he might easily do, in one of his spells of fury. She [16 030] married him partly out of pity and the feeling that he had never had a chance. But she is now convinced that it is actual mental disease that nothing can help. We urged her to leave him, and not to feel that she was responsible even if he did take his life. His treatment of her during this long illness has been brutal beyond words, and her last illusion — that he loved her — is gone.

In the evening the Thorolds⁹⁰ and Miss Cracroft came to dinner. Mrs. Thorold is a creature of a lot of character and wit. Miss Cracroft played her an arrangement of Bach's great *Passacaglia*.⁹¹ [17 031]

Thursday, May 15, 1902

The Contessa Gravina came to lunch, as silly as usual, but rather more subdued.

Later I had my music lesson, and saw Gertrude, who told me still more of her tale of martyrdom. Then Bernhard and I called on the Rosses.

Andersen came from Rome in the evening. He said Davis came back to America some years ago bringing as an immense treasure, a mummified monkey — very rare, perhaps only one other ever found, at least 7,000 years old, etc., etc. He kept it in a cabinet in his hall, behind which was a W.C. This corner began to smell frightful, and he spent hundreds of dollars

⁸⁸ A spa located about 20 kilometres east of Trento.

⁸⁹ Gertrude Stein.

⁹⁰ See the entry for Oct. 29, 1901.

⁹¹ Bach, *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor for organ*, BWV 582 (between 1706-1713?). Cited here for the first time in the diaries.



having the W.C. drains seen to, though no defect was discovered. One day he opened the cabinet and found the smell to come from the mummy. Unwinding it, it was found to be a decomposing *cat*! He never admitted having been taken in, but said it was the well-known curious effect of sea air on mummies! [17 bis 032]

Friday, May 16, 1902, I Tatti

Called on Gertrude and heard more of her sad story.

Walked with Andersen in the woods. He seems on the verge of nervous prostration too.

Bernhard nervous with packing.

Saturday, May 17, 1902, I Tatti

Bernhard and Andersen got off.

I called on Gertrude.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, and we had lots of Bach in the afternoon. Miss Cracroft stayed all night.

A note from Mounteney from Melbourne says that he is much better — the Australian air is doing him great good. I am so glad.

Reinach writes: "Your opinion about Strong is alas! very accurate. He hates with intensity and only likes and protects certain people because he hates others. *Noli tangere!* I am sorry to say that his [18 033] wretched character had gone far to make sweet Eugénie turn sour."

Sunday, May 18, 1902, I Tatti

Called on Mrs. Hough at I Cedri, and then on Gertrude.

Miss Cracroft played me a lot of Chopin, but I do not care for that sort of music.

Monday, May <19>, 1902, I Tatti

Mother writes "Just imagine, Lady Ottoline (Morrell) has a *bed-stead* in the drawing-room! It stands across the front and, between the windows, and the fireplace and parallel with the windows. Just picture it. We all think poor Philip has to sleep there, as the two rooms on the second floor are *full* and *crammed* with her things, and only one bed can be squeezed in. She forgets everything, and loses everything, and is always late, and [19 034] lives in a general muddle. Logan congratulates himself that he doesn't have it to put up with."

I lunched with the Rosses. Venetia Cowper⁹² is staying there.

Called on Gertrude etc and came away by the 9 o'clock train.

⁹² Venetia Stanley? Beatrice **Venetia** Stanley Montagu (1887-1948), a socialite known for the many letters that Prime Minister H. H. Asquith wrote to her between 1910 and 1915.



Tuesday, May 20, 1902, <Hotel> Cavour, Milan

Arrived at 6, and slept most of the morning.

B.B. missed his train at Genoa and arrived only at 4.

Don Guido and Donna Carmelita called, and we dined with them, and I met the fatal Signora Bozzotti, Don Guido's evil star. She is fat and jolly and middle-aged and somewhat vulgar, but with warm sympathetic eyes.

Wednesday, May 21, 1902, <Hotel Cavour, Milan>

Mother writes that the Thorolds' coming to Italy was, according to Sturges, entirely Mrs. Thorold's doing. "She was [20 035] set on it, and no one could influence her. She thinks Thorold has great genius, and that it is his friends and his surroundings that have hindered him, so far, and I believe she expects that in Italy he will burst forth into something that will amaze the world! Poor Thorold! Logan says he thinks it would be less fatiguing to have a wife who hindered your work than to have one who expected great things from you that you could not achieve.

We went to Cavenaghi's in the morning, then, with the Contessa Zucchini, to the Castello, then to Frizzoni's.

Thursday, May 22, 1902, <Hotel> Cavour, Milan

We joined Guido and Donna Carmelita and had lunch at Prince Trivulzio's, after a most interesting hour passed in his magnificent library. The luncheon was gorgeous, with endless waiters handing endless dishes, but I wondered if they didn't [21 036] despise us for our worthless conversation. **I notice in all these Milanese people, even Cagnola, an utter lack of taking conversation as an art. They talk about any trivial thing that comes into their heads, interrupting each other, changing the subject, not listening.** It makes me always ashamed to be enjoying such outward luxury, and displaying so very little cultivation in return.

Later in the afternoon, after resting from a surfeit of beauty among Prince Trivulzio's matchless collection, Nosedà came and also Guido, and we had a dull tea together and went to Cantoni's the dealer's.

Friday, May 22, 1902, Metropole, Lucerne *

Went to the Brera with Guido and Donna Carmelita in the morning, and admired Ricci's excellent re-hanging.

Left in [23 037] the express and crossed the St. Gotthard.

Saturday, May 24, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken

It took us nearly all day to get here, but it was a pleasant journey.

Read over several chapters of the *Drawings*.

Sunday, May 25, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken

Corrected proofs of "Rudiments of Connoisseurship", had a charming walk, and read two more chapters <of the *Drawings*>.

Logan's *Trivia* arrived, a most fascinating little book.



Bernhard thought of the way to treat his *North Italians*, the Milanese at least, using them as illustrations of the way mediocre painters follow a great artist. By this scheme he can stick to the high art standard of his other volumes, and not sink to praising or dwelling on the provincial level of Milanese achievement. [24 038]

Monday, May 26, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken

Read Bernhard's "Michelangelo" all morning.

In the afternoon we went by boat and train to St. Beatenberg, and walked back. Got pretty tired.

Read Buckle.⁹³ Bernhard reading Quinet.⁹⁴

Tuesday, May 27, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken

Finished "Michelangelo".

Bernhard's cousin,⁹⁵ the famous "Cousin" arrived. He said he could not understand why historians had never sought to explain the Etruscans by the — Thibetans, but appeared composed when I asked him why they should.

A letter from Sydney from Mounteney, says that the doctor has ordered him to stay in Australia until the autumn. I am afraid he was anything but well when he wrote. "Tired, body and soul", he ended [24 039]

no entries from May 28 until

Tuesday, June 3, 1902, 44 Grosvenor Road, <London>

We reached home today, after spending yesterday at Rheims. The children, looking very tall and well, greeted us. It seemed to *rest* my eyes to see them again.

Philip and Lady Ottoline came in in the evening. We asked if the Stronges were here, and they answered frigidly, "We haven't seen them."

Grace told us afterwards that Mrs. Strong, in fright at what the Duke might say, went to Lady Ottoline and warned her against Philip! They can never forgive it.

Wednesday, June 4, 1902, Ray's 15th Birthday

Dressmaking, tailor, British Museum, and a school swimming match.

Nice talk with Ray.

Thursday, June 5, 1902

Call on Otto.

Grace in evening. [25 040 — also 042]

⁹³ John Mackinnon Robertson (1856-1933), *Buckle and his critics: A study in sociology* (London: S. Sonnenschein, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House CB63.B9 R6 1895**

⁹⁴ Hermione Asachi Quinet (1821-1900), *Ce que dit la musique* (Paris, C. Lévy, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson Music MT90 .Q7 1893**

⁹⁵



Friday, June 6, 1902, London

Went to Richmond with Cook and Mme. André. We brought her back, and her first remark on getting alone with us was "*Mais ce n'est pas un monsieur!*" Poor hopeless Cook.

B.B.'s remark was "How I hate pictures!" That Gallery is enough to give one D.T.'s.

B.B. went to Heseltine.

Pouring.

Saturday, June 7, 1902, London

Janet Dodge to breakfast, and we chose a piano, which I am getting for Mary.

Mother got home from her meetings.

Sunday, June 8, 1902, London

Saw Mr. Knowle's drawings in the morning. As we were leaving, he called our attention to a "charming sketch by Queen Alexandra", personally presented (that was the point!) to him.

We dined with the "Mikes". They [26 041 — also 43] were adorable, especially Field, who grows more beautiful every year, with an inner content and tranquillity.

Bernhard compared Carlyle to baroque architecture.

Monday, June 9, 1902

Dinner with the Robinsons. Douglas has changed since coming back from South Africa, and cares only for Sport.

Rain and cold.

Tuesday, June 10, 1902

Windsor — all day working over the drawings, chiefly measuring.

Cold.

Wednesday, June 11, 1902

Concert at new Cathedral — a most glorious interior. Splendid effects of space and light.

Called on Lawson.

Rain.

Thursday, June 12, 1902

Oxford with Roger Fry — in a dismal rain. Gladys was to have come, but we wired her not to. We spent all our time in the Christ Church Library cataloguing the drawings.

Logan came over. [27 044]

Friday, June 13, 1902, London

Gladys furious, wrote a furious note to B.B.

Blaydes came to lunch, nothing special, but Marconi going on well.



Rain.

Saturday, June 14, 1902

Sunday, June 15, 1902

Lunched with Mrs. Baldwin (Gladys at Blenheim) and Mr. Ainsley, Obrist's cousin, whom B.B. liked. I nearly choked sitting on the sofa listening to her lies and giving pretended sympathy. She is looking haggard and old compared to a year ago, poor thing.

We dined again with "the Mikes" who were delightful.

Rain.

Monday, June 16, 1902

Michael came up and we introduced her to Mr. Bain the bookseller, and went on to see the pictures of Shannon and Ricketts. The latter we liked.

Norman Hapgood and Emily came to tea.

Dined with the Gutekunsts and met [28 045] a charming and interesting man occupied in sea-animal biology named Fred Keble.

Tuesday, June 17, 1902 x x x

B.B. lunched with Rosenheim and saw his collection.

We dined with poor Burke.

Wednesday, June 18, 1902 x x x

Alys came up for the day.

B.B. saw Murray and Dell.

I went to Dentists's and then to Naturalist's and Fuller's with the children.

A letter from Mounteney, from Napier, New Zealand, seems in better health and spirits. He is living in the saddle, and the life suits him.

Bernhard wrote tonight to Mrs. Gardner about the Perugino, for which he is asking £4,500.

Thursday, June 19, 1902 x x x

Bernhard went to see Dent.

We met at lunch at Sir William Farrer's, a lively [29 046] old boy of the best middle-class type, "the strength of England".

We called on Mrs. Ady, the Kinsellas and Mrs. Burke, and came home to encounter the reward of Virtue in a call from — Miss Robins!

We dined with Mrs. Baldwin, who had Mr. Ainslie and Mr. Forbes-Robertson also. Mrs. Baldwin was radiantly beautiful in a head-dress of golden and purple grapes. Gladys was pale and worn-out in a huddled up black dress, and could talk of nothing but the "Beauty Ball" she was getting up. The décor was good, but all the conversation was pitiable.

Friday, June 20, 1902, London

British Museum in the morning.



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmngorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

The Holroyds and Roger Fry came to lunch, and we went on to “Monna Vanna”,⁹⁶ where we met Neville Lytton⁹⁷ and his strange looking wife. It was shocking to hear those [30 047] charming and profound words ranted on the stage with conventional gestures, so we came away at the end of the first act.

Philip and Lady Ottoline came in in the evening.

Saturday, June 21, 1902, London

Bernhard went to the British Museum and I joined him there.

We went on to the City and had a “Turtle lunch” with Burke.

Bernhard went down to Dorking to the Trevelyan, and I went to bed with a raging headache.

Sunday, June 22, 1902, London

Spent the day at Dorking with the Frys. Helen just recovering from her second baby, Pamela, but surprising and charming as ever.

The Trevys came over too.

Finished *Buckle*,⁹⁸ Bernhard finished Bury’s *History of Greece*.

I have hardly ever enjoyed a book more than *Buckle*. [31 048]

Monday, June 23, 1902, London

The preparations for the Coronation make London nearly impossible. And who knows if the King will be well enough to be crowned?

We had tea with Douglas Ainslie⁹⁹ and Bernhard went with him to a Garden Part at Mr. Graham Robertson’s, and then came back to call on Gladys, finding Forbes-Robertson¹⁰⁰ literally at her feet.

I had tea with Mrs. Baldwin and took her to see Mother. She spent all the time speaking against Gladys’ cruelty and selfishness and strangeness.

Tuesday, June 24, 1902, Friday’s Hill

Heaven to be here, in this fresh beautiful country. The Coronation is put off — it tires me horribly to think of the confusion and disappointment.

Mrs. Webb is here, and is very [32 049] pleasant and intelligent, one of the most distinguished women I have ever met.

⁹⁶ Maeterlinck.

⁹⁷ Neville Stephen Bulwer-Lytton, 3rd Earl of Lytton (1879-1951), military officer and artist. He had married Judith Blunt, later Baroness Wentworth in her own right (a great-granddaughter of Lord Byron), in 1899. The couple moved to the Blunts’ Crabbet Park Stud in 1904, and divorced in 1923.

⁹⁸ John Mackinnon Robertson (1856-1933), *Buckle and his critics: A study in sociology* (London: S. Sonnenschein, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House CB63.B9 R6 1895**

⁹⁹ Grant Duff Douglas Ainslie (1865-1948) was a Scottish poet, translator, critic and diplomat.

¹⁰⁰ Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson (1853-1937) was an actor and theatre manager. He was considered the finest Hamlet of the Victorian era.



Wednesday, June 25, 1902, Friday's Hill

Weather still heavenly. King evidently dying, but the people must eat their feasts.

Bertie is grown much older with the responsibility of Alys' illness, and has become very charming and interesting. He feels intolerably alone, for no one understands his longing to find the art, a symbol, a religion which shall reconcile the intellect of man with the universe.

He talked to Bernhard about it for hours, and was, B.B. said, most interesting and winning. I am afraid such a solution is out of our grasp — at any rate now. Yet we can't go back to the compact, clear mediaeval system. The happy person does not need it, and the wise person, growing older, does not dwell on his need. [33 050]

no entries from June 26 until

Monday, July 7, 1902, Friday's Hill

We had a pleasant week here with the Webbs and Bertie, Grace and the children, and then went up.

Bernhard lunched on Monday [June 30] with Sidney Cockerell and Emery Walker.

On Tuesday was Lina's wedding. She was a marvellous vision of beauty.

On Wednesday Ray had her swimming match. She won by brains, really, not mere power of swimming, for she thought out her problems, and dived at the most advantageous places and so on. In the evening we dined with the Cooks and were taken to — the Hippodrome! It was clear that Mary Cook¹⁰¹ owes her "awakening" to Mr. Schiller.

The next day we went to Winchester to stay with Montague Rendall, the second master. What a place! He was very pleasant, but obviously [34 051] under the shadow of some heavy sorrow, poor man.

On Friday I rode and drove with the children from Burgess Hill to Billingshurst. Horne dined with Bernhard.

On Saturday [July 5] we went to the Blunts' annual sale of Arab horses at Crabbet Park. Sultans and Maharajahs and Royal Princesses and Duchesses were there, but also Dr. Williamson and Bernhard Shaw. We consorted with our kind, with Fry and Percy Feilding, the Trevys and the Lyttons. We met the children at Petworth and drove here, they riding.

Yesterday [July 6] laziness — today ditto and Maude Robertson to dinner, who, this time, was really charming. [35 052]

no entries after July 7 until

¹⁰¹ In 1898 Herbert Cook married the Mary Hood, daughter of the 2nd Viscount Bridport, with whom he had one son (Francis, who succeeded him) and two daughters.



Saturday, Aug. 2, 1902, Sandhurst Lodge, Wellington College, Berks.

A month, nearly, has gone by, and I have not felt like writing.

Housekeeping grapples may be summed up in one big *Damn!*

Gertrude Morton arrived, the children's holiday began (Ray with her "Mother my Love" is a great comfort), we had visits from Isabel Fry and her friend, Roger, Douglas Ainslie, Trevy, Binyon, Burke and Janet Dodge, and Bertie came back for a couple of days, very brilliant and attaching.

Grace¹⁰² came down and had Bonte¹⁰³ and Morris¹⁰⁴ Amos — the latter she will probably marry when she gets her children settled.

B.B. has been very low and ill.

We came here, to Sir William Farrer's, for "over Bank Holiday". [36 053]

B.B. is reading *Pickwick*¹⁰⁵ and Cory's *Reminiscences*,¹⁰⁶ Mark Pateson's¹⁰⁷ ditto, William James *Religious Experience*,¹⁰⁸ etc., and I am wading through Lockhart's Life of Scott.¹⁰⁹

Dear Uncle Henry died on the 19th and Florence seems strangely empty. I was sincerely attached to him.

Alys is back from Switzerland, much better. She has gone with Bertie to a quiet place near Broadway.

I had a letter from Mounteney setting down my "silence" to not wishing to write to him, when it was really that he gave me no address! He said he wouldn't write again. But on the 17th I had a wire from him, from New Zealand, saying he had received my letter written from Interlaken — "delightful relief- writing". [37 054]

Monday, Aug. 5, 1902, Sandhurst Lodge

Bank Holiday, rainy as usual.

The person in our house party who seems most congenial is Lord St. Cyres.¹¹⁰

Old Sir William¹¹¹ is very wonderful; his head contains the memories of 70 years all in good order. He is very genial. On the whole, it has been pleasant.

¹⁰² Grace Worthington

¹⁰³ The former Bonte Amos, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Percival George Elgood (1883-1941), in the financial ministry of Egypt. She was made a CBE in 1939.

¹⁰⁴ A mistake for Maurice?

¹⁰⁵ *Pickwick*

¹⁰⁶

¹⁰⁷

¹⁰⁸ William James, *Religious Experience*

¹⁰⁹ John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), *The life of Sir Walter Scott, bart., 1771-1832* (London: Black, 1896). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5332 .L63 1896**

¹¹⁰ William St. Cyres — Northcote?

Wall Hampton House, Lymington, Hampshire

¹¹¹ Sir William Ferrer.



I have read various novels and Merritt's *Art Criticism and Romance*¹¹² besides John Robertson's *Gibbon*.¹¹³

St. Cyres is a great collector of "minor" poets. One memorable stanza of a Mrs. Chaplin, 'To her husband', runs

You cannot expect him to kiss and be kind
When the state of the pig-trade engrosses his mind. [38 055]

no entries after Aug. 5 until

Sunday, October 26, 1902, Gazzada

We have been here several days, with Don Guido and Donna Carmelita and the ladies Gropallo.

I am sorry I did not write all summer. But B.B. was ill, tired nearly to death, Alys was ill (nervous break-down), Gertrude Morton weighed terribly on my mind, and somehow I lacked spirits to do anything for myself.

We had nice visits from Senda's friend, Miss Adeline Moffat, from Emery Walker, a long visit from that detestably unselfish saint, Zangwill, and many visits from Britten, besides the Trevys, Mr. Dell, Mrs. Crawford, Percy Feilding, [39 056] Austen Smythe and so on.

The days passed quietly, and towards the end, on the advice of Miss Stein, B.B. took to a course of raw eggs and Benger's food, which seemed to do him good.

The children voted the summer "the jolliest they ever had." They were all well, all young, all free.

On the 17th of this month we came to Paris, and dined with M. Reinach and the famous Col. Picquart,¹¹⁴ a sweet, lovable, modest Col. Newcombe sort of man. Also M. Hubert.¹¹⁵ The next day to the Louvre with them all. Then we came here. [40 057]

Yesterday I spent in Milan with Roger Fry who was passing through. He is working up a book on Jacopo and Gentile Bellini.

When I got back I found a depressed letter from Mounteney Jephson, from New Zealand, and then a cable from the Hospital, Napier, saying he had had two operations and was very weak. I had hoped he was so very much better under those Southern skies. Poor man, misfortune seems to pursue him, and, when he has nothing outward, regret and remorse consume him inwardly. [41 058]

Tuesday, Oct. <28>, 1902, Gazzada

Last week we made a charming excursion to the Sacromonte, a town that gleams white on the spur of the great blue mountains. The Church at the

¹¹² Merritt, *Art Criticism and Romance*

¹¹³ John Robertson, *Gibbon*.

¹¹⁴ The exoneration of Dreyfus in 1906 also absolved Picquart, who was, by an act of the Chamber of Deputies, promoted to brigadier-general.

¹¹⁵ Reinach's assistant at Saint-Germain-en-Laye.



top is approached by a long Via Sacra, leading past ten or twelve exquisite little chapels — some are like Greek Temples, and others like Raphael's in the Spozalizio. The view of the white chain of Alps, the lakes spreading at our feet, and "the waveless plains of Lombardy"¹¹⁶ was too beautiful for me to attempt to find words.

The party consisted of that awful Donna Camilla Gropallo, a cousin of most Italians Ludovico Bassi, a [42 059] good-humoured fainéant, Don Guido and the plucky little Baronessa Wyndsphear, née Caracciolo, whose husband has gambled away nearly the whole of her large fortune. A bright, sweet, gay little creature, with warm frank eyes, whose glances were obviously dangerous to Don Guido's peace of mind, as we all noticed. Donna Carmelita was enchanted, for she long to have him loose the chains of the fat, bourgeois Mme. Bozzotti who has held him for 15 years, and ruined his life for him. Donna Camilla says that all her cousin's talk on the subject is pure "furberia", as she is delighted to have this magnificent place descend to [43 060] her sons, in default of Don Guido's heirs, but Donna Camilla has a mind that can never rise above base sordidness. Even her adoration for her sister, which fills her whole existence, manifests itself chiefly by boring all her acquaintances to make a *réclame* for Donna Laura. Volgarississimo!!

Yesterday I saw that romantic Villa Bisuschio.¹¹⁷

B.B. has had to keep quiet, owing to a dreadful cold, caught the day we drove to Arzate to see the romanesque Baptistery — a real gem of architecture

Last night the Italian Ambassador to Russia dined here, Prince Pio di Savoia. He had the air of a man profoundly bored with life, and they [45 061] all declared he was "stufo".

A terribly earnest young man, with a harsh voice and a long nose, Galavresi,¹¹⁸ is staying here now, and a very charming woman, Signora Remigia Ponte, spent the afternoon. The weather has been wonderful all the week. They call Galavresi "Casto naso".

I suppose I am beginning my journal again because I am reading Sir Walter Scott's, which interests me immensely taken all together. A man who elevated the Commonplace into the Sublime. And how lovable he must have been to those who knew him! [46 062]

Gazzada, Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1902

We drove with Don Guido and Sig. Galavresi to Castiglione d'Olonza this

¹¹⁶ Shelley: 'Beneath is spread, like a green sea,
The waveless plains of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.'

¹¹⁷ The Villa Cicogna Mozzoni is in Bisuschio, near Varese.

¹¹⁸ a noble family from Chieri near Turin.



morning. Sig. Galavresi is a very young man, of blatantly pure life and severe principles, whom his acquaintances call 'Il casto naso' — the chaste nose! He is a bore of the first water, and gives his opinion on every subject that comes up in a dry, insistent pedagogic manner.

In the afternoon I drove with Don Guido to Varese. We spoke much of the Baroness Wyndsphear. He said he had told her it was a good thing she was going away, as he was on the verge of falling in love with her. His sister screamed with joy when she heard this, in the [47 063] hope that the Fat Lady¹¹⁹ was perhaps beginning to lose her hold over him. But she said she would never let him go.

I read Donna Laura's chapter on Fogazzaro,¹²⁰ and found it rather dull and futile, but perjured my soul out in praises of it in the evening. *Tu l'as voulu* — I might reply if she reproached me, for she and her sister put me in a position where I could do nothing but praise. Donna Camella told me that a word of adverse criticism would make her sister take to her bed. They are the most awful, tactless, bad-mannered, embarrassing people I ever came across. But they aren't bores, so I prefer them greatly to il Casto Naso! [49¹²¹ 064]

Settignano, Thursday, Oct. 30, 1902

We are just home after an all day journey. Donna Laura came to Milan to see us off.

I finished Scott's journal and B.B. read *Le Rouge et le Noir*.

Our house looks beautiful even after Gazzada!

Friday, Oct. 31, 1902

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Mrs. Toy, Col. Plunket, Mrs. Perkins, Lina and Mrs. Tyler.

Read Meredith "On Comedy".

It was too lovely all morning — such warm sunshine and blue hazes.

Placci came to lunch and told us the whole dreadful Murri¹²² tragedy. He is growing duller, il caro Carlo, and excuses it by an ingenious theory that it is much better to have no ideas than to have wrong ones.

Called on Gertrude — the usual sickening tale of servants' misdeeds, and petty [50 065] sordidnesses of one kind or another. Miss Lipps, the companion her mother sent, seems as silly and bothersome as any servant. Her Mother and Brother must be awful people.

¹¹⁹

¹²⁰ The novelist Antonio Fogazzaro (1842-1911)

¹²¹ no page numbered 48.

¹²² Augusto Murri (1841-1932), uno dei più grandi clinici del suo tempo, autore di una vastissima attività scientifica.

Il 2 settembre del 1902 fu scoperto il cadavere del conte Francesco Bonmartini, marito della figlia primogenita di Murri. Lui stesso denunciò per l'uccisione il figlio ventottenne Tullio.



Saturday, November 1, 1902

Wrote to Mother, Don Guido, Donna Carmelita, Grace (about Costa), Maude Robertson, Lina and Reinach. Bernhard also wrote a lot of letters chiefly business.

Scott speaks of "that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and tears, and falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it conveys no meaning."

We drove to Santa Margherita and saw the two Giottesque pictures. Then we called on Mrs. Ross, and [51 066] found her ill and lonely and old — full of herself, in the hands of her servants, bitter against Lina — a sad spectacle — yet there is something of the old hostess about her still. A very green, "guessing" young American came in, Mr. Luther Morris Leisenring,¹²³ agent for a journal devoted to architecture and gardening.

We have nearly caught up with the Art Magazines that have been accumulating all summer.

Mother writes that Alys is much worse, and has sent for a nurse, and started a Rest Cure at her house. Poor thing. It is awfully hard luck. [52 067]

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 2, 1902

Wrote to Karin, Dent (for Donna Laura's book), Miss Cracroft, Mr. Leisenring, Linotype Co. and Emily.

Mr. & Mrs. Toy (of Harvard, Prof. of Arabic) came to lunch — a wonderful day. They were agreeable.

Afterwards came the Contessa Serristori and Carlo Placci. She was delightful, so vibrating and graceful, so thoughtful, too, and expressing herself so very well. She is an unusual woman.

Then came Mrs. Ross' little doctor, Giglioli, who made a thorough examination of B.B., and found nothing organically wrong with him. He hopes to cure him.

Read Mrs. Ady's *Madame*¹²⁴ in the evening.

A cold coming on, worse luck. [53 068]

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. 3, 1902

Wrote to the Countess Zucchini, Reinach, Mother, Christina, the Platonoff, the Priore, Miss Moffat, Ioni, the Dressmaker.

B.B. wrote to Emery Walker and Miss Norton, to Bertie and Sen. Apostoli and Mrs. Gardner.

He took a drive in the afternoon with Mrs. Toy, and I called on Mrs. Ross, and met amusing Mrs. Bramly.

My cold is awful, and Mrs. Ross lent me some silk handkerchiefs for my

¹²³ Luther Morris Leisenring (1875-1965), evidently worked on the Capital building.

¹²⁴ Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady, †1924), *Madame, a life of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I and duchess of Orleans* (London: Seeley, 1900). **Biblioteca Berenson House DC130.O6 A4 1900 [Shelved as SAL.VIII.1.]**



reddening nose. To think that I am nearly 40 and have had colds all my life, and never thought of a silk handkerchief before!

Bernhard called on Gertrude and when he came in, read his own *Central Italians* with amazement. He says he can't ever understand it now, he is so run down! [54 069]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1902

Cold still fierce.

We corrected proofs in the morning.

In the afternoon Bernhard called on the Benns, and I went again to Mrs. Ross', where I met Maud Cruttwell and Mrs. Forbes-Morse. Maud says the Lee-Hamiltons talk about nothing except the baby they expect in March. Mrs. Lee-Hamilton informed Maud that she (Maud) was not a complete woman", and said there ought to be places where women could go to get children. "These are", Maud replied, "inspected by the State." Everybody is laughing at them.

Wrote to Ray, Mr. & Mrs. Blaydes, Mrs. Nowers, Mme. de Platonoff, the Dogana, the London dressmaker, Emily Dawson, Gertrude, Giuseppe Mina.¹²⁵ [55 070]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1902 *

Wrote to Roger Fry, Miss Toplady, Don Guido, Mother.

Mrs. **Wilfrid Blaydes** arrived early in the morning. It is an experiment having here here, as we really do not know her at all — only her looks which are very pretty. Once I should have hated her! Now her husband is no more to me than a tree — except that as a human being I wish him well,¹²⁶ and that I would do a good deal for him in a friendly way. But as an intelligent man, I regard him as *finished*. He is so hopelessly lazy and self-indulgent. Talented he was, but the talent is wrapped in a thicker napkin every year of his life, and boundless arrogance and intellectual impatience alone remain.

Who is wonderful is the Contessa Serristori, who came to tea with Placci and Calderoni¹²⁷ in [56 071] the afternoon. The talk was on those old topics of Immortality and Duty, but her eagerness and vivacity and clearness vivified them again, and her face was that of an intelligent child at that wonderful time when the mind is clear, impersonal and voracious and the senses not awake.

Placci grows more 'clerical', and is sinking rapidly into the intellectual frumpiness of middle-age. But he is extremely genial. He told me that the Lee-Hamiltons are trying to make their expected child a Genius. For this

¹²⁵ ?

¹²⁶ See Samuels, *Legend*, p. 300: In April 1922 Wilfred Blaydes had become a doctor and treated Mary in Venice.

¹²⁷ ?



purpose, they say, the Mother must commune with the greatest spirits and intellects of the world; so every day, for several hours, Mrs. Lee Hamilton sits with closed eyes and strained attention listening to the words that fall from [57 072] her husband's lips as he reads aloud the works of ——— Vernon Lee!! It is too good to be true, but it is true. Placci says he wonders what Vernon, who longs to be 'kept before the Public', thinks of being kept before something that isn't public yet!

Lina and her husband arrived in the evening. Horne also came to dinner. Lina seemed well and happy, but she entirely takes the lead. It is curious to see B.B.'s and Venetia Cowper's view justified, that in her marriage she had followed her Aunt's example and taken another Carlo Orsi.¹²⁸

I Tatti, Thursday, Nov. 6, 1902

Wasted my morning writing notes of no real importance — Donna Rezia, Mrs. Morgan, the Platonoff, Mrs. Moshau, Miss Zocco, Gertrude, Karin (who is better), Gertrude, etc. [58 073]

Bernhard took Mrs. Toy for a drive.

Donna Rezia Corsini and Guido Pasolini called.

My cold awful. Bernhard read *Syria and Palestine* by Paton.¹²⁹

Played "Bridge" in the evening.

I gave Alice Blaydes a little wedding present, and she burst into tears and threw herself in my arms, and said no woman had ever been kind to her before. I wonder what her history is? She is only 24 and has been living two years with him. He would not have married her, but B.B. and I put on all the pressure we possibly could, and simply made him. He meant well by her I am sure (later: I am not so sure. I think he often meant to throw her off — *she* is sure of it), and is exceedingly fond of her, but had a doctrinaire hatred of Marriage.

I am inclined to revise my theory [59 074] of Lina and her husband. There is more stuff in him than appeared. B.B. likes him better than her.

I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 7, 1902

Pouring all day. My cold awful.

Worked.

Poor Bernhard is so bored he doesn't know how to get through the days, since the doctor has forbidden all "application".

We looked at Holbein's and Degas' drawings in the evening, but B.B. begs me not to do it again. Lina's comments were so shallow. He says she is just educated enough to think she has a right to an opinion on things she knows nothing about. He greatly prefers Alice Blaydes, who is a frank barbarian. I have never know a woman with so little education. She cares chiefly for

¹²⁸ Carlo Orsi, a painter and sculptor.

¹²⁹ Lewis Bayles Paton (1864-1932), *The early history of Syria and Palestine* (London: J. C. Nimmo, 1902). **Biblioteca Berenson DS121 .P31 1902**



Dress. But she is nice. I like her. [60 075]

Wrote to Magda Heinemann, Karin, Mother, Donna Camilla Gropallo, and Blaydes.

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 8, 1902

Wrote to Donna Camilla (enclosing Dent's letter about her sister's book), to Alys to thank her for taking Ray in hand about her scornful attitude towards other people, to Mrs. Toy, Mr. Benn, the Thorolds.

Cold got worse and Dr Giglioli came and sent me to bed.

Raining.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 9, 1902

Wrote a long letter to Mrs. Gardner about the Costantinis, also to Wilfrid and Irene Zocco and Maud Cruttwell.

Christina Bremner came to lunch.

The Villaris, Corsinis, Morgans, etc., to call, but I was in bed, and the Lawsons.

B.B. had some talk with Aubrey¹³⁰ and really liked him.

Talked with Alice at night about her education [61 076] about which Blaydes hasn't taken the very least trouble — any more than about keeping up his own, the lazy brute. Alice is a girl of a great deal of character. Both B.B. and I like her very much.

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. 10, 1902

Don Guido arrived, suffering from lumbago. I put him in an easy chair and showed him photographs, while Alice and B.B. drove down to town, went to Costantini's and had tea with Gertrude.

Mrs. Ross called.

Wrote to Karin. Bernhard wrote to Otto Gutekunst.

Finished *Le Rouge et le Noir*.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1902

Worked and corrected proof.

It is really too great a bore to put down the letters I write. I have to write about ten a day.

Gronau came to lunch [62 077] and also Algar Thorold.¹³¹ Gronau expressed great admiration of Zola *as an artist!*

Bernhard and Don Guido and Alice went for a drive.

I stayed in to nurse my cold, and received Lady Wade.

The day was perfect.

We looked at Crivellis and and Japanese things in the evening.

¹³⁰ Aubrey Waterfield, Lina's husband.

¹³¹ Algar Thorold (1866-1936), ricercatore e traduttore, supervisionò il contributo governativo al British Institute in quanto responsabile dei servizi d'informazione britannici in Italia durante le ultime fasi della Prima Guerra Mondiale.



I Tatti, Wednesday, Nov. 12, 1902

Corrected proof in the morning.

They drove to Badia a Settimo.

Alice and Guido are having a little flirtation. She is so beautiful!

We looked at Antonellos.

Donna Rezia and Don Filippo Corsini came to dinner, and we passed a pleasant evening, but I find Rezia not very intelligent, although sweet and good-natured.

Don Guido gave me a horrible theosophic book, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*,¹³² to read. He has no instinct for books. [63 078]

I Tatti, Thursday, Nov. 13, 1902

Les beaux yeux d'Alice proved more attractive to Don Guido than work this morning, but I got through a lot myself, before and while Bernhard had his massage from **the Botticelli-caryatid** Miss Steffenburg.¹³³

They drove in the afternoon, and then we looked at Bellinis and Alvises.

Then I had a little talk with Guido about Alice — and from that, <about> men and women in general. He finds she is interested in nothing outside of herself, and alas herself only under the one aspect of attractive young woman. I daresay he would like well enough to make love to her, but he thinks it would be wrong, as she is so young and unprotected.

I am at a loss to find something to rouse her interest. She likes to look at photographs but never asks a [64 079] question, and I'm not quite sure that what she likes isn't sitting by Guido and having occasional flirtatious passages with him.

How beautiful she is!! She was too wonderful tonight, with her lovely dimpled shoulders, her grand throat and marvellous colouring.

Zangwill arrived at dinner — twice — he *is* an amusing man. But he never tries to see the real point of the thing one is talking about.

A bright, jolly letter came from Mounteney today, nearly two months old, written before the miserable necessity for his operations arose.

¹³² George Robert Stow Mead, 1863-1933), *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten: Some short sketches among the Gnostics, mainly of the first two centuries: A contribution to the study of Christian origins based on the most recently recovered materials* (London: Theosophical Publication Society, 1900). microfiche in Andover-Harvard.

¹³³ Mary's diary, Jan. 16, 1907: 'B.B. wrote a long and affectionate letter to the Baronne Lambert. She is one of his "ladies". The other are her sister, Lady Sassoon; Mrs. Harrison (of Naples); the adorable Serristori; and **Agnes Steffenburg** his masseuse.'

Mary's diary, July 20, 1927, Grand Hotel, Jönköping, Sweden: 'Agnes Berglöv (Steffenburg) was waiting at the nice hotel to meet us and came back to dine. Nicky came down with a cold.'

The Swedish masseuse Naima Lofroth arrived in about 1914. She was arrested and expelled from Italy in 1940; *My dear B.B.*, p. 252.



<I Tatti,> Friday, Nov. 14, 1902

Took Alice to see Maud Cruttwell, who agreed with **the opinion I quoted her out of my journal of six years ago**, that men were mere “love machines”.¹³⁴ She [65 080] said she could not bear the thought of a man even sleeping in her apartment, even if she weren’t there. It reminds me of how pleased she was to ride behind my donkey when she thought it was a female ass, and how disgusted it was when she found it to be a ‘maschio’!

Christina Bremner met us there.

Alice’s head has been rather turned by Don Guido. She actually thinks he would marry her if he were free! Poor child — but how should she know the world? On the whole, I am glad he has gone tonight. Things were getting uncomfortable. He even asked her if she thought it would be honourable of a man to make love to a fellow guest in a friend’s house. Alice has a frankness that is partly naiveté. She said to me, “He is in love with me — no, I don’t mean exactly that, but his [66 081] passions are aroused.” Maud would find her theory confirmed! But *au fond* Alice hasn’t behaved quite nicely about him.

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1902

I heard today of Walter Cope’s sudden death. He was the first person I was in love with¹³⁵ — all the sentimental memories of my girlhood centred round him. From time to time I dream of him, young, handsome, talented and in love with me, but delicate dreams, like the scent of flowers on the wind. For we were so shy in those early days, we were afraid to look at each other, and he only once ventured to touch my hand.

He died suddenly in the night, of apoplexy, and only my age. I thought of it all day — it made a mysterious, almost poetical background to the actual events of life. I cannot say I am acutely [67 082] pained. I have not seen him for twelve years, and in that time he got married, and had four children. I wrote to him on his marriage, and also on my own, but he did not reply.

Where is he now? What value, I wonder, does he give to those early, faint memories? They are a part of one’s stream of consciousness”, and a pleasant part. One can never have two first loves — a truism!

For the rest, we had a quiet day of divine sunshine. Benn called in the morning.

In the afternoon I drove with Alice to town, shopped, called on Mme. de Platonoff and Gertrude. The Thorolds and a Catholic friend of theirs, Mr. Nichols (Balliol) came to dinner.

¹³⁴ Mary’s diary, Feb. 17, 1896: ‘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”.’

¹³⁵ Tiffany Johnston, p. 98, 116, 308, 431 (Mary’s diary, Aug. 22, 1891 in Dresden), 545.



The evening was scrappy. We talked a good deal of [68 083] the Jesuits. Mr. Nichols said that the answer to the remark that they were the worst result of the Reformation was that they were the only result that would endure. He seems a very bigoted man, while Thorold's intellect plays fairly freely with the whole subject. In fact, it is the one intellectual preoccupation of his life. One is never with him without the subject coming up.

Afterwards, in a little talk, Alice came out in certain crude native colours. She said that "if she had liked to be *gay* she could have had a very good time, for her life was in her own hands; but as she had chosen another lot she must be content with it." She is made of hard, sensible, I think unrefinable stuff, *au fond* a pert young [69 084] beauty with her eyes closed — and the firm intention to keep them closed — to everything that doesn't practically concern her own life. But as a specimen of this category of women, she is an excellent one, and one can't help liking her, wishing her well, and being pleased to have her about. She is not really passionate, although pleasure-loving, neither is she sentimental. She is hard and vain, but there doesn't seem a touch of malice in her, and she is not petty or intriguing. Still, I know her very little.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 16, 1902

Mr. and Mrs. Toy and the Benns came to lunch. Mrs. Toy is an American fool who thinks she must "keep up the conversation" on every subject. Her pose is a "charming woman", and she imagines she could be (or is) at the head [70 086] of a Salon. Her husband is an old scholar, with the old-fashioned simple courtesy *d'autant*. He told a good "American story" — 4th of July toasts.

"I give the U. S. bounded on the North by British Columbia, on the South by the Gulf of Mexico, on the East by the Atlantic and on the West by the Pacific."

2. "I give the U. S. bounded on the N. by the N. Pole, on the S. by the S. Pole, on the East by the Rising Sun, and the W. by the Setting Sun" (great applause)

3. "And I give the U.S., bounded on the N. by the Aurora Borealis, on the S. by the Precession of the Equinoxes, on the E. by Primeval Chaos, and on the W. by the Day of Judgment."

Walked on the hill.

Called on Mrs. Ross. Zangwill genial and nice.

[72 085] a sheet of paper with an index to the diary of 1902-1903

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>>>> CHECK reverse side (not scanned) for additional entries

[71 087] I Tatti, Monday, Nov. 17, 1902

Weather overcast, but warm.

Miss Cracroft came to lunch.

Had a music lesson while Alice and Zangwill went to the Medici Tombs.

Took Zangwill to see Mrs. Ross, who seemed to like him. But then, as she said, 'She was so lonely she would welcome the devil', it may not have been a great compliment!

In the evening one or two lights were thrown of Alice's past. Among other things she said that on Saturdays she always bought "The Pink 'Un", and "religiously" saved it up to read in bed on Sunday mornings. **Yet she has the speech and the manners of a lady.** Zangwill finds her awfully slow in learning Italian. He *is* good — he devotes hours a day to teaching her. Still she is remarkably good-looking! [72 088]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1902

We had a lunch of **Virgins of the Rocks**, Miss Cruttwell, Miss Cracroft, Christina Bremner.

Miss Cracroft played Beethoven to us afterwords — the D minor sonata and some Bagatellen.

The weather has turned bitterly cold, and it snowed a little today.



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Zangwill keeps on being nice, and making puns. His latest was a motto for Magna “To thyself be true — And it must follow as the night the day, Thou can’t not then be false to Heinemann.”

I Tatti, Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1902

Still cold with high wind.

Worked all day.

Houghton to dinner.

Another story of Forestiere Italian. Lady wanting to drive to “Indian”.

“Andate in fondo dell’Arno a poi giurate.”

“Ma Signora posso giurare lo stesso qui.”

To illustrate the importance of Florentine [73 089] gossip — the story is that **Rob Morton is shut up in an insane asylum** for killing the dentist, Dr. Elliott!

That nice young Swede Oscar Sirèn¹³⁶ came to lunch and took Bernhard to the *manicomio* to see a fine Madonna — by Fra Filippo!! Imagine our being here so long and not knowing it.

Later, Bernhard went to his doctor, who took him to see some unknown frescoes by Ghirlandajo.

Poor B.B. is simply overcome by the awful vulgarity and stupidity of most women — even those related to the nicest kinds of men. Alice, I think, is getting on his nerves. He thinks 75% of her mental activity is concerned with sexual matters. I daresay it is.

I Tatti, Thursday, Nov. 20, 1902

I went in to have lunch at Gertrude’s — a poor, miserably served meal in a room [74 090] without a fire. Miss Lipps discoursing on medical details — tumours, childbirths, etc.

Poor Gertrude — she seemed down, and no wonder. Her family do not let her have a penny of money — it all comes through Miss Lipps. I lent her 2 lire!!

My music-lesson consisted of a weeping-fit on the part of the poor brave, at last broken-down Maestra.

[in the left margin] later *drunk*!!

Her beastly niece Mathilde is writing to all her friends complaining of her aunt’s having turned her out, and begging for money.

It was nice to get home. Last year I was all for people, this year I want only peace and quiet for work. Bernhard rather needs people, but they bore him so, they seem so hard-baked, he can predict all their ideas. Even Zangwill, *à la longue*, with his Jewish craze and his indiscriminating taste becomes a burden. [76 sic [no 75] 091]

¹³⁶ Osvald Sirèn?



I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 21, 1902

Miss Cracroft came to lunch, and afterwards played Bach and Beethoven. The only people we asked up to hear her were Mrs. Le Strange and the Toys. Mrs. Toy distinguished herself by finding that the Bach Prelude wanted the Gounod Aria to "fill it out". It sounded to her just like an accompaniment.

Later I went to see Mrs. Ross.

Bernhard has ____ gained ten pounds in weight.

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1902

Lovely weather.

Drove round Fiesole with Bernhard and Alice.

Zangwill went to lunch with the Lee-Hamiltons.

Mrs. Ross called in the morning, and Oswald Sirèn.

Zangwill is having a great season of woe with his lady love, because someone warned her against him as a husband, quoting something out of one of his "Without Prejudice" essays to the effect that the only result of enforcing the same [77 092] standard of purity for men and women would be to revive polygamy. The poor young lady has been brought up in a hot-house, and has no idea of the real world. She imagines all her male relatives are as pure as the driven snow. To have Zangwill "speak lightly" of such a "sacred question" nearly broke her heart. Zangwill was distressed and furious. He wrote her an arguing litter, but I convinced him it was folly to argue with a girl on such a matter, so he sent a wire, "Sympathize your view", so I daresay it will be all right.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1902 * *

Woke up with slight attack of tonsilitis.

Bernhard drove with Horne, and Zangwill.

Alice and I had a walk in the perfect sunshine on the hills.

Zangwill says he never knew anyone *could* be so stupid as Alice is over her Italian. [78 093]

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. <24>, 1902

Music, and took Zangwill and Alice to call on Gertrude. She is a great talker, and has I think although an amusing yet an essentially vulgar way of taking life. We had to listen to a long tale of the cook's hysterics. Then she talked Art with Zangwill like a silly female goose.

The Parish gave a Cat Concert last night to the Parocco, who is to be translated to another sphere. They had whistles, and combs and tin pans, and shouted "*Evviva la partenza del Parocco!*" Roberto¹³⁷ was greatly excited telling us about it.

Alas, Zangwill and his dirty rude ways is thoroughly "on my nerves". I

¹³⁷ In list of Christmas presents: 'Roberto Giannini £60 a month'.



must never have another visit from him. He never shuts a door, not his [79 094] bed-room, nor even the W.C.! He never sits decently on a chair, but lies at full length in it, with one foot resting on the top of the other, he never puts on slippers, but puts his great dirty boots on all my delicate covered sofas, he eats like a perfect pig, and is always either cleaning his nails or scraping something off his face and wiping it on his coat, he always spills his food, and then *wipes it into the carpet with his feet*, he is always talking that nonsensical Zionism and reading one his letters, and his breath is perfectly horrible.

On the other hand, he is perfectly good-natured, very, very kind, extremely witty, he is large-minded and sees the irony of things, and he [80 095] is one of the few people one can talk with freely and with no fear of being misunderstood. But how a girl can be *in love* with him —!!

His manners are bad too. For example, I took him to engage a room at a pension for next week. He was dissatisfied with everything (although it was the best place in Florence), never thanked me for my trouble, and made me feel as if I were turning him out. A few gracious words about my hospitality would have made all the difference to the situation, which, as it was, was boring, uncomfortable and sordid. Sometimes I positively loathe him, and wish he were devoid of all virtues, so that I might never see his hideous face and form again! [81 096]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1902

Rain once more, after several enchanted days.

Still, Alice and I went over to the Thorolds and took Mrs. Thorold to call on her neighbour, Mrs. Gregory Smith.

We also called on Christina Bremner, who is freezing in Maud Cruttwell's apartment.

Alice is trying to "keep her perpendicular"¹³⁸ by arguing that she has raised herself as far above her natural condition as B.B. and I have intellectually raised ourselves. She said that her natural future was that either of a prostitute or a peasant-girl. I find her very nice and sincere and sensible to talk to.

But *what* a picture she gives of Blaydes!¹³⁹ It is a mixture of the most appalling sensuality, laziness and [82 097] selfishness I ever heard of in my life! She feels that he treated her very badly and never really meant to marry her, and says he certainly would not have done so but for us. He never tried to really associate her with his thoughts (if he had any) or his natural circle of friends, and he kept trying to push her off to earn her own living — even offering to get her a situation in Mrs. Heinemann's dressmaking establishment. She says his selfishness is disgusting.

¹³⁸ p

¹³⁹ See Samuels, *Legend*, p. 300: In April 1922 Wilfred Blaydes had become a doctor and treated Mary in Venice.



Before she took up with him, the housekeeper told her he brought home all sorts of different women every night, and never got up till after noon. At 3 or 4 he would go out to look for another woman.

To think that I ever cared for such a disgusting, idle brute. Truly Love is worse than blind, he is deaf and idiotic. [83 098]

I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 28, 1902

Feeling very sick and dizzy.

Christina came to lunch, full of medical fads.

Bernhard and Alice took a drive. He finds she has almost no ideas in her pretty head, save those connected with sex. She has a store of rather low improper stories, which aren't even witty. She reserves them for him — never tells them to me.

I had to go to bed, and the doctor, who came to give B.B. his hyperdermic¹⁴⁰ injection of phosphate, pronounced me a victim to the now fashionable complaint from which Alys, Christina, Mother and B.B. are all suffering — Uric acid! By it he explains my frequent colds. At present I have a slight liver upset, it is nothing, but the Uric Acid is serious, for it demands what I do hate, exercise, and for all the rest of my life! [84 099]

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 29, 1902

In bed all day.

Bernhard drove with Alice to Anchetta, and called on Adelaide Placci.

Finished (with regret) vol. 4 of Creighton's Papacy.

Did all Bergamo notes.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 30, 1902

In bed. Colonna, Dora, Stuttgart, Frankfurt notes.

Read Creighton.

Kerr-Lawsons to dine. She looked very ill — 15 years older, her face all fallen into a wrinkled mask. I am afraid she has consumption.

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 1, 1902

Zangwill went away, and I began to disinfect his room, which smells like a fox's den! Last night he forgot to shut his door, and the wind slammed it to and fro till I had to get up and shut it. I am thankful he is gone. The house feels cleaner at once. All his wit and broad-mindedness and sympathy [85 0100] and even his angelic goodness are swallowed up by his piggish personal habits, when you are in the same house with him. I do pity that girl, if they ever get married.

My music teacher came up and gave me my lesson here.

Found an Italian family for Alice to go into.

¹⁴⁰ A mistake for 'hypodermic'?



I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1902

Miss Steffenburg stayed to lunch. She is very good-looking, and has a nice laugh.

We had some music — Christina, Mr. Le Strange and a Mr. Boulton came. It is much nicer having it small. We had Bach and Beethoven.

Dr. Giglioli stayed to dinner.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1902

Called on Mrs. Toy, Adelaide Placci, and **Miss Guinness, Burke's cousin**. Alice came with me, and entertained me with rather low stories, of which her mind is pretty full, it seems.

Wrote to Don Guido about the frescoes he found at Orvieto. [86 0101]

I Tatti, Thursday, Dec. 4, 1902

Calderoni and Guido Pasolini came to lunch, the same age but what a difference. Her head has nothing but sex in it, theirs had that doubtless, but a thousand other things. Calderoni is fairly intelligent.

Afterwards I took Alice to her *pensione*, where she is to learn Italian. It is a great relief to have her away. Neither B.B. nor I had anything left to say to her.

Miss Erichsen called here, and Bernhard saw her, but I was at Gertrude's listening to her sordid tale of woe quarrels all round. I am awfully sorry for her, but I have had almost all I can stand.

I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 5, 1902

Took Mrs. Toy to the Bargello and Uffizi [87 0102] — a confoundedly silly woman who only looks at things to talk about them afterwards in America.

Alice came full of flame and fury at the discomforts of her Pension, and raved she would not stay there another day.

Called on Christina, and then on Miss Erichsen at Mrs. Ross'. Miss Erichsen has had a "change of heart", and is as if converted, only *to* nothing.

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 6, 1902

Mrs. Gardner's £11,000 for the Dürer arrived, also £1,000 for an ivory Madonna Costantini has.¹⁴¹

Alice and Zangwill came to tea, he very bearish and self-absorbed, she in a better temper and <has> decided to stay and make the best of it and learn Italian. *Bene*. [88 0103]

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 7, 1902

Miss Erichsen came to lunch, also Horne and that jolly old boy he is

¹⁴¹ Hadley, p. 309-310.



working in the Archives with, Sir Dominic Colnaghi.¹⁴²

Miss Erichsen said that Mrs. Ross was in such a desperate state that she was almost ready to marry her butler, David. She clasps her head in her hands and rocks backward and forward, crying out, "O, what am I to do with my life?"

I called on the Cracrofts, and Bernhard came for me.

Stopped at the Lawsons¹⁴³ on the way back and found him ill again, poor thing, all his hope — ambitions smothered under a "cold on the chest" — a fatal thing for him.

The Trevys arrived in the evening, and it was nice to have guests who had *both* good manners and impersonal interests. [89 0104]

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 8, 1902

Paid bills to the amount of nearly five hundred pounds. What a relief!

That wretched Costantini wrote that the ivory he offered to Mrs. Gardner "unfortunately" already belonged to Mr. Davis. Bernhard was furious, and disgusted. The point of the plot seems to be to make a quarrel between him and Davis, but of course they won't succeed.

I wrote to Mrs. Gardner about it, and then went down to my music lesson. Teacher in great trouble — Triulzi,¹⁴⁴ on whom I called, the same.

Zangwill and Calderoni came to dine, but it was not a success, as Calderoni is deaf and Zangwill was preoccupied with his own affairs. Mrs. Trevy played to us Bach, which was a relief.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1902

Christina and Houghton to lunch.

Music afterwards, to which came the Toys, [90 0105] Boulton, Mrs. Lawson, Dr. Giglioli, Alice Blaydes and Calderoni and his sweet-mannered sister. We had a Sonata (d) by Corelli (violin), and then the great Passacaglia, which is the most splendid thing I have ever heard. Then Beethoven III, some Schumann violin, and Bach's Pastorale. How I do enjoy music. It is my greatest *pleasure*.

Afterwards, when the people had gone, they played a Brahms sonata and one by Mozart, a composer whom Miss Cracroft abhors!!

¹⁴² *The Spectator*, 22 Sept. 1928, p. 19: "The late Sir Dominic Colnaghi, while consul-general at Florence, devoted his patient archivist talent to the records of the Guild of the Artists. Upon his researches he based the exhaustive *Dictionary of Florentine Painters* (The Bodley Head £ 3 3s.) ..."

Dominic Ellis Colnaghi (1834-1908), *A dictionary of Florentine painters from the 13th to the 17th centuries*, ed. P.G. Konody & Selwyn Brinton (London: John Lane at The Bodley Head, 1928). **Biblioteca Berenson ND621.F7 C5 1928**

Colnaghi's dictionary of florentine painters from the 13th to the 17th centuries, with introductory essays by Harold Acton et al., ed. Carlo E. Malvani (Firenze : Archivi Colnaghi, c. 1986). **Biblioteca Berenson ND621.F56 C6 1986**

¹⁴³ Kerr-Lawsons.

¹⁴⁴ an assistant to the fattore?



Christina remained on for the night. We read a very diverting paper of advice to Ray on how to conduct herself as a step-daughter.

I have begun Ranke's *Popes*¹⁴⁵ — a *bigger* book than Creighton.

Am learning *The Blessed Damsel*¹⁴⁶ and reviewing *Lycidas*¹⁴⁷ and the Nativity.¹⁴⁸

Had an hour's walk with Christina.

A young [91 0106] Dane named Krohn¹⁴⁹ called, bringing B.B. an offering of photographs of Italian pictures in Copenhagen. It appears that Bernhard is well known in Scandinavia!

I Tatti, Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1902

We walked up to Morgans' for tea. I walked both ways — going up with Trevy and coming back with Mrs. Trevy.

The doctor stayed to dinner. I do not think he is a very clever man.

<I Tatti,> Thursday, Dec. 11, 1902

Mother writes that Ray "has written a capital paper on the Education Bill". Fancy!

I went to Gertrude's to lunch and heard Miss Hastings sing, which she does exquisitely, but without much native *richness* of voice.

Gertrude's mother has written her a most [92 0107] brutal letter, suggesting that she should have ten dollars a month pin-money!

Gertrude,¹⁵⁰ a grown-up woman. She also says that Gertrude must remember that, except for her brother's extraordinary generosity, she would have been at a hospital. They forget that G. has £400 a year of her own, and that, before this extraordinary turn of things, her mother promised her another £400 from her private purse. But the worst was the awful hypocritical snivelling tone of the whole thing.

I had a music lesson, and walked back, to find that Bernhard had been to call on Mrs. Thorold.

Carlo Placci came to dinner, and he was very diverting. **He said that Duse insists on having a telegram from D'Annunzio every day (she is in America)**, and that as it is very *chic* to pay no heed to [93 0108] expense in telegrams, they spend about 200 francs a day sending message like this, "*Ave, ave, ave, cara, cara, cara — io penso a te a te penso penso semper a te cara.*"

¹⁴⁵ Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), *The ecclesiastical and political history of the popes of Rome during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries*, 3 vol. (London: J. Murray, 1840).

Biblioteca Berenson BX955.R35 1840

¹⁴⁶ Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882), *The Blessed Damsel*.

¹⁴⁷ John Milton (1608-1674), *Lycidas*

¹⁴⁸ ? John Milton, Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity

¹⁴⁹ Mario Krohn (1861-1922), *Italienske billeder i Danmark, avec un résumé en français: Les tableaux des écoles d'Italie en Danemark* (København og Kristiania, Gyldendal, Nordisk forlag, 1910). **Biblioteca Berenson ND611.K76 1910**

¹⁵⁰ Gertrude Morton, the wife of Rob Morton.



I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 12, 1902

Corrected proofs.

Shopped with Mrs. Trevy and got at last **that Aubusson carpet we have been eying for five years!**

Houghton came with us. He says he wants to give up their new apartment, it is too grand, and to own *nothing* he can't pack into a small hand bag.

Alice Blaydes came up for the night, all agog with a call and a bunch of flowers from Calderoni, and the ogling of the Count of Turin in the Cascine. She really thinks of nothing but such things, and the practical side of life.

Called on the Lawsons.

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 13, 1902

Shopped in the morning, taxes too high, stoves out of [94 0109] order, dresses wrong — the usual tales of bungling and incompetence on the part of work-people. Was in a rage; which was not appeased by the Countess Gravina bringing two horrible German art students to call on B.B. I had them for an hour before he came back. They smelt horrible, and looked worse. I suppose they pass as gentlemen in Germany. I had absolutely nothing to say to the Gravina, nor she to me.

After they went, I walked, and called on Mrs. Ross.

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 14, 1902

Horne came to lunch. He said his Mother was dangerously ill, and, in fact, when I went in to see her in the afternoon, I found the fat, jolly old lady terribly changed. To both Mrs. Trevy and myself she seemed to have death writ on her face.

The Cracrofts and Christina came to dinner and we had plenty of music. The A minor Concerto of Bach (arranged for Piano and Violin), [95 0110] was especially delightful.

The weather is too wonderful — such moonlight!

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 15, 1902

A young Dane named Krohn came to lunch, such a nice, intelligent, gentlemanly boy — what a contrast to the Gravina's Germans!

I went to a lawyer about the raising of our taxes, had my music and shopped, ending up at the Stazione to see the Trevys off. Mrs. Trevy is really very nice, but she is growing more and more a mere echo of her husband.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1902

A morning of housekeeping. Laid down the new Aubusson carpet (a beauty!) with great pleasure!

Alice Blaydes, Houghton and **a Mr. Sargent** came to lunch, and we had the music afterwards: Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue (C minor), various Preludes, Gluck and Schubert (Impromptu in F minor).

Had a walk with Christian and Peggy Cracroft.



Corrected proofs all evening. [96 0111]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1902

Alice Blaydes came up in the morning to ask an address which she had forgotten to take down. While here she received a letter from her husband which made her *furios*. He is a silly man, to write on the first impulse everything that comes into his foolish head. Everything fresh I hear of him lowers more and more my opinion of his character and talents. Alice said she really could not love him after such letters.

Mr. Toy called to say goodbye, and the Burn Murdochs also called.

Bernhard went down to be weighed — he hasn't gained much — and then called on Gertrude.¹⁵¹

I called on Mrs. Donner¹⁵² of "Frumpignano", who was too ill to see me, and then on Aunt Janet. It really does look as if Lina's Trustees are making some trouble about Uncle Henry's Will. I do wish Lina would write to me and clear it up.

Went over Strassburg, Cologne, Brussels and Brunswick catalogues in the evening. [97 0112]

I Tatti, Thursday, Dec. 18, 1902

Ray starts today! I can imagine her joy and excitement!

The silly Gravin(os)a came to lunch and made her usual remarks. I had my music and did various commissions, including changing Alice Blaydes over to another pension. She displayed a truly refrigerating lack of consideration for all the people concerned — except herself!

Young Boulton came to dinner. He did not say much, but he looked so intelligent that we both did a lot of talking.

I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 19, 1902

Had a divine walk of three hours over the tops of the hills in the early morning, looking down on the mists. Miss Cracroft came with me.

Mrs. Ross called after lunch.

I went in to town for shopping.

The house lay in mist all day, but a few steps up the hill and there was spring sunshine — delicious!

At 2.45 the travellers arrived — 2.45 a.m.!! [98 0113]

I Tatti, Settignano, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1902

Such a beautiful day — what luck! The sun rose in a limpid sky, and from the valleys light pearly mists floated up to meet in his rays. There never was a more beautiful day. The travellers are still asleep (9 a.m.).

All we did in the morning was simply to enjoy the sunshine.

In the afternoon we drove — the Patriarchate in one carriage, the

¹⁵¹ Gertrude Morton.

¹⁵² See the entries for Oct. 23, 1901; Jan. 29, 1902



Matriarchate in another — to Castello, and then walked to Petraia.

The afternoon was most beautiful. Ray and Winnie seem full of fun and laughter, and Alys is ever so much better.

I wrote a short notice of Janet Dodge's *Elizabethan Songs*¹⁵³ for the *Chronique des Arts*.¹⁵⁴

<I Tatti,> Sunday, Dec. 21, 1902

Had Mass in our Chapel — a young Franciscan. [99 0114]

We drove Winnie down to the English Church¹⁵⁵ and I took Ray to San Marco, and then called on Gertrude.

In the afternoon we all walked.

Ray seems perfectly happy. Christina came over for the night, and Ray (very shy!) read her paper on the Education Bill, and we had an interesting discussion about it. The paper was not at all bad. It was clear and fairly well arranged, and very un-sectarian.

The Sunsets all these days are very wonderful. They fade at last to the glowing emerald and then dull mauve.

<I Tatti,> Monday, Dec. 22, 1902

Had our hair washed, all four of us.

In the afternoon we drove to the Certosa. I think it made a real impression on the two girls. They thought what a lovely place it would be for a Girls' College!

(Had Mass for Ray's Father in our chapel.)¹⁵⁶

I had a monstrously impertinent letter from Blaydes, which puts an end to all personal relations with him. He accused [100 0115] Bernhard and me of taking advantage of his "wife's" youth and ignorance of the ways of the world to "canvass" in her presence matters that we had no right to bring up, his own past life and the chances of his making a decent husband. I like the impudence of his accusing *us* of "taking advantage" of Alice, when it was with the greatest trouble that we induced *him* to cease to take that monstrously mean advantage of her! And to imagine that Alice would not speak of him — why she spoke of nothing else — and that is his fault, too, for he has left her mind vacant of all other subjects.

I was furious, and wrote a reply, which I read to Bernhard. He advised me not to send it, for what was the use of causing trouble between two people we had taken such pains to marry. *Essermi sfogata*, the anger and even the thought of the matter melted out of my mind. [101 0116]

¹⁵³ ?

¹⁵⁴ Published?

¹⁵⁵ The Church of the Holy Trinity, via La Marmora 7 bis, behind San Marco. Now the Valdensian church.

¹⁵⁶ Frank died on Dec. 22, 1899.



I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1902

Took the girls to town in the morning. Ray showed Winnie San Marco, and then I showed them some of the Palaces.

In the afternoon we had Music — all Bach, and that was enchanting, the whole of the first part of the Christmas Oratorio. Houghton, Sargent, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. Boulton, Mr. Lestrangle and Beatrice Horne were the only people who came.

Alice Blaydes came late, full of fury and rage at the letters *she* has been receiving. She says she can *never* forgive Wilfrid, and she almost wishes she hadn't married him. We had a long and moderately frank talk, chiefly abusing him. She cried with *shame* for him. I hope she will make him feel what he has done, and I think she will, for she says she has a devil's temper.

The curious thing was that although we talked very long, she never understood the point I was driving at — that it was pitiable to see a man so taken in by his own rhetoric. *The* point was severely practical. "Youth and good looks don't last forever, and I'm not going to have him spoiling all my fun." But I liked her frankness. [102 0117]

I Tatti, Settignano, Christmas Day, 1902

We went to the Midnight Mass in the Duomo, but it was not very impressive.

Stockings caused great joy in bed in the morning.

Then came Mass in the Chapel.

Ray and Winnie¹⁵⁷ sat in the sun and made a fountain in the garden.

Houghton came to discuss plans for The Trip.

The Parkinsons¹⁵⁸ came to lunch — a brave girl that.

We called on Gertrude after seeing a picture in San Felice. Caulfield was there. The girls went in to the Houghtons to dinner, which they described as "all running over the place", and which lasted from 7.30 to 9.45!!

Mrs. Ross and Christina came here to dinner. Afterwards I had a little chat with Bertie.

I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 26, 1902

Cloudy, so we did not start on our walking trip, but we went (Alys, the girls and I) [103 0118] with Houghton and his two girls to Prato, Poggio à Caiano and Signa. Houghton is a delicious companion on such excursions.

Alice Blaydes came along too — still full of rage against that idiotic husband of hers.

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1902

Still cloudy.

The girls enjoyed a quiet morning.

¹⁵⁷ Ray's friend, Winnie Buckley.

¹⁵⁸ ?



In the afternoon I took them in to see Santa Croce and the Pazzi Chapel.
The little doctor stayed to dinner.
Mr. Marsh came to lunch.

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1902

Still cloudy — in fact, a real scirocco has set in.

Alice Blaydes came to lunch, quite excited by Calderoni's marked attentions, and by having been stared at again by the Count of Turin. She is in great good humour with Blaydes again, because he has sent her £15, and all agog for a new dress she wants to buy. Her psychology, as B.B. says, is indecently simple.

Mr. & Mrs. Thorold also came to lunch, charming people.

Then came Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and she and Alice and our female party walked over to Doccia and [104 0119] saw the villa.¹⁵⁹

The Lawsons came to tea, also Horne, who remained to dine. His mother is very ill.

Bertie told several good stories of mixed metaphors. "The flood gates of irreverence and atheism are stalking hand in hand throughout the land." "Gentlemen, we are trembling on the verge of a cul-de-sac ..." and so forth.

We read a little more *Pudd'nhead Wilson*¹⁶⁰ in the evening.

After tea I read B.B.'s "Renaissance Churches" to the girls. What did they think?

Before they went to bed, they both crawled under the bed, and when I came in to wish them good night, they stuck out their heads with peals of laughter.

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 29, 1902

Still cloudy and scirocco blowing.

Bernhard and I corrected proofs all morning, and in the [105 0120] afternoon I took Ray and Winnie to the Uffizi. They were interested in and fairly intelligent about "Tactile Values".

We finished *Pudd'nhead Wilson* in the evening — a hateful book.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1902

Bernhard is not feeling well these days. The scirocco seems to undo him.

I took Alys and Bertie up to Settignano, and Miss Cracroft¹⁶¹ played to us Bach's Toccata and Fugue in G minor, the Pastorale, and the Passacaglia. It was pure bliss.

Then Ray and Winnie called for me and we drove up to the Morgans' for lunch, and the girls had fun with the wine-vats, etc.

¹⁵⁹ The villa of Mr. Cannon.

¹⁶⁰ Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens, 1835-1910), *Pudd'nhead Wilson, a tale* (London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, 1894).

¹⁶¹ Miss Cracroft lives in Settignano?



We read Lamb in the evening.

I Tatti, Last day of 1902, Universo, Lucca

Alys and I came with Ray and Winnie, tired of waiting for sunshine, and saw Pisa, and then came on here. How much did Ray take in of the beautiful things I showed her? [106 0121]

I Tatti, Settignano, Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903

Saw Lucca, took train to Serravalle, walked (in mud) to Pistoia, saw Pistoia and came home, very glad to get here and fully appreciative of the comforts. I was stricken down with a fierce headache.

We read nearly all of *Huckleberry Finn* on our journey.

<I Tatti,> Friday, Jan. 2, 1903

Lovely day.

Lunched with Labouchères¹⁶² — a vast villa¹⁶³ furnished like a hotel. Miss Labouchère seems a vulgar little demon; it turned Bertie fairly green to talk with her.

Then we had a delicious walk in the Careggi woods, and so home to tea and proof-correcting.

Sat up late, all of us, finishing *Huck Finn*, and laughed and laughed.

Am fighting a cold. [107 0122]

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1903

Proof-correcting.

Alice Blaydes came to lunch, wild to talk with me about pictures, but all it resolved itself into was a most indecent speculation about the “Magdalen” in the Academy!

Miss Cracroft played the E minor organ toccata and fugue, and the Passacaglia and Part II of the Christmas Oratorio.

Then¹⁶⁴ Alys read Bertie’s *very remarkable* paper on “Mathematics as an Art”, which quite overcame me by its serious noble beauty and austerity. A first rate piece of work, and good style. Bertie will surely go very far.

¹⁶² For Henry Du Pré Labouchère, see the entries for Sept. 23, Oct. 7, 14, 1901.

¹⁶³ Villa Cristina si trova in via de’ Cappuccini angolo via Santa Marta.

Chiamata anche Villa Labouchère (secondo Carocci) fu proprietà dei Dell’Accetta fino al XIV secolo, poi acquistata da Antonio Del Cittadino nel 1469. I successivi proprietari furono Ridolfi, gli spagnoli Montjoi, gli Arrighi, gli Asturillo e i Baglioni, che la vendettero nel 1647 ai marchesi Gerini. Questi ultimi ne furono proprietari per più di due secoli e fecero decorare la villa con disegni a graffito che sono poi scomparsi.

La villa passò poi in proprietà al pittore fiorentino Landini e quindi ad una signora inglese, Cristina, che le dette il nome. Nel 1880 la acquistò il siciliano Principe di Pandolfina e San Giuseppe, Ferdinando Monroy e Barlotta; poi i proprietari furono la signora Woronzoff, il La Bouchère e Rennih.

L’edificio fu destinato alla Facoltà di Ingegneria dell’Università di Firenze, istituita nel 1972.

¹⁶⁴ A note in blue pencil in the left margin: ‘Alas 1925’.



I talked with Bernhard about it, and found him equally enthusiastic. **He thinks Bertie may easily come to take the place Emerson had**, and be, as a thinker, worthy of eminence.

We read Lamb in the evening. [108 0123]

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 4, 1903

We had Mass in the morning, but did nothing much all day, as it was raining and the scirocco was very heavy.

We began to read *Eothen*¹⁶⁵ aloud.

<I Tatti,> Monday, Jan. 5, 1903

Bernhard seems much worse under this scirocco. Alys, too, is depressed, but she bears up wonderfully.

We had a remarkable morning at the Bargello. The girls seemed really to understand about sculpture, and to enjoy it. Alys and Bertie and I went to call at the Placci's (where we met contessa Serristori in a marvellous dress by Doucet), but Ray and Winnie lingered on and on at the photographers, choosing out photographs of sculpture with great taste, even one or two things they had not seen.

We lunched with Houghton and Mr. Sargent on the "Barile", and the girls came out quite strong and independent on the question of whether you could enjoy poor art if you cared for good. Houghton is for enjoying everything. [109 0124]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903

Went to Santa Maria Novella with Houghton, but it was a Festa and we couldn't see anything.

Went to the Martelli Palace and saw the Donatellos, but Winnie was seized with colic, and we had to beat a retreat to Houghton's where we had a leisurely lunch, and then came home.

<I Tatti,> Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1903

Went to the Medici Tombs. Mrs. Perkins met us there.

I was rather in a funk, for after all it is pretty serious art to make into meal for babes, but it began well by Ray and Winnie picking out without hesitation the two statues that were not done by Michelangelo. Bernhard's idea that the composition is exactly what Michelangelo planned was a great help.

Then we went to San Lorenzo, and afterwards came home to lunch.

Later the girls went in again to choose photographs and Mme. Serristori

¹⁶⁵ Alexander William Kinglake (1809-1891), travel writer and historian. Educated at Eton and TCC. His first literary venture was *Eothen; or Traces of travel brought home from the East* (London, 1844), a very popular work of Eastern travel, in which he described a journey he made about ten years earlier in Syria, Palestine and Egypt, together with his Eton contemporary Lord Pollington.



and Placci came and spent three hours, she talking always enchantingly. She is a wonderful creature. [110 0125]

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 8, 1903

A less satisfactory day, for we went to the Pitti, and it was closed (Queen's Birthday), and Houghton, who joined us was rather distracting. Still we saw Santo Spirito, which the girls seemed to enjoy, and after lunch we walked in the Boboli gardens.

Alys and I then called on Rezia Corsini, with Alice Blaydes, who does show herself more and more a thorough little vulgarian.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 9, 1903

Alys and I walked with the girls to Fiesole, and then, leaving them to lunch with Christina Bremner,¹⁶⁶ we walked back with the Thorolds¹⁶⁷ to have lunch here. Miss Lowndes also came. Alys had just recovered from her terrible depression, which had lasted ever since Christmas, so she was very gay. But what an awful curse it is — she has only a few days every month free.

In the afternoon we had Bach, and it was delightful.

Continued *Eothen* in evening. [111 0126]

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 10, 1903

Took the girls and Hugh Morgan to the Pitti, and Houghton, Mrs. Perkins and Alice Blaydes joined us. We looked only at the Gran Duca the Donna Velata, the Duke of Norfolk and Tommaso Mosti¹⁶⁸ and the Sebastiano, Fra Filippo and Signorelli. Houghton nobly restrained his miscellaneous inclinations.

Then we went to lunch at "Sport" and had an excellent lunch for 8 people for £10.10 —!

Then we visited Orsanmichele, the Perugino fresco and the Academy.

Thereupon the girls and Hugh had tea at Doney's (10 cakes!) and I took Bertie to call upon the fascinating Serristori, where Calderoni came and spoiled everything by talking too much and too boringly. Bertie and I could have shrieked with ennui.

We finished *Eothen* in the evening.

I got into bed with the girls and nearly died of laughter at their parodies of my instructions:

"Is this a Donatello?"

"No, it is a Macaroni."

"What is the matter with this statue?"

"Why, it doesn't exist."

¹⁶⁶ Christina apparently lives in or near Fiesole.

¹⁶⁷ Algar Thorold (1866-1936).

¹⁶⁸ Titian



“See this hair — it is like flowers — flowers are much better on people’s head than hair” and so on. [112 0127]

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 11, 1903

Had a most delightful long letter from Mounteney, who was recovering from his operations at a place up in the New Zealand mountains where the virgin forest is spread cool and dark at the bottom of his garden. He is reading *The Golden Bough* with great interest.

We spent the morning packing, and sitting about in the sunshine in the garden. It is as warm as summer.

At 3 they went away, poor old Ray in tears. The visit has been a real success, for even if those girls do not go on taking an interest in Art, they have learned to respect it, which is the most important step. Ray has also had a peep into “grown-up land”, and found it, I think, attractive. Her friend **Winnie Buckley** is a thoroughly nice girl.

When they had gone, I called for young man named Paul Woodroff, introduced to us by Mr. Britten, and drove him up [113 0128] here to have tea. He seemed exceedingly dull, and as silent as an oyster — it might have been shyness, but it seemed like flatness. He is one of **those Catholics — how I loathe the whole lot** — except just Britten, whose taste and character, after all, were formed before he was caught by the odious ring.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins called also, and I gave her a nice dress to wear in America. She *is* a plucky creature, but what a terrible burden she has taken on her shoulders.¹⁶⁹ She is tremendously *straight*, and has the habit of standing up and facing disagreeable truths.

It began to pour.

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 12, 1903

Still pouring in torrents, but by afternoon it was clearer, and I went to town and called on Mme. de Platonoff, shopped and went in to Gertrude’s. I cast a gloom on her by telling her that Alys had *not* relished a very malicious little story she told her about the Dukes. I thought it might serve as a warning. But it is too late for any of my people to like her — they all detest her. Everyone, even [114 0129] people like Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and Mr. Houghton, feels she is not quite a lady — it is a very curious thing. I hardly know in what it consists, but there it is, a feeling that rises up in us all. B.B. is the only person who likes her; and fortunately she takes care to be at her best with him.

I walked back with Peggy Cracroft, who had written an awfully decent letter to Alys about poor Alys’ depression (which she suffered from horribly almost the whole of her visit). Peggy had it herself for years, and suffered the very tortures of hell.

I forgot to say that I called on the Hornes and found Mrs. Horne worse (I

¹⁶⁹ ?



think she is dying). Herbert confessed to Uric Acid and its consequent frightful depression. He came up to have tea with Bernhard.

The doctor remained to dine. He is not very clever, but he is an enthusiastic worker. He simply revelled in the feeling that he was having a [115 0130] “literary conversation”, which consisted in his asking if B.B. had read Maeterlinck and Huysmans, etc., etc., and saying, “How interesting they are!” and then rapidly changing the subject.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1903

Rain, rain. Worked on proofs, etc.

Houghton came to call after lunch, and drove down with me to see a picture — which turned out to be wretched — and help me shop.

I accomplished a call upon the contessa Niccolini — due *for more than a year*, since her extremely kind hospitality to Bernhard, the wretch, who never went near her, after staying a week at her place near Pisa!¹⁷⁰

We have been trying to read *Celestina* (Mabbe’s translation)¹⁷¹ but are fairly stuck with ennui. Bernhard finds the *Cambridge History* pretty boring, but Walpole’s *Letters* delightful. [116 0131]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1903

I drove down to call for Mr. Stogdon,¹⁷² a young Harrow Master whose parents own some interesting Italian pictures. We went to the Bargello on the way up. It rained and rained, but at sunset cleared, and we walked to Settignano, all three. Miss Cracroft played us a new Bach “suite”.

In the evening they looked at Velasquez photographs while I wrote letters. B.B. is feeling awfully tired.

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 15, 1903

Took Mr. Stogdon, Christina and Alice Blaydes through the Uffizi. Alice certainly is the quickest about pictures, she _____ and remembers better, but being perfectly uncultivated, she generally observes the utterly insignificant (or indecent!) details.

To Christina Art is a closed book. It will never open.

Mr. Stogdon is enthusiastic and hanging eagerly onto Culture by the fringe. Although a classical master, his interest in Art is to trace the influence of Religion (he means Christianity) upon it. He [117 0132] speaks fervently of the time when he “began”, of friends “who began about when I did”, or “who are beginning now”, or “began ever so long ago.” This

¹⁷⁰ See the entry for Nov. 6, 1901: ‘Bernhard went off to the Niccolini villa near Pisa.’

¹⁷¹ Fernando de Rojas (1541), *Celestina: or The tragick-comedy of Calisto and Melibea*, trans. James Mabbe (London : David Nutt, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ6427 .E56 1894**

¹⁷² Evidently Edgar Stogdon (†1951), Clare College, B.A., 1892; M.A., 1896; assistant master, Harrow 1903-1908 . His father, John Stogdon (†1919), Clare College, B.A., 1868; M.A., 1871; assistant master, Harrow, 1869-1903.



means (I found) beginning to take an interest in Renaissance painting. He is awfully enthusiastic, but lacks eye, sense for significance, discrimination. Luini and Leonardo are his “favourites”.

In the afternoon the Serristori and Placci called. The Serristori recounted us the plots of two theatre pieces — horrid modern things, but as recounted by her, absorbingly interesting. What a gifted creature!

Kerr-Lawson called later, and I walked back with him and saw Caterina.

Mrs. Ross also called, full of rage against Mrs. Bramley's fecklessness, weary to death of her as a guest.

Lawson says Mrs. Houghton is very coquettish with men, and requires constant compliments on her intellectuality — *and her looks!!!* [118 0133]

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 16, 1903

I took Mr. Stogdon to the Medici Tombs, and then called on Gertrude and had my music lesson and drove Christina and Alice Blaydes up to lunch. Alice had received a wireless message from Marconi from Canada, and was greatly elated. But as she becomes more familiar she is losing some of her silent tack, and she rattled on at lunch about that dirty little bookseller Voynitch¹⁷³ being in love with her and his wife terribly jealous and so on, quite happy and contented and unaware of the mental comments we were making. She also let out that she felt she was “getting ahead” of me in Florentine society — I suppose by going to dine at the Calderonis!! But what a mind it must be under that mass of beautiful (dyed) hair!

We had Bach and Beethoven in the afternoon, and corrected proofs till dinner.

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 17, 1903

Went in to the Innocenti to see the document about “Alumno di Domenico”. [119 0134]

When I told Mr. Stogdon that Horne was coming to dinner, he exclaimed, “How glorious!” It was a new idea.

Poor Mrs. Horne¹⁷⁴ is dying. Horne says he will give up their London house and live chiefly here. He does not mind being alone, for he gets completely absorbed in his work. He does not know what Beatrice will do. She is I think a little “queer”,¹⁷⁵ and eaten up with jealousy (poor girl) of Herbert and his friends.

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 18, 1903

We started to drive to Careggi, but it was too cold, and so we ended up in a few calls, Gertrude, the Hornes, Mrs. Forbes-Morse.

¹⁷³ Voynitch

Not to be confused with the better known Wilfrid Voynich, the Polish book dealer who purchased the Voynich manuscript in 1912, now at the Beinecke.

¹⁷⁴ His wife? Or his mother?

¹⁷⁵ By ‘queer’ does Mary mean gay or homosexual.



I walked out. The Stars were beautiful.

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 19, 1903

Mr. Stogdon went, a well-meaning, stupid, enthusiastic young man, “with no harm in him”.

Music lesson.

Called on Miss Nixon, a young woman who is keeping a sort of “finishing” girls’ school here, struggling to impart art and Berensonianism to them. [120 0135]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1903

It is nice being alone. Bernhard is reading Goethe, Walpole and the *Cambridge History*. I am reading Bryce’s *Holy Roman Empire*¹⁷⁶ having finished for the time Creighton and Ranke and Gardiner’s *Thirty Years War*,¹⁷⁷ and we are reading aloud Aston’s book on Japanese Literature. We have both just read Giles’ delightful volume on Chinese Literature.

I walked with Peggy Cracroft to call on the Jeffreasons and Miss Lowndes at Fiesole, and then home by Castel di Poggio, a good long round. It took all the afternoon, and left me pretty tired in the evening.

Bernhard seems a little better.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1903

Walked and read Maud Cruttwell’s *Della Robbia*,¹⁷⁸ which I am reviewing for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.¹⁷⁹

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1903 * * *

Gertrude came up for the day. It was very tiring, as Mrs. Ross and Sir William Markby,¹⁸⁰ Gronau, the Kerr-Lawsons, and Dr. Poggi all [121 0136] called. Gertrude seemed very far from well, and drank far too much brandy when she felt faint.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 23, 1903

The Priore’s mother died, and I sent a wreath to her funeral, which it appeared, was a distinct consolation to the Priore — such children are the Italians!

Miss Nixon and her nice friend Miss Sheldon came to lunch, and I drove them around by Castel di Poggio.

¹⁷⁶ James Bryce (1838-1922), *The Holy Roman Empire* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1890).

¹⁷⁷ Samuel Rawson Gardiner (1829-1902), *The Thirty Years’ War, 1618-1648* (New York: Scribner, 1894).

¹⁷⁸ Maud Cruttwell, *Luca & Andrea della Robbia and their successors*, with over 150 illustrations (London: Dent; New York: Dutton, 1902). **Biblioteca Berenson NB623.R7 C8 1902**

¹⁷⁹ Published?

¹⁸⁰ Sir William Markby (1829–1914), judge and legal writer



I called on poor Mrs. Horne, who seemed very low.

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 24, 1903

Had a nice walk with B.B., but after lunch he was too tired to go to town, so I went down and took Placci for a drive, to San Miniato.

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1903

A delicious walk. Then I called on Mrs. Ross, and came home to an awful quarrel with B.B. — our first for a long time — over household affairs. We were both in the wrong. Fortunately [122 0137] Horne came in to drive, so we had to brace up, and the Lawsons called too. We were both worn out with our fury. **The worst of quarrelling is that we *can't* escape from each other after all these years; and we know it.**

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 26, 1903

Still quarrelling, but we talked it out after lunch, and then went for a not unamiable drive to Santa Margherita.¹⁸¹

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1903

Had a walk — the morning was too lovely.

Peggy Cracroft to lunch. Music afterwards: Sargent and his sister, dear Houghton, Christina, Miss Lowndes, Mr. Le Strange, the Markbys, Beatrice Horne, and that fluffy **Miss Guinness**. She¹⁸² played a dear little Bagatelle of Beethoven in E flat, very simple and profound. Also the d minor toccata and fugue. [123 0138]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 28, 1903

Logan and Emily Dawson arrived at 2.30 this morning. They slept late. Calderoni came to lunch.

Emily and I drove in and did some shopping.

Then I had one of those exhausting miserable long futile calls on Gertrude, listening to her woes — and a private interview with Miss Lipps, listening to *hers*. Gertrude seems to me a pretty hopeless person, and I am awfully sorry for her. I know no way of spending an afternoon more distasteful than listening to Gertrude's sordid tales. She had them all in tears today, from the cook and the dressmaker up.

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 29, 1903

Alys is going into a rope factory at 8/ a week. She thinks it will distract her mind, and the doctor approves. Her depression has come on again. Mother is much bewildered.

I had a music lesson, called on poor Mrs. Horne, went to see the pictures of a Conte [124 0139] Buschetti, and brought Christina up here. We had a

¹⁸¹ Chiesa di Santa Margherita a Mangona, Barberino di Mugello

¹⁸² Miss Cracroft.



little walk.

Read Gardner's *Siena*.¹⁸³

Bernhard is reading through Ward's *English Poetry*.¹⁸⁴

We played whist.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 30, 1903

Placci came to lunch and was most entertaining, especially about the female adorers of La Duse, who accept everything she does as a miracle of saintliness. When she says, "Così doveva essere" or "È il destino" in a certain tone, they will regard her frequent changes of lovers and semi-religious acts. And when she came to a friend of Placcis's and made the most ghastly complaints of D'Annunzio's treatment of her, especially in regard to money — entering into the most sordid details — and ended up with "But when he takes my hand and strokes it, then I become his slave again", this female chorus raised its eyes to heaven and ejaculated, "Che Donna!" as if she were a Holy Virgin Martyr. [125 0140]

Bernhard drove down and had tea with Placci, and Emily and I called on the Cracrofts.

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1903

Received Douglas' *Siena*¹⁸⁵ for review¹⁸⁶ along with Gardner's. Read most of it.

A letter from Don Guido said that when he was here he had seen through Alice Blaydes and thought we had made a great mistake in having a visit from a person of such a different world from ours. He said he pitied her so much that he did not tell us. She is a thoroughly low lot, I am convinced — selfish, vulgar, false, and spiteful, and as hard as nails.

We went down to a Concert at the Club, B.B.'s first appearance there, and heard a man named Angellelli — brilliant but hard and superficial.

Played whist — divine game! [126 0141]

I Tatti, Sunday, Feb. 1, 1903

Three nervously broken-down people have I had to comfort today. Emily was crying when I went into her bed-room, thinking no one could endure her. B.B. was saying "I'm a real pig" — in despair at his long, enforced idleness — and with Gertrude it was the usual tale of hopeless muddle.

I saw Dr. Poggi on the stairs, and he said he would not be surprised if she killed herself. Logan also has been in bed with a cold, and Horne came to call looking very white and ill, and complaining of fever.

¹⁸³ Edmund G. Gardner (1869-1935), *The story of Siena and San Gimignano* (London: J.M. Dent, 1902). **Biblioteca Berenson DG975.S5 G2 1902**

¹⁸⁴ Frederick William Orde Ward (1843-1922).

¹⁸⁵ Robert Langton Douglas (1864-1951), *A History of Siena* (London: J. Murray, 1902).

¹⁸⁶ Was a review ever written or published?



But I have been so hard at work, I haven't had time to be depressed. Emily and I worked on the Index until it was time for me to go over the proofs of B.B.'s "Alumno di Domenico"¹⁸⁷ article with him, and answer for him Dell's letter and so on. A busy day.

Alys writes that she has found work in a rope-factory at Putney at 6/ a week. She [127 0142] is dressed as a factory girl, with her hair in "curlers", and no one suspects she is anything else. "No. 28", she is called. The girls talk about drinks and "blokes" (young men). They asked Alys, "Say, does your bloke 'it you?'"

I Tatti, Monday, Feb. 2, 1903

Worked on Index.¹⁸⁸ Emily and I like it.

B.B. dreamt he heard Dr. Giglioli say, "Yes, poor fellow, he was making all his plans, but I knew all the time he was going to die." But he *isn't*.

I wrote a long letter to Roger Fry explaining his position about that disgusting Langton Douglas.

Called with Emily in the afternoon on Miss Ede at Novoli, a nice girl.

Called also on Miss Nixon and Gertrude and Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Ross was regretting her son's recovery from pneumonia.

I wrote to Gertrude's cousin in desperation.

Dr. Giglioli stayed to dinner. [128 0143]

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1903

Worked on Index with Emily.

Music in the afternoon. Miss Hastings came and sang Beethoven's *Kennst du das Land?* and some Schubert, which latter we did not care for very much. It is too emotional.

Horne came to dinner, and was very amusing about his two friends, Selwyn Image¹⁸⁹ and Stewart Headlam¹⁹⁰ (both clergymen) who have taken up with ballet-ladies.

Miss Calderoni came to lunch.

<I Tatti,> Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1903

Index. Drove with B.B. out beyond Bagno a Ripoli — a lovely day.

<I Tatti,> Thursday, Feb. 5, 1903

Index and Table of Contents.

Mrs. Toy came to lunch, full of cultured subjects. Bernhard took her for a drive.

I had my music.

¹⁸⁷ Bernard Berenson, 'Alumno di Domenico', *The Burlington Magazine* 1 (1903), pp. 11.

¹⁸⁸ The index to *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters*?

¹⁸⁹ See entries for May 12, Sept. 6, 1898. Sturgis, p. 337.

¹⁹⁰ For Stuart Headlam, see the entries for Apr. 17, 1897; Apr. 3, 1898.



Gronau came to tea — very nice.

We greatly enjoy playing whist in the evening. [129 0144]

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1903

The last week has been one horrible nightmare of Gertrude Morton, who turns out to be one of those miserable cases of hysteria, who lie and feign illnesses, and do every sort of thing to get their own way. She pretended homicidal madness to get rid of Miss Lipps, the companion sent by her Mother, and poor Miss Lipps took refuge here, and many a horrid tale did she regale us with! I think that besides hysteria, Gertrude is given to an over-use of drink and morphia and ether and chlorotone. It *has* been a time! She has used up all our personal sympathy. I can now only pity her as “a case”.

We had our music today — part V of *Christmas Oratorio*,¹⁹¹ and then *Suite in A minor*.¹⁹² It was such a lovely day that we had tea in the garden.

Conte Gamba called.

Alice Blaydes wrote to say she meant not to say a word to her husband of “the confidences we dragged from her under pretence of [130 0145] friendship.” Yet we are the people who have done more for her — she often said so — than anyone else in the world! What is her object in fighting with us? It is hard to imagine. Of course it can go no further, for she simply *drops out*.

We are reading *Lucien Leuwen*,¹⁹³ that fragment of Stendhal.

I sent off a review¹⁹⁴ to *The Nation* of Douglas' and Gardner's books on Siena.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1903

We all went down to hear Palestrina's Mass at the Annunziata.

Placci was there grinning with malice over the puerility and flatness and poverty of Donna Laura Gropallo's Great Book — the critical study of contemporary Italian novelists she [131 0146] has been making such a fuss about for years. B.B. had read a chapter already and was quite of Placci's opinion — as I was also through having read a chapter (the one on Fagazzaro) at Gazzada. *There*, as Donna Camilla begged me to praise it, I *did* praise it, and they came hanging round me to get more and more and more praise, until even my teeth ached with the lies they forced me to tell!

After lunch B.B. and I made **our annual pilgrimage to our Tree, behind Fiesole**.

After tea, Emily and I finished indexing Andrea.

¹⁹¹ Bach

¹⁹² Bach? Telemann?

¹⁹³ Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle, 1783-1842), *Lucien Leuwen* (Paris: Éditions de la Revue blanche, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2435 .L8 1901 [Shelved as SAL.V.6]**

¹⁹⁴ Published?



no entries after Feb. 11 until

I Tatti, Sunday, Feb. 22, 1903

More than a week has passed — most of it in listening to the prattling of a tireless talker, Miss Moffat — the silliest creature we ever struck, although ap<parently> [132 0147] very effective as the head of the “Home Culture” Association in America. She is from the South, and still retains that silly attitude towards young men. That “jaded female”, as B.B. called her, is as silly as a belle of 18. And oh what a talker! She was so silly, we ached with laughter, but, as B.B. said, it was like the laughter produced by tickling.

All this time Emily and I have been struggling over the Michelangelo and School section of B.B.’s book. It is stupendous, the amount of work he has done!! Emily is so nice — it is a pleasure to work with her.

Today, when I was in bed with a cold, and B.B. and Emily were out driving, the Countess Detalmo di Brazzà Savorgnan¹⁹⁵ (30^a Via Porta [133 0148] Pinciana) called. I put down her name and address so as not to forget it — to see if B.B. could dispose of a “genuine Raphael” belong to the Archduke of Tuscany. She is a vehement American woman, uneducated, but I daresay she means well. Very philanthropic, and very full of herself, of her Causes, and of God’s special providence.

We are glad to get back to our Whist in peace again!

I Tatti, Monday, Feb. 23, 1903

An enraging letter from the publisher Murray, saying the badness of the Plates for B.B.’s book was Bernhard’s fault, when we *implored* them to send him proofs, and they have never sent one! Poor Bernhard was in such a state that his masseuse said she found him as if after a bad illness. He really isn’t well at all. [134 0149]

Calderoni and Benn came to lunch. The Markbys were to have come, but they forgot it, and then were in despair!

Emily and I called on the Hornes.

The doctor stayed to dinner.

We have finished Indexing the Michelangelo.

Christina, Sargent and Thorold called.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1903

We had our Music, Christmas Oratorio, etc.

Mrs. Forbes-Morse (I don’t care for her) brought a vulgar-looking young woman named Bayley. But the sunshine was so heavenly that it did not matter having uncongenial people.

Miss Cruttwell and Mrs. Toy came to lunch. Mrs. Toy rather cross and rude when she was not made the centre of conversation, but Maud very

¹⁹⁵ Cora Slocomb (1860-1944) studied in Munich with Frank Duvenek. In 1887 she married count Detalmo Savorgnan di Brazzà from Friuli.



jolly and Rabelaisian.

The Lee-Hamiltons' baby is born at last — a girl.

Gilbert Murray came up, and seemed awfully nice. How [135 0150] different from the others!!

After the music we walked along towards Fiesole and saw the festival of the "ultimo giorno di Carnevale", when all the valleys and hills echoed with the shrill voices of children rushing through the fields with bunches of burning straw.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1903

Sent off the A-F of the Index of Places.

Emily dear is with me and we called on Miss Nixon and Miss Sheldon.

Then I called on Mrs. Hapgood. I found her not improved by two years, her face is fatter and heavier and her mouth more sensual. She looked distinctly "common". She said (like Mrs. Toy) that her only interest in life was People.

Then I called on the Gravina,¹⁹⁶ who told me that General Baldissera¹⁹⁷ was the only man who understood her.

I Tatti, Thursday, Feb. 26, 1903

Did some Index, and then went down and [136 0151] got Norman Hapgood and Don Guido, and brought them up to lunch, taking a peep at the Bargello by the way.

Norman said at lunch that the only interesting thing to him about sculpture was to be told the precise muscles that were brought into play in certain poses, and be shown how the artist treated them; and, in regard to pictures to have it explained to him how the paint had been put on ——!! B.B. remained discreetly silent.

After lunch we walked to La Doccia, which was lovely. B.B. and Don Guido drove. Don Guido told me that Alice Blaydes said to him that she didn't care at all about her husband; and said that as soon as she left here she wrote to him begging him to come down to Florence to see her!!! If her silly husband knew that —— [137 0152]

¹⁹⁶ See the entry for Nov. 13, 1899: 'Meanwhile Bernhard lunched at Madame Incontri's and met Count Stroganoff, Madame de Turenne, and **Mrs. Wagner's daughter, the Contessa Gravina**, with whom he struck up a lively flirtation.'

? Blandine Gravina (* 20. März 1863 in Berlin; † 4. Dezember 1941 in Florenz; geborene Blandine Elisabeth Veronica Theresia von Bülow) war eine Tochter von Cosima Wagner und Hans von Bülow. 1882 heiratete sie den Grafen Biagio Gravina, den zweiten Sohn des Fürsten di Ramacca aus Palermo.

? Her daughter, Maria Cosima Gravina (* 1886 in Palermo; † 1929).

¹⁹⁷ On Baldissera, see also the entry for June 12, 1900. Antonio Baldissera (1838-1917), a general, active in the Ethiopian Empire (Abyssinia) and in Italian Eritrea during the late 19th and early 20th centuries.



I Tatti, Settignano, Friday, Feb. 27, 1903

Proof all morning.

After lunch I took Miss Nixon's school to the Medici Tombs — also Logan and Emily and Norman and Gilbert Murray.

It was a comfort to get back home, for I was feeling so ill with a cold.

<I Tatti,> Saturday, Feb. 28, 1903

Ill with cold. Worked on Index.

The Markbys, Norman, Benn, and Murray came to lunch, the latter to remain on. Dull-ish lunch, better talk after the Markbys had gone. Better still at tea with Murray and at dinner.

B.B. and Murray both confessed to the sensation (*not belief*) that **they were perfectly unique in the world, and no one could really understand them or talk with them as an equal but God**, that the world really depended on them.

Miss Cracroft called and gave me a music lesson. [138 0153]

I Tatti, Settignano, Sunday, Mar. 1, 1903

Norman Hapgood and his wife came in the morning to "see the house". She looked like beautiful, sensual, wicked Aubrey Beardsley, but I daresay she has only a silly flirtations American soul behind.

Mrs. Sickert¹⁹⁸ came to lunch. She says that Zangwill doesn't want to get married, but only to have some one to write to and to "live a situation" with. He doesn't in the least wish the "insuperable obstacles" to melt away. When she had argued down the very last, he suddenly invented his father's "social position in Jerusalem!"

She says Mrs. Heinemann¹⁹⁹ has deserted "the good William", who is in vain seeking for a cause for divorcing her. She in the meantime, having made lots of money on the Stock Exchange, has gone to live at Claridge's [139 0154] Hotel, with three carriages and an automobile at her service.

I took Mrs. Sickert to call on Mrs. Ross, and, coming back, found the Kerr-Lawsons, who are harbouring Mrs. Houghton, who left home in a rage

¹⁹⁸ Evidently (?) Ellen Cobden (1848-1914) Ellen ("Nellie") Melicent Sickert, née Cobden, was an English writer. She was the fourth daughter of the Radical politician Richard and Catherine Anne Cobden, née Williams.

Walter Richard Sickert (31 May 1860 – 22 January 1942), was an English painter and printmaker who was a member of the Camden Town Group in London.

On 17 June 1885, Sickert married **Ellen Cobden**, a woman 12 years his senior.

In 1896, Sickert separated from his wife, Ellen, after 11 years of marriage.

In 1911, Sickert married **Christine Angus**, a student 17 years his junior. However, by 1920, Christine had died.

In 1926 Sickert married his longtime friend, **Therese Lessore**, who would remain his wife until his death.

¹⁹⁹ Magda Stuart Heinemann (m. 1899), née Sindici, pseudonym 'Kassandra Vivaria', writer. A girl friend of Wilfrid Blaydes! See the entries, Nov. 17, 1898; Jan. 24, May 18, 1899.



with her husband.

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Johnson came to call, on their wedding-trip. Bernhard had a walk with Gilbert Murray whom he *likes exceedingly*.

<I Tatti,> Monday, Mar. 2, 1903

Mrs. Toy, Norman and Carlo Placci came to lunch. I do not think it went off very well, but it might have been worse. Mrs. Toy does not harmonize with other people. Placci was bursting with "informations" about Duse and D'Annunzio, who, he says, just live for sensuality.

Fortunately he asked me privately if he *should* tell <us> what the Duse told him, and I saved a catastrophe by not letting him. But she said she was informed on good authority that the reason the American college girls [140 0155] are so fully developed, and look so strong and athletic is because no one of them comes out of college a virgin!!! The young men students and the professors are their lovers, but they don't abuse the privilege, but only use it enough to keep them in blooming health. La Duse thought it such an admirable system!! Who was galling her? Or was it merely her Latin view of the situation?

Carlo played to us *Walkyrie*, but he plays like the old scratch.

Emily and I drove down to our dressmaker and to see poor Mrs. Horne.

I saw also the lawyer, as **our landlord died last night, old Temple Leader,**²⁰⁰ and who knows what mischief there will be to pay with **his Italian heirs?**

We like Gilbert Murray more and more. He is a thorough gentleman, and very highly intellectualized. [141 0156]

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1903

Music in the afternoon. Mrs. Forbes-Morse sang from *Figaro* — charmingly! She brought with her a quaint, 1830-looking young German artist named Vogeler-Worpswede.²⁰¹

After the music I walked to Settignano with Peggy Cracroft, and called on Christina.²⁰²

²⁰⁰ John Temple Leader (7 May 1810 – 1 March 1903) died at 14 Piazza dei Pitti on 1 March 1903. His fortune amounted to £250,000. He made bequests to educational and charitable institutions in Florence. The rest of his property in England and Italy, including Vincigliata, was bequeathed to his great-nephew Richard Luttrell Pilkington Bethell, 3rd Baron Westbury.

²⁰¹ Johann Heinrich Vogeler (18172-1942) war ein deutscher Maler, Grafiker, Architekt, Designer, Pädagoge, Schriftsteller und Sozialist. Der vielseitig begabte Künstler ist besonders durch seine Werke aus der Jugendstilzeit bekannt geworden. Er gehört zur ersten Generation der Künstlerkolonie Worpswede, sein Wohnhaus, der Barkenhoff, wurde Anfang der 1900er Jahre zum Mittelpunkt der künstlerischen Bewegung.

²⁰² Christina Bremner and Peggy Cracroft both apparently live in Settignano.



I Tatti, Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1903

I took Logan and Emily and Murray and Norman to the Uffizi, and I think we all enjoyed ourselves.

Norman came up to lunch. He spoke with extreme contempt of Mr. Strong, and regret of Eugénie.

Coming away, we met D'Annunzio, who was presented to me.

We took Sir William Markby²⁰³ to call on the Benns.

Then B.B. and Norman went to see Miss Lowndes, and I went on to Fiesole to see [142 0157] Gertrude at the Blue Nuns' house of repose.²⁰⁴ She seemed much better and more composed; but full of her delusions about Miss Lipps. I really do not know what to think. What I feel alas is that I distinctly loathe poor Gertrude.

The walk home was too inconceivably beautiful. I never saw a more marvellous red glow in the sky. The day has been *matchless* for weather!

On my return I found a telegram from Mounteney saying he sails on the 13th and expects to reach Brindisi on April 24th. I am afraid it would have been wiser for him to stay a good deal longer and complete his cure.

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Thursday, Mar. 5, 1903

Worked on proofs and Index. Drove in with [143 0158] Emily to dressmaker, etc.

Had a long discussion in the evening about Dickens, whom Gilbert Murray *likes*! How strange it is, for in most respects he seems to have the same standard of values as ourselves!

B.B. has made up his mind to say out what he really feels and thinks about things. It will make him either fascinating or a dreadful bore, but I don't think he could be the latter.

<I Tatti,> Friday, Mar. 6, 1903

Bernhard took Murray for a drive to San Giusto at Signano,²⁰⁵ where they found a fine Agnolo Gaddi.

I went with Maud and Emily and Beatrice to the Vauchetoni²⁰⁶ and S. Francesco delle Stimate²⁰⁷ to see odds and ends.

In the evening B.B. said that art was indescribably more satisfying to him than anything actual. I agreed about music, Murray about poetry. [144 0159]

I Tatti, Settignano, Saturday, Mar. 7, 1903

Norman came to lunch and was very nice, but he is less congenial than

²⁰³ Sir William Markby (1829-1914), an English judge and legal writer.

²⁰⁴ Villa San Girolamo, the Irish Blue Nuns of the Little Company of Mary.

²⁰⁵ San Giusto a Signano, Scandicci, at the corner of Via San Giusto and Via Giovanni Amendola.

²⁰⁶ ? Vauchetoni? Congregazione di S. Francesco della Dottrina Cristiana detta dei Vauchetoni

²⁰⁷



Murray by a great way. Although it was raining so <hard> that we had given up all hope of visitors, Placci and the Serristori came punctually at 3, **and a minute or two after, Duse and D'Annunzio.**

Duse looks about 50, a sad but attractive face, large gestures and something very *populacière* in voice and movements.

D'Annunzio looks like a small white, nasty worm, and has common, excited Italian gestures, and talks a great deal about his poetry and plays and novels — in short, just the cad you would expect from his novels. He flirted with the Serristori, who became quite another being in his presence, more *la femme* than the keenly intelligent youth we know.

The Duse fastened before long on Norman Hapgood as “useful”, and they talked American theatre.

D'Annunzio [145 0160] gave his view of Life — how the four great guides to life were (of course) masculine and feminine, whose meanings produced action, happiness, etc.: *Instinct, Pride, Will* and *Volupté*. He forgot Intellect, but quickly recovered himself when B.B. called attention to the omission, and said the Intellect was the Ego, which made use of these four ministers. It was rather silly, but expressed in clearcut phrases with some picturesqueness. They stayed two hours, and the Serristori an hour more, so we were pretty tired.

We went to see Coquelin in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in the evening, and were all, including Placci, bored. Spoke much of the Molière Myth.

Delicious to get home and get to bed. [146 0161]

I Tatti, Settignano, Sunday, Mar. 8, 1903

B.B. received an enraging letter from his publisher, Murray, and was enraged indeed. He even tore his hair, and he wanted to write a letter that would simply end things then and there. It took me the whole morning to write to Murray.

Poor B.B., when his anger was quite spent, he said, “Mary, what should I do if I hadn't you to rage against?”

He went to lunch with the Vice Chancellor of Oxford (Monro)²⁰⁸ at Mrs. Ross', and Christina came here. Then he drove into town and looked round the Bargello, and I called on Dr. Peachy Phipson,²⁰⁹ Rukhmabai's friend.

Horne came to dinner.

Gilbert Murray has been charming all day.

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Monday, Mar. 9, 1903

Proof and Index in morning.

²⁰⁸ David Binning Monro (1836-1905), Homeric scholar and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford (1901-1904).

²⁰⁹ Padma Anagol, *The Emergence of Feminism in India, 1850-1920*, p. 212, n. 113:

Dr Edith Pechey-Phipson was a highly respected member of the colonial elite in Bombay and oversaw the operations of several hospitals for women and children in Bombay Presidency.



Emily and Mr. Murray [147 0162] and I went to the Academy in the afternoon, and then Emily and I to the dressmakers.

Miss Cracroft gave me a music lesson, and I took her to hear D'Albert,²¹⁰ who plays marvellously.

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Tuesday, Mar. 10, 1903

Miss Ogilvy to lunch. Music afterwards. Miss Hastings and Mrs. Forbes-Morse sang, but I prefer to hear the Bach.

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Wednesday, Mar. 11, 1903

Zug, melancholy, stupid, nervous Zug came to lunch and poured out his woes. He has been appointed Instructor in Art at Chicago, and now he wants to throw up the job, out of nervousness and incompetence.

Gertrude and her nice nun called, and the Brocklebanks²¹¹ and B.B. had a walk and interesting talk with the Serristori.

The pages of proof came — Vinci — see Leonardo! [148 0163]

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Thursday, Mar. 12, 1903

Busy writing B.B.'s letters.

Mr. Murray drove down with me to town. I called on the Hornes and told Herbert that Bells had written to us to say they were going to publish his famous long-delayed Botticelli as a Fragment. They have had the plates and part of the text ready for nine years.

We met Miss Jane Harrison at 5.30. It was quite flat. I felt at once she was not "our kind", in spite of Alys' and Bertie's enthusiasm. The evening seemed long and dull, and a moonlight walk I took her before tea was deadly!

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Friday, Mar. 13, 1903

The Vice Chancellor of Oxford and a nice young undergraduate he is [149 0164] travelling with came to lunch.

Later Zug came with his deadly tale of woe. The poor thing has actual melancholia the doctor says. One can see that he is in torture.

The evening was very dull again (although Horne came to make it "glorious"), but Murray introduced us to a new sect, whose existence Podmore²¹² casually mentions in his book,²¹³ "the grass-eating Atheists of Ham Common, who are said to sleep with their toes out of the window".

He is extremely witty, Murray, and altogether delightful — a great contrast to Miss Harrison, who seems a regular old owl. She is having an imaginary "adventure" with Murray, and making herself ridiculous, as is

²¹⁰ Eugen d'Albert (1864-1932), a Scottish-born German pianist and composer.

²¹¹ ? Brocklebank

²¹² ? Frank Podmore (1856-1910), author and founding member of the Fabian Society, best known as an influential member of the Society for Psychological Research.

²¹³ ? *Studies in Psychological Research* (1897)



the wont of those amorous old maids. Murray is of [150 0165] course absolutely unaware of it — he just thinks it's awfully kind of the old lady (she is 53) to come and take care of him. But he devoutly wishes she wouldn't! He longs to stay here, he has just the condition that suits him, quiet, freedom from worry, books and a little extremely congenial society. But she is determined to carry him off to cold, noisy, uncomfortable hotels. He is in despair, but cannot see a way out of it, as he promised to go before he knew he could stay here.

He thought of shamming an illness that would keep him in bed, but his Puritan conscience would not permit it. She is not sensible or generous enough to let him stay where it would be obviously so much better for him, and we think it is [151 0166] because, like Don Quixote, she thinks she is having an "amorous adventure". She talks like a caricature even of Miss Sellers' caricature of her about her old flame, Mr. McColl — with his "eyes like bright stars reflected in a deep blue lake", and so on — we winking and grinning with amusement behind her back. Emily and Logan say they think this is a pseudo-Jane, she is so different from the lively entertaining one they have met in London. We think it must be the fault of her flirtation.

I Tatti, Settignano, Saturday, Mar. 14, 1903

I went down with Miss Harrison and Mr. Murray to the Museo Etrusco. I discovered she hadn't the faintest sense of beauty, nor the slightest interest in it.

The comedy goes on. Murray [152 0167] avoids her as much as he can, for she distinctly bores him. I am sure she explains it by his not wishing to compromise her in our eyes! They played whist in the evening, but she was rather huffy.

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Sunday, Mar. 15, 1903

The Provost and his young friend came to lunch, and Miss Cracroft came afterwards and played to us.

B.B. drove over to Miss Ede's²¹⁴ and got Emily who spent a pleasant day there.

The De Morgans²¹⁵ called.

The evening was most interesting, for Murray threw a sizzling bomb into our midst by saying that he did not consider Milton one of the great English poets — these being Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley — [153 0168] and *Tennyson*!!! We were quite speechless with horror — a horror that only deepened when he read to us that intolerably vulgar poem "Maud". Logan and I held ourselves in most nobly, and B.B., under Murray's angelic influence, spread angels' wings and brooded over the discussion with

²¹⁴ Miss Ede at Novoli

²¹⁵ ? Perhaps a relative of Augustus De Morgan (1806-1871), a famous mathematician and logician.



infinite mildness and persuasiveness. Miss Harrison remained an owl.

Murray ended by saying that Tennyson never rose to the height of Keats, but that he had written *so much* of a second-class kind, and that his “technique” was so fine. The glaring fact remained, however, that this cultured, sensitive man, simply revels in Tennyson’s poetry, as in almost no other in the English language!! [154 0169]

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Monday, Mar. 16, 1903

Delightful continuation of our discussion on Tennyson. Murray is adorable. Miss Harrison seems old and dull and not at all interested in general thought.

It rained all day.

Thorold came to tea, and the inevitable Zug, with his request to have “two hours” in which to “state his position”.

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Tuesday, Mar. 17, 1903

Amusing discussion about Poetry after lunch. We read our “Golden Urned” Wordsworth and Shelley, and Murray, adopting our standards, applied them still more severely, reducing the thing *almost* ad absurdum! But he was so genial and witty and sympathetic and delightful!

We had music, and Mr. Cannon came — that charming man. [155 0170]

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Wednesday, Mar. 18, 1903

Still at work on Index.

Bernhard and I called on Gertrude in the afternoon. Her brother had written to her that her own income was £300 a year and that for the present he would allow her £240 more — “Yours truly, C. H. Tyler” — only this. I daresay it is the most important thing for her.

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Thursday, Mar. 19, 1903²¹⁶

Cust and his miserable Burton boy came to lunch.

Then I saw Emily off (to my regret) **and then Logan and I drove to La Doccia to meet the great Edith Wharton.**

We found B.B. there already, it was clear, loathing her. We also disliked her intensely. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were there, he the editor of the *Century* Magazine. The little Laureate²¹⁷ was also there, very elate<d> at the prospect of having his Play produced. The only nice people were dear Mr. Cannon and his guest, Captain Fairbairn. [156 0171]

I Tatti, Settignano, Friday, Mar. 20, 1903

We went to see the Duse, and found her in her rose garden, in a quiet, secluded little house in the midst of a *podere* looking towards the

²¹⁶ Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 388

²¹⁷ ?



Incontro.²¹⁸

She showed us over her house, which is a little too Museum-y, and a little barbaric below, but upstairs, where she lives, furnished just like a cultivated undergraduate's room, with photos of "favorite" Italian pictures, of Keats' grave and Shakspeare's [sic] house, the death-mask of Beethoven, Blake's books, etc., etc. Rather too many casts, however, and enlarged photographs, but very sympathetic, on the whole, and remarkable for an Actress. She has a mania of calling everything "Francescano" — like the California girl who called everything old "Louis XVI". I don't think she half knows what she means. She [157 0172] seemed very sad at going to Russia to play in French rôles, having devoted five years entirely to D'Annunzio, and very sad also that other people might now (so she has arranged with him) take up his Plays. She spoke simply and frankly about it, and I wondered if one of the reasons of her extreme seclusion (besides amorousness) might not be her tendency to speak frankly about herself, and take people into her intimacy.

<I Tatti, Settignano,> Saturday, Mar. 21, 1903

At least she came over this morning and spoke without disguise about D'Annunzio, how he is overworking himself, and she asked me to arrange for more music to distract him in the evening. She spoke just [158 0173] as every woman speaks about her "men folk", people with strange, unreasonable (yet admirable) wills of their own, who have to be "managed" for their good. There wasn't the faintest pretence at anything other than the real situation. She is very direct. She is also *populacière*, but not at all disagreeably so.

Well, I got Miss Cracroft, and we had some delicious music, but it was clear that the Duse didn't care much about it, and D'Annunzio, though he cares about it and knows a good deal, takes it <as> a springboard from which to leap into conversation.

The Cracrofts went at 11, but the other stayed till 12, the poor Duse awfully bored, awfully tired, but evidently [159 0174] not daring to make the first move. She is completely subject to him. He was talking pleasantly and sympathetically about old music (he loathes modern) and about general topics.

I Tatti, <Settignano,> Sunday, Mar. 22, 1903

Logan and I called on Mrs. Ross. Mr. Morgan and the Cracrofts called, and then Mrs. Johnson whom we met at Mr. Cannon's, bringing Miss Macdougall and Jo Smith, the Boston painter.

Mrs. Johnson had had the same impression from Mrs. Wharton that we had received, intolerable sniffiness, rudeness, self-absorption.

²¹⁸ Villa Porziuncola in via della Capponcina 75, across the street from Villa La Capponcina, via della Capponcina 32.



In the evening we took Horne over with us to dine with Mr. Cannon,²¹⁹ who had three young American women, two daughters of Senator Jones, and a Mrs. Wohner/Wolnur, all interested in education. They looked unpromising, but turned out to be interesting to talk to. [160 0175]

Grand Hotel, Siena, Monday, Mar. 23, 1903

We had a delightful drive across as far as Poggibonsi, where we took the train. To our surprise, the Countess Serristori was on the same train, with her husband and the interesting Pole she brought up on Saturday, M. Rembelinski.²²⁰

<Grand Hotel, Siena,> Tuesday, Mar. 24, 1903

"Umberto"²²¹ was summoned to Pisa by a wire, so we were left an extremely pleasant *parti carré* — all fairly frank, intelligent and sympathetic.

The day was delightful — seeing sights in the morning and driving to Belcaro in the afternoon.

<Grand Hotel, Siena,> Wednesday, Mar. 25, 1903

An even more pleasant day — hundreds of sympathetic things to talk about. They care something about art, but, especially in the Serristori, it is rather the awakening and satisfaction of curiosity than any [161 0176] intimate sensation. She never looks long enough to let it soak in.

B.B. says that his observation goes to show that the Southern nature is much more conceptual than the brooding, half mystic, slower Northern nature. D'Annunzio, for example, leaped at once into discussion when we were quite spell-bound by some great Toccata or Fugue of Bach. And here, it is the Pole rather than the Spaniard *qui se laisse pénétrer de l'oeuvre d'art*.

We are talking, all four with extreme frankness — how delicious it is to be sure of being understood!

<Grand Hotel, Siena,> Thursday, Mar. <26>, 1903

I have never been with people who were so little liable to misunderstand each other as we four. We can say anything.

Yesterday the Serristori said she was "*une femme ratée*", and that with such a husband as Umberto she could make nothing of [162 0177] her life. "Your own fault for marrying an *ennuyeux*?", said Rembelinski.

Then both he and B.B. confessed their secret poetic cult for Women, and said that if that were taken away from them life would not be worth living. **Yet of women neither of them think very highly.** I cannot say I find in my heart a mystic cult of Man. I wish I had!

Well, they went at 3, and we drove about to various places, including San

²¹⁹ mentioned in Katherine Wheeler, *Victorian Perceptions of Renaissance Architecture*.

²²⁰ Hadley, p. 452: 'But I feel far more the death of Rembelinski which took place a few days earlier. Him I shall never replace, for he was a wonderful combination ...'

²²¹ Count Serristori.



Bernardino and the Chigi Villa, Vico Bello.²²²

<Grand Hotel,> Siena, Friday, Mar. 27, 1903

We drove to Asciano and back and saw the pictures. A long, windy drive, but we enjoyed it.

<Grand Hotel, Siena,> Saturday, Mar. 28, 1903

Went with Perkins to see all the Vannis.²²³

To the gallery in the afternoon, and to call [163 0178] on the Countess Cortes and Miss Nield.²²⁴

I finished my review²²⁵ of Maud Cruttwell's *Della Robbia*, a good sound book.

<Grand Hotel, Siena,> Sunday, Mar. 29, 1903

A letter from Mounteney saying he is going to marry Miss Head,²²⁶ after all. *C'était écrit là-haut*. May the poor fellow find some peace and happiness at last. Bernhard feels sure she is not the woman to make him happy or to help him on, but I hope the years have changed her and taught here that even an "American girl" must consider others. He deserves a little joy, for really he has suffered enough (through *her* fault) these last 14 years to fill half a dozen lives. May the gods give him happiness at last!

We drove to the fine Badia d'Isola and discovered there a companion picture to the much discussed "Rucellai" Madonna! [164 0179]

I Tatti, Monday, Mar. 30, 1903

We had a delightful drive across from Florence. Bernhard is beginning to be really frank, and he is growing more and more interesting. We discussed all about Jephson in an open way. I was very glad to. I do not know how I feel about his engagement, but I know I want him to be happy, and that *I* could not have made him so.

* * *

no entries after Mar. 30 until

²²² Le Volte di Vico Bello.

²²³ ? Francesco Vanni (1563-1610), a painter of the Mannerist style, active in Rome and his native city of Siena.

Andrea Vanni (1332 – c. 1414), a painter, active mainly in his native Siena.

Raffaello Vanni (1590 ca -1673), born at Siena. He first trained with his father, Francesco Vanni.

²²⁴ Perhaps the daughter of Sir Herbert Nield (1862-1932), a Conservative Party politician.

²²⁵ Published?

²²⁶ For Anna Head, see the entries for Nov. 24, 26, 1900; May 2, 1901.



I Tatti, Friday, May 1, 1903

I had a most delightful three weeks at Friday's Hill with the children and mother.

From the 14th to the 21st Ray and Karin had ten school friends there — and it was “blissful” they said!

Ray is getting more “grown up”, though she hates to admit it. Karin is very sweet and [165 0180] good-tempered and witty.

I saw Gladys in Paris, at an asylum. She was finishing her “Cure”, but appeared by no means well yet. She and her silly mamma have got it into their heads that she is to marry the Duke of Norfolk!

I saw Roger and found poor Helen ill again, silent, melancholy, and full of hallucinations.

I saw the dear Mikes too, and Britten and so on.

Mrs. Horne²²⁷ died, of cancer. I arranged Horne's affairs with Bells.

In the mean time Bernhard had Dickinson staying here, and they appear to have thoroughly enjoyed each other's society.

The day I came home, Miss Priestley²²⁸ came to lunch, and the Serristori with M. Rembelinski²²⁹ to tea, delightful as ever.

Bernhard is better — and delightful! [166 0181]

Yesterday I began to read Ricci's *Pintoricchio*²³⁰ for review.

Bernhard is soaking himself in Franciscan literature.

I called on the Chapmans (out), and <on> Gertrude, and on Mr. Cannon; and in the morning we called at the Duse's and had a little chat with her nice daughter.

Today I called on Mrs. Ross, who came back with me. Mr. Le Strange came, and Mr. Cannon with Mrs. Volmer.

Then came **the Duse**, her daughter and the daughter's friend — both of them studying to be nurses. The Duse was very gracious to Mr. Cannon, and when he went she was *fascinating*. We spoke of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*²³¹ and the way his wife acts if, and then, to our surprise, [167 0182] she uttered just our sentiments about the dangers and horrors of putting literature and poetry on the stage! She said it was agony to her, for she knew how it tore away the ideal vision real literature calls up. With what vividness she spoke! She is charming, charming when she lets herself go.

Was she acting for us? Well, if she was, she did it well. The daughter and friend listened silently, grinning like Ray and Winny. I could have kissed

²²⁷ Herbert's wife? mother?

²²⁸ Flora Priestley.

²²⁹ ‘Rembelinski’ would seem to be the correct spelling of the name, not ‘Rembreliniski’, as Mary usually writes it.

²³⁰ Corrado Ricci (1858-1934), *Pintoricchio* (Bernardino di Betto of Perugia), his life, work and time (London: W. Heinemann; Philadelphia, J.B. Lippincott Company, 1902).

Biblioteca Berenson ND623.P6 R45 1902 F

²³¹



them.

In the evening Houghton dropped in, and was very nice.

Mrs. Ross said her one desire was never to see Lina again.

It is delicious to be home again. Bernhard is so nice, and so interesting.

[168 0183]

I Tatti, Saturday, May 2, 1903

A most frightful rain storm all day.

I finished my review of Ricci's *Pintoricchio* — a poor, muddled sort of book.

A long telegram came from Mounteney who is ill in bed at Marseilles. He *has* muddled things, he might just as well have been here.

We were both going to dine with Mr. Cannon, but Bernhard gave out at the last minute, having a sort of colic, so I went alone.

Some people named Rhodes were there, besides the Miss Jones²³² and Mrs. Volmer. Mr. Cannon was very friendly and loaded me with various forms of expensive tobacco.

Poor old Bernhard had a bread and milk dinner and plenty of pain, but was better by the time I got back.

I began to read aloud to him Leslie's *Life of Constable*.²³³ [169 0184]

I Tatti, Sunday, May 3, 1903

Beautiful weather again.

Bernhard better, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chapman came in the morning. He is the eccentric but delightful man who burnt off his hand — no one knows why. Now he goes on crutches, and is awfully delicate. She is also lame, but very distinguished looking, with ideas of her own. Her friend, Mrs. Lyttleton, came to lunch. It was agreeable without being exciting. They were not really "in our world".

Mrs. May Morris who came with the Houghtons to tea belongs there much more, quiet as she is.

Douglas Ainslie²³⁴ arrived in the evening, a boring, self-centred man, only saved by being interested in hearing stories about people.

I began Mrs. Ady's *Isabella d'Este*.²³⁵ [170 0185]

²³² Myrtie <Myrta> Jones of Cleveland.

"HENRY WHITE CANNON, BANKER, WEDS AT 80; Miss Myrta L. Jones of Cleveland Bride of Chase National's Ex-President".

The New York Times, 18 September 1930, p. 41.

²³³ Charles Robert Leslie (1794-185), *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable* (London: Longmans Brown, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit ND497.C6 L47 1895**

²³⁴ Grant Duff Douglas Ainslie (1865-1948), a Scottish poet, translator, critic and diplomat. He was born in Paris, France, and educated at Eton and at Balliol and Exeter Colleges.

²³⁵ Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady, †1924), *Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan, 1475-1497: A study of the Renaissance* (London: J.M. Dent, 1899). **Biblioteca Berenson DG657.9.B4 C3 1899**



I Tatti, Settignano, Monday, May 4, 1903

Went in to dressmaker's, etc., in the morning, and brought my old friend Anna Hartshorne²³⁶ and her sister out to lunch. Anna is occupied with a girls' school in Tokio, and has written a long book about Japan. She is interesting. The sister, Virginia, seemed a heavy, dull lump of fat.

It poured in the afternoon.

I had a most disconsolate letter from Mounteney, who is very ill at Marseilles. It did not sound like an expectant bridegroom, and yet I hope nothing has happened to damp these bright prospects. I should be deeply sorry, for I hate to have him always miserable, and the thought of his being in luck once more would be a great relief to my mind.

Poor Douglas Ainslie confided to Bernhard that he was in love with a widow who had children, but that neither of them had money to marry on. This makes him very wretched. [171 0186]

<I Tatti,> Tuesday, May 5, 1903

Gertrude and her friend Miss Talcott came to lunch, Gertrude seeming very ill. I wonder if she *does* take opium?

Mrs. Ross came, and then Mr. Le Strange,²³⁷ and ____ Ainslie, and later Placci, with whom I went to see the Duse (out), and the Thorolds, with their guest, that decadent, Stenbockian priest, Father Rivers, came to dinner. Sacristy talk, as usual.

Finished article²³⁸ on Dublin Granacci for Reinach.

<I Tatti,> Wednesday, May 6, 1903

Maud Cruttwell to lunch, absolutely *extasiée* because I gave her a bit of the Duse's handwriting. That awful Mrs. Halsey also, and a rather nice niece, Miss Wedgwood.

In the afternoon Bernhard and I drove Ainslie to call upon Miss Priestley and the Burn Murdochs,²³⁹ in lovely places beyond Bellosguardo.

<I Tatti,> Thursday, May 7, 1903

Quiet morning. Douglas Ainslie left after lunch.

I went down and took the Hartshornes and [172 0187] to the Medici tombs and the Pazzi Chapel, then called on Mrs. Chapman, who had just bought a bronze Venus made by the Venetian forger, Marini, who took me in six years ago. Also dressmaker's.

A nice evening to ourselves.

²³⁶ Marion Thain, *Michael Field, The Poet*, p. 272.

²³⁷ ? Sir Thomas Le Strange

²³⁸ Published?

²³⁹ See the entries for May 21 (Villa Giramonte), June 2, 12, 1898; May 27, 1899; May 15, 1901.



I Tatti, Settignano, Friday, May 8, 1903

Lunched at Mrs. Ross' to meet a rich American, Mrs. Rogers, whom Bernhard positively abhorred. While we were there a telegram came from Jephson saying he was coming to us tomorrow. We both think he is in trouble, engagement fallen through, or something. But I *hope* not. I hope it is only friendliness. Still, I can never have any confidence again that he is really frank with me, and his not telling me of his engagement until after 5 months has put a complete barrier between any intimate <...>, even friendship, although [173 0188] I do wish him very, very well, and retain a genuine fondness for him. But I truly wish that instead of coming here, he were well and on his way to England to meet Miss Anna Head.

In the afternoon Bernhard went to the Academy, and Horne came in the evening. My intercessions with his publishers, Bell,²⁴⁰ have been successful, and he has promised to finish his long delayed (ten years!) *Botticelli* by Christmas.

<I Tatti,> Saturday, May 9, 1903

A delicious quiet day with Bernhard, reading *Le mistiche nozze di S. Francesco e Madama Povertà*.²⁴¹

The Cust family came to call in the afternoon, and then I saw Gertrude, who is ill in bed, looking ghastly, and met Jephson, who looked perfectly awful — a mere skeleton and so livid, so worn. He seemed desperately depressed, and very grateful for kindness.

The Houghtons came to dinner. [174 0189]

I Tatti, Settignano, Sunday, May 10, 1903

Jephson too ill to talk of himself and his plans until nearly midnight, when all his worries came out in a burst. I can't enter into these here, but his American fiancée seems to be terribly selfish and inconsiderate, and he is in a miserable, upset condition, without a penny of money.

Some Americans, Miss Mitchell and Miss Phillips came to lunch, and a painter — who makes splendid copies — Miss Williams, called. Bernhard and I had a drive, and called on Mrs. Thorold who said that innumerable abbots and priests had thanked her for taking Algar out of the sacred profession. She said he had been engaged 22 times before he was engaged to her, and that he only proposed to her because he thought she wouldn't let him kiss her without — wherein, she said, he was quite mistaken!! [175 0190]

²⁴⁰ George Bell & Sons, 1908.

²⁴¹ Giovanni Parenti, *Le mistiche nozze di s. Francesco con Madonna Povertà*. Allegoria Francescana del secolo XIII, edita in un testo del trecento da Salvatore Minocchi (Firenze, Biblioteca scientifico-religiosa, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson BX4700.F665 I7 1901** Parenti was the successor of St. Francis of Assisi and head of the O.F.M.



I Tatti, Monday, May 11, 1903

Quiet day, with Maud Cruttwell to lunch.

Bernhard went to Santa Croce to study the Daddi-Gaddi problem. I wanted to go but had a bad headache.

Mounteney spoke much of his affairs I think he has got himself in for a rather miserable life with those two American women, for Miss Head's mother is coming to live with them. They have humiliated him in a hundred ways already — yesterday sending for a list of his debts, like a school-boy's, when they ought, as one can see very clearly, send him the money he lost through them, which was £8,800! Instead of that they send him reproaches for being so silly as to put it in the investments Miss Head advised! [176 0191]

? May 12-16, 1903

Albergo Tre Mori, Montevarchi, Sunday, May 17, 1903

Skipped over the intervening week, but there was not much to record.

Prof. Tarbell²⁴² came again — such a really nice man — rather disgusted with Zug — as was inevitable.

The Sedgwicks came to call, and we lunched with the much nicer Chapmans.

Horne came to dine one night, and I paid several calls. Jephson went to bed, very ill — grave disease threatening — and very low in his mind.

Bernhard "grew in grace" daily.

I read MacColl's *Nineteenth Century Art*,²⁴³ and he read Sabatier's St. Francis of Assisi²⁴⁴ — at last!!

A Mr. Edward Dent, of Kings' and student of old music called, and we liked him.

The Houghtons came to dinner last night. [177 0192]

Today we started (after a call from Prof. Urielli) at 10, and got to Incisa for lunch.

At San Giovanni we found a lot of pictures, among them Serlaio's masterpiece! The day was cool and beautiful for driving.

Albergo Fiorentinno, Borgo San Sepolcro, Tuesday, May 19, 1903

We finished our drive to Arezzo, getting there in time for lunch. After a general look round we came on here — such a wonderful climb over the mountains.

²⁴² Mary mentions him when she is in Chicago.

²⁴³ Dugald Sutherland MacColl (1859-1948), *Nineteenth Century Art* (Glasgow, J. Maclehose, 1902).

²⁴⁴ *Actus beati Francisci et sociorum eius*, ed. Paul Sabatier (Paris: Fischbacher, 1902).

Biblioteca Berenson BX4700.F62 S2 1902

Speculum perfectionis : seu, S. Francisci Assisiensis legenda antiquissima, ed. Paul Sabatier (Paris: Fischbacher, 1898). **Biblioteca Berenson BX4700.F67 A1 1898**



This morning we looked about the town. We thought of giving back our Sassetta to the Church it was painted for, but found they had utterly made [178 0193] over a fine Gothic church into an insignificant nondescript stucco horror — unworthy of receiving our altarpiece!

Then we had a drive to Pieve St. Stefano — unforgettable in its calm and beauty. Nightingales sang on every tree, and the sunshine sparkled on the waters of the Tiber. No pictures there, for the town had been under water 40 years ago for 8 months, when the Tiber was damned up by a sort of avalanche fall.

I Tatti, Wednesday, May 20, 1903

Saw Città di Castello and Anghiari, where we discovered a fine early unknown Matteo.

Then came across [179 0194] to Arezzo, and so home, finding Jephson looking much better and much more cheerful.

<I Tatti,> Thursday, May 21, 1903

Went with Bernhard to see Gertrude, and told her we feared she had the morphine habit, which she stoutly denied. We may be wrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick came to dine and Horne, and the evening was rather dull.

<I Tatti,> Friday, May 22, 1903

Gertrude again — shopping — I forget what.

Bernhard settling down to his Sassetta.

<I Tatti,> Saturday, May 23, 1903

Houghton and Mr. Cannon to dine — not quite so dull, but moderate. [180 0195]

I Tatti, Sunday, May 24, 1903

Went to see Maud and Gertrude.

The Houghtons with Mrs. Bishop their “Beauty” came to tea. Then we three called on Mrs. Ross and had a walk.

Lina has had a boy.²⁴⁵ I received a wire in the morning.

Eugénie’s husband, Mr. Strong, appears to be dying of “pernicious anaemia”.

²⁴⁵ Gordon Waterfield (1903–1987) was a journalist, broadcaster and author. He is chiefly known for his book *What Happened to France?*, in which he documents his experiences as a journalist in France during World War II. He was featured on the 1973 documentary *The World at War*.

Gordon was the son of Caroline Lucie ‘Lina’ Waterfield OBE (1874–1964), an author and correspondent in Italy for *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*, and a founder of the British Institute of Florence.

Lina was the adopted daughter of Janet Duff-Gordon Ross who lived at Poggio Gherardo; she married the painter Aubrey Waterfield; they lived at the Fortezza della Brunella near Aulla.



<I Tatti,> Monday, May 25, 1903

Christina Bremner came for the night.

We all dined at Mr. Cannon's, where it was extremely beautiful. But we ate too much.

<I Tatti,> Tuesday, May 26, 1903

Christina and Jephson argue fiercely all morning about "Female Suffragists", she little suspecting that he had once [181 0196] been engaged to the fiercest of the whole lot!²⁴⁶

She went at 3, and soon after a delicious refreshing storm passed over the country cooling its hot surface and bring<ing> out all the hidden dramatic odours of the earth and woods.

A Mrs. MacMahon with two daughters, one an archaeological student, came to tea.

The Thorolds, and Mrs. Hooker (Evelyn's friend) and her daughter came to dinner.

I quite forgot yesterday — how could I — that Placci came to lunch, and the Serristori and M. Rembelinski for a *four hours' call* afterwards! [182 0197]

I Tatti, Wednesday, May 27, 1903

D'Annunzio called this morning to thank B.B. for a letter he had sent him about his new book, the *Laudi*,²⁴⁷ which he had sent with the dedication: "A Bernardo Berenson — all'alto e libero spirito che naviga i mari lontani questo poema navale è fraternamente offerto".

He said he was resting till June and was then going to write three plays, one called *Atalanta Baglioni* (founded on Mat<a>razzo),²⁴⁸ another a problem play, and another a peasant, legendary play of unconscious swiftly reacting people. [183 0198]

Logan writes: "**Douglas and Joe have met Gladys Deacon and Douglas is fascinated by her.** A friend of theirs met her at a dinner party

²⁴⁶ Her name?

Arthur Jermy Mounteney Jephson (1859–1908) was an English merchant seaman and army officer. He became an adventurer and African explorer, who accompanied H. M. Stanley on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 1887–1889.

See A. J. Mounteney Jephson, *The diary of A. J. Mounteney Jephson: Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 1887-1889*, ed. Dorothy Middleton, with preface, prologue and epilogue compiled by the editor in collaboration with Maurice Denham Jephson (1890-1968) (London: Published for the Hakluyt Society by Cambridge U.P., 1969). **Not in Biblioteca Berenson.**

²⁴⁷ Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), *Laudi del cielo, del mare, della terra e degli eroi* (Rome: Tip. del Senato, 1899). **Not in the Biblioteca Berenson.**

²⁴⁸ Francesco Matarazzo (1443-1518), *Chronicles of the city of Perugia 1492-1503*, tr. Edward Strachan Morgan (London: J.M. Dent; New York: E.P. Dutton, 1905).

Biblioteca Berenson DG975.P4 M3 1905

La cronaca della città di Perugia di Francesco Maturanzio: Biblioteca comunale Augusta di Perugia, ms. I 109, ed. Carla Gambacorta (Spoleto: Centro italiano di studi sull'alto Medioevo, 2014). **Biblioteca Berenson DG975.P4 M3 2014**



at the house of some Catholics; and the Duke of Norfolk was there. She calls the Duke "Marie", which is one of his names, and she played all sorts of games with him, putting an antimacassar²⁴⁹ on his head, and making him pretend he was the Pope, while the Kinsella's friend she dressed up as the King, and then they acted a long interview between Pope and King.

After than Miss Deacon said, "Marie has another game he loves to play — play your game, Marie." Thereupon the Duke went out of the room, took off his coat, and came in on all fours, with a large green cushion on his back, and trolled around the room like a dog. Doesn't it seem incredible — a man of 60, the greatest nobleman, and the most honoured and respected, in England! [184 0199]

no entries after May 27 until

I Tatti, Thursday, June 4, 1903

We passed eight days pleasantly enough.

Mounteney went off yesterday with the doctor to the Bagni di Lucca. He was better. I saw a little too much of him **to retain much feeling of romance**, but I keep a friendly, well-wishing sort of sentiment, with an easy intimacy which usually comes from relationship.

The important (to me) thing is that B.B. has set to work on his article for the *Burlington*, upon Sassetta, but really a discussion of why European art is less "religious" than — Chinese! What he has done is extremely interesting, and shows that this year of rest has by no means been wasted on him.

"Fafner" Hapgood with wife and child arrived tonight.

Ray's 16th birthday!!!! [185 0200]

<I Tatti,> Friday, June 5, 1903

I fear a quarrel with Roger Fry is impending for he has not been above-board with regard to the article upon which he and B.B. were supposed to be collaborating. I am awfully sorry, for I am really fond of him. Horne is in it too, but from Horne we never expect anything but treachery. I am so sorry.

We had our Bach, with lots of Americans. Nicer than any of them was May Morris who spent the night. She was Evelyn's friend, and I keep thinking of it.

<I Tatti,> Saturday, June 6, 1903

May Morris stayed till 3.

I drove to town with Mrs. Hapgood, Neith, and the dear little boy, whom I love already.

Papafava called, and Miss Mitchell.

²⁴⁹ a piece of cloth put over the back of a chair to protect it from grease and dirt or as an ornament.



Horne to dine. [185 bis 0201]

<I Tatti,> Settignano, Sunday, June 7, 1903

Wrote my review²⁵⁰ of MacColl's book on *Nineteenth Century Art*.

Called on Aunt Janet, who was superb.

Miss Cracroft

<I Tatti,> Monday, June 8, 1903

Looked at the Lawson Villa.

Benn to lunch. He says the Lee-Hamilton baby has no proper division in its heart between left and right. It is very serious.

Nice drive with Neith and Fafner. I like them.

<I Tatti,> Tuesday, June 9, 1903

Finished MacColl.

Saw Caulfield's villa.²⁵¹

Called on Miss Cracroft and heard Chopin and Bach.

Thorolds to dine. [186 0202]

no entries after June 9 until

I Tatti, Tuesday, June 16, 1903

The Hapgoods went yesterday. We enjoyed having them, and although we found Fafner narrowed, as we called it, submerged, as his friends there call it, he retains great sweetness and geniality. But he has practically reduced his interest in life to "bumming" in the low quarters of New York. Literature, history, art — civilization in short — have no interest for him, and he tends to make a philosophy of life that deliberately excludes them as unworthy of attention. [187 0203]

His little wife is still waiting to find out her value in the world. She is ready to revolt, but until her book comes out, she doesn't quite know whether by herself she could make anything of life. She bothers Hutchins about the narrowness of the life he gives her, and he says it's *her* fault, because she won't exert herself to attract and interest people. She is in truth very silent. We had a long, friendly talk about their matrimonial situation, which is strained, there is no doubt. But I think they will pull through. [188 0204]

We had music again, and another visit from May Morris, who is very interesting.

Henry Van Dyck of New York came also, and to dinner, and had what he thought was a glorious talk, but which we found interesting simply and solely because at each move he displayed so clearly that he wasn't "in it", although he thought he was.

²⁵⁰ ever published?

²⁵¹ For Mrs. Caulfield, see the entries for Jan. 31, Feb. 20, 1899 ('pushing Philistines').



One evening Bernhard used a nice expression — about the qualities a man in love will “infatuate into” his lady. [189 0205]

Bernhard is getting on splendidly with his Sassetta. It is a new departure for him to be looking for expression and “soul” in pictures!

I am pottering away over a dull little article on the matters we discovered at Borgo San Sepolcro and Anghiari.

We are also thinking of buying this villa.

Mounteney has left Bagni di Lucca. He wrote me most despairing letters every day he was there. I do hope all [190 0206] will go well with him. But as I have ceased to infatuate into him any false values, I must admit that, except as a mere human being, he seems to me of no particular importance, and of remarkably little interest for me.

Last night we drove Mrs. Ross over to dine with May Morris’ friends, Mr. and Mrs. Middlemar. They are nice people. But Miss Morris is much more our kind. [191 0207]

no entries after June 16 until July 4, 1903

* * *

Hotel Bregaglia, Promontogno, Saturday, July 4, 1903

Another month! I am lazy. It was delicious weather up till about the 25, and then it became hot. B.B. went to Bagni di Lucca and persuaded the Hapgoods to take a house there. Mrs. Ross and I followed him, after I had got the Villa in order. We saw various people during that last month, horrible Jews named Friedewald, dull well meaning Van Dyck, writer on Art, the dour Houghtons, **Kitty Hall and her sister**, etc. A pleasant four days together at Bagni, and then B.B. and I drove across to Pracchia²⁵² and came on to Milan, taking to Cavenaghi our Turas and Giottino.

Yesterday we came here, snatched from the fire of Italy.

Bernhard’s book is out!!! [192 0208]

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, <Wednesday> July 6, 1903

We drove yesterday from Promontogno to this enchanting place. Today we walked in the morning round the lake, and this afternoon to Pontresina. The air makes one feel eighteen years old again!

I forgot to put down that Jephson has had to go into a Rest Cure for six weeks, for his heart, and that his marriage, for the same reason, has to be put off for a while.

Ray and Karin last Friday received prizes at a grand function, for being at the head of their respective classes.

Bernhard is reading Byron’s Letters and the American volume of the *Cambridge History*. I am still on Parkman. [193 0209]

²⁵² a village in the province of Pistoia.



Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Tuesday, July 7, 1903

Walked by the Villa Story²⁵³ in the morning.

Called on the Countess Serristori, and found her walking with her children. She came to tea with us, and was (as always) most interesting. She is just 30, and only beginning to feel "how times flies", and to realize that some day she will die.

We walked to Celerina and back.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Wednesday, July 8, 1903

Walked to the Ober-Alpina in the morning and to Cresta alta for tea with the Contessa Serristori in the afternoon.

Finished my review²⁵⁴ of Ludwig's *Carpaccio*²⁵⁵ and wrote to Roger, Dell, Mother, Giglioli and Placci.

Snowing and thermometer at zero!

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Thursday, July 9, 1903

B.B. wrote to Mrs. Gardner this morning, offering her that wonderful Rogier van der Weyden Annunciation for £11,000.

We had a short walk in the morning, and walked with the Serristori and the Duchessa di Terranova (her sister) to the Ober-Alpina in the afternoon.

I had [194 0210] not had enough walking, so went to the Bad and home by the Lake. The air is miraculous.

Wrote to mother, Lina, Miss Hall,²⁵⁶ Miss Hopkinson, Dowdeswell, Roger.

The children and their Grandma are jubilant over Ray's having won the Cup at the swimming contest. Ray herself writes a letter full of bliss. She seems really very happy. Harold Worthington overheard her, at a cricket match, talking to some of her friends about the tyranny of Ideas. She said if

²⁵³ Built for William Wetmore Story (1819-1895)? Mentioned in a letter from Whistler: http://www.whistler.arts.gla.ac.uk/correspondence/people/display/?cid=517&nameid=Dawkins_MH&sr=0&rs=4&surname=&firstname=

Champfèr, Engadine. Immersed in the magical pine forest hill of Champfèr, facing Piz Corvatsch and the Upper Engadine lake plateau, the **Villa Story** was built by the famous Swiss architect Karl Koller at the beginning of the 20th century. It has an unrivalled panoramic view over the entire valley.

²⁵⁴ Published?

²⁵⁵ Gustav Ludwig (1852-1905), *Dokumente über Bildersendungen von Venedig nach Wien in den Jahren 1816 & 1838* (Vienna, F. Tempaky, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR2899 .L83 1901**

Pompeo Molmenti (1852-1928), *Carpaccio, son temps et son oeuvre* (Venice: Ongania, 1893; 1898).

Pompeo Molmenti (with Ludwig?), *Vittore Carpaccio et la Confrérie de Sainte Ursule à Venise* (Florence: Bemporad, 1903).

Pompeo Molmenti, Gustav Ludwig, Robert H. Hobart Cust, *The Life and Works of Vittorino Carpaccio* (London: J. Murray, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.C3 M7 1907**

²⁵⁶ Perhaps Gertrude 'Kitty' Hall? Or Bernardine Hall?



you once got the *Idea* that you didn't care for childish play, you had to obey it, no matter how you hated it. Harold pities her very much. He thought it was *so sad!*

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Friday, July 10, 1903

Walked with the Serristori and Terranova to the little Lake and chatted.

Walked, also in the morning.

Began Byron's letters. [195 0211]

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Saturday, July 11, 1903

Walked round the Lake in morning, and from Sils-Maria to the Fexthal in the afternoon with the same companions — the most beautiful walk of all.

Mrs. Ross writes that "the Duse came back unexpectedly (a foolish thing to do) and found d'Annunzio in the arms of a 'bella donna'. Furious, she put her trunks back on the cab, and departed. All Settignano (that vast metropolis) is talking about it".

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Sunday, July 12, 1903

Walked round the Lake in the morning, and to Celerina via the Pond in the afternoon.

Called on the Serristori.

Clyde Fitch, the playwright, and a musician from Boston, Mr. Noyes, came to dine. Clyde Fitch very amusing and talkative — humour and observation and naive vanity combined, rather winning.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Monday, July 13, 1903

Rather lazy so made rain the excuse for staying indoors.

But in the afternoon walked with our usual companions and the Vicomte de [196 0212] Bingham (Minister to Mexico) to Celerina and had tea.

Ray is wavering between Classics and Mathematics, and I wrote her a letter in favour of the former.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Tuesday, July 14, 1903

Walked separately in the morning, owing to **the usual quarrel about my leaving Bernhard in the lurch and going to the children**. It *would* have been a quarrel, but I walked away.

In the afternoon we walked round by the Meierei to Celerina — a long walk — with our usual companions. M. de Bingham is not remarkably intelligent.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Wednesday, July 15, 1903

Drove with Clyde Fitch and Mr. Noyes to have lunch at the Belvoir. Clyde Fitch will have 19 plays running next autumn!

Bernhard and I walked back to the Bad by Pontresina.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Thursday, July 16, 1903

Same party walked up along the Morteratsch to a hut — a long walk.



M. Gaudarax, a fat Basque of mild literary leanings was with us. [197
0213]

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Friday, July 17, 1903

Scirocco — even here!

The proofs of Bernhard's *Sassetta* came, and we polished them off with great interest.

I wrote scores of letters, and we toddled out a little.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Saturday, July 18, 1903

Wrote and toddled out.

Drove to Sils with the Serristori and her sister and the latter's eldest daughter — a bright child of 12 — and walked to Maloya.

<Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz,> Sunday, July 19, 1903

Received the *Burlington*, and fell into a rage at not finding Perkins' article on Vanni.

Walked to Pontresina.

no entries after July 19 until

Friday's Hill, Haslemere, Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1903

I left St. Moritz on the 21st, and came to London for five days — ill with ptomaine poisoning all the time.

We came down <to Haslemere> in a motor-car on the 26th, but I went up on Monday and had two wisdom teeth out. Karin went to Jersey. When I returned I was very ill for ten days, the poisoning having gone to my jaws and glands. The abscesses were awful; it was altogether most painful. [198
0214]

Senda Berenson arrived on the 5th and Bernhard on the 7th and Bertie on the 9th, Alys being already here. Bertie has gone, I think he feels restless away from London, he is so excited about Free Trade. Ray has Winnie,²⁵⁷ and they are putting Kingshotts²⁵⁸ in order for the Michael Fields. I have been too ill to attend to it, so I persuaded them it was "Fun".

Bernhard came home quite happy at having drawn just the right line in regard to the Countess Serristori, and escaped a heartache, while remaining very fond of her. He saw her constantly after I left.

He is much pleased with his Wisdom, and I wonder and admire. I am sure *I* should have had an attack!

Poor old Jephson is out of his Rest Cure again, but the doctor forbids his marriage till January — if then. He says Miss Head is "very sweet and considerate", so I hope all is going on well.

We expect the Frys at High Buildings today, and the Trevys here

²⁵⁷ Her friend, Winnie _____,

²⁵⁸ The cottage at Friday's Hill mentioned in the next entry.



tomorrow. [199 0215]

Friday's Hill, <Haslemere,> Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903

I have left some time unwritten of.

We had a visit from Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr, and her friend, Mary Garrett, and two days of really interesting talk. Carey wonders at us for coming to America. She says there are no interesting or free people there.

The "Michael Fields" moved in to my cottage on Monday which Ray and Winnie²⁵⁹ had set in order, and they remain delighted with it. The Frys are at High Buildings, with Dickinson, and Janet Dodge, with the Puffers at Green Hill. So we are a colony.

The *Sante Conversazioni* have begun. It is Michael who draws out B.B. by her questions and Field by her silent intense appreciation. Today he talked about the emancipation from art he had gained from art. [*sic*] Art has made him see itself in all nature, has imposed her laws on his eyes, so that he no longer [200 0216] needs her aid to get at Beauty. But the impossibility is to communicate this, the "aphasia" of today being taken up with other things. He needs a new language to force people to see the *Art* in works of art. His own experience is analogous to that of St. Francis to whom was revealed the Soul of each human being, who was delivered from the merely illustrative words and actions, who saw them and felt them differently, following the laws of his revelation. What B.B. sees in nature is a quality which appears only accidentally in the greatest artists. He longs to communicate it, but has no means, and flounders about in pedantry and connoisseurship. [201 0217]

[no entry after Aug. 20 until]

Friday's Hill, Haslemere, Sunday, Sept. 6, 1903

Pleasant weeks have gone by, diversified by talks and walks, visits and drives. The "Michael Fields" are somehow the best conversation inspirers we know. It is pleasant, too, having the Frys so close at hand.

There has been swimming — all the clans gathering — and what out-of-doors life the extremely rainy season permitted.

One day Bernhard and I drove up to Hindhead to meet Mounteney and his fiancée, Miss Anna Head. We found her quite charming — unexpectedly. I think we should like her quite well if we saw more of her.

Our great trouble at present²⁶⁰ is the apparently imminent smash of the *Burlington Magazine*. It is a great pity. [202 0218]

Friday's Hill, Haslemere, Monday, Sept. 7, 1903

I spent the day with Roger Fry, going over the balance-sheet of the

²⁵⁹ Ray's friend, Winnie Buckley.

²⁶⁰ Mary wrote 'presence'.



Burlington with Mr. Dell, and interviewing the publisher, Spottiswoode. It was not very entertaining, and one got tired of the muddle and the sordidness.

And then in the evening, when Roger and Helen came up, the question of policy, if we succeed in reorganizing the Magazine, brought out such differences of opinion that, even from our point of view, it seemed almost unworkable. Roger, with his small experience of Italy, is convinced that he has a perfect right to be cocksure of his attributions, and he will not really admit that training makes any difference. *Au fond*, he is in these matters, almost on the journalistic level of poor Dell himself!

Ray and Karin went off for a week's visit to their beloved Winnie,²⁶¹ at Penmannnder.²⁶² [203 0219]

no entries after Sept. 7 until

Friday's Hill, <Haslemere,> Saturday, Sept. 12, 1903

The week has been spent over the *Burlington*. It has diverted me greatly. We have talked out most of our differences with Roger — they remain very real ones.

Roger and I went to town and got his friend Mr. Holmes to nose out the state of affairs at the office. It was simply shocking. All the money had gone to the small band of "promoters", and all the work had been done on 'tic! The result was that the creditors — who can't get anything out of the present bankrupt concern, have consented to capitalize their debts if a satisfactory new company is formed to carry on the *really* going concern. For Dell has made it "go", along with the money! One must give him that credit.

On Tuesday we went on Lord Russell's [204 0220] motor to spend the night at his house on Beacon Hill — a most romantic and lovely place. His wife seems a fat, silly vulgar "Biddy" — *hideous* and slatternly. I daresay she is good-natured.

Senda went on Thursday. The "Mikes" are still here, dreadfully excited over the *Burlington* crisis.

Jephson has come to spend Sunday. He can't pay us our money yet — curse it! There is something likeable about him, if you are struck that way. I can easily imagine finding him intolerable, but I am glad to feel a liking, even a kind of affection for him.

Gertrude Morton writes that after all she is in love with Rob, so it has all been a hideous mistake. "Let it be a lesson!"

Blaydes called on B.B. eager to pour out his rage against me, which his lovely Alice has stirred up in him. He went away, however, to think over his

²⁶¹ Ray's friend, Winnie Buckley.

²⁶² ?



own sins. I hope we shall hear no more of them. [205 0221]

Friday's Hill, <Haslemere,> Sunday, Sept. 13, 1903

Bernhard received a letter from Dr. Richter saying he meant to review favourably what he acknowledged was a worthless volume of Langton Douglas' Crowe and Cavalcaselle (vol. I),²⁶³ as he was in business relations with Douglas. He then said (practically) that unless B.B. made friends with the man and promised to review favourably vol. II, Douglas would put in it **a lot of Italian Venturi gossip very damaging to Bernhard** ——!!! We enjoyed reading this to the Frys, who begin to believe in the plots and machinations of the Strong faction.

I walked with Jephson to Upperfold,²⁶⁴ and returned to have tea with "the Mikes". Jephson seems puzzled by his lady love's moods, but not resentful. I hope they will be fairly happy — as human lives go. I strongly advised him to get married at once.

His dear friend Lady Sudeley,²⁶⁵ who has stood by him with devotion for twelve years, suddenly wrote and said she wished never to see him again, and that it was *final*. No reason given, and the letter written only a few days after most [206 0222] cordial and even enthusiastic letters to Miss Head. I think it's some religious fad, but Jephson is frightfully cut up.

<Friday's Hill, Haslemere,> Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1903

Yesterday Mr. Holmes came down and we talked *Burlington* for many hours at the Frys'.

Capital subscribed for starting	£ 2,050
Preliminary (i.e. printers') expenses	1,945
Salaries for first 6 months	1,950
Cost of producing first 2 numbers	3,175.10/8
Were there ever such figures?	

Later, we called on the Mikes, and in the evening the children returned from their visit to Wales and Winnie.²⁶⁶

Today Roger and Helen came up for more talk. B.B. got perfectly furious at my showing Roger part of my review of Ludwig, and quarrelled with me on the way to Hindhead to see the Heads. Fortunately, I did not lose my temper, but only felt sorry for the bad effect on his health.

I advised Jephson to get married *quand-même*, and he asked me to talk with Mrs. Head about it! Miss Head, with all her charm, seems to me very selfish and moody, not a happy nature. I should scarcely think them really suited. He finds her very puzzling.

[Diary 8 begins with Sept. 30, 1903]

²⁶³ Published where?

²⁶⁴ Fernhurst.

²⁶⁵ Of Sudeley Castle?

²⁶⁶ Ray's friend, Winnie Buckley.



[0224] "In My World" Jan. 1902

I

Bernhard
Ray & Karin
Mother
~~Mounteney~~
~~Lina~~
Logan

Friends II

~~Burke~~
Placci
Zangwill
Cagnola
~~Stein~~
Trevy
~~Gladys~~
Senda
~~Helen & Roger~~
Emily Dawson
Michael Field

June 1903

I

Bernhard
Ray & Karin
Mother
Logan

II

Gilbert Murray
G. L. Dickinson
Jephson
Lina
Mrs. Ross
Fafner & Neith
Houghton
Michael Field
Placci
Cagnola
Zangwill



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmgorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Stein
Trevy
Senda
Bertie & Alys
Emily
Maud Cruttwell
Countess Serristori



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmgorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Diary 8

[005] Mary Whitall Berenson,
I Tatti, Settignano, Florence

Trip to America, September 1903

[p. 1 - scan 006] R. M. S. Majestic, White Star,
Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1903

Off at last, after so many fears and indecisions. We were like people standing naked by a cold bath, afraid to plunge in. Now we have plunged. We are off to the Unknown.

Liverpool and its sky were looking very beautiful and Turner- Whistleresque as we steamed away towards sunset time.

It is more than 18 years since I came to England. Good heavens, I was as green and raw and horrible as most of the Americans on this ship. I burn all over thinking of it.

It is nearly 10 years since Bernhard has been there.

What fun it is going back together!!

no entries after Sept. 30 until

[2 007] The Reef, Newport, R. I., Thursday, Oct. 8, 1903

We landed this morning. There is nothing to say about the voyage, except that it was a *Bore*. We had, I think, *seasickness rentré*. However, we read a great many volumes of the new translation of *The Arabian Nights* (Mardrus),²⁶⁷ and got thoroughly into the spirit of it!

Our custom house inspector this morning looked like a roguish debonair priest. He said he was one of the old-fashioned kind — *he* didn't approve of turning a gentleman's trunk inside-out; but as there were so many "watchers" around, if we wanted to give him a five dollar bill we must give it to our porter *for* [3 008] him, which we did, and no nonsense about it.

Grace²⁶⁸ and Bond's new wife²⁶⁹ — who resembles Edith in the most startling way!²⁷⁰ — came to meet us, and they and Bond lunched with us at the Greek restaurant just by the "depot". We had Oyster Cocktail and soft-

²⁶⁷ *Le livre des mille nuits et une nuit*, traduction littérale et complète du texte arabe par Joseph Charles Mardrus, 16 vol., (Paris: Charpentier et Fasquelle, 1903-1914).

Biblioteca Berenson Asian & Islamic Collection PJ7721 .M36 1903

²⁶⁸ Grace Worthington

²⁶⁹ The second wife of Bond Thomas was _____. His first wife was Edith Carpenter

²⁷⁰ Persons identified in the editions of Mary's earlier diaries or in the editions of the letters of Bernhard and Mary are not identified again here.



shell crabs.

Coming up to New York it was beautiful — at a distance — that remarkable pile of huge buildings, the sides of those great towers catching the morning sunshine. But later the effect was confused and unfinished and slipshod and rather sordid.

Coming up <to Newport>, the foliage was beautiful, and we were struck with the garden-less, fence-less houses, all of wood, but painted in [4 009] very pleasant colours. At a level crossing we saw the sign, “Stop, listen and look”.

Mr. Davis met us at the quay and brought us to this luxurious house, filled with a strange mixture of beautiful things (Egyptian and Italian) and silly forgeries or indifferent stuff. He showed us many beautiful things after dinner, and went through the motions of an appreciator. But I felt he was just as ready to go through them apropos of bad things as of good.

B.B. contented himself with saying, “Murder!” or “Jiminy Whiskers!” at the really fine things. He says he is so sick of the art-critic’s vocabulary, which he finds everyone can use as well as he [5 010] can, that he never wants to use a word of it again!

But much must be forgiven Davis, for he really has some very beautiful things. One little squatting figure, Egyptian about 3000 B.C., has the *whole of art* in it!

Davis has some good tales and poems. Among the latter:

There once was a monk of Liberia
Whose existence grew dreary and drearier
So he broke from his cell
With a hell of a yell,
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

Grace said that people’s social standing over here is largely determined by the number of bath-rooms in their houses. If so, we are in very high circles, for there are quantities here, with solid porcelain baths (Mr. Davis told me), not the ornery porcelain ones so many people have! [6 011]

The Reef, Newport, Friday, Oct. 9, 1903

The surf is dashing almost under our windows, dashing in from the open sea whose other shore is Spain. B.B. spoke truly when he said that the chief objection to America is that it is “eight days from shore”.

I was what they term “called” this morning, by an obviously male knock at 7.30. I had to draw my own curtains and prepare my own bath. But the hot rolls at breakfast made up!

The storm has been too violent for us to go out. A Mr. and Mrs. Fearing came to lunch — he an awfully fat, intensely jolly man, something like Terence Bourke. He told a good story of [7 012] a young lady who asked a friend if she wasn’t afraid to wear an opal ring she had. “Why no, what’s the matter with opals?” “They’re terribly unlucky!” “How do you know?” “Why, my grandfather gave one as a present to my grandmother, and she died



before they were married.”

Several fat people called in the afternoon, and we had a great deal of general talk with Davis, who really shows to considerable advantage in his own house.

The Reef, Newport, Saturday, Oct. 10, 1903

The storm is still frightful, but the surf grows finer and finer.

Mrs. Andrews at breakfast told us of a Southern poem which began

The moon is hanging in the Western sky

Like a cutting from a large thumbnail

— which illustrates very well the famous [8 013] poem of J. Gordon Kugler entitled “The South”²⁷¹

“Alas for the South — her books have grown fewer!

She was never much given to Literature.”

I drove into Newport with Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Andrews in the afternoon, to find Sophy Buffum,²⁷² my old friend. She and her family have just left for Europe.

A Miss Busk came to lunch, tall, athletic Gibson girl,²⁷³ very simple.

We played Bridge in the evening.

I have almost lost the feeling of being in America.

The Reef, Newport, Sunday, Oct. 11, 1903

Spent the morning looking at Mr. Davis’ wonderful Egyptian illustrated books; also in going [9 014] with the catalogue of his Italian pictures. The famous Forgery (Filippino) holds a place of honour in the Drawing Room, and the still more famous Tricca.²⁷⁴ Leonardo hangs opposite to his desk. The little forgery²⁷⁵ Logan (unwittingly) sold him also has a place of honour. Mr. Davis is one of those who will not admit a mistake — what a strange state of mind! The funny thing would be to know whether he admits it inside and just bluffs it out, or whether no doubts assail him as to his own omniscience.

He tells us the most marvellous tales about the “goings-on” of the idle rich here — about how one lady brought the whole Philharmonic orchestra over from Boston for a concert; another a theatrical troupe, from New York, closing the New York Theatre and [10 015] paying damages, and putting up a private Theatre for the night, whose electric plant alone cost \$10,000. Another still had up all the organ grinders and their monkeys from New York for a barrel-organ concert. Another lady paid \$250 dollars for an

²⁷¹

²⁷² In list of addresses on p. 239: ‘Buffum, Mrs. Wm., 28 Greenough Place, Newport R. I.’ See the entry for Nov. 18, 1908.

²⁷³ The *Gibson Girl* was the ideal of female beauty as portrayed by the illustrations of Charles Dana Gibson (1867-1944) during a 20-year period that spanned the late 19th and early 20th century

²⁷⁴ Angiolo Tricca (1817-1884)

²⁷⁵ ?



entrée of “incubated turkeys” for one dinner. And so on. Mr. Longyear of Marquette built an opera house and gave it to his wife²⁷⁶ “to play with”. Millions figure in conversation like hundreds at home.

We had a drive today in spite of the wind, and saw some of the houses — one fine (imitation) Colonial, several in French style, especially Mr. Coates’ and Mr. Berevin’s, a darling gardener’s cottage of Mr. Taylor’s, and Mrs. Winty Chandler’s house, which we rather liked.

Mr. Davis went away this evening on [11 016] the Western tour of a week into which he crowds all his business for the year. He did what men of affairs so seldom have the sense to do — he retired while he was still young enough to form a new life, at 45, and no one has been able to induce him, although they tried very hard, to go back again. His passion is now Egypt — he is spending vast sums in excavations. Last year he brought to light the Tomb of Totmes IV²⁷⁷ with a wonderful chariot. He is now trying to find the Tomb of the great Queen Hatasu.

189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Monday, Oct. 12, 1903

Drove about in the morning.

I drove to the Old Point and saw Grandpa Cope’s²⁷⁸ house where I spent so many pleasant days.

We left at 3, and Rachel met us at Boston and piloted us and our trunks here. [12 017] She is an attractive creature, with eyes like Miss Sellers’ — evidently the most intellectual, the most “our kind” of the family. I have taken a great liking to her.

Of course the little mother was in a great state of excitement. The father has behaved very well so far. He seems nicer than I expected, and the house is nicer.

<189 Grampian Way, Dorchester,> Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1903

Went in to Boston — deafened and dazed by the noise and swiftness of transport, and the numbers of people transported.

Rachel nicer and nicer.

<189 Grampian Way, Dorchester,> Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1903

Walked up Blue Hill — the wide view radiant with autumn colours. We are full of marvel at the marvellous system of getting about.

<189 Grampian Way, Dorchester,> Thursday, Oct. 15, 1903

Went to Cambridge to have tea with Mrs. Toy, who had Santayana and Leslie Hopkinson to [13 018] meet us, also a Mr. Andrew, who rejoices in an Orchestrelle.

Had a swim in the bay with Rachel in the early morning.

²⁷⁶ Mary Beecher Longyear (1851-1931). Now the Longyear Museum, 1125 Boylston St, Chestnut Hill.

²⁷⁷ Thutmose IV

²⁷⁸ Walter Cope was Mary’s first love; see the entry for Nov. 15, 1902, on his death.



189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Friday, Oct. 16, 1903

We spent the day at Willowbrook Cottage, Beverly, with Gertrude²⁷⁹ and Mrs. Tyler. The Cottage is perfect and in perfect taste, early colonial, every detail being in keeping. I think I never entered such a harmonious house. "Brother Charles" has that at least in his favour! Gertrude seemed very ill, but she is determined to sail next week, so I suppose she will. Her mother seemed very pleasant and agreeable. She took us a most lovely drive, and we "remained" over the beauty of the great wooden villas — some at least. The country was heavenly.

Rabbi Fleischer came in the evening — a young handsome man with an eloquent passion for Democracy — full of phrases, not much real thought, but a nice, kind nature.

I forgot to mention the family party of the night before, with [14 019] an old uncle who has changed his name of Michlitzanski²⁸⁰ for that of Goldman (poor as he is!), and who has a great head like Tolstoi's, and a cousin named Hinda Coen (née Schwarz), rather awful, and her nice but hopeless-looking husband James.

Green Hill, Brookline, ²⁸¹ Saturday, Oct. 17, 1903

We arrived here in a pour, but found cheerful fires and a very cordial welcome from that extraordinary person, "Mrs. Jack Gardner". The house is comfortable and old-fashioned, a real "family mansion".

Mrs. Gardner's *protégé*, Proctor the musician, came to dine, and then we all went to the first Symphony Concert — a glorious orchestra and indifferent or positively painful modern music, Tschaikowski, Bruneau, even Brahms not too delightful. I sat next to Mrs. Sarah Whitman, and near my old Prof. of Ethics, Josiah Royce, in whom B.B. traced a strong likeness to George Moore, the philosopher.

We met a beautiful Mrs. Parkman, and [15 020] Mr. and Mrs. Higginson, who run the Concerts. We came back to a perfectly dark house, and had great trouble finding matches to light the gas in our rooms. Mrs. Gardner has a mania, evidently, for saving on lighting! The moment we leave our rooms a servant rushes in not to turn down the gas, but to turn it *out*, and in the music room where we sit, there is only one lamp, and little odds and ends of candles which she lights to see certain things and then puts out instantly. She lives very sparingly too, wearing old clothes and eating almost nothing. It is a chance for me to grow thin! She evidently cares nothing for physical comforts — it is rather fine.

²⁷⁹ Gertrude Morton

²⁸⁰ Bernhard's mother's maiden name, Judith (Michlitzanski) Berenson.

²⁸¹ Isabella and her husband John L. Gardner inherited Green Hill, the Gardner family estate, in 1884. After John's death in 1898, Isabella purchased the farmhouse at the foot of the property on 285 Warren Street. The main house on Green Hill was sold out of the Gardner family in 2011.



I discover I am running over to the doings and impressions of

Green Hill, Brookline, Sunday, Oct. 18, 1903

When we walked in the gardens with her, and enjoyed especially her Italian [16 021] garden, so perfectly in tone, and then drove through the "Arboretum", a lovely park with the trees all selected and named for educational purposes.

Then we lunched at the Country Club, and had a famous divorcée and a famous co-respondent pointed out to us.

Mr. Dwight and Mr. Swift called, and then Santayana, who stayed to dine. He was charming, but we found it hard not to talk to him, and over our hostess' head, for she isn't a scrap interested in thought, or even in conversation, unless she carries it on, when it generally turns upon some marvellous exploit of her own.

But she has the right! For her exploits *are* marvellous, and her success in practical things of a high order justifies anything.

Santayana told us something that remains in my mind as a *horror*. He went to visit Rockefeller's son-in-law, [17 022] Mr. Strong, at his gorgeous home in Lakewood,²⁸² a house whose supreme luxury was an automatic heating arrangement which kept all the rooms up to 70°. Santayana said he lay raging all night on the outside of his bed. Opening the window simply meant inviting an automatic rush of hot air into his room!

Green Hill, Brookline, Monday, Oct. 19, 1903

Walked and chatted in the morning and after lunch drove to Boston and saw the Library. The Puvis' along the sides of the entrance hall are very fine — the large one around the door of Bates Hall less successful. The Abbeys²⁸³ were awful, but the Sargeants²⁸⁴ surpassed for vulgarity and triviality and ugliness anything we ever saw! No modern Italian could be worse. We did not say a word to Mrs. Gardner, who, we think, admires them.

On [18 023] our way back we picked up Mr. Proctor, in whom she takes a very tender, preoccupying interest, and just as we arrived Evelyn's²⁸⁵ friend, Ellen Hale, came, bringing her old father, Edward Everett Hale,²⁸⁶ a grand old figure of more than fourscore years. He is full of genial anecdotes apropos of everything, and he has a massive head.

Then we walked with Mrs. Gardner in the star-light and saw the afterglow of the sunset.

Mr. John Grey and his wife came to dine, she a very pretty horribly chatterboxy woman, who bamboozled Bernhard into thinking there was

²⁸² Lakewood, New Jersey.

²⁸³ Edwin Austin Abbey (1852-1911)

²⁸⁴ John Singer Sargent.

²⁸⁵ Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1866-1898).

²⁸⁶ Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), author, historian, and Unitarian minister.



something in her. We have a bet out as to the result. He seemed interesting, and is, Mrs. Gardner says, a very able lawyer; but his scatter-brained talkative wife gave him no chance. Clayton Johns,²⁸⁷ whom I used to know 20 years ago, also came. [19 024]

Green Hill, Brookline, Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1903

I called on Helen Hopekirk (Wilson) in the morning, but saw too much of her husband.

Mrs. Gardner took us to the Art Museum in the afternoon, rushing us through, and ending up by getting the Curator, Chalfin,²⁸⁸ to show us a scroll with the sack of a town on it, from about 1250. It is very fine, particularly the last episode of the solitary general on a black horse heading the triumphal procession, but it is not at all so great as the early Chinese things. For her, however, it is the best thing in the Museum, and there's an end on it.

Wonderful woman! — or, as she says Gericke²⁸⁹ calls her, “Genius woman” (She loves to tell stories redounding to her own credit.)

In the evening we went to the opening of the Jordan Hall at the new Conservatory building. [20 025] They gave the C major toccata and fugue of Bach on the new organ, but we did not care for it. Are our ears spoiled by hearing these things on the piano?

Then there was a long speech by Mr. Higginson, a decentish concerto by Schumann (A minor), a *horrible* “Ouverture” by Chaplin, and the Eroica. Even to that, we weren't up to the mark, whether we were tired, or whether Bach has accustomed us to such concentrated music ... but it seemed prolix. We must look out!! I sat by Mr. and Mrs. Lang — **I must try to remember people.**

Green Hill, Brookline, Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1903

We went in to the Library to see T. H. Perry, with whom we walked about the beautiful courtyard, and cursed Sargent.

Ellen Hale came to lunch, and we wandered [21 026] about the gardens, and took a drive through Franklin Park.

In the evening we went to see Owen Wister's play, *The Virginian*,²⁹⁰ and were greatly taken with the actor, Dunstan Farnum,²⁹¹ who is a great grandson of Webster. He spent two weeks in Virginia learning the accent.

²⁸⁷ Clayton Johns (1857-1932), composer, pianist, and teacher.

²⁸⁸ Paul Chalfin (1874-1959), artist, interior designer and architect. In 1903 he succeeded Walter T. Cabot as Curator of Chinese and Japanese art at the Museum of Fine Arts.

²⁸⁹ Wilhelm Gericke served twice as music director, from 1884 to 1889 and again from 1898 to 1906.

²⁹⁰ Owen Wister (1860-1938) studied at St. Paul's and Harvard '82. *The Virginian* became one of the first mass-market bestsellers and stands as the defining text for America's most durable hero—the cowboy.

²⁹¹ Dunstan Farnum



But the play of course *isn't* a play; it's merely a novel dramatized, with all the emotional parts underlined. No plot, but a story.

Green Hill, Brookline, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1903

Another Elysian day of sparkling sunshine.

We went to see an exhibition of Japanese things, which are to be sold at auction, and <to> meet Mr. Ross (Denman) there. The things were good, but chiefly grotesques and copies of "nature", and a little seemed to go a long way.

Mr. Theodore Dwight has come to stay, and Mr. Owen Wister came to dine — a [22 027] charming, intelligent, inspiring man, with whom we could have had a delightful conversation if Mrs. Gardner permitted. But she has no interest in ideas, and of course she is important enough for no one to be willing to leave her out. We asked whom they would invite to make an interesting dinner here — William James, Mrs. Whitman, Mr. John Grey, Mrs. Bell, "Piggy" Everett,²⁹² E. E. Hale ... these are all the names I remember now.

Green Hill, Brookline, Friday, Oct. 23, 1903

Mrs. Gardner took us to Beverly Farms²⁹³ to lunch with Mrs. Whitman, who had also Mrs. Parkman, Mr. Barton a young architect, and Miss Pendleton, a witty lady from Philadelphia. The house is a charming and luxurious cottage with only a lawn between it and the beach. A good many photographs of false Botticellis [23 028] hung about, and casts of the usual things. Mrs. Whitman managed the conversation on the whole well, and B.B. played up finely. Mr. Dwight gave a good definition of a translation. The honeycomb with all the honey run out of it. Mrs. Whitman is a bit precious, and sometimes says dull or silly things with an intense air, but it was an atmosphere of people who cared for books and ideas at least, and we enjoyed it.

Green Hill, Brookline, Saturday, Oct. 24, 1903

Mrs. Gardner took us to lunch at Cambridge, at the Union, with her nephew, Archie Coolidge, professor of History.²⁹⁴

We then went to a Football Match between Harvard and Brown, which we really enjoyed. They were making the DKE neophytes do all sorts of absurdities.

We went to the Symphony Concert in the evening, Beethoven 115, Wagner *Waldweben*, Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, a piece (tango) of the

²⁹² William ("Piggy") Everett, President Everett's son

²⁹³ Beverly Farms, on the North Shore, next to Prides Crossing, where the Gardners had an estate, along with Frick, Swift, Sears, et al.

²⁹⁴ Archibald Cary Coolidge (1866-1928), Professor of History from 1908 and the first Director of the Harvard University Library from 1910 until his death.



soloist, the [24 029] new violinist, Mr. Arbos,²⁹⁵ and a Glazonnoff symphony.²⁹⁶ Modern music seems horribly formless and boring after Bach!

Green Hill, Brookline, Sunday, Oct. 25, 1903

We went with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Proctor to lunch at Dedham with Mr. Foote, organist of the Berkeley St. Church, and his charming daughter and nice wife. Mr. Harold Bauer, the pianist, was there. Miss Foote sang some Scarlatti and an "Irish Melody" of her Father's. The conversation was dull, as it usually is with musicians.

A Mrs. Thorndyke²⁹⁷ (daughter of Sherman)²⁹⁸ and a Miss Dana (charming) came to call, also Charley Gibson and a Bavarian Count.

Mr. Swift, Mr. Chalfin and Miss Pendleton to dine, one of Mrs. Gardner's usual "simple", not to say parsimonious! dinners, with one tiny glass of poor champagne apiece. Miss Pendleton, with a truly fine manner, monologized in small, dull gossip, but the [25 030] manner was so regal and important that everyone was hypnotized into thinking the talk good. She has just Miss Seward's way. But she was really dull to a degree!

Mrs. Gardner knoweth not fact from fiction in romancing about herself. But she has been very charming to us all this visit. Make her more intellectual and less egoistic and more generous and she would be one of the most wonderful women ever created!

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Monday, Oct. 26, 1903

We packed in the morning and walked in the Italian garden with our hostess, who told us that it was the general impression in the Boston Museum that Bernhard had helped Mr. Higginson choose that voluptuous nude lady by Bonifazio "*as a memorial*" to that sober and righteous citizen, Mr. Francis Hooper.²⁹⁹ "That finished Berenson for us as a man of taste", [26 031] they all said. And no wonder! What happened really was that B.B. recommended it as a nice picture, thinking it was going to hang in Mr. Higginson's own house. The *in memoriam* idea was never hinted at!

After lunch we came here. Abe (wied [*sic*] name!) met us at Springfield, and Senda and Bessie here.

Unpacking and chat filled the evening.

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1903

Owen Wister's play was given here last night, and the Virginian in person appeared in the dining room at breakfast, a gracefully uncouth young man,

²⁹⁵ Enrique Arbos

²⁹⁶ Alexander Konstantinovich Glazunov, a Russian composer.

²⁹⁷ Rachel Ewing Thorndike (1861-1919), wife of Paul Thorndike, a physician and professor at the Harvard Medical School.

²⁹⁸ General William Tecumseh Sherman (1820-1891)

²⁹⁹ ? John Francis Hooper, the son of Nathaniel Hooper, a dry goods commission merchant and former shipping merchant in the East India trade who lived at 262-264 Beacon Street.



quite as handsome off the stage as on. I spoke to him and we had quite a chat. He reminded me of Norman Hapgood, at least what he would have been without Harvard. He is absolutely devoted to Owen Wister, and he longs to take [27 032] the play to London. He is also enthusiastic for Japan, on account of Sadi Yacco,³⁰⁰ I think.

We had a walk in the morning, but then one of my bad headaches came on, and I had to go to bed. The others had another walk in this bracing icy wind.

Senda gave us a small party in the evening. Profs. Gardiner, Pierce, Souza, Jordan, Hubbard, President Seelye — pleasant enough.

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1903,

Such a wonderful drive this morning to Hatfield, and a sprinkling of snow already on the ground. I felt at moments almost 18 again, and I recognized the little wooden shanty where Florence³⁰¹ and I used to discuss if we would ever love a man enough to live with him *there* and do his cooking and washing.

In the afternoon Senda gave us a [28 033] grand Reception, with many, many more people than I can possibly recall, but all good-natured and talkative and friendly. Miss Moffat brought Mr. George Cable,³⁰² the novelist.

No one seems to remember anything about me but **my horse — beloved Antecellere**. One teacher recalled how Florence and I hitched our horses to a trap, neither horse having ever been driven before, and went for a “lark”. She said it was brought before the Faculty with great seriousness, but Prof. Phelps said ‘to let us alone, we’d come out all right. We knew more about horses than any of them did.’

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1903

I worked on my lecture all the morning.

The Hinckleys took us a drive in the afternoon, through scenery that seemed to combine the [29 034] beauty of Surrey and of Umbria.

In the evening I gave my lecture of “How to enjoy the Old Masters” to about 400 girls and 50 teachers. President Seelye introduced me a “living example” of what Smith College could do for women. I spoke to them about 45 minutes, and it was easy and appeared to be interesting. I thought it might poor, but they said that they had never (since Mother) had a woman who spoke with such ease and naturalness.

³⁰⁰ Sadi Yacco (1871-1946).

³⁰¹ Florence Blanchard Dike, a sophomore from Montclair, New Jersey. Like Mary, Florence had brought her horse to college; see Tiffany, p. 105 & 135. Florence Dike appears in the lists of Mary’s friends in diary entries dated Nov. 8, 1895, Mar. 30, 1898 and Feb. 7, 1899. She married James B. Reynolds, a lawyer in New York, in 1898, and died Sept. 28, 1919; buried in West Haven, Conn.

³⁰² George Washington Cable (1844-1925), novelist from New Orleans.



Afterwards we had supper with Mrs. Rosseter, the Matron of the Dewey House.

Lunched with Prof. Gardiner.

Smith College, Northampton, Friday, Oct. 30, 1903

Mrs. Berenson came across yesterday — another rather depressing person, about whose life I can't feel anything but hopeless.

Senda and Bessie are miserable here, and so are most of the other women teachers I have met. [30 035] They all complain of the terrible monotony and dreariness of their lives, and each one confides to me how much she wishes the others could get married — “it's the only thing for so-and-so” is a common remark — till I am tempted to think the Duse's system would be really better than what actually is!!

We went in the morning to Amherst, and were shown round by the young art professor, Mr. Wilkins, and Prof. Este. What a heavenly situation! We admired the President's house, built in very good style about 60 years ago.

In the afternoon we went up Mt. Tom with Profs. Pearce and Sioussat.³⁰³ The view was indescribably beautiful. Then they rowed us on the river in the moonlight, and sang songs to us. To think that this has been going on all the years I have been away!! [31 036]

Smith College, Northampton, Saturday, Oct. 31, 1903

Miss Jordan and her friend Miss Bourland took us to Deerfield for lunch. A lovely sleepy place, with a quaint burial ground containing the bones of many who were “captivated by the salvages”, and of one “who married a salvage and became one”, returning home at last, it seems, to rest in a civilized grave.

Senda and I came home early to see a Basket Ball game — fine sport. She is worried about Bessie and Bessie about her and both of them about Abe and all of them about the Mother and Father. I could not keep my spirits long with such life-diminishing people. The truth is Bernhard's career has given them all a vision of life they cannot themselves attain; and the contrast makes them discontented. As life goes, they are really very well off. [32 037]

Miss Hubbard gave us a dinner in the evening, with Mr. Field and Mr. Cooper in “from the outside”. These men told some amusing stories after dinner. Then Miss Hubbard stayed, telling me how Senda would be so much happier married, and the usual tale of woe. She seemed a little “queer” to me.

Smith College, Northampton, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1903

Miss Mitchell took us a drive over two ferries — most beautiful.

We then lunched at the Morris House, where the girls were all eyes and

³⁰³ St. George Leakin Sioussat, assistant instructor in history at Smith College, 1899-1904.



ears for our marvellous selves.

Then I called on the Hinckleys, President Seelye, Miss Hesse, and met the others at Miss Hoffat's, who, poor thing, is broken-hearted that her beloved Zanetti is going to get married. Mr. Cable was there, but B.B. did not find him as intelligent as he hoped.

In the [33 038] evening we packed, and had a call from Mr. Pearce and Mr. Sioussat.

A Miss Scott called on me in the morning, the only contented woman I have seen in Northampton. She wanted to talk of Gertrude Burton, and to tell me how Einstein had plagiarized her work, wherein I gave her most "adequate" sympathy.

New Haven House, New Haven, Monday, Nov. 2, 1903

Came here.

The Berensons began to get on my nerves a little bit, and B.B. saw it and was as nice as possible. He said he dreaded it for himself as well, as he *can't* do more than so much for them.

We rushed at once to the Jarves Collection, and found a nice little roomful of pictures, some really good — a small gallery about on a level with Pisa or Arezzo. The two art professors, Wier³⁰⁴ and Niemeyer,³⁰⁵ [34 039] joined us there, also Miss Ellen Hale and Mr.³⁰⁶ Jackson, and with the two latter we went and had tea with the Whitneys, with whom Beatrice Chamberlain³⁰⁷ is now staying.

Prof. Whitney,³⁰⁸ of Sanskrit fame, is dead, of course, but his wife and three daughters live on in the pleasant, old-fashioned house, and are cultured and agreeable.

Miss Hale came to what we thought was *dinner* with us, but what turned out to be supper, ending up with griddle-cakes!

She told me a good deal about Evelyn³⁰⁹ — whom I believe we both love just as much today as we ever did. She is one of those whose memory cannot die.

Letters from home represent Helen Fry's condition as very painful. Poor old Roger. She has the persecution mania, and thinks that even he is

³⁰⁴ John Ferguson Weir (1841–1926), the first dean of the School of Fine Arts at Yale.

³⁰⁵ John Henry Niemeyer (1839–1932) taught drawing at Yale University for over 30 years.

³⁰⁶ Written over 'Miss'?

³⁰⁷ Beatrice Mary Chamberlain (1862–1918), educationist and political organizer.

³⁰⁸ William Dwight Whitney (1827–1894), linguist, philologist, and lexicographer known for his work on Sanskrit grammar and Vedic philology as well as his influential view of language as a social institution. Author of *Sanskrit Grammar* (1879). In 1853, Yale University offered Whitney a position as Professor of Sanskrit, the first of its kind in the United States.

³⁰⁹ Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff.



persecuting her. [35 040]

New Haven House, New Haven, Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1903

We spent the day taking notes on the gallery. It is an interesting one, and there are 14 pictures we should gladly own.

1. Gentile da Fabriano, Madonna.
2. Neroccio, Annunciation.
3. Pollajuolo, Hercules and Deianira
4. P. Lorenzetti, Assunta
- 5 & 6. Sassetta, Temptations of Antony
7. Simone Martini, St. Martin
8. Benvenuto <di Giovanni>, Madonna
9. Benvenuto <di Giovanni>, Love Bound <by Maidens>
10. Girolamo da Cremona, Nativity.
11. Ghirlandajo, Woman's Head
12. Sano <di Pietro>, Adoration of the Magi
13. Sano <di Pietro>, Coronation <of the Virgin>
14. Giovanni di Paolo.

Usual complement of professors in gallery.

Miss Hale — who is awfully nice — came in afternoon.

Mr. Jackson took us to a tea at the Country Club, where lots of people were introduced to us.

[36 041] Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1903

Bernhard went off to New York at 9.30.

Hutchins Hapgood met him and escorted him downtown. Neith's³¹⁰ father has left her mother and sisters with almost nothing to live on. Hutch has got work under Peter Dunne³¹¹ at \$40.00 a week — not much, poor chap! His *Autobiography of a Thief* is selling well, but not so well as they hoped from the Press notices. Neith's novel *The Forerunner* is out.

The business part of New York seemed to Bernhard too hideous for words, and the life too big a price to pay for *any* money.

Davis gave him a lunch of terrapin³¹² and woodcock, and then he went to see Mr. Cannon in his gilded prison, the Chase Bank.³¹³ Mr. Cannon said he had spent all the summer doctoring up mangled fortunes — it is a miserable time for money. He said he was very ill, and that his doctor ordered him away.

Bernhard took the 4 o'clock train and arrived here soon after 10.

In the meantime I had gone again to the [37 042] Jarves Collection, into

³¹⁰ Neith Boyce, novelist and playwright, a founder of the Provincetown Players.

³¹¹ Finley Peter Dunne (1867-1936), humorist and writer from Chicago. In 1898 Dunne published *Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War*, a collection of his nationally syndicated Mr. Dooley sketches,

³¹² turtle

³¹³ They are evidently still considering purchasing I Tatti.



which various natives were coming attracted, for the first time in their lives, by the sensation of having all the attributions authoritatively contradicted.” Prof. Niemeyer came and gave me a long lecture, telling me that the “Botticelli” (an indifferent school piece) was the finest in existence, except possibly the *Birth of Venus*. He said he had copied it, so he knew far more about it than a person (like me!) who only looked at it could possibly know. There was no answer and I made none. His pretentiousness amused and horrified me, for no matter what out-of-the-way name I mentioned, he made as if he knew all about it — and of course he couldn’t possibly. Idiot.

I was delivered from him by Mr. Randall, the photographer, who took me under his wing. He seems to be “in it” as much as anyone in New Haven or Hartford, and he invited me to lecture at Hartford — pouring great contempt upon [38 043] Prof. Wier, the head of the Yale Art School, who evidently shies at the idea of a woman giving a lecture! Mr. Randall’s wife was the first woman to take an M. A. degree at Yale, and the College printed her Thesis on “The Origins of Spenser’s Mythology”. He took me to Judge Bronson’s to see some pictures. They were mostly modern, but there was a Luini and a copy of a Titian. He patted Mrs. Judge on the back, and seemed like a brother to everyone he spoke to.

Ellen Hale called, and Mr. Jackson came to lunch, and then I got off in the 2.35 train, “the Knickerbocker Express”, consisting of Pullman cars and endless darkey porters.

Our rooms here, for which we pay \$45.00 a week, and which we took *for the quiet*, are so hideously noisy that we shall certainly have to move.

An amusing home letter recounts that Lady Lou³¹⁴ is in raptures over the review [39 044] of Bertie’s book which appeared in *The Spectator*. She is convinced that he had either found out or is on the point of finding out the connection between Pure Religion and Pure Reason. She wants him to give a lecture on his ideas to a Select Circle of Thinkers, who cannot accept Orthodoxy, but who, longing for Religion, might, she thinks, be brought to it by the Road of Syllogisms. She is firmly convinced that “Mr. Russell is the Apostle of the Future”, and that he has a tremendous Responsibility towards his Age. On which Logan comments, “It is funny to think of Bertie as a Prophet. If he would only pretend to do a miracle or two, I am sure those good ladies would regard him as a new divine incarnation. The ‘select circle of Thinkers’ digging religious truth out of Bertie’s book by means of syllogisms makes a picture that enriches the imagination; if Bertie would appear in their midst and say [40 045] ‘Syllogism’ in a hieratic voice. I am sure that the whole Mystery of the Universe would be explained to them!”

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1903

Our rooms were terribly noisy with the railroad, so we changed over into another apartment, which is alas even dearer, costing \$56.00 a week. But it is

³¹⁴ Alys Russell.



quiet and very nice. There is a little entrance hall, with a nice bathroom to the Left and then a large bedroom (mine) and a comfortable sitting room looking out, with a bay window, on Commonwealth Avenue. Here B.B. has a small bed. Opposite us are some *really beautiful* new houses, but nothing to the beauties we saw when we went to look up Mrs. Tyler on Bay State Road. There are houses there which would compare not too unfavourably with those lovely houses by Wren at Chichester. We thought we had hardly ever had a more [41 046] interesting walk!

Mrs. Tyler was not in, and we went on to Mrs. Gardner's at Green Hill. We found her laughing cheerfully at her overwhelming misfortune, the sudden summons to pay \$200,000 duty on her pictures, as the Government consider that she has not properly made her Museum "open to the public", and so call up the duties they had remitted. She has of course behaved in a ridiculous and irritating way over the whole affair, and set everyone against her. She is evidently in need of Jack's guiding hand. Still, it is very hard, and it enraged me beyond words. Of course by selling a few jewels she could meet the emergency — her ruby, for example, is worth half a million. But she prefers, it seems, to sell stock at a ruinous loss. But, as B.B. said, who knows how much of all this is true? What is true is that she isn't likely to buy anything more for [42 047] the present. She was caressing and affectionate and charming, even more than usual. She has dismissed all her servants but two — evidently she is extremely *difficile*, without her husband to restrain her.

In the evening Matthew Pritchard came to dine — an inarticulate but apparently honourable and intelligent Englishman. He used to be with Ned Warren, but they had some sort of a quarrel. Now he is secretary to the Director of the Museum — upon whom, by the way, we called in the morning. Davis, it seems, is lending most of his pictures to the Museum for the winter. The famous forgery is to figure as "The Donna Laura Minghetti Leonardo". Good for Davis!!

Pritchard was a great relief — we felt we could say anything we liked without "offending" him. [43 048]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 6, 1903

Lunched with the parents at Dorchester, going out in a snow storm which suddenly came on top of a temperature of 70° a few hours before.

Earlier in the morning B.B. had been at the Museum with Chalfin — a rather pretentious, I think, dense sort of man, who permits himself such judgments upon matters he knows little about that it makes me doubt his knowing even his own subject (Japanese and Chinese art) in a really scholarly way. He is a painter — that explains it! Mentally he resembles Roger Fry, but he is less versatile and much less charming.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Barrett Wendell (out) and Mrs. Perry, who received me with a warm cordiality that surprised me. I could not help liking her. The only trace of the old cloven hoof was her bringing in



incidentally that Puvis de [44 049] Chavannes had praised one of her paintings for its “remarkable drawing”. They showed me a portrait by Potter which was too comic for words, all out in its values.

In the evening we dined with Miss Grace Norton at Cambridge, Mr. Denman Ross being the fourth. I had heard of Miss Norton as the Apostle of ‘plain living and high thinking’, but she gave us a most gorgeous repast. The Thinking was fair to middling, Mr. Ross being rather sententious and school-teachery. Still, it was pleasant, and we found many things in which we all agreed, **loathing of Sargent**, love of the Sienese and the feeling that it was the nearest European parallel to the art of the East, **discrimination in Whistler worship**, and so on.

Miss Norton told us that the City gave Prince Henry of Prussia a guard of mounted police who couldn’t ride, but tumbled off, and that President Eliot,³¹⁵ in thanking the Emperor, through Prince Henry, for the Germanic Museum simply spoke of him as ‘your brother’. [44 bis 050]

Senda writes: “Everybody sings the praises of the B.B.’s. I wish you could see Mr. Pierce’s³¹⁶ letters. “What a privilege it was — what wonderful people you are — how he caught glimpses of more beautiful worlds in your presence”, etc. etc.!

She has gone to live in a sort of retreat, where there is a man who thinks he is a peanut.

This reminds me that poor Helen Fry has had to be sent to an Asylum. Poor old Roger. We feel at once the absence of her guiding hand, for he writes to say that he has been defending B.B. against monstrous lies believed about him by Claude Phillips and Colvin, and then goes on to say that **they have agreed to run the newly organized Burlington by a small committee of these very men and himself and Cook, and hopes B.B. will be pleased and take the same interest in it as before.** He finds it important to keep it “really English”.

This is what is called English tact, I suppose. Helen would never have permitted it. [45 051]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 7, 1903

We went to the Museum — after writing a few letters — and carefully compared the so-called Rogier van der Weyden with photographs of the other indubitable Rogiers. The one here is an exact copy of the one in Munich, except that the faces are shorter and less firm in expression, and the draperies a very little less nervous. Bernhard is inclined to think it a copy by the “Maître de Flémalle”.³¹⁷

³¹⁵ Mary wrote ‘Elliott’. Charles William Eliot, ’53 (March 20, 1834-1926), president of Harvard University (1869-1909).

³¹⁶ See the entry for Oct. 27, 1903.

³¹⁷ Robert Campin (1378-1444), un peintre primitif flamand, souvent identifié au « maître de Flémalle ».



He brought Mr. Chalfin back to lunch, and afterwards Mrs. Gardner came in, from the Cushing-Cochrane wedding, bringing Norman Hapgood, who had come up for the day to attend the ceremony.

They drove with Mrs. G. to Fenway Court.

Norman said it was perfectly true that Peter Dunn ("Misther Dooley") is devoted to his mother-in-law, that unprepossessing Mrs. Abbott, at least as much as to his wife, her daughter.³¹⁸ Mrs. Gardner [46 052] told us he only married the daughter because Mrs. Abbott, who had literally saved him from the gutter, would not have him. And we all have been pitying him for his awful mother-in-law!!

Later, Jo Smith called.

In the meantime, I had lunch at Leslie Hopkinson's in Cambridge, meeting Miss Hughes, a Unitarian Sunday School teacher, and Miss Yerxes,³¹⁹ and an old acquaintance, Miss Allyn. We had a pleasant but too ample lunch.

Afterwards I went with Miss Hopkinson to see the new Radcliffe Dormitory, Bertram Hall, a beautiful building by Wadsworth Longfellow.

Then we walked along Berkeley Street, where I lived in '84-5 and the Appian Way, where the "Annex" used to be, and along dear old winding Brattle Street. I had real sensations of the past, bits of my old thoughts and dreams and hopes seemed hidden in the trees, and dropped down on me as I [47 053] walked under them.

How well I remembered going along Berkeley Street with B.F.C.C.'s cable message in my hand that made our engagement: "Thankfully I take and will hold the infinite gift." And the poor man couldn't hold it, nor was it such a wonderful gift as he imagined. **A tragedy, and he is dead, and I feel almost as young as I did then, and even jollier.**

We met Santayana in Brattle Street, agreeable as ever.

In the evening we dined at the Robinsons — a most elaborate dinner, with the Barrett Wendells and the Paul Thorndykes as our fellow-guests. Dr. Thorndyke struck me as a truly delightful man, delightful in every way. His wife, a daughter of General Sherman, is not so nice. Mrs. Wendell is a chattering goose, but so kind and good-natured, one can't resent her even when one is ... [47 bis 054]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 8, 1903

We went to the Japanese wood-carving show, and met Joseph Smith and brought him back to lunch. He seemed nice and congenial in his ideas, but not amounting to much.

Miss Puffer came to tea, Mrs. Gardner called, Rachel came to dine and Ralph Perry afterwards. We argued about Roger Fry's father making him

³¹⁸ Mary Ives Abbott (1878–1955), a society woman in Chicago, prominent golfer, and 1900 Olympics winner.

³¹⁹ Perhaps Xerxes?



promise never to paint from the nude. Perry proved very dull and un-agile and set in his notions, utterly unable to handle a subject intellectually. He is pretty tough, and we were bored.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 9, 1903

The effects of atmosphere here are singularly Italian, above all, like the quattrocento Florentines and Sieneese, *i*ing clear, pure, sharply undercut outlines to the hills, and crystalline transparency to the skies. It suggests that the genuine way to treat American landscape in art [48 055] is precisely this method of the Primitives — and this makes a reason the more why early Italian pictures of fine quality ought to play a large part in the education of American taste. It explains, too, the general superstition that American scenery is not beautiful, an idea doubtless started by the modern artists who find little to treat here in the “impressionist”, atmospheric manner.

An idea to remember!

We had a boring morning of shopping.

The Elliotts called in the afternoon, eager to talk gossip of the “Dooley” household, in which the mother-in-law plays far too prominent a part for the general taste, and the Norman Hapgood family, where the wife has taken Invalidism as a *profession* — unnecessarily, most people think. I have yet to meet the person who likes her — except (I hope) Norman. [49 bis 056]

Then we went to have tea with Miss Osgood, whom we found simply detestable — a pert, forced, affected, patronizing, over-vivacious manner. Her mother seemed over-intense. There was a charming Mrs. J. L. Putnam there, and a Mr. Kidder, superintendent of the game of Alaska.

We dined at Mrs. Toy's, with the Barrett Wendells, Santayana and Mr. and Mrs. William James. It was a very pleasant dinner, with a good deal of general conversation. Mrs. James, in her quiet, humorous way, told a number of funny stories about Sir Frederick Pollock. William James asked after mother with affection, and said that every year he came to admire more and more her *Christian Secret of a Happy Life*.

Barrett Wendell was very brilliant, full of paradoxes, such as that the study of the nude ruined art, and so on. [50 057]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1903

Went to the Museum and began our notes on the Italian pictures. Mrs. Gardner came to lunch, and afterwards drove us to the “Opening” of the Germanic Museum. There were lots of speeches, frightfully dull and common place, and at last William James spoke — a new atmosphere of intellectual lightness and playfulness and sanity — perfectly delightful. He said just the right word about German art too.

One speaker, Karl Schurze, actually claimed Shakspeare [*sic*] as a German genius!!

We went to Prof. Norton's for tea. A fat rich Jew, named James Loeb, was



there arranging for a prize to be given each year to the writer of the best poem. A poor little Jew sculptor brought his medal — too fearful for words, but everyone praised it. The lettering looked as if it had been taken from some newspaper advertisement. [51 058]

We dined with the Perrys *en famille*, and heard plenty of nasty stories about Mrs. Whitman. We believed them, too, which was worse. She seems to have been an inveterate social climber, who hesitated at no dirty trick and no heartless throwing over of humble friends, to *get on*, and the result is she has got on.

The Perry girls seemed very nice.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1903

Went to Museum. Mr. Loeb came to lunch, a handsome, fat, prosperous Philistine Jew, classmate of Bernhard's. He is funding a Poetry prize, to be given to the best poet of each year. His idea is to have poems on "modern" subjects — Panama, the Tammany Victory, the Strife of Labour and Capital, and so on. As he may be very useful to us financially, B.B. and I listened politely while he expounded these views. It is astonishing how [52 059] interesting and un-boring society becomes when you have something to get out of it. Perhaps it's a mistake to live with no stakes in social life.

Then Miss Reed, one of Gertrude's middle-aged, middle-class female friends, called with her sister Mrs. Morss, who used to be a very pretty girl in Bernhard's youth, and who gave him a month of dreams. Alas, "Love likes not the falling fruit from the withered tree" — and rather the ripened fruit from the bulky tree.

Then Mrs. Pringsheim called, and then, oh then, **Mrs. Longyear, the millionaire Christian Scientist**. She is very Franciscan in her ecstatic love of Humanity and individuals, in her contentment with (what she thinks are) God's ways, and in her hatred of books. "What do I want of books?" she cried. "I know." She spoke continually of herself and God as one — it was like $2 + 2 = 4$, and sin and disease and death along with God and [53 060] herself are like $2 + 2 = 5$. (This is her strongest argument.) She is very fat, with huge paws squeezed into white gloves that wouldn't button, and one wondered if her double, God, also looked that way. But all the same her good spirits, and affectionateness were attractive, life-enhancing. She said she would like to take poor B.B. in her arms and cuddle him there till his poor tired nerves felt that God and he were one and that sickness did not exist.

She is going to take us to a Christian Science meeting — and we want to learn something about it, for Bernhard has an awful fear that it may become the religion of the future. It has such a pull over all other religions, for instead of resignation here and bliss to come, it teaches immediate bliss. You are to be well and happy and [54 061] rich and successful, you are to eat and drink everything you like, you aren't to worry. In short it promises earthly felicity — a low ideal, perhaps, but to most people an irresistible one.



Then it has its ecstatic mystic side, and there is just enough of a struggle to keep in harmony with the universe to commend it to energetic people.

Mrs Longyear, for instance, has managed not to be a bit cast down about her son's recent death. "He's with us still" she said cheerfully, "leading us on to higher things."

She had hardly gone when we scurried through our toilettes and went to Miss Leslie Hopkinson's in Cambridge to dinner. She had the Fletchers, the Weir Smyths and Mr. Baker her brother-in-law. It was rather dull somehow, and terribly hot. [55 062]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903

We took Rachel to the Museum, and she and Mr. Denman Ross lunched with us. Afterwards he showed us the early Chinese paintings — that wonderful series from the XI-XII century, ascribed to Ririomon.³²⁰ They surpassed my expectations. He showed us a few choice Japanese things, but they seemed to us inferior. Finally, just as it was growing dark, we struck a Chinese figure that seemed to us essentially superior to any Japanese thing we had seen. Mr. Ross did not think so, and we argued a long time in a very interesting way. He really knows a very great deal about Eastern Art, and was therefore perfectly ready to talk and argue pleasantly (To us he seemed to give too much weight to the purely sensuous elements of colour and balance, and too little to the more artistic ones of form and movement.) But he was not [56 063] at all pleasant about Italian art, when we went upstairs, having there nothing but unpractised prejudice to guide him. He took us to a horrid, vulgar, coarse little picture — a "justice" or something — of the school of Veronese. This he considered a masterpiece, and was quite put out with us for disputing it.

Everyone here considers himself a specially appointed authority on Italian art — it is very amusing, but also annoying. If we stay much longer, Bernhard will suddenly match off his shoes, like Fox at Lichfield, and rush barefoot through the town, crying, "Wo! Wo! to the bloody city of Boston!"

In the evening we dined at the Barrett Wendells — Robinsons, Mrs. and Mrs. Sturgis, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlkes, and Mr. and Mrs. ... daughter of Richardsdon the archaeologist, were the other guests. I was fighting a cold by "Christian Science" principles and quinine, and was feeling rather low, but [57 064] was cheered up by this tale of the Bishop of Massachusetts who went to England on a visit last summer. There he was My Lord'ed and made much of in every way, but he was suddenly let down to his place in his native land by a son of one of his friends, calling across the companionway at the dock, as he was landing, "Hello Bish!"

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 13, 1903

Museum in the morning. Bernhard lunched with Mr. Sam Warren and Mr.

³²⁰ p



Cabot “downtown”, both directors of the Museum, and anxious to hear his views on hanging pictures.

Then Gertrude’s friend, the architect Mr. Fox, took him out to see Mrs. Sprague’s house, and the lady herself, who was very nice and owned Hogarth’s *Selbstporträt*.

I lunched with Mrs. Henry Higginson, and greatly enjoyed her (step) mother, old Mrs. Agassiz, one of those delicious octogenarians who [58 065] still take an eager interest in people and the world. I went to the Symphony rehearsal with Miss Norton, one of C. E. Norton’s daughters.

In the evening we dined at Mrs. Roger’s — in what the Italians would call the *Arca santa* of Boston society. It was really rather dull, but impressively swell. Mr. Dorr, Admiral and Mrs. Crowninshield and Mr. and Mrs. Peabody were there also.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 14, 1903

Museum and shopping in the morning.

Just as we were starting to pay some calls in Cambridge, **Mrs. Gardner telephoned for us, and then came and took us to Fenway Court. In beauty and taste it far surpassed our expectations, which were high.** There is very little to find fault with, and endless things to praise! The pink of the walls of the inside court is rather [59 066] a mistake, it looks dingy and dilapidated a bit, and the glass roof is badly treated. Also I dislike the Bardini blue³²¹ of the stair-case and its corridor, but that is about all. The rest is too lovely to attempt to describe. One rooms is more entrancing than another, and the great masterpieces of painting seem like mere decoration, in the general scheme.

I thought there was remarkably little there that was not of Bernhard’s choosing, but that little annoyed him intensely, and hurt him too. They are all purchases of the last few years, since she ceased to listen to what he said.

There is the Chigi “Tintoretto” (a Domenico) which he refused at £4,000 and she bought on her own account for £8,000. As he had spoken of this, she told him it was a “present”; she is really a monumental liar. But this lie was a compliment to him, really.

The [60 067] little Mantegna, which Potter likes better than anything in the collection, turns out to be, as we thought, a forgery, and a very poor one at that.

She bought also the Passari Tura Circumcision,³²² a perfect beauty, but framed in a beastly way, but this is an honour to the collection.

The real knock-down blow was to find, hanging opposite to the great Chigi Botticelli, that poor school piece, a Nativity and Shepherds, from the

³²¹ Isabella had repeatedly asked Bernhard to get a sample of the blue colour on Bardini’s walls; see Hadley, p. 207.

³²² http://www.gardnermuseum.org/collection/artwork/2nd_floor/early_italian_room/the_circumcision?filter=artist:3186



Duca di Brindisi's (Palazzo Antinori, Florence). This we saw 2 1/2 years ago with Horne. They wanted 300,000 lire for it, but B.B. wouldn't touch it. And now she, after all he had done to make her collection gorgeous, bought this thing without asking him, and paid who knows what, and hangs it in a place of honour. It turned poor Bernhard quite sick and cold. [61 068] But he gave very little sign, and the occasion went off so well that Mrs. Gardner presented me with a Chinese bracelet to remember it by.

She and Mr. Proctor dined with us in the evening before going to the Symphony, and Mr. Fox called upon us later on.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 15, 1903

Called on Miss Grace Norton a moment, and then went on to the Fogg Museum to meet Mr. Loeb and a big party and to be shown his gift, which consists of some of the dregs of what Fairfax Murray bought at the Forman³²³ Sale.

They all swear by that miserable cheat, Murray, and Mr. Loeb made a speech to say that the sacred name of Murray was a guarantee that every object in this collection was genuine and priceless and beautiful, and so forth. Bernhard smiled like a snake, but said nothing.

Upstairs we [62 069] found a nice little collection of Italians given by Mr. Edward Forbes — most of them old friends: the coveted but lost Niccolò d'Alunno I saw at Siena, the big Girolamo di Benvenuto we saw at Rome, and the fra Diamante that kicked about Florence so long. Besides this there was a lovely Antoniazio tabernacolo (the curator, Mr. Moore, got quite angry when we told him this was Antoniazio, and swore it was a Filippino), a small early Correggio, a Fr. Santacroce, and a miserably repainted Rondinelli figuring as a Bellini.

Mrs. Gardner drove us back, and with Mr. Loeb to Green Hill for lunch, and Mr. Dwight came.

Afterwards we called on Mr. Bowlker and Mrs Robinson, and I had a long talk with Mrs Tyler about poor Gertrude, who has to have an operation on her breast before long. [63 070]

In the evening we had a family dinner at Dorchester, with a clever but impossible-looking cousin names Leon Eiges, and other relatives. They talked Free Trade and Protection. Bernhard got very tired.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 16, 1903

Little Rabbi Fleischer came to lunch, and we found that he didn't really believe in the Jewish race in any particular way. Democracy is his passion.

Before he came, we had an hour at Fenway Court, in the courtyard, chiefly wrangling with Mrs. Gardner, who pretends that all connoisseurs disagree, and so nothing can be known!

Then we went to a tea Mrs. Perry gave for us in her studio. I enjoyed it,

³²³ ? Harry Buxton Forman



but Bernhard didn't. I met Mason Hodg____, E_____, Tarbell, Dove, Peabody, Phillip Hale, and many ladies — Ware, Slater, Dietrich, and Higginson, James, Russell, Cabot, Hale, [64 071] Bigelow, etc. After they had gone, we had a nice talk against that odious minx, Mollie Osgood, full of sympathy for the nice young Englishman she has entrapped. She "caught" him within a fortnight from the day they met. And they will be married within three months. The Perry girls said she was bad-tempered and conceited beyond words.

Then we went to Brookline and had a very pleasant evening, barring Bernhard's fatigue, with Helen Hopekirk Wilson and her husband. She played to us Debussy and César Franck, and then one divine Bach. She is an enchanting creature!

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1903

We went through some of the Greek bronzes etc with Mr. Robinson, who is well-informed and interesting. They are getting quite a choice collection of [65 072] Greek things. Would that their Italians were on as good a footing!! We lunched very pleasantly with Gertrude Hitz' husband, Alfred Burton, who is now the Dean of the Institute of Technology. He seems very nice and simple.

From 2.30 to 4.30 we were at Fenway Court. Mrs. Gardner revived the Powell-Carew Holbein dispute, but in vain. It was only galling. The light was bad, so we could not see the pictures very well.

Then she drove us to a small Tea Clayton Johns gave us. Mr Swift came, Mr. and Mrs. Adamowski,³²⁴ and Mr. William Blake, Gladys' trustee. He says they are almost ruined, owing to Mrs. Baldwin's carelessness and recklessness, and that Gladys' private fortune, instead of being £1,500 as she and her mother always told us, is scarcely a quarter of that! What does await that [66 073] wonderful creature? he feels as wretched over it as everyone who cares for her does, but he had more reason than most, for he knows how poor she is, and how her mother is selling all her property and using up the money.

Clayton Jones told us how Mrs. Gardner entertained the Thursday Evening Club in the depths of winter, with no fires. Everyone was shivering and some one said she had put the last touch to her decorations by adding "a freize [*sic*] of eminent Bostonians'.

In the evening we dined with the Longyears and listened to more of that horrible drivel about Christian Science. But Mrs. Longyear is so genial and nice, she almost carries it off. She has a great sense of fun, too. She told us of a man who came to a "Healer" to be cured of the [67 074] habits of drinking and smoking, which he indulged in to excess. They arranged terms,

³²⁴ ? Tymoteusz "Timothee" Adamowski (1858-1943), a conductor, composer, and violinist. Born in Warsaw, where he studied, before moving to Paris. He served as the first conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra.



\$5.00 a week for daily absent treatments. At the end of the week the healer lady heard a great noise in her front hall, a man's voice threatening her as a cheat and fraud, taking money and doing nothing for it. She came down and found her patient in a rage. She asked him what was the matter, and he said he wanted to drink and smoke as much as ever. But, he added, this beastly country is going to ruin — can't get a decent bottle of whisky in the whole town. "And cigars?" she asked. A volley of oaths against the rottenness of American civilization — not a sound leaf of tobacco to be had for love or money. "I guess it's all right," she said, "you won't need any more treatment." He stopped cursing, gasped, and turned upon her in fury roaring, "Is this your doing, Madam?" [68 075] She told us, too, of a man who was lunching with them and refused some potatoes, saying, "I'm afraid of potatoes". Her children (all budding "scientists") had never heard of such a thing and they roared with laughter. It does suggest a funny picture — a man running away from a fierce potato, like the little monks in Carpaccio's picture, running away from St. Jerome's Lion!

Mrs. Longyear is a mixture of the brains of a kitten with something of the early Franciscan fervour and large-heartedness. If she would purr comfortably instead of talking, we could get on very well.

Her husband (now a convinced "scientist") used to suffer agonies of indigestion. When he used to complain of chicken and turkey and coffee, etc. not agreeing with him — his favourite dishes — she would say, "Now Mrs. Longyear, why don't you just [69 076] put it down to something you don't like?" She laughs so heartily, and is so genial, one really loves her.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1903

Bernhard went shopping for boots.

I met Ellen Hale at the Museum and we had a look round. Mrs. Berenson and Miss Hale came to lunch.

I went earlyish to Cambridge and called with Rachel on Mrs. Willard and Mrs. West, and then met B.B. at Ethel Puffer's,³²⁵ where were assembled Prof. Royce, Prof. Münsterberg, Santayana and various human stuffings.

Münsterberg frankly said that his sole interest in the Germanic Museum was "political" — a triumph for B.B.'s insight. He is a large, heavy, hideous, genial German Jew of the type of poor Lippmann. He is arranging the scientific section of the St. Louis Fair, and had 160 invitations to eminent scientists to deliver personally.

"I daresay half of them refused to sit on [70 077] the platform with the other half." I said.

³²⁵ Ethel Dench Puffer Howes (1872–1950) was an American psychologist and feminist organizer. After completing her undergraduate degree at Smith College in 1891 at age 19, she studied with Hugo Münsterberg (1863-1916) at Freiburg. She returned to the U.S. to continue her studies in 1897, following Münsterberg to Harvard where he was to take over the psychology laboratory from William James. Puffer completed her doctoral work in 1898.



“Ah! You understand Europe”, he replied. “Americans think it is so funny and absurd. They’re all so ‘large minded’. But there they do only secondary, derived work,” he added, “so of course they don’t mind what they call ‘hearing all points of view.’ ”

Prof. Royce was very sorry to hear that Bertie runs the risk of being beguiled by politics. He says so many people can do politics, and *only* Bertie can do his special work. He wants Bertie to come and give a course at Harvard.

It was a very pleasant tea, and we felt grateful to Miss Puffer.

We hurried back to the Longears and had supper and then went to the “Christian Science Temple” for an Experience Meeting. There was a hymn, readings from the Bible and from Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, prayers, another hymn, ten or twelve testimonies from all over the house, another hymn and then all was over. [71 078] Mrs. Longyear said she would “treat” Bernhard, and he thought he would let her, so as to see what it was all about.

He came home and dressed, and then went with Barrett Wendell to the “Wednesday Evening Club” (founded 1776) which met this time at the house of Mr. Rhodes the historian. He had, as they say, “the time of his life”, with a dozen interesting, interested men. It is the women, he says, who spoil American society.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903

Bernhard spent the morning at the dentist’s, and in spite of Mrs. Longyear’s absent treatment, suffered agonies from the killing of a nerve.

I went with Miss Puffer to Wellesley and gave a lecture to the girls. It went off better than at Smith, but was substantially the same lecture. They seemed very enthusiastic. [72 079]

We lunched at Miss Hazard’s, who is President. Mrs. Gardner was there, wearing all her jewels, because she said she had heard of a butler who stole the jewels of his mistress during her absence. She absorbed the conversation, and was not very interesting — as, indeed, she seldom is. She has no real gift as a conversationalist. Things lead nowhere with her.

Then they gave us a reception in the Club House of the girls who go in for art. Hundreds of girls, and lots of teachers, mostly, “in the English Department”, as usual, were brought up to speak to us, for B.B. arrived about three o’clock.



We got back in time to dress for dinner at the Tylers',³²⁶ a good dinner in a beautiful room. Mr. Gale and his wife, and Mrs. Fox were the other guests. It was really agreeable and jolly, and "brother Charles" seemed awfully nice. His deep blue eyes are beautiful, and his taste in furniture is faultless. [73 080]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 20, 1903

We met Miss Norton and her nephew Mr. Bullard, a collector of etchings, at the Museum. Miss Norton didn't really care about seeing the things, she wanted to talk. Mr. Bullard seemed shy, conscientious, and *exalté*, but as he is a possible buyer, I viewed his peculiarities with a benevolent eye.

They came back with us to lunch, and then Bernhard drove to Cambridge with Miss Norton to see Joseph Lyndon Smith's exhibition of pictures. As they were looking at one of Sicily, Miss Norton said, "Isn't this impossible?" "*Absolutely impossible*," answered B.B., and then a man standing near turned on them and said, "I am Mr. Smith's father!" It was awkward — and just when we had resolved to make no more enemies!!

While Bernhard was at Cambridge, I [74 081] left cards on people who were leaving cards on other people, on Mrs. Barrett Wendell, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Endicott Peabody, Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Parkman.

We met again at Miss Robins', also with Santayana, who came from Cambridge in the car with B.B. Miss Robins was flustered and chattering and inconsequential, and evidently *very* much relieved to hear that we were too busy to accept any further invitation from her.

We dined at the James', with Mr. Denman Ross, Mr. Minturn, Miss Coombe and Mrs. Godwin.³²⁷ It was very disappointing not to see more of William James himself, he seemed nervous and abstracted.

Mr. Ross, who walked to the car with us, says he always is at a "party". I had a nice talk with Mr. Ross, who wants to teach people to think in colours, masses, and balances. But he doesn't care for Titian's *Europa*, [75 082] and likes that fake "Veronese" in the Museum! It is really monstrous. If we stayed much longer, I am sure B.B. would snatch off his shoes, like George Fox at Lichfield, and rush barefoot through the streets crying, "Woe! Woe! to the bloody town of Boston! to the city of art-amateurs!"

I forgot to say that Bernhard began the morning with a "treatment" from

³²⁶ Charles Hitchcock Tyler, '86, BU Law School, corporate lawyer and collector, lived with his mother, 'Mrs. Tyler', at 83 Bay State Road.

His sister was Gertrude Moulton.

See Josephine Young Case & Everett Needham Case, *Owen D. Young and American Enterprise: A Biography*, p. 71.

By the 1896-1897 winter season, **397 Beacon St.** (between Fairfield and Gloucester) was the home of attorney Charles Hitchcock Tyler. His mother, Abby Little (Hitchcock) Tyler, widow of John How Tyler, lived with him. In 1895, they had lived at 5 Mt. Vernon Place. They continued to live at 397 Beacon during the 1900-1901 season, but moved soon thereafter to a new home he had built at 83 Bay State Road.

³²⁷ Godkin? Godwin? Mary added a 'k' above the 'w'.



Mrs. Longyear.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 21, 1903

Bernhard had another "treatment". They consist chiefly in Mrs. Longyear's telling him of the troubles she has overcome.

Then we went together to see Mr. Updike's³²⁸ printing establishment. He does some very good work, in excellent taste.

Then B.B. went to Cambridge to lunch with Miss Norton before the great football match between Yale and [76 083] Harvard, to which 40,000 have tickets, and I called on Mrs. Whitman to return the Symphony tickets she kindly sent us for tonight. We don't care to go; it is all modern, emotional stuff. That is another thing to cry, "Woe!" for the awful music they allow this superb orchestra to give them!

In the afternoon I called on the Perrys, Samuel Warrens, Rogers, Grays, Lyndon Smiths, Miss Reed, and on Prof. Powers of the "Bureau of International Travel."

Mrs. Gardner, with Mr. Proctor, came to dine, and went off to the Symphony, while we went out to the family at Savin Hill, and found Rachel and Ralph Perry there. He is not really very interesting.

Added later in pencil: 'How we changed our minds later!!'

Mrs. Gardner is sometimes very trying — she loves to humiliate people, and she is now paying this game with B.B. — I daresay, though, no more than she does with other people. She is adorable but not lovable. [77 084]

* *

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 22, 1903

Bernhard, with sighs and groans, went to the Christian Science meeting. He said it was pretty dull, but it made him think a lot. He rejoiced in it as a challenge to our traditional psychology.

When he came back we went to Cambridge to Mr. Denman Ross'. He showed us some *marvels* of Chinese and Japanese art, until we were in raptures. Afterwards he showed us a few more Eastern things, and then his own paintings, which are very, very good, but in the European tradition with Ingres, Velasquez, Manet, Michelangelo, Degas. His colour-scheme is perhaps richer. It is a great pity he never exhibits. We were quite amazed!

At lunch we talked with entire frankness of Mrs. Gardner and Fairfax Murray.³²⁹ We feel he is really a friend, and that he takes almost our own

³²⁸ Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860-1941), printer and historian of typography. He had worked for Houghton, Mifflin and then the Riverside Press before founding the Merrymount Press, which printed Edith Wharton's novels for Scribner's.

³²⁹ Charles Fairfax Murray (1849-1919), painter, dealer, collector, benefactor and art historian, assistant to Burne-Jones and friend of Rossetti and William Morris.



point of [78 085] view. It was most consoling. There is no one we know in the world with whom it is so agreeable to talk about art. He is a *great acquisition*.

Afterwards we called on Mrs. Fletcher, and then I went to a tea at Miss Allyn's (the Moores, Thayers and Mrs. Sampson, née Ware), and B.B. went to Mrs. Toy's, where I joined him about 5.30.

We dined, for a wonder, alone. Conte Campello called in the evening.

Wrote a note to *The Nation* on Warburg,³³⁰ and wrote to Logan, Aunt Janet, Conway Felton (about pictures at Santa Barbara), etc.

Early to bed for once, as I am not feeling very mighty, though on Longyear principles, I would not give in to it all day.

It was snowing, and the ground was quite white.

Old Mrs. Ross is a *great dear*. [79 086]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 23, 1903

Mrs. Tyler and Mr. Fox, the architect, came for us at 10.30 to take us a drive among the newly build houses (some of them extremely good) in the suburbs. We ended up with the Larz Anderson's place — a home filled with odds and ends, the rubbish from lots of curiosity shops. Mr. Anderson confessed he had no taste, but said he hoped to acquire it by indiscriminate buying!

B.B. lunched with Clayton Johns at the Tavern Club.

I called on Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Kuhn³³¹ and joined B.B. at Mrs. Perry's reception — rather deadly.

We dined with Mrs. Morss, a pretty silly woman. Interesting was Mr. J. Mackintosh Bell,³³² a young man who has travelled a great deal in British Columbia and in particular explored the region round Hudson's Bay, discovering new tribes of Indians and Esquimaux. [80 087]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1903

Went to Cambridge and called on Prof. Norton. Entertained chiefly by the daughter Santayana christened "Paradiso", a sweet, pretty creature, rather over-cultured. Santayana says she reminds him of a clock ticking under a glass case. Norton has two Bassanos he calls Tintoretto, etc., lots of Burne-Jones' drawings, and an impressive Blake.

Afterwards we refreshed ourselves calling on Miss Norton, who nearly fell out of her chair with surprise at hearing us say Denman Ross was a real

³³⁰

³³¹ Perhaps 'Kahn'.

³³² James Abbott Mackintosh Bell (1877-1934) was a New Zealand geologist, writer and company director. He studied at Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, graduating MA in 1899, then went to Harvard University in 1903 to study for his Ph.D., which he received in 1904. His field work included pioneer exploration in Arctic Canada for the Geological Survey of Canada with his uncle, Robert Bell. He also worked for several companies as a mining expert.



artist. He has been slow in his development, never showing signs of anything but mediocrity until he was well over 40 — a comforting thought for some of us!

Then we went to the Union, where Santayana gave us a pleasant lunch with the Toys and Bullard. Then we called on dear old Mrs. Agassiz³³³ [81 088] and on the rather deadly Pringsheims, and then came home, received a call from the rather middling Rabbi Fleischer, and went out to the Wilsons. They were awfully nice, and Helen³³⁴ played us some of her own things and Bach.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1903

Mrs. Gardner called for us, with Zorn, at 10.30. As soon as she saw B.B. she burst into violent weeping. She said it was for her dog, but not to speak of it. As she habitually lies, it was probably from some other cause. Whatever it was, she mastered it, and was very gay all the rest of the time.

She took us first to a Mr. Macomber, who collects armour and Italian forgeries. He keeps his windows closed and hung with tapestry, and has strange weapons and fierce-looking suits of armour all about. It was enough to drive one crazy.

Then we went to Mrs. Whitman's studio and feigned interest in her so horrible [82 089] paintings and her worse stained glass.

After that we went to lunch with Mr. Templeman Coolidge, a charming man and a bit of an amateur collector, with four jolly daughters. His wife, who was a daughter of the historian, Parkman, is dead.

Then we paid a call or two, and came back to meet Senda.

Mr. Perry and Mrs. Hooker called.

We dined at 8 with the Bowlkers. Mrs. Bowlker is very intelligent, and very agreeable.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thanksgiving, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1903

A Family Day, with us as with everyone else in New England.

Senda wrote that it would be "a long day of joy", but this was not strictly the case. However, it went off very well, and I daresay little Mrs. Berenson imagines by this time that it was bliss. We all ate too much and had to sleep it off. [83 090]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 27, 1903

We met Denman Ross at the Museum and looked at a series of 16

³³³ ? From his first marriage to Cecile Bruan, Louis Agassiz (1807-1873) had two daughters in addition to son Alexander.

In 1863, his daughter **Ida** married Henry Lee Higginson, later to be founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

In 1860, his daughter **Pauline** married Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908), a wealthy merchant and benefactor to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

³³⁴ Helen Hopekirk Wilson



pictures of Rakkan³³⁵ which have been sent for sale. Very beautiful — Dureresque in drawing. Then at some other things, Japanese and Chinese. The same difference of point of view came up, he tending to prefer the art that approached the vase or the rug, and we laying stress upon the figure. He is a delightful person to talk with. Mr. Pritchard assisted part of the time, but it did not strike me that he cared for the art of it at all. Mr. Ross brought also my nice young cousin Billy Taylor,³³⁶ who really did care, and who adores Denman Ross.

Then we called for Alfred Burton,³³⁷ who took us out to his home at Newton. On the way he told us wonderful [84 091] tales of his adventures on a North Pole expedition, and on the expedition to Java to observe a solar eclipse. He said a priest lived near where he and his party stationed themselves, who had made friends with the monkeys of the forest. He fed them every day, and they were friendly with him. Burton and his men went over to see him and said they would like to see the monkeys. So the priest went out into the open and chattered up into the sky. Presently a rustling was heard in the distant tree-tops, coming nearer and nearer, and after awhile 400 or 500 monkeys swung into view. Burton and men had bananas to feed them, but the monkeys all waited for the King before beginning the feast. After a time the King appeared, a grey old monkey about 4 ft. high, wrinkled and [85 092] wizened. He advanced quite alone to Burton, laid one hand on Burton's arm to prevent any undue familiarity and took a banana. He stepped back some paces and ate it, deliberately peeling it, and pulling off the little inside fibres, all the other monkeys watching him. In this way he took 4, eating them one at a time. Then he gave the signal and the other monkeys swooped in, watching, fighting, clamouring.

We found Arnold and Harold,³³⁸ nice big, shy boys, who suffered our presence, but I am sure danced a war-dance of joy as soon as we went. Burton's sister, who keeps house for him, is rather awful, so hopelessly "lower middle" in every way.

We got home about 5 and rested and then went to dine with the Robinsons, who had no other guests. They told [86 093] us how Dick Norton³³⁹ sold Mrs. Montgomery Sears some forged "Etruscan" jewelry.

³³⁵ The original disciples of the historical Buddha.

³³⁶ see William Nicholson Taylor

³³⁷ Alfred E. Burton (1857-1935), engineer and explorer with Admiral Robert Perry. Professor and dean of students at MIT.

photo: https://siarchives.si.edu/collections/siris_arc_290989

³³⁸ Harold Hitz Burton and Felix Arnold Burton, the sons of Mary's friend, Gertrude Hitz (1861-1896), the daughter of the Swiss Consul General in Washington, D.C., and the wife of Prof. Alfred E. Burton. Mary was present at her death in a Swiss clinic, Jan. 26, 1896. Harold was elected to the Senate from Ohio and appointed to the Supreme Court by President Truman in 1945; Arnold was a prominent architect in Maine.

³³⁹ Richard Norton (†1918), the first director of the American Academy in Rome, occasionally purchased works on behalf of Isabella. Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 303.



[sic] Mrs. Sears brought it to the Museum and *insisted* on knowing what they thought; so at last they had to tell her. She was indignant, and wrote to Norton, who returned her the money with a most outrageous letter blackguarding all the Museum people, and refusing to admit that he had been taken in.

We offered our Perugino, which Robinson seemed to like. We find him a very “white man” in his profession, and indeed think him one of the people we are most glad to have met. His wife belongs to quite another world, of society and comfort and amusement. She seems in the wrong box. She is very kind to us. [87 094]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 28, 1903

Went to Mrs. Gardner’s with Senda. Most of the time was spent in looking at her Chinese things. She is bitten with the fashionable craze, and wastes endless money at the Japanese sales, getting odds and ends, which are beginning to clutter up her beautiful Palace in a saddening way. She is going to tear down her adorable music room, and turn it into an Eastern Museum, with huge gods torn from their temples, mixed with lacquer and screens. It makes one wonder whether her “taste” isn’t just a lucky fluke.

Then we went to Edward Everett Hale’s to a family lunch, the old patriarch (rather dirty) surrounded by his family, a sweet clean wife and daughter, and monkey-faced sons with their wives. Ellen Hale gave us a little reception in her studio later, from whose walls violet-livid heads of her [88 095] father, more than life size, gazed ready upon the scene.

In the evening we dined with the Fletchers at Cambridge; it was pleasant, but not especially interesting. I talked chiefly to Mr. Thayer, who is distinctly dull. His wife, who was Bessie Ware and Logan’s and my landlady **during our Harvard year**, is distinctly improved and can talk fairly about most things.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 29, 1903

A most interesting day!

At 8.30 Charles Tyler came for us and drove us to the train, picking up the architect Fox on the way. Tyler was clad in a great bear-skin, with a cap like a vizier, and looked enormous and burly and hearty. He got a Pullman compartment for us to go to Newburyport, and we smoked and were most comfortable.

At Newburyport his automobile “Mr. White” was waiting, with the machinist, and we started off in fine style. But we had [89 096] not gone far before she began to thump, and at last, by the time we reached the life-saving station on Hampton Beach, she gave distinct signs of being unable to continue. So we crawled back to Hampton and had dinner there, and put in our time waiting for the train, B.B. resting, and Tyler and I walking through the cemetery discussing the difficult problem of Gertrude



Moulton,³⁴⁰ his sister.

And then we came back in the train all together and went to the Union Club, where Mr. Tyler gave us a “plain supper” as he called it: Caviare, Raw Oysters, Terrapin, Game, jelly and salad, Ice Cream — Olives, Champagne, salted almonds.

And he talked, telling us quantities of interesting stories of lawyers and the West, ending up with “a Texan you [90 097] really must meet, you would like him so much — he has been tried five times for murder. He only resented it the last time, when they accused him of hiring “a nigger to kill a man — ‘as if I couldn’t do my killing myself!’ ”

Then B.B. and I hurried off to meet Billy Taylor, such a nice lad of 21, and talk to him about his future, that agonizing subject to a boy of his age. Both Bernhard and I thought what a fine fellow he was, and what a good husband he would make for Ray — if ever! But Bernhard said it would be fatal for them to meet *now*.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 30, 1903

B.B. went to the Museum, and I went with Mrs. Rogers to see her home for underpaid shop-girls, and its splendid matron, Miss Sarah [91 098] Gardiner. It is a thoroughly sound charity.

We lunched at the Bullards, and then looked at Mr. Bullard’s collection of Whistler etchings and lithographs. They are, on the whole, a disappointment — thin and sometimes dull.

Then I called on Mrs. Longyear and some others, ending up with Mrs. Perry, from whose studio I went to Mr. Dow’s where I found Bernhard. Mr. Dow seemed nervous as a host, and rather scatter-brained, but B.B. liked him. He showed us one of those awful drawings by Miss Fanny Alexander, Ruskin’s pet. B.B. said right out that he loathed it.

After an early dinner went to hear the Kneisel Quartette at Cambridge, sitting with Mrs. Ross. They gave the Kruzer Sonata — delicious! [92 099]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1903

We went to Mrs. Gardner’s, who, however, haled us off to hear Mellba rehearsing in Symphony Hall.

Then we went to Concord, a most adorable, quiet little town, with some fine old houses. After walking to the battle-ground and sentimentalizing a bit, we came back and met young Edward Forbes in the library, Emerson’s grandson, a nice-looking lad resembling Emerson, with an honest but slow nature. We walked with him to the deserted “School of Philosophy” and to Hawthorne’s house, and then he took us to see his Aunt, Miss Emerson, and Emerson’s study. We told him frankly about his pictures. He is a sub-master in the Middlesex school near Concord, for he has a fad about “earning his bread”, but [93 0100] we tried to seduce him with the idea that

³⁴⁰ Gertrude Tyler Moulton



America needs (as it does!) a *serious* leisured class.

In the evening we dined at Tucker Burr's, with Dr. and Mrs. Minot, Dr. and Mrs. Thorndike, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Warren and the Barrett Wendells. Tucker was charming, much nicer than I thought he would turn out. Mrs. Burr seemed to take a great fancy to B.B.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1903

Shopped, Bernhard having a "treatment" from Mrs. Longyear.

I lunched with Mrs. Tyler, who had 5 very middle class dull ladies to meet me, and a very good lunch. B.B. had Mr. Bullard to lunch.

I paid calls, including one on Mrs. Elliott³⁴¹ and her dear old mother Julia Ward Howe,³⁴² also one on Mrs. Higginson and a Mrs. Rogers.

In the evening we went to Savin Hill³⁴³ [94 0101]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1903

The day was spent mostly in packing, though B.B. went to Cambridge and met Wendell and Royce and called on Miss Norton.

We dined in the evening with the Sam Warrens, a Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, Templeman Coolidge, the Robinsons, Denman Ross and Pritchard being the other guests. I had a most delightful talk with Mr. Ross at dinner, and a pleasant one with Mr. Robinson afterwards. It was one of our most agreeable dinners. Mr. Robinson said they were "considering" the Perugino. *Speriamo!*

Guernsey Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, Friday, Dec. 4, 1903

Spend the day coming here. The rule in the Pullman cars is 71° of heat, but it is generally nearer 85°.

The view of New York from the Ferry — like a Cyclopean San Gemignano — is very fine.

Mrs. Marquand³⁴⁴ is pretty and intelligent, Mr. Marquand³⁴⁵ [95 102] very, very dull, and not at all really intellectual, but serious and well-meaning. He is always softly humming. A Mr. Morey, post-graduate student in Latin and archaeology, and Freddie Pease, an old Germantownian, came to dine.

Guernsey Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1903

Saw the college in the morning, and got acquainted with the different

³⁴¹ Maud Howe Elliott (1854-1948).

³⁴² Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910) a poet and author, best known for writing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." She was also an advocate for abolitionism and was a social activist, particularly for women's suffrage.

³⁴³ The home of Bernhard's parents on Grampian Way.

³⁴⁴ Evidently the wife of Allan Marquand.

³⁴⁵ Allan Marquand (1853-1924) was an art historian at Princeton University and a curator of the Princeton University Art Museum. He was the son of Henry Gurdon Marquand (1819-1902), a prominent philanthropist and art collector. The Marquand Library of Art and Archaeology at Princeton is one of the oldest and most extensive art libraries in America.



styles of Mr. Potter³⁴⁶ the architect, each worse than the other! Walter Cope's building,³⁴⁷ on the contrary, pleased us exceedingly.

It is delicious weather, freezing, with snow on the ground, but somehow warm and inspiring.

Some of the art class came in the evening, and Bernhard "connoshed" Mrs. Marquand's few pictures for their benefit. Mr. Marquand is really delightful. She is a niece of the Mr. Cross who married George Eliot.³⁴⁸

I have been resting myself by reading a lot of novels. [96 0103]

Guernsey Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, Sunday, Dec. 6, 1903

Saw the Saint Gaudens monument in the Church, and the La Farge and Lathrop (?) windows, all of which we disliked cordially.

Mr. Morey came to lunch, and Mr. Pease to dinner. Afterwards came a Mr. Butler, who had been exploring between the Orontes and the ***. He said lots of interesting things, among others that the people there could not understand a photograph, could not see that a flat thing could possibly represent a thing in the round. It meant nothing to them.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Monday, Dec. 7, 1903

We reached here about 2.30, feeling somehow rather despondent and lonely, in this gigantic town.

August Jacacci's³⁴⁹ visit rather deepened our gloom, and a terrible dinner did not cheer us. This American system of fifty dishes standing ready for hours is fatal to all good cooking. We are actually converted to the table d'hôte! [97 0104]

Mr. Jacacci returned in the evening, bringing Mr. Kenyon Cox, a queer, awkward, ponderous lop-sided faced man, who, however, tried to do what Mr. Jacacci never dreamt of — to think. All the same, he doesn't realize that he is not really competent to speak of Italian pictures he has not seen for nearly twenty years.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1903

Went downtown to the Bank, and were overcome by the Titanic "sky scrapers".

Called on Mr. Garrison of *The Nation*, and saw his assistant, Mr. Mather.

Hutchins and Neith came to lunch, she looking very lovely in black, for her father. She seems pretty despondent, though, about this winter, it is so sad, and so awfully dull at her mother's. She expects another baby in May. Norman came to lunch, too, looking very thin. Wife ill, as usual. She seems to have some really serious bowel trouble. He [98 0105] has all the care of

³⁴⁶

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³⁴⁸ In 1880 Mary Ann Evans ('George Eliot') married John Cross.

³⁴⁹ August Floriano Jaccaci (1856-1930) was a mural painter and writer, born at Fontainebleau, 1856; died at Châteauneuf-Grasse, 1930).



the house, the child — everything.

I went to see Florence Dike (Reynolds) in the afternoon, she being sadly out of health. She says that both she and her doctor have never known what seemed a successful Christian Science case that did not come an awful smash in the end. This is “important if true”.

Bernhard called on Mr. Winthrop and Norman took him to see Charles Dana Gibson, the illustrator.

We had a horrible dinner at the restaurant here.

George Carpenter³⁵⁰ called in the evening. He fell in love with California last summer, and would prefer going to New Zealand rather than to Europe.

I forgot to tell in its place what Tucker Burr told me. He telephoned to the Somerset to ask “Mr. Berenson’s first name.” “Burrnarrd” was the reply, which he wasn’t sure he understood. “How is it spelt?” he asked. “How d’ye think Burrnarrd ought to be spelt?” was the desk’s sole reply. The serving people [99 0106] certainly have a remarkable *sans gêne*! I must say that I abhor the hotel system of having no bells in your room, but only telephones, through which you have to shout down your order to the head clerk. It is practically impossible ever to get hold of the chambermaid!

Hotel Plaza, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1903

I must quote Mr. Bullard’s letter, which we found awaiting us:

“Dec 6, 1903

Dear Mr. Berenson,

I have just read your two articles in the *Burlington Magazine*. What awakened your soul? I had no idea you were such a kind of person. You must excuse my enthusiasm — it has burnt up all my words. It is late in the night, but before I go to bed, I want to tell you you are a mysterious and inspired man.

Very truly yours,

Francis Bullard

3 Commonwealth Ave.,

Boston, U.S.A.”

We are invited to go to a strange Settlement [100 0107] in the Catskill Mountains. The founder writes “Our enterprise here is in its infancy, and we have not yet got to work to produce anything. We had a Summer School here, painting and dancing, from June to October. Mr. W. D. Murphy of Boston was the chief instructor, and we had plenty of people, but talent is

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rare. And as far as decorative (Mr. Kenyon Cox calls this de *core* ative, by the way) art, there is precious little to be found in this country.”

I think a Community nourished on Dancing and Decoration is really original. The man's name is Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead.³⁵¹

We went to the portrait exhibition this morning, with Norman. It was too dreadful, especially the Sargents. It recalled Denman Ross' remark: "This reminds me of Wordsworth." "Why, how?" "Didn't he write *Intimations of Immortality*?"³⁵² There wasn't one good new thing there. Even the Whistler, an endlessly tall girl in a riding-habit, was *very* thin. [101 0108]

Here is an amusing description of Santa Barbara Mr. Ilsley of Milwaukee wrote to Mrs. Hooker:

"Santa Barbara is amusing in its small way with its flotsam and jetsam of Europe, of Italy, the mementoes of prosperous and pleasurable days saved from the wrecks of families that have run ashore. Carved tables and chairs clung to in the deluge, good copies and bad copies hung now on humbler walls, a mighty solace to bruised pride that has had to come down. There are the Florentine days of this family, the days on the Riviera of that, the Venice of another; Munich, Dresden, Paris — each has contributed its failure in health or fortune, and each refugee has set up some gods from the beloved hearth to which he still makes obeisance, tilting a sniffing nostril to the crude rank prosperity of those who have only a fat present of ploughs, or hams and preserved beef, of wooden tubs, or coke and iron, and who [102 0109] come and go, skimming the cream of the year in their red motor-cars."

We went to the Portrait Exhibition with Norman in the morning. It was horrible, from Sargent downwards. I am sorry to say that Mr. Kenyon Cox's picture was as bad as almost any, and we did not care at all for the St. Gaudens medals, and reliefs.

After lunch Bernhard went to the Metropolitan Museum where Mr. Story was remarkably civil to him. He returned to find Cottenet here, pleasant as ever.

I forgot to say that we met Miss Satey Fairchild at the Exhibition. She said Blair was very ill, and as thin and pale as a ghost. Cottenet has just been staying with them; he says it is an absolute lie! She has evidently not changed her nature.

Bernhard dined at the Century Association with Sir William Van Horn,³⁵³ La Farge and Mr. Carey, Jacacci giving the dinner. He did not return till one o'clock, he [103 0110] was so fascinated with Van Horn, a man of 60 in perfect condition who never sleeps more than four hours. He built the

³⁵¹ Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead (1854–1929) was the founder and chief benefactor of the Byrdcliffe Arts and Crafts Colony in Woodstock, New York.

³⁵² Perhaps a mistake for 'Intimations of Immortality'?

³⁵³ William Cornelius Van Horne, (1843-1915) became President of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1888.



Canadian Pacific, and is now railroading Cuba. He owns and runs hotels everywhere, countless model farms, paints, has a huge collection, knows Japanese pottery to the ground, is full of fun and spirits — a real Eponymous Hero.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903

Bernhard startled me by asking whether he should let it be known that he would be willing to succeed Cesnola³⁵⁴ as **director of the Museum** here. I saw a thousand advantages in it, but I do think it would be a waste of a man who can think. Today's visit there confirmed me. It is a vast collection of horrors.

We went out after lunch to Brooklyn [104 0111] to see the painter, Hamilton Field, whom Roger and Trevy raved about. He is a pleasant enough man, but not exciting to us. But the view from his window was the most amazing and enthralling spectacle we ever had. I daresay we were dull enough, gaping at it. It is the silhouette of New York seen across the water, and we watched it gradually light up with million of lights that seemed merely put on for decoration. We were awed and overcome by the vastness and grandeur of it.

In the evening Florence Mosher called, and then Ned Warren, who remained 2 1/2 hours talking Boston and Art gossip. Bernhard in the meantime was dining again with the pleasant crowd of the night before. They said the Waldorf Astoria Hotel provided "exclusiveness for the multitude". [105 0112]

Hotel Plaza, New York, Friday, Dec. 11, 1903

We walked up and down Fifth Avenue and shuddered at the buildings, and at 1 went to lunch with Mr. Bullard's friend, Mr. Grenville Winthrop. He has a horrible false French house filled with false XVIII century things — a soft, gentle, melancholy man. No business there.

Mr. Hastings, the architect of the five million dollar new Library now being put up was there. He is a Beaux Arts man to the core, and thinks we should all go back to XVIII century art before the revolution broke it up.

I called on Carman³⁵⁵ (too ill to see me), the Dunnes (Mrs. Abbott too ill) and Mrs. Chapman, and in the evening we dined with Ned Warren and Mr. Marshall at their almost English lodgings in Irving Place. They were awfully nice. Ned was full of loathing for America, said [106 0113] it was all *soufflet*,³⁵⁶ nothing genuine, that six months of it was all a man could stand. We had a good heart-to-heart *Grunch*, pouring out, on both sides, all our grievances. Ned has quarrelled practically with the whole of Boston.

³⁵⁴ Luigi Palma di Cesnola was the first director from 1879 to 1904.

³⁵⁵ Bliss Carman?

³⁵⁶ Mary wrote 'souffet'.



Hotel Plaza, New York, Saturday, Dec. 12, 1903

In the morning we went over the Tiffany glass works with dear Bond. It was a perfect *delirium tremens*. And Bond said he had just been making up a Christmas advertisement to say that "Only true Art is Restful. Buy Your Christmas Presents at Tiffany's"!! The stained glass is now brought to such a point of perfection that it is equal to any painting.

It reminded Bernhard of the story of two skunks who were standing by the road waiting for some one [107 0114] to come by to bespatter with their skunky odour, when a gasoline automobile went by. "What's the use?" said one skunk sadly to another! And so might painters say gazing on these windows.

Bond then took us over to the Court of Appeal, which is a building that, as some one said, doesn't suggest Justice but a Cocktail. There we saw Kenyon Cox's decorations, which were awful, but better than anyone else's.

Bernhard went to lunch with Mr. Van Dyke at the Century, and I with Florence³⁵⁷ at the Arts. She was a great dear, and we enjoyed ourselves together. She says I simply mustn't call Bernhard "B.B." for it means only one thing in America — bed-bug. This explains several queer looks and smiles over his name!

I came home, dressed, received a call from Mrs. George [108 0115] Carpenter and went to Mrs. Manson's reception, where I met Cora Burr Harden,³⁵⁸ who walked back with me to have the "honour" of being introduced to Bernhard.

Mr. Laffan, of the *Sun*, was here, he paid a call of 1 1/2 hours. Why? Norman says he is as sharp as a steel trap, and never wastes his time.

In the evening we dined at the Crolys³⁵⁹ and met Kenyon Cox and Miss Eisham. Bernhard rather snubbed Kenyon Cox and put him down, to the intense delight of all the others, who had never seen him on the defensive before! I thought Bernhard too sniffy and disagreeable, but the poor thing was so tired he hardly knew what he was saying. I feel really frightened about his tiredness. It has come on since those late nights with carousing old Van Horn. [109 0116]

Hotel Plaza, New York, Sunday, Dec. 13, 1903

Perhaps the call we had from M. Eugene Glaenzer³⁶⁰ explains Laffone's emprossement, a dealer with ambitions to sell only first-rate stuff. We feel like babes in their hands, or lambs before the shearer.

Before he came, I went with an old musician named Fuchs to see a so-

³⁵⁷ Florence Dike Reynolds.

³⁵⁸ Cora F. Burr Hardon (ca. 1855-1939) married Harvard Law professor Henry Winthrop Hardon. She attended Radcliffe (her papers are held there) and helped found the Radcliffe Club in 1901.

³⁵⁹ Herbert David Croly, 421 W. 21st St. N.Y.

³⁶⁰ Evidently the first mention of Eugene Glaenzer in the diaries.



called Correggio, Venus teasing Cupid by holding the bow out of his reach. I had to pronounce it only a copy, but they were most awfully nice about it and *seemed* to follow my reasons. I said I should always remember Dr. Richardson, the owner, as being the most candid and polite picture-owner I ever met.

Then we went over to Flushing in Long Island to see Edith and Bryson Burroughs and their two boney babes. They seemed perfectly [110 0117] unchanged, and as delightful as ever.

We came home and went to a small reception at Norman's, the Crolys, the Alexanders, Mr. Van Dyke, Mr. Steffens, Mrs. Cadwallader Jones (a great talker), Mrs. Sorchon (very rich), Goellet the actor, the relict of R. L. Stevenson and her son, and Emilie³⁶¹ up for a while from her illness and gorgeously beautiful in black velvet, ermine and lace, looking like the very highest class of cocotte — but really gorgeous. It took your breath away!

We had a quiet evening, and I hope Bernhard is getting rested.

Monday, Dec. 14, 1903

I went by an early train to Albany — a most beautiful journey along the Hudson all the way. I was met by Mrs. Richmond, my hostess, and [111 0118] Mr. Fenimore Cooper, grandson of the novelist. A splendid sleigh was waiting, and we drove to Mr. Cooper's to see a "Holbein" (I don't think it was one), and then to Mr. Thacker's for lunch.

In the afternoon I gave my lecture and had a "tea", and then a very interesting dinner at the Richmonds. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were the other guests — great friends of the President's.³⁶² She is the head of the State Education Bureau.

Here in Albany, for the first time, I have "touched America". Their heartiness and friendliness is beyond description!

Bernhard went in the morning to Glaenzer's, and then to lunch with La Farge at the Chapman's. They made out Sargent as a very brutal sort of cad, such, in fact, as you would judge him from his pictures, but we had always [112 0119] heard of him as such a good fellow.

He dined with George Carpenter at the Club in the evening, but found him not much in sympathy with the things he cares about. He remained there till past midnight talking with La Farge.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903

Came down in the train with Mr. Palmer, a painter of snow scenes. I got rather attached to the Albany people and felt sad to go away and never see them again. They begged us to come back.

Reached home in time to go to take tea with Miss Davidge — not important.

³⁶¹ Emilie Hapgood?

³⁶² Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, 1901-1909.



Bernhard had a delightful lunch given to him by Norman, with Jerome and Hodder and Goelet and Collier, Alexander, Dunne and Herford. It was very interesting.

In the evening we dined with Clyde Fitch,³⁶³ [113 0120] who had **the actress Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Miss Marbury**.³⁶⁴ A rather jolly evening. Miss de Wolfe told us many stories about Gladys, with whom she spent the summer at Versailles.

Bernhard made a *mot* in Herford's vein at the lunch, when they were discussing the difference between a nuisance and a convenience and he said, 'A nuisance is another mans' convenience.'

Hotel Plaza, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1903

Mrs. Bullard called, and Mrs. Davis, who used to be, in Italy, "the Young Lady", now the mother of a family, and very boring — she always was — and boiled-eggish.

We lunched with Rawlins Cottenett, who had Mrs. Sorchau and Mr. Robin Grey (bookseller) at Sherry's. [114 0121]

Neith had a tea here, to which came the Fenellosas, Steffens, Hodder and I forget who, Norman among others.

We dined alone with the Alexanders — very pleasant. Their house is awfully nice.

* * *

Hotel Plaza, New York, Thursday, Dec. 17, 1903

I was rather low, so Bernhard went alone to call on Mr. Lathrop in his studio. We met at Mr. Hyde's for lunch, with a Miss Platt, Mr. Gregory and Cottenett. Hyde is rather handsome and bumptious, with *no taste*. He is very young.

Paid some calls.

Dined with Chapmans (Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence) at 7, and went to Concert of Old Music after.

Bernhard has developed a most awful cold, one of his very worst! [115 0122]

Hotel Plaza, New York, Friday, Dec. 18, 1903

I lunched with Cora Hardon, and Bernhard with Mr. Rhineland, the charming old President of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum. I met him there, and we had some chat with the Curator, Cesnola, a regular old Italian. Then we paid some calls, ending up with Ned Warren, who advised us to kill the scandal about the Davis "Leonardo" which Mr. Richard Norton is sedulously spreading everywhere, by asking Davis to

³⁶³ Clyde Fitch (1865-1909), the most popular writer for the Broadway stage of his time.

³⁶⁴ The first time Bernhard and Mary meet Elsie de Wolfe and Elizabeth Marbury.



write to *The Nation* and say that B.B. had nothing whatever to do with its sale.

We dined with the Mansons, one of those huge, expensive, dreary dinners. I sat between Manson and Laffan, who gobbled up lots of terrapin like pigs. The only people we liked there were a Mr. and Mrs. Gayley, who are “in steel”. [116 0123]

Tranquillity Farm, Allamuchy Post Office,
Warren County, New Jersey, Saturday, Dec. 19, 1903

We took the 1.40 train for Hackettstown, and arrived to find the whole country covered with snow. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant and Mrs. Chapman came by the same train, and we sleighed out to the Stuyvesants' place, “Tranquillity Farm”, Allamuchy — a big, rambling house, very luxurious and well-furnished, like the best sort of English country house.

Mrs. Stuyvesant is French, with all a French woman's well-assorted stock of *clichés* to fit (and put an end to) every subject. She is not at all stupid, though.

Mr. Stuyvesant is, but so thoroughly a gentleman, and so evidently good, that he is delightful.

His brother, Mr. Rutherford, who is building a house near by, is just like a bursting English squire of the best type. [117 0124]

Tranquillity Farm, New Jersey, Sunday, Dec. 20, 1903

It poured all day, and Bernhard, mopping his streaming eyes, talked from morn till eve, to the surprise of the Stuyvesants, who are a rather silent set. He was like Solomon, and the number of his proverbs was a thousand and one.

We spoke **some useful Museum business also**. Mrs. Stuyvesant took a great fancy to Bernhard. Mr. Chapman is very charming, burningly sincere, but not at all intellectual.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Monday, Dec. 21, 1903

Came home to lunch. I called on Miss Chanler, and then went to a tea. Cora Harden gave me, deadly and frumpy, but she meant very kindly.

Bernhard, *in extremis* with his cold, joined me there.

Fafner came and dined with us, and then we spent the evening with Bond³⁶⁵ and Josephine.³⁶⁶ Bond is *delightful*. [118 0125] Josephine seems rather dull, and her sister pert and ill-bred somehow. But Bond is happy at last.

³⁶⁵ Bond Thomas; his first wife committed suicide in 1901. Evidently he was in love with another woman.

Edith Carpenter Thomas, (1863-, married 1886), Mary's cousin,

His sister, Carey Thomas, was the president of Bryn Mawr.

³⁶⁶ Josephine MacLeod, Ridgely Manor, Stone Ridge, Ulster County, N.Y.



Plaza Hotel, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1903

We saw Mr. Yerkes³⁶⁷ collection. He has the finest Persian Rugs I have ever seen, and some fair pictures. He has one or two forgeries by Costantini.

Then I had a "ladies lunch" given me by Florence — Mrs. Hewett, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Parsons, ... Mrs. (Florence Lockwood) Grant Lafarge — the most vehement talker I ever met. They say she and her sister (now Mrs. Harry Wharton) used to talk even when they were brushing their teeth! She was filled up with superior *clichés*, but I did not catch her mind *en flagrant délit de penser* once. Pretty, but — *una basta!* On the whole, [119 0126] it was a frumpy, meaningless gathering, and we ate far too much, and sat far too long.

I had to hurry away to get to Florence Mosher's tea, which was surprisingly pleasant. There were lots of people. The other guest of honour was Miss Carlyle, an English actress playing in "Admirable Creighton".

Bliss Carman came, and Mancuse Conway, the Alexanders, Trenches, Mrs. Jacacci, Norman, and so forth.

In the evening we dined with the Kenyon Coxes, Mr. and Miss Isham and Mr. Garrison being also there. Mrs. Kenyon Cox seems a decent sort, but loud and boisterous and not lady like very. Kenyon is cantankerous but sincere, and he is always thinking. But on the whole it was one of the most boring dinners we've had. [120 0127]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1903

We lunched with Miss de Wolfe, the actress friend of Gladys, and Miss Marbury, who runs an agency for plays. Mr. Gregory and a Marchese di San Vito were the other guests. Remarkable cuisine.

I managed some calls, and in the evening we dined with the Gayleys, who sent us their automobile. The spirit descended on B.B. and he denounced the American Woman who lives in her "invisible harem", despising the people who are making her country, knowing nothing of the real things in politics and business that are being done. Mrs. Gayley was aghast, and stirred to the depths. Mr. Gayley's eyes twinkled, but he was cowardly and wouldn't say a word. Bernhard [121 0128] said (what is true) that the real talk only began when the ladies left the table. Then these despised men became brilliant and interesting.

Miss Bustan, who was the only other guest, said that an evening there, when Carnegie, Schwab, etc., were present, talking about iron, she tried to start a little (what she called) interesting conversation. Carnegie turned to her with snapping eyes and said, "Hush — can't you keep still while a great man (Schwab) is talking?"

I asked Mrs. Gayley if her husband ever told her when she was making an ass of herself. "Dear me, no, he is far too chivalrous." "How do you even know then?" She had no answer, but she admitted that she often enough

³⁶⁷ Robert Yerkes?



reproved him. [122 0129]

And dear me, you only have to be with them 10 minutes to see that he is worth a thousand of her. But, as Bernhard remarked, **an American's house is his wife's castle** — nothing is allowed to disturb her sweet will.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903

Hutchins brought Mr. Cahan³⁶⁸ to lunch, a mystical anarchist, Russian Jew, the usual type of intellect and emotion, but sweeter and more attractive than most. Not really intellectual, however, any more than Zangwill or Fleischer.

I took Senda and Bessie to hear *Parsifal* — a dreary bore — and Bernhard went with Elsie de Wolfe to Mr. Bourke Cochran's country place to [123 0130] spend the night. Prince Trowbetskoi and his wife (Amélie Rives)³⁶⁹ were also there.

Ivy Cottage, Germantown, Friday, Christmas Day, 1903

Came here for lunch. Wilson and his wife, Aunt Lill aged and deaf and despairingly lower-middle-class. A "*désillusion*" — all Germantown, the dreamt-of home of my youth, looked deadly suburban and "middle". Alban and Emma, both deaf, came in in the evening. Aunt Lill kept asking me if I felt I was "washed in the Blood" each morning, also "rooted in the Atonement".

I spent the day shouting half-hearted sentimentalities into her ears, and evading her religious questions.

Alban was the only bright spot, He's a good fellow. [124 0131] He spends every evening with Aunt — never goes anywhere or sees anyone. What a life!

Plaza Hotel, New York, Saturday, Dec. 26, 1903

Came back in train with David Bispham,³⁷⁰ who was very entertaining.

Lunched at Arts Club with Mr. and Miss Mather and Mr. and Mrs. Corbyn.

Bryson Burroughs called for us, and we went out (taking Senda and Bessie) to Flushing to a nice simple dinner with those darling people. Had a rousing argument with Bryson about stained glass. The point of it is that a window must be a feature of the architecture, not just a hole in the side of the wall to let a picture in. Edith saw just what we meant.

It was most frightfully cold. [124 bis 0132]

³⁶⁸ Abraham 'Abe' Cahan (1860-1951) was a Belarusian-born socialist newspaper editor, novelist, and politician

³⁶⁹ Amélie Louise Rives Troubetzkoy (1863-1945), a novelist, poet and playwright. Nothing that she ever wrote created the sensation of *The Quick and the Dead*, her first novel, which appeared in 1888

³⁷⁰ David Scull Bispham (1857-1921), an operatic baritone. Buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery.



Plaza Hotel, New York, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1903

Lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Laffan, and saw his Chinese and Japanese things.

Called on the Johnsons (Century), who **acclaimed B.B. as the future director of the Museum.**

Called on Hapgood, and on a Mrs. Lee who has some pictures.

Dined with Putnams, but Bernhard found her much less agreeable and interesting than he expected from his first meeting with her. She is very bitter about women's lot (despises her little old commonplace sprightly husband), yet insists on being treated not as a reasonable being to talk with, but as a lady to be flirted with and complimented. It was a very boring, unimportant function. [125 0133]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Monday, Dec. 28, 1903

I lunched with Miss Isham, Mrs. Hewett and Mrs. Blashfield (a tenor) and was taken afterwards to see Bernard Shaw's very interesting play, *Candida*.

Bernhard had Norman Hapgood to lunch.

In the evening we went out again to Brooklyn, to Mrs. Field's.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903

Ray and her friends are reading Mill's *Autobiography*. It seems incredible. What *can* she think of it?!

Mr. Jacacci came to chat about pictures in the morning.

Then we saw Florence <Dike> Reynolds off, and had a pleasant lunch with Miss George B. Gibbs (Mr. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Perry) and a visit to the Metropolitan.

There [126 0134] Mr. Story was as polite as pie to Bernhard, **evidently regarding him as the future Director.**

Came home to a "tea". Senda and Bessie, the Halls, Gans, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Percy Griffin.

Dined with the Steins, such well-meaning horrible Jews, and Gans took his cousin Mr. Sternberger and me to Zangwill's play, *Merely Mary Ann*. It was very poor, I thought, just the Situation, and the characters running in the grooves cut for them by the situation.

After the play, when I was dying to get home, Mr. Gans took us to Delmonico's and spent \$10.00 on making us eat and drink things none of us wanted. The spree must have cost him \$25.00 at least, for he had a carriage. I hate that way of doing things. [127 0135]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1903

Saw Bond at the Studios, and introduced Edith Burroughs,³⁷¹ who will, I hope be able to get some of her work accepted by Tiffany's.

Bernhard took them to lunch, and I went to Mr. Britten's friend, Mrs.

³⁷¹ Edith Woodman Burroughs (1871-1916), sculptor. In 1893 she married artist Bryson Burroughs, the future curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum.



Young, who has gathered a party of “artistic” ladies to meet me. One lady showed her culture by enthusiasm over the writings of Claude Phillips, whom she had once nearly met! Another asked me if there could be a great picture that did not express Great Ideas. Another was collecting all the representations of Circe she could find, — not that she was a Circe herself, she looked more like an animated rag-bag. Another said she could embrace my knees, because I knew the Duse. Fortunately my knees were under the table; but she had actually done it to a lady who had been at Samoa with [128 0136] Stevenson. Bernard Shaw appeared to be their highest literary ideal, and I had only one moment of pleasure, which was when a quiet little Bryn Mawr graduate spoke up from her corner and said, “Why, I didn’t know anybody ever took Bernard Shaw seriously!” It was really too awful. I never fell into such a bag of hopeless provincialism. The worst of it was that we sat for more than two hours.

I had time only to pay three or four calls, and hurried home to dress for dining with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Griffin, his brother and a Mr. Stevenson at the Waldorf Astoria — jolly Philistine nice people.

Afterwards we went and heard William Yeats lecture on “Poetry in the Old Time and the New” — silly, rather, but nice. He is a mixture of Trevy, Roger, Horne and Stenbock. [129 0137]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, Dec. 31, 1903

Mr. Jacacci came, and then Mr. Lathrop to lunch. He is rather pleasant and intelligent.

Fafner called, and then I called on Florence Mosher, Mrs. Manson, Mrs. Gayley, Mrs. Ali Ben Haggin,³⁷² and Emilie Hapgood.

Packed in the evening.

On board the Twentieth Century Express to Chicago,

Friday, January 1, 1904

Lunched with Fafner, Senda and Bessie, and took this train at 2.45. It hath not entered into the mind of <the> European to conceive such a train. Our tickets were \$35.00 each, and this includes 960 miles, a large separate compartment (with washstand, hot and cold water and w.c.), observation car, library, bath, barber, papers in the morning, and — a shorthand typewriter to take down your letters!! [130 0138] I dictated one home, and also some notes for a lecture here on “The Art of Portrait Painting”.

I read a couple of detective stories and Anatole France’s very insignificant last novel, *Histoire comique*. Bernhard finished *Old Time Folks* by H. H. Stowe.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Saturday, January 2, 1904

Here we are, actually in Chicago! How strange it will seem a few months hence, when we think of it sitting under the cypresses.

We arrived in a snow storm that had been going on for two weeks. All

³⁷² James Ali Ben Haggin, president of an important mining company.



Chicago was in mourning, for the terrible theatre fire that killed 600 people.

The snow and mist were so dense as completely to hide the Lake, on which our windows open. This hotel is so badly run, that we couldn't find [131 0139] Mrs. Gardner, nor she us, until we met by accident. She is here with Proctor, who played at the Symphony (Concerto by Liszt), and was to play tonight, only the Mayor closed the hall, as the police regulations about fire were not complied with in the building. (17 theatres are closed; they have taken fright from the accident.)

We spent the morning and evening with them, resting in the afternoon. We spoke of a newspaper paragraph which heralded our visit, describing us as "friends of Mrs. Jack Gardner", and Proctor broke out that he was tired to death and furious at being always tagged onto her by the papers. I thought she looked very sad and old. He played to us in the evening, Beethoven, Scarlatti, the A minor Toccata and Fugue of Bach and some horrid Liszt.

I am sleeping in a "wardrobe bed" [132 0140]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Sunday, January 3, 1904

Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Herrick called for us and took us with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Proctor to see Mr. Ryerson's pictures — lots of forgeries and rot, but a few decent things, 4 Perugino predelle and a Botticini.

This was 5 miles to the south and then we had lunch with my old friend Lillian Prussing, 3 miles to the North. She looked careworn, but graceful and lady-like and attractive. Her mind seemed wandering. Her husband was very nice, of the Bond Thomas type. Mr. and Mrs. Hecvroten were there, and Mrs. Healey, wife of the editor of the *Tribune*.

We got back just in time to dress and go out to a very agreeable Sunday supper at the Herricks, about 30 very nice people, all interesting talkers — bravo for Chicago. [133 0141]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Monday, January 4, 1904

The noise of trains all night on the Lake Shore under our windows is terrible! They make up the goods trains from midnight on.

We went in the morning with Mr. Gunsaulus³⁷³ (a swell dealer) to see the pictures of Mr. Logan — terribly, terribly boring — just landscapes and cows of the Barbizon school, a fake Holbima,³⁷⁴ and modern stuff by Israels, etc., a false Millet, etc. Dear good people, but hopeless.

From there we went (Mrs. Gardner being with us) to a Mr. Gates', generally known as Plunger Gates, whose house was awful beyond description, filled with modern bronzes of the Via dei Fossi type, and lamps worse than Tiffany's! He had a lot of modern rot and a few Hoppners,³⁷⁵

³⁷³ Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus (1856-1921).

³⁷⁴ Perhaps Mary wrote 'Holbein'?

³⁷⁵ John Hoppner (1758-1810), an English portrait painter.



Romneys, etc. of mediocre quality.

Then Mrs. Gardner took us to a Mr. Bartlett's, painter-decorator, whose house was an attempt at simple taste, and wasn't "so bad", considering Chicago. [134 0142]

Bernhard lunched with Mr. Deering at the Club, and then went with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Proctor to see Mrs. Potter Palmer's house, and to call on Mrs. MacVeagh.³⁷⁶ The motive of the call was to give her the pleasure of saying that the three people most *en vogue* in Chicago at the present moment were with her, in spite of the fact that her rival, Mrs. McCormick, was having an "at home".

Mrs. Potter Palmer's was simply too awful for any decent words to describe it. Bernhard said it suggested only an incredibly extravagant brothel.³⁷⁷ The whole house had a high wainscoting of brilliant, expensive Venetian mosaic, the floors were like those of the New Jerusalem, jasper and chalcedony. Great nude bronzes, in flying attitudes were grouped in the corners. Monets by the yard covered the walls. It was the most revolting spectacle B.B. has seen.

I stayed at home to prepare my lecture, but as a matter of fact, I was pretty steadily glued [135 0143] to the telephone, accepting and refusing invitations. Mrs. Martin and Miss Jones³⁷⁸ called, also a newspaper interviewer (I forget the name of the paper) and Mr. French. He was full of a man who has turned up here calling himself *Borel*, who knows "all about art", and corresponds so exactly to the dealer Bosdari, who absconded with £30,000 on a cheque forged with Pierpont Morgan's name, that it seems as if it must be he.

We dined in the evening with the Lovetts' at the Quadrangle Club.³⁷⁹ Mr. Tarbell, Mr. Schwill, Mr. Salisbury (geology) and Mr. Bruer.

Then I gave my lecture on "How to Enjoy the Old Masters", while B.B. and Lovett had a smoke and talk. It went off all right, and gave some of the tired men whose wives had dragged them there, a chance for a quiet nap. The audience, instead of being Undergraduates, was purely of the Faculty. [136 0144]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Tuesday, January 5, 1904

Bernhard went over to the Gallery and saw Mr. French.

We lunched with Lillian and her husband at the Union League Club, and Lillian came back for the afternoon.

³⁷⁶ Franklin MacVeagh (November 22, 1837 – July 6, 1934), politician, lawyer, and banker. He had been director of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago for 29 years when President Taft appointed him to be Secretary of the Treasury in 1909.

³⁷⁷ Bernhard was familiar with brothels; see *Sunset and Twilight* (London, 1964), p. 244, on 'pick-ups of the not-lady class': 'I recall a girl in Milan ... and a sweet child in Ferrara ... and an innocent little cow in Rome ...

³⁷⁸ Myrtie

³⁷⁹ Established in 1893, the Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago.



Mrs. Hamill called.

We had a pleasant dinner at the Herricks, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Day, Mr. Rhodes, the Lovetts. We liked Mr. Bartlett quite particularly.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Wednesday, January 6, 1904

In the morning we went to see the collection of Cyrus H. McCormick — awful rot, except a fine Constable. She fat, and sensual-looking. House pretty rotten.

Mr. Deering gave us a lunch here.

I spoke at the Art Institute in the afternoon on “The New Art Criticism” — a really good, interesting, clear lecture!

Then I went on and joined Bernhard at Mrs. MacVeagh’s enormous *musical*, assembled to hear [137 0145] Mr. Proctor play. Met endless people, all over-dressed and over-cordial. Mrs. MacVeagh seems a frumpy old dear.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meeker. Their house is really pretty, in the Italian style. She is nice and he very intelligent. He is the brains they say of the great Pork Packing business, which includes most of the beef export and the whole “cold storage” system. He says they know of wars long beforehand by the orders they get and as they have nothing monstrous for ~~China~~, Japan and Russia, he thinks there won’t be much of a war, if any.

They have Japanese servants, neat little men, who lecture at the University on Philology and Social Science in their off nights. What *must* they think of us, eating and drinking such a lot, and talking such rot and nonsense? [138 0146]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Thursday, January 7, 1904

While Bernhard was out seeing Mr. Blair’s things, I prepared my lecture on “The Art of Portrait Painting”, and received a call from a pretty, dull, ineffably serious Mrs. Harold McCormick (née Rockefeller).

B.B. lunched with Mr. Keering and Mr. Burnham (the architect and manager of the World’s Fair here), and I lunched with poor Zug, and gave his classes a talk.

We had tea together at Prof. Tarbell’s — nice man.

We dined with the Hutchinsons (C. L.) driving up there with Mrs. Gardner and Proctor. It was a most elaborate dinner, beginning with Russian Caviar, direct from St. Petersburg, and ending with fresh strawberries. It must have cost about £5 a head! But it was dull - dull - in spite of the real charm of the hostess, and the geniality of the host. A [139 0147] Mr. and Mrs. Blair, millionaires of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick were the others.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Friday, January 8, 1904

We lunched with Mrs. Martin, and then I gave a lecture on “The Art of Portraiture Old and New”, to about 500 women of the Friday Club. It was *the* occasion of the year, they said, and even some of the business men, fabulous to say, deserted their work and came to hear me. I got through it



all right.

We dined at Mrs. MacVeagh's, and Mr. Kohlsaat,³⁸⁰ my partner, said the guests "represented" nine hundred million dollars! Mr. Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's son, who sat on the other side, "represented", as head of the Pullman Company, nearly 100,000,000!

B.B. had a most awfully jolly time with Mrs. Caton, who had [140 0148] never heard of Circe, and who yelled "Yepp" (Yes) whenever he said anything she agreed with. She told him that Chicago was too "good" for her, she was great friends with everybody but nobody would flirt with her, so she was going to Rome. "O, I said", said Bernhard, "You're going to settle down in the Grand Hotel and eat your way into Society". "Yepp!" she shouted, highly pleased, "You've just hit it."

They had roaring time, only interrupted by Mrs. MacVeagh's desire to speak evil in Bernhard's ear of Mrs. Gardner, who sat just opposite, with two enormous diamonds fastened to her head on quivering gold stems. Mrs. Gardner grew so jealous of B.B.'s flirtation with Mrs. Caton that after dinner she told all the ladies how *she* had [141 0149] known B.B. when he was a beautiful youth, and had sat with him under the Sicilian olives hearing him read Theocritus in the days before he became a bald-headed, pedantic married man. Mrs. Caton and I winked at each other, for we saw very well that she meant to say she had drunk the cup at the full, and we were having only the dregs!

Going away, her spite broke out, and in reply to some civility of her hostess, she said, "O, *I'm* nothing now, it's all the Berensons", to which B.B. <said,> "O Mrs. Jack, that's another of your *usual whopping fibs!*" which sent the entire company into fits of laughter, and left Mrs. Gardner no way of escape. Of a truth, her lying is spoken of everywhere; she hasn't a grain of truth anywhere in her whole nature. [141 bis 0150]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Saturday, January 9, 1904

We lunched with the Lovetts and Mr. Schwill.

Lillian gave a reception in the afternoon at which I gave a little talk on "How to tell a Forgery".

I stayed and had dinner with her, and Bernhard went to a big political dinner where Mr. Jerome³⁸¹ spoke in favour of recognizing the fact that there are classes, and that the masses must be ruled by the classes as they are incapable of ruling themselves.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Sunday, January 10, 1904

We went to West Hinsdale, about 19 miles out in the Prairie, and lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamill, delightful cultivated people, who read our

³⁸⁰ Herman Henry Kohlsaat (1853-1924), newspaper publisher. His daughter Pauline (1882-1956) married Potter Palmer II.

³⁸¹ Jerome?



favourite books, and take life simply and finely.

When we came back the two interesting Mr. Jones called on us.

We dined [142 0151] with the Harold McCormicks.³⁸² She was a Rockefeller, and as we stayed a while behind the others, we talked about forming collections of pictures, and they said they wanted to form one, but were afraid of the dealers. **I think this was perhaps the most important thing for us financially we have yet met.**

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Monday, January 11, 1904

Miss Lunt called — worse than “Miss Bates” in her volubility — also several young women with photographs of worthless pictures for sale.

The Prussings and Mr. Deering came to lunch.

Then Mrs. Meeker took me to pay my calls: Caton, Field, Hutchinson, Sprague, various McCormicks, Martin, MacVeagh, etc.

We dined with Mr. Bryan Lathrop and various [143 0152] McCormicks and Mr. Kohlsaas. Mr. Lathrop collects Whistler etchings, but Bernhard and I find these almost always disappointing.

Cadillac, Detroit, Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904

Called on Miss Adams at Hull House in the morning.

Lunched with Mr. Deering and Lillian and came on here.

Train like an oven, and Deering had persuaded us to do that accursed thing, drink champagne in the middle of the day.

x x x x

Cadillac, Detroit, Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1904

After trackless wanderings, we reached Mr. Freer's,³⁸³ and spent the rest of the day looking at Chinese and Japanese paintings with him and with Fenollosa, who is his guest.

Mr. Freer is charming, but alas far from well. [144 0153]

Cadillac, Detroit, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1904

We are just about to start for Buffalo, after a day too delightful for words with Mr. Freer and his collection. He has 120 Whistler paintings, some of which are really great. We saw only a few alas, and only about 1/3 of his Japanese things. They are wonderful, and their owner we really, really like. What are we coming to in America?

³⁸² Harold Fowler McCormick was born in Chicago in 1872, to inventor Cyrus Hall McCormick (1809–1884). In 1895 he married Edith Rockefeller (1872–1932), the youngest daughter of John D. Rockefeller (1839–1937).

³⁸³ Charles Lang Freer (1854–1919), industrialist and art collector, known for his large collection of East Asian, American, and Middle Eastern Art. In 1906, he donated his collection to the Smithsonian Institution, the first American to bequeath his private collection to the United States.



Amherst House, Buffalo, Friday, Jan. 15, 1904

Train late, but we got here in time for lunch — a comfortable old colonial house that had been *moved* three miles out into the country. Mrs. Glenny³⁸⁴ (our hostess) is an enormous, jolly, kind-hearted, very congenial creature, and her daughter, Aline, is the nicest girl I've seen since I met Evelyn, 21 years ago, at Smith College. [145 0154]

I gave a lecture in the Art Institute after lunch, and then we had a glorious sleigh-ride and a good talk.

We dined with a Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Sprague,³⁸⁵ very interesting people, and sat up talking long after we came back. The Glennys are awfully nice.

Amherst House, Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 16, 1904

Bernhard went to lunch with Mr. Sawyer, a humorous, nice man “in” timber, and I had a ladies lunch at the Twentieth Century Club, where Mrs. Glenny has decorated a room with large mural paintings. I made her bring Bernhard in, and he liked them, as I knew he would. She has a very unusual sense for decoration — if she and Kenyon Cox could be churned up into one, it would be great.

We dined with the Sawyers and all came back to Mrs. Glenny's big *musical*, where they played pretty well a lot of horrible music. [146 0155]

Amherst House, Buffalo, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1904

Spent the day at Niagara — the Great American Initiation — with Mrs. Glenny, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. We had an awfully jolly time, so jolly that I couldn't help thinking, “What would our children say?” Such old, old people, so extremely larky and laughing so much. But I write all this in my letters home, so I shan't fag to set it down here again.

The Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio, Monday, Jan. 18, 1904

Came here by a train that was three hours late, owing to snow.

Reception at 4 at Miss Jones' (Mr. Cannon's³⁸⁶ friend), and a dinner given by her at her club. Mr. Pope, collector of modern pictures, seemed the most important man. My other neighbour was a Mr. Howe, who had snatched his bride not from the altar but from the pulpit — she had been a Unitarian minister (young and pretty) for several years! [146 bis 0156]

³⁸⁴ William H. Glenny arrived from Ireland in Buffalo in 1836. He worked as a clerk in a bookstore until opening a small crockery store in 1840 which, at the time of his death, had become one of the largest businesses in the country with branches extending to all the Western states and Territories. The William H. Glenny Company was a prominent importer of fine china, glass and other merchandise. In 1877 Richard A. Waite was hired to design a new store at 251 Main Street.

³⁸⁵ Perhaps the son of Eben Carleton Sprague (1822-1895), lawyer and politician. He served as the Chancellor of the University of Buffalo from 1885 until his death in 1895.

³⁸⁶ The banker who provided the mortgage to buy I Tatti.



The Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1904

Spent the day with Miss Jones at Mr. L. E. Holden's, where we found the rest of the Jarves Collection — a number of very decent things — most interesting. He is a fine, vigorous, shrewd old man of over 70, New England by birth, but one of the makers of the "Middle West".

Seeing pictures tired B.B. more than anything else <he> has done.

The Hollenden, Cleveland, Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1904

Mrs. Squire came to take us to see the collections of the town, a Mr. Brush's and a Mr. Isades', both horrors, all but a Puvis of Mr. Wade's.

We saw the Trust Building, decorated by Tiffany, not bad, and Cox's painting, a very fair effort.

We lunched with the Squires at the Club, and I have a lecture in the afternoon.

We dined with old Holden and Miss Jones. [147 0157]

Pittsburg, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904

We took the 8 o'clock train, arriving here for lunch. Bessie Taylor met us and took us to her Club to lunch, up in the 19th story of Mr. Frick's building. I looked out into the semi courtyard and saw many rows of plate-glass windows, brilliant lighted, opening upon interminable rows of typewriters whose hands went (to me) noiselessly moving, moving over the small machines, ceaselessly, endlessly. I can never forget it!

We went to Bessie's (7422 Penn Avenue) and had dinner, and then went to hear her husband, Frank Taylor, talk to his foreman. They have 9,000 employees in their Pittsburg works — Westinghouse Electric.

We found a letter from Mrs. Gardner to say that a friend of hers wrote that he was at a London dinner where the vilest things were being said of Bernhard, especially as to his having cheated her over the Dürer. [148 0158]

7422 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., Friday, Jan. 22, 1904

We went over the Westinghouse Works. It was like Dante's Inferno: there was even Geryon, a huge advancing and retreating sky cage, containing men to work at the top of the 8,000 horse-power "generators". It was terrible place, but Bernhard saw the heroic side. He says he is a mute inglorious Homer, present at the deeds of eponymous Heroes.

In the afternoon we saw Mr. Watson's terrible collection, and Mr. Watson himself, one of the great international lawyers — a fool about pictures, though.

Also Mrs. Byer's collection, rather better.

Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. Cadwell came to dinner and we had a pleasant evening, although Mrs. Gardner's news has thoroughly upset Bernhard, who hates to think of people telling and believing such vile slanders about him. It was evidently [149 0159] the Strong's. I regard it as a



mere outbreak of spleen and spite against the success of his new book.³⁸⁷

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Jan. 23, 1904

We saw Mr. Frick's collection in the morning. Fine Terburg and Rembrandt and Watts, besides the usual more or less boring Barbizons.

Came here 12-10.15, a long, long journey.

Carey met us, most kindly. She is wonderful. The house so splendidly organized. We have deliciously comfortable rooms.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Sunday, Jan. 24, 1904

Quiet delicious morning.

Walked in the afternoon, called on John and poor Mamie, admired Walter Cope's³⁸⁸ fine architecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely came to dine; he the bridge-maker, etc., of the Pennsylvania Railroad; she, alas, a chatterer. [150 0160]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Monday, Jan. 25, 1904

Another quiet morning.

In afternoon went to town.³⁸⁹ I revisited our house — all run to seed.

In Broad Street we instinctively paused in front of the most hideous building we ever saw, feeling in our bones it was the Fine Arts Museum. It was. Inside was a loan exhibition. We had great sport going round, and discovered a new master whom we called "*lontano di Whistler*".

Met Fridenwald, to our horror, who, with the director, Mr. Morris, and his secretary, Mr. Trasky, came round with us.

Mr. Caseby and Mr. Jones dined here, and Mr. Caseby explained the Panama question — that there is no possibility of making the canal except by Nicaragua!! He seems a very intelligent interesting man, but Carey says his wife, a Southern belle, generally makes conversation impossible. Tonight she was ill and could not come. [151 0161]

³⁸⁷ *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters* (London: John Murray, 1903).

³⁸⁸ Walter Cope was born in Philadelphia in 1860. After attending Germantown Friends School, Cope opted to learn architecture in the office of Addison Hutton, who designed buildings for Lehigh University and **Bryn Mawr College**. His next position was in the firm of Theophilus Parsons Chandler. Following a brief stint in 1883 as a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts as a student of Thomas Eakins and Thomas Anshutz, Cope in 1884 undertook extensive travel in Europe to observe architecture.

When Cope returned to Philadelphia in 1885, he formed the firm of Cope & Stewardson with John Stewardson. In their first five years together, Cope & Stewardson designed more than two hundred buildings, attempting to apply past styles for modern needs. The partners became masters of Collegiate Gothic style, greatly influencing American collegiate architecture with their designs for buildings at **Bryn Mawr College**, Princeton University, Washington University in St. Louis, and the University of Pennsylvania.

³⁸⁹ Philadelphia.



The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1904

Lunched with those awful Frienderwalds and Miss Moss (their friend) and Mr. Morris. Then paddled out in the rain to see Memorial Hall and its few waifs and strays of Italian pictures.

Dined with Elys, and heard her chatter.

Music in evening. Miss Helen Sawyer. I begged for a Handel suite, but then we had to have Liszt, Rubenstein & Co., who are as much like *Music* as a Kaleidoscope is like Painting.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1904

Went with Carey and Miss Gwinn to Elkins Park, to see Mr. Widener's pictures — mostly *horrors* masquerading under great names.

Dined quietly and greatly enjoyed hearing Carey and Miss G. tell about their experiences when they first “went abroad” 25 years ago. They *were* green — alas no one *could* be so green now, I fear. But it was naive and earnest and enchanting. [152 0162]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904

Went to lunch with Auntie Lill, Alban and Emma, then called on Pearlle Whitall and Madge Rhoads. They are all the essence of lower middle class — it is too awful. Bernhard went through it bravely!

Mr. Leuba,³⁹⁰ student of the Psychology of Religion, and Mr. Whitney, Professor of Metaphysics, came to dine.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Friday, Jan. 29, 1904

Saw Mr. Johnson's mixed and crowded collection.

I lunched with Mamie Morton, my old friend. Lower middle, too. They have a Pianola.

Went with her to Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Heard some Mozart, and horrors.

We heard that Arthur Strong had died. It is an immense relief. They say she³⁹¹ is left practically penniless, so we suggested to ask her here as Professor of Archaeology at £400 a year. It might be an asylum to her for awhile. [153 0163]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1904

Quiet day — bad headache.

Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Williams to dine — he a great disappointment — only a journalist.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Sunday, Jan. 31, 1904

Bernhard lunched with Mr. Johnson, who was eager to know all his attributions, and was very nice.

I went out to Morristown with Will Nicholson and had lunch with Eliza

³⁹⁰ James Henry Leuba.

³⁹¹ Eugénie Sellers.



and Whitall and their children.

Good talk in evening about aesthetics.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Monday, Feb. 1, 1904

Heavy cold. Stayed in all day. Read *Awkward Age* (Henry James) but eyes gave out.

Mr. Morgan (biology) and Mr. and Mrs. Hoppin³⁹² (archaeology) to dine. Dull. Hoppin seems a bounder. They all went early fortunately. [154 0164]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1904

Lunched with Aunt Lill.

Reception at Coates' — not half bad.

Good talk in evening.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1904

Horace Eaton came down for the night delightful as ever. Talk on aesthetics.

Carey took us over Rockefeller.³⁹³

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1904

Talk with Eaton — showed him college.

Lunched with John Thomas.

Afternoon tea here, "Readers".

Dined in Pembroke Hall.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Friday, Feb. 5, 1904

Alumnae lunch here — Oh how depressing.

Bernhard went to Johnson's and lunched in town.

Barrett Wendell lectured on "Puritanism".

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Feb. 6, 1904

Bernhard lunched alone with Mr. Casey, who predicted that St. Louis would soon be the really important city of the [155 0165] centre.

I lunched with Cousin Carrie Lawrence and her family and the Everetts — a dull, long, drawn out, middle-class lunch, ungarnished with conversation.

Then they trailed me a mile through the mud to "the most beautiful building in the United States", the Art and Science Building of the Pennsylvania University, where I was to lecture. This kind of building turned out to be a horrible be-mosaic-ed Romanesque structure of disagreeably coloured brick, it looked thoroughly German, and of course horrible.

The organization of the lecture was bad, but still the hall got packed, and

³⁹² Joseph Clark Hoppin

³⁹³ Rockefeller Hall, a gift from John D. Rockefeller, was the last residence hall designed by Cope and Stewardson. Completed in 1904, 'Rock' is Bryn Mawr's largest residence.



I spoke for an hour. Miss Rapplier³⁹⁴ introduced me. I felt it up-hill work, because the audience was peppered with faces of cousins and uncles and relatives of various degrees of kinship, who I *knew* cared absolutely nothing about [156 0166] Art in any form or shape (except the culinary). Still, I suppose it roused me to an unusual effort, for it appeared to be *enormously* successful.

There was a “reception feature” afterwards, Miss Harrison, daughter of the Provost, presiding — such an awfully nice, eager, intelligent girl. Carey told me afterwards that the dream of her life was to come to Bryn Mawr, but her fashionable mother made her “come out” instead. She evidently hates it, for she said to B.B. “Haven’t you got a brother to marry me and take me away?” (I wish Uncle Logan was in the field!)

B.B. came after the lecture to the “social feature”, and heard, as the people were streaming out, two ladies say, “Wasn’t her speech interesting!” “Ye-es — but the *really* interesting thing is that she is the daughter of [157 0167] Hannah Whitall Smith!” [158 0168]

an envelope pasted on p. 157 with the note
‘see items removed from diary for clipping’

In the evening Bernhard dined with Mr. John G. Johnson, the picture collector and company lawyer, who listened with interest to all B.B. said about his pictures, and gave him a lot of advice about his own business affairs.

I dined quietly with Carey and Mamie Gwinn. Poor Miss Gwinn, she is absolutely enslaved by Carey, and treated as a silly wife. It’s her own fault, but the truth is she never cared particularly about the outside world till she met Mr. Hodder. Now she is madly in love, and Carey has made it as nasty for her as possible. But the Casebys say that they think the fickle Hodder has no idea at all of marrying her. Poor Miss Gwinn! Her idea is that, as her mother disapproves of divorce, she would leave her money away from her daughter if she married Mr. Hodder. As long as the [159 0169] Mother lives, Miss Gwinn can feed on her romantic illusions. But people who know them, say that she will have a bitter awakening when the Mother dies.

c/o Miss Garrett, Baltimore, Sunday, Feb. 7, 1904

Packed, chatted, and came here to find poor Baltimore in flames.

Miss Garrett’s kindly planned reception and dinner were shorn of all the active people, including the Mayor, who had to attend to the fearful fire. We watched it from the roof — great “sky-scrapers” flaring like giant torches against the sky, and showers of burning cinders pouring over the city.

Zoe and Harry and Margaret and Dr. Wright and Miss Dawson came to dinner. Margaret was wonderful, so calm, and bright, when she knew her

³⁹⁴ ? Elizabeth R. Repplier (1877-?).



husband's warehouse was burning [160 0170]

Miss Garrett's, Baltimore, Monday, Feb. 8, 1904

The fire is still raging. The whole of the business part of Baltimore is being destroyed.

We went nevertheless to see Mr. Walters' collection, which is horrible as regards the pictures and mixed as regards the thousands of Chinese and Japanese *objets* that bewilder you. Really a horrible perversion of the uses of art!

We also called on Zoe. Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte (he a grandson of Napoleon's brother Jerome and his American wife Miss Patterson, Princesse Mathilde his half-aunt) dined there, and Mr. and Mrs. Brackett. Pleasant evening.

Miss Garrett's house is positively Sardanapalian³⁹⁵ in its luxury, but it is hideous, hideous! All stencilled over in red and blue and yellow and filled with modern Indian carvings. And in spite of its luxury it isn't quite comfortable. [161 0171]

Miss Garrett's, Baltimore, Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904

Fire out.

Went out and saw the Bonaparte relics at Mr. Bonaparte's.

Saw over the Bryn Mawr school.

Lunched with Margaret. Clover Carey was there, a tiresome goose.

Drove with Carey and Miss Garrett in the afternoon and saw the Johns Hopkins University and the Medical School, to which Miss Garrett had to give about half a million and endless trouble before it could be open to women. It was most exciting hearing the adventures of Carey-Aeneas and Mary-Achates in regard to it. Carey is a real "Founder", and this Medical College has made an enormous difference to the standing of women doctors everywhere.

Dined at Harry's. Zoe in bed with threatenings of a miscarriage — her fifth! This is fine for a doctor's wife. Mr. and Mrs. Palin, Mr. and Mrs. Buchler the other guests. [162 0172]

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904

Came here, reading in the papers of the courage and spirit with which the people of Baltimore are meeting their terrific loss.

Wandered disconsolately about, feeling like Babes in the Wood. We thought the White House beautiful, but the Capitol disappointing when you came near. The proportions are bad, and the detail poor. As to the lamps in front, "They knock even German vulgarity into a cocked hat", B.B. said.

³⁹⁵ characterized by the luxurious way of life attributed to the Assyrian king Sardanapalus.



New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904

A lovely day.

Miss Hale came and we saw the Corcoran Gallery. Hiram Powers' famous *Greek Slave* isn't "half nasty", really. The specimens of American art were interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Perry, Mr. Adler, and Mr. Parmelu³⁹⁶ called, and we left cards on the Waterlows and Cotton Smiths. [163 0173]

In the evening I went out alone, B.B. being tired, to Mrs. Warder's *musical*, a great crowd of extravagantly dressed ladies and men in uniform, who barely sat through the music, bursting out into screaming talk before the last chords were struck.

The Miss Warders are Italophiles, and seemed nice. I saw Mrs. Huhn, the Miss Stickneys, Mrs. Slater (William Morris Hunt's daughter), but met no one new — the crown was too great.

A vulgar, hoydenish, very self-conscious girl was romping around, winking and beckoning all over the room, wriggling and giggling through the music. She turned out to be Miss Alice Roosevelt.³⁹⁷

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Friday, Feb. 12, 1904

Went with Ellen Hale to the Smithsonian and saw the Secretary, Mr. Langley, who has spent his life on an unworkable Flying Machine. Mr. Adler (Librarian) and Mr. Holmes (ethnographer) took us round.

Bernhard lunched with Secretary Hay, [164 0174] at his house, and I lunched with old Edward Everett Hale and Ellen at the Senate and met Senator Hoare.

Afterwards we went into the gallery of the House, and looked about a little. Mrs. Ross Perry took me to a symphony concert (Schumann, unfinished), and then we called on Mrs. Slater, and met Judge Holmes and nephew of Charlotte Cushing.

Dined early and had a quiet evening.

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Saturday, Feb. 13, 1904

Went at 11 with Dr. Lee to see Mr. Samuel Ward's things — Miss Norton of Cambridge ("Purgatorio") was there. Some nice English pictures, and portrait by that mysterious Page.

Mr. Adler lunched with us and told us about the Smithsonian, how well it is run, because it is an autocracy — the Secretary having absolute power, with regents who can only dismiss him. [165 0175]

I called on Miss Seward and Miss Upton, and then met B.B. at Miss Hale's. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman came, Mrs. Kennan, Mrs. Howe (the Cleveland Unitarian minister, here at a Women's Suffrage Congress) and Mrs. Cabot

³⁹⁶

³⁹⁷ Alice Lee Roosevelt Longworth (1884-1980), the eldest child of Theodore Roosevelt.



Lodge, and various others.

Then we called on Secretary Hay, and came back to dine with Zorn, who is staying here. He is dull, my goodness!

Poor B.B. was feeling really ill; he has taken a chill, I fear.

Sunday, Feb. 14, 1904, My Fortieth Birthday

B.B. is better today.

We went out to see Mr. Waggaman's collection this morning — a lot of mediocre pictures, but a fine early Flemish triptych (Madonna and two donors), and a good Wilson, looking more or less like a chromo after Claude Lorraine. His collection of Japanese pottery is the chief thing. Mr. Sawyer of Buffalo accompanied us, delightful [166 0176] as ever. Mr. Waggaman was in a rage about the District of Columbia wanting to tax him for his gallery as personal property — when he has it open every Sunday, and lends it continually for charities. If they carry out their intention he will sell it at auction in New York, and so Washington will tax its best collection out of existence!

We came back, changed clothes, and then went to lunch at Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's. Mrs. Adams and Miss Bigelow and Mr. and Mme Buena Varilla were there — he the *deus ex machina* of the whole Panama business. Mr. Lodge has a nice picture by Laganeth, a Madonna enthroned with four saints, and a Cardinal by Dirck Bouts. His son, at the head of the American Egypt exploring committee, was a very interesting young man, but, poor thing, he suffers from neuritis of the [167 0177] eyes, which for the present has put a stop to his work. Mrs. Adams has had a nervous break-down, and told me she spent most of her time in tears.

After lunch we went to call next door on Mr. and Mrs. James Parmelu, and he told us how M. Buena Varilla "began" here. All the nation, since 1841, had been solid for the Nicaragua, as opposed to the Panama, canal. It seemed to be a settled fact. M. Buena Varilla came over as the agent of the De Lasseps Co.,³⁹⁸ wanting to sell their share in the affair, their work, implements, etc. He was in Cincinnati, with a letter to a prominent banker there, and gave a short talk upon Panama which interested this man. Thereupon the banker telephoned to Cleveland that M. B. Varilla was coming to Cleveland, that he was pleasant and interesting, and he thought Mr. Parmelu and his partner Mr. Herrick would like to entertain him. They accordingly decided [168 0178] to give him a lunch the next day, as Saturday was a good day for such an entertainment, and they invited by telephone two dozen or so of the leading men of Cleveland, engineers, electricians, financiers and men in commerce, all of them great friends of Mark Hanna. They all came, and after the lunch they asked M. Buena Varilla to make a quarter of an hour's speech to tell them about Panama. He spoke 4 1/2

³⁹⁸ Ferdinand Marie, Vicomte de Lesseps (1805-1894) the diplomat who developed the Suez Canal, which in 1869 joined the Mediterranean and Red Sea.



hours, and they were all converted. This meant that they converted Hanna, who then “put the thing through” in the House, and started “the biggest business enterprize [*sic*] of this country”.

But it seemed to us there was something strangely rash about it, for Mr. Parmelu and even Sen. Lodge (who is hot for it) had never heard of the 8 months calm, which means towing all sailing boats 500 or 600 miles *before they get to the Canal* and that Mr. Caseby told us is enough to [169 0179] take away all the profits of the entire scheme. We had heard that Mr. Hanna rushed it through in the interests of the railways he represents, because he knows the Canal isn't practicable, and doesn't want it to be! But Mr. Parmelu said this could hardly be so, for Mr. Hanna is more interested in shipping than in railroads. However, the Government is going to pay forty millions, and I daresay M. Buena Varilla will get a slice of it.

We called also on the Ross-Perrys — an abominably lower middle house — and then on Mrs. Slater and on the Stickneys. At Mrs. Slater's I meet a very interesting man, Mr. Berry, an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman, and we had a good talk about poetry. One does meet interesting people everywhere over here, cordial, loving to talk, gregarious, really pleased to meet one. Bernhard found Miss Stickney very nice too. [170 0180]

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Monday, Feb. 15, 1904

Mrs. Foster (Judith Ellen) and Nellie Hale called before I was dressed, and I saw them up here.

We went to Mr. Henry Adams at 12, and sat through a “Breakfast”. He is a sort of ‘*burbero benefico*’, Loeser-like (I think) in quality of mind, who poses as the most cultured man in America. He's pretty rude, too, but they say that is a compliment.

Then we had a real lunch at the Wardens' with that nice Mr. Berry. The girls are very jolly.

We came home, and Mrs. and Miss Lee called on us — Catholics.

Then we went to the German Ambassador's and saw some wonderful things from that heart-breaking Pekin Loot, and then paid a very pleasant call upon Mrs. Kuhn, and, finally, came back and dined with stupid, good-natured Anders Zorn.

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1904

Went out to Mt. Vernon in the morning with [171 0181] Nellie Hale — a most enchanting experience. The loveliest site for a house we have ever seen. But it was only 8° above zero, with a cutting wind, so we suffered from the cold, and Bernhard caught a fierce cold.

We called on the Waterlows and Miss Horstmann's and Miss Seward and dined with the Lees. Miss Lee is a wonderful case of Jesuit education — a perfectly sweet nature, incapable of believing ill of anyone, so they taught her there *was* no evil in ecclesiastical history, only well-intentioned mistakes!



New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1904

Had breakfast again with Mr. Henry Adams.

Mrs. Foster took us to see a Mrs. Henderson who “owned pictures” and discoursed to us about the group of Great Artists who were equal to anyone who ever lived — Gérôme,³⁹⁹ Cabanel,⁴⁰⁰ Bouguereau!⁴⁰¹

Bernhard went home ill with his cold, but I went on to an awful squillionaire’s, Mr. Walsh, who, ten years ago, was keeping [172 0182] a little inn in Colorado. He took us all over the house, upon which he spent \$2,000,000, and explained its grandeur to us. There was a ball-room upstairs and a supper room “where we seated las week 160 parties at individual tables — and we could seat more, if they’d only come!”

Dined with Miss Seward. Dull.

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Thursday, Feb. 18, 1904

Bernhard in bed, miserable.

I went over the Congressional Library with Mr. Parsons, keeper of the prints. What awful “mural decorations”, positively Elihu Vedder stood out as an artist among them. He also took me to see a few Italian pictures in private possession, including the Drapers’ “Botticelli”. Mrs. Draper meant us to stay to lunch, but when we wouldn’t, she insisted on showing me the gold plate I would have eaten off of if I *had* stayed.

I lunched with the Cotton Smiths and Miss Horner (from Brookline). [173 0183]

Then I paid endless calls. Ellen Hale, Chief Justice Nott, Lodges, Gilmans, Adams — I don’t know who all, ending up at Secretary Hay’s, who pulled me in to tell me that he had discovered who B.B. was. Fischer the dealer had told him that “Mr. Berenson was the greatest living authority on Italian Art”, and had even, to Mr. Hay’s surprise, changed the label on a picture in accordance with this great Authority’s judgment!

Bernhard got up, and we dined at Mrs. Kuhn’s, meeting Mr. Rhinelander, Mr. and Mrs. Thonor, Mrs. Wadsworth, etc. Bernhard pretty well done up.

c/o Mrs. Du Bois, New Haven, Friday, Feb. 19, 1904

Streets in Washington glazed with transparent ice. The horses’ feet had to be wrapped in dish-cloths to take us to the station. Ellen Hale — dear creature — saw us off.

We came to New York with Mr. Hamilton Field and his mother. B.B. stopped off, called on Elsie de Wolfe and dined with the Stuyvesants. [174 0184]

I came on here, and assisted at a dinner party. All middle-aged, or worse, with wrinkles and puffy eyes, — thin hair, or none, dew lap cheeks — a

³⁹⁹ Jean-Léon Gérôme (1824-1904) was a French painter and sculptor.

⁴⁰⁰ Alexandre Cabanel (1823-1889).

⁴⁰¹ William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905).



perfect physical horror came over me as I sat at table with them. How awful to be one of such a company!

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Saturday, Feb. 20, 1904

Bernhard breakfasted with Ned Warren and Marshall, and came on here, dining with Mr. Dorr and going to a musical at Miss ——?

I lectured in the morning to the New Haven Ladies' Saturday Morning Club, and in the afternoon to the Hartford Art Association — both pretty fair lectures.

I was rather tired.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 21, 1904

Went to see Mrs. Gardner, met Kneise and his wife and Proctor.

Dined at Savin Hill with Senda and Rachel. [175 0185]

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Monday, Feb. 22, 1904

Long conclave with Rachel and Senda, which ended by our deciding to take the responsibility of educating Ray for a few years abroad — in Greek things, if she seems to take to it. It means at least £300 additional a year.

I called on Mrs. Tyler and wept with her over Gertrude's⁴⁰² death.

I called in Cambridge with Senda in the afternoon on the Münsterbergs, Puffers, Nortons, Warrens.

We came out and dined with the Warrens⁴⁰³ (she was a Smith College girl, Salomé Machado), and met again Prof. Lauman. Pleasant-ish, but Salomé never lets you get into a real talk with anyone. She keeps her guests "circulating".

A Mr. Owen, President of the Sophomore Class, gave me *le don* of Western cordiality (he comes from Kansas): "We *mean to like* the person, and we're *going* to, unless we just *can't*". Of course it is just the opposite of the attitude in a settled busy social life, like England — unless riches and talent open the way.

B.B. saw Dow and heard a lot about Mrs. Piper. [176 0186]

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1904

Bernhard lunched with Dr. Lauman and called on Fletcher.

I chatted with Prichard and Chalfin and took notes in the Museum in the morning, and then with B.B. called on Mrs. Toy, who had Santayana there. She was really agreeable, and she made us all talk.

Dined with the Perrys, who make talk impossible by their nervous interruptions, and went to the Whistler reception at Copley Hall — a fierce crowd, in rooms with wild draughts, which destroyed poor B.B.

Saw Mr. Freer (the darling!) again, and Miss Watson of Buffalo, and

⁴⁰² Gertrude Morton? Moulton?

⁴⁰³ Minton Warren (1850-1907), Pope Professor of Latin, director of the American School of Classical Studies, Rome (1896-1897), and president of the American Philological Association (1897-1898). He was married to Salome Machado, of Salem.



hundreds of Bostonians.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1904

Met Mr. Freer at Museum and tried to see the Chinese things. But all was in confusion, and Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer were there, she chattering like a magpie. Abie⁴⁰⁴ came to lunch and we bade [177 0187] him goodbye.

Called on Mrs. Rogers, etc., in the afternoon, and dined with old Miss Norton alone — very pleasant, but B.B. ill.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1904

Whistler again, and dear Mr. Freer.

Mr. Fox came to lunch, and took us to call on a jolly sick widow, Mrs. Nickerson. Then he carried B.B. off to see Dr. Langmaid,⁴⁰⁵ who discovered enlarged turbinates in the poor man's nose.

We dined with Mrs. Whitman. I sat by the nearly inarticulate Mr. Dorr.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Friday, Feb. 26, 1904

Bernhard in bed.

I went to museum and argued with that silly Potter about that obviously school picture called "Veronese". He had not seen the most important of Paolo's works, yet he argued as if he knew all about it. Billy Taylor was there.

Power and Fox and Billy Taylor went to see Bernhard in bed. I [178 0188] went again to the Whistlers with Mr. Bullard, and brought him back to lunch.

I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Gardner's, where the fashionable Vincent Club of Girls gave a Vaudeville performance.

Dined with Longyears, I alone.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Saturday, Feb. 27, 1904

Bernhard rather better. His mother and Rachel came to lunch, and then came with me to Wellesley where I lectured on "The New Art Criticism" — one of my best lectures, by chance, this time.

Bernhard went to bed, but I dined with Mrs. Nickerson, pleasant, but too noisy dinner.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 28, 1904

Mrs. Gardner drove us out to Denman Ross'.

I called on Miss Norton and Mrs. Scudder (Jeanette Markham) and then came back to find Mr. Ross showing his [179 0189] pictures to the others. He paints so awfully well — he really is an artist, in the biggest sense.

Mrs. Gardner drove us back, and gave us a charming reception at her Palace, with XVIII music played by Proctor on the harpsichord and Loeffler on the *viola d'amore*. It was beautiful beyond words, and the whole reception

⁴⁰⁴ Bernhard's brother, Abraham?

⁴⁰⁵ ? Dr. S. W. Langmaid, a throat specialist of Boston.



was pleasant.

The Berenson family came to say goodbye in the evening, and to talk over Finances.

Bernhard is really awfully generous.⁴⁰⁶ He gives his parents £250 a year, besides their summer holiday, and occasional presents to this Mother. He supports Rachel and pays for Bessie's and Senda's summers, and now he is going to practically keep Senda abroad for 18 months. He has also given Abe £2,000 to begin business on. Fortunately Abe can pay interest on it, the same interest (5%) that Bernhard has got it on from his Bank (Barings). It isn't as if we were rich, either, but this [180 0190] strain keeps him constantly worried and anxious and uncomfortably **pinched**.

I think his father ought to be ashamed to not even *try* to do anything to help out. The others are as nice about it as they can be, but there it is. And if Senda and Bessie break down in health, as they probably <will>, he will have them, and Senda is a young lady of very luxurious tastes that one hates to say no to.

She and Ray are the nice ones — we really do not care whether we see the others again or not, although we wish them well, and Bernhard will always do the right thing by them.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Monday, Feb. 29, 1904

Whistlers.

Lunched with Mrs. Bowlker and Mr. Bullard.

I lectured at the College Club, quite a success. Mrs. Gardner was very enthusiastic, and Mrs. Whitman more so. She said, "I never attended a lecture where I felt so much sympathy both for the speaker and the speech."

We dined [181 0191] with Mrs. Montgomery Sears in the evening. Miss Eva Palmer (New York) recited Poe, and horrid modern love poems, and Mrs. Fiske Warren gave some of her genre sketches. I didn't care for either of these ladies, but Miss Palmer has wonderful hair and a beautiful profile.

Before dinner, Mrs. Longyear took B.B. to see a Mr. Ayer (Cherry Pectoral,⁴⁰⁷ etc.) who *almost* bought some Italian pictures. Mrs. Longyear is going to Christian Science him into it, she says!

no entry for Tuesday, March 1, 1904

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, March 2, 1904

Packing and last calls.

Mr. Fox to lunch, but Bernhard was kept by the Ayers. Old Mr. Ayer (82) said he had never thought of buying any Old Masters, but if B.B. would find him some modern pictures he liked, he didn't mind what he paid, 20, 30, 40 thousand dollars. B.B. said he was not a dealer, however, and it ended.

⁴⁰⁶ Cited by Samuels, p. 430, as though from a MB-HS letter!

⁴⁰⁷ a popular medicine.



We came on here, Mrs. Gardner coming to the station to see us off. I left out [182 0192] yesterday, which we spent lunching at Miss Norton's, seeing the Whistlers (B.B.) with Mrs. Whitman, and dining with the Perrys.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, March 3, 1904

Awful pouring rain, but we lunched at the Museum with Mr. Rhineland and Cesnola. **Mr. R. said he meant to appoint B.B. buyer for the Museum.**

We saw the Havemeyer things — an awful Tiffany house! — Rembrandts, Manets, Degases *ad infinitum* — no real taste, but some fine Chinese things.

Miss Weeks called.

Dined with Miss Marbury and went to see Elsie de Wolfe in *The Other Girl*. She's not much as an actress, but she dresses well and looks ladylike. The play was amusing as a study of American types. [183 0193]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Friday, March 4, 1904

Called on Glaenger, and lunched with him.

Paid other calls, many, ending up with Emilie Hapgood, who seemed to *enjoy* worse health than before, and more elaborate costumes.

Bernhard dined with Mr. Rhineland at the Round Table Club, and I wrote my Philadelphia speech, which he had sketched out for me in the morning.

Faff called.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Saturday, March 5, 1904

Jacacci came at 10, a perfect jackass of a man.

Mrs. Vollmer at 11 took us to the Stock Exchange, where one of the Governors, Mr. R. Halsey, met us and showed us round. We went to his house, done in good colonial style, to tea.

Bernhard lost his pocket-book, but it was found again finally. He dined with Carpenter, who was much nicer.

I polished up my speech.

Hodder and Caseby called. [184 0194]

Germantown, Sunday, March 6, 1904

Came here, after dining in Philadelphia with Uncle William and family.

Had supper (a very poor one) with John and Pearlie and their family.

Bernhard was taken by Mr. Lathrop to lunch with Mr. Stanford White, who showed him Mr. Poer's⁴⁰⁸ house. He dined with Mr. Hodder and talked late about Miss Gwinn, whom Hodder vows he is wild to marry.

Germantown, Monday, March 7, 1904

Shopped and saw oculist.

Minnie Kimbre gave me a reception to meet the old members of the "Questant". I recognized them all.

⁴⁰⁸ Power's?



I drove over to Bryn Mawr with John Thomas, dined with Carey, and gave an address which went off all right.

Came back to spend the night at the house of Mamie and Tom Morton, such a pretty *real* colonial house. [185 0195]

Bernhard dined with Mrs. Winthrop. He can't recall anything else!

Germantown, Tuesday, March 8, 1904

Saw oculist and de-fattener, who said I had lost 8 pounds.

Lunched with Aunt Lill, who is awfully kind and affectionate.

Slept for three hours. Oh how tired I was, and then drove in with Aunty to the Contemporary Club and gave my address on "Art Collections in America and their Influence on National Taste and Art". This went off the best of all. Even Aunty pronounced it a gratifying occasion.

Bernhard spent the afternoon with Fenellosa, and dined with Mr. Mather.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Wednesday, March 9, 1904

Came back and went to bed with raging headache.

Bernhard lunched with Elsie de Wolfe.

We dined with the Gayleys, and Mr. Gayley told B. B. of a gold [185 bis 0196] mine in which B.B. engaged to take 1,000 shares for \$700.

I was feeling very ill, and had a horrible night of chills and fever.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, March 10, 1904

In bed. Dr. Oppenheim came and said I had the 'Grip'. Slept off and on nearly all day, and ached.

Mrs. Dickinson called and Norman and Bond.

Bernhard went out with Mr. Butler to see some rotten pictures. He lunched with Mr. Winthrop, met Mrs. Gardner at 4, and took her to see Mr. Glaenger's Degas (portrait of a woman), which she is *wild* to buy for \$30,000.

He dined with the Mansons and went to a lovely concert — where, however, he caught a fresh cold.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Friday, March 11, 1904

Bernhard took Mrs. Gardner to the Metropolitan Museum, and then lunched [186 0197] with her at Miss De Wolfe's.

I arose from bed, sprayed my throat, and made a speech at the Barnard Club. Such an awful day that few people were there.

Mr. Van Dyke called.

Went to dine at the Bryn Mawr Club, and sat by Norman. We both spoke — each playing our one barrel-organ tune.

Bernhard dined at the Underwood Johnsons'.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Saturday, March 12, 1904

Used up of course — this 'Grip' is fearful.

Bernhard took Mrs. Gardner to the Historical Society and lunched with the Chapmans.



He dined with Mrs. Abbe and saw Mrs. Gardner off to Boston at 11. She said, "If I don't get that Degas, I'll never write to you again."

Dr. Abbe gave a little explanation of Radium, and showed some of it in the dark. [187 0198]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Sunday, March 13, 1904

Jacacci came, boring and incompetent as usual.

We walked out and had lunch with Mr. Grenville Winthrop, and then called on Bond and Josephine.

Norman called for goodbye.

S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm II, North German Lloyd,⁴⁰⁹

Monday, March 14, 1904

Packed.

Alban and Emma came in from Philadelphia.

Fafner came and dined with us and saw us off. Emilie Hapgood, Charles Deering and Mr. Glaenger as well as A. and E. sent fruit and flowers, and other people books, etc.

'This is the end of our trip.

We left in a snow-storm.

Tuesday we set sail at 5 a.m.[188 0199]

no entries after March 14 until

44 Grosvenor Road, London, Monday, March 21, 1904

Six horrid days.

We reached Plymouth early this morning. Too bored to speak to a soul on board. I was feeling ill with that 'Grip'.

no entries after March 21 until

I Tatti, Settignano, Monday, **April 4, 1904**

Was fearfully seasick nearly a week in London.

Bernhard has been in Paris a week, and I travelling down with Ray and Karin and Winnie Buckley.⁴¹⁰

The house looks *too beautiful* — we have seen nothing like it on our travels!!

no entries after April 4, 1904 until Jan. 1, 1905

[0200-0202, 0205 BLANK]

⁴⁰⁹ photo: <http://hoboken.pastperfectonline.com/webobject/3EB7C5DB-B5BF-4019-BD96-022540468750>

⁴¹⁰ Winnie, Ray's friend; not Winny, Karin's maid.



[0206] Mothers' Table

VII

Rates
Carey on Hazing
Parents of last generation
Religion — Olive Lodge
Unemployed
Mrs. Eddy — Death a release
Washing machine
Scraps on Cooking, Budget, Suffrage, Spiritualism, Peace
About spirit appearance of R.P.S.
Pattern for Karin
Second-hand books
Army and Navy Stores
Birds' Nests
Narrowness of the Church of England
Re Poor Law
Congress of Religions

[0207] VIII

About the King also the German Crown Prince
Ghosts
Opium Traffic
Memorial Window for Lady Mount Temple
On Prayer
Re Children
Is the Bible true?
The Pudding Lady
Camping out for Girls
Charges against Police
Germs of Thought
Letters from Enquirers
About Edward Clifford
On Growing Old (only my letter)
Church Books (to buy when cheap)
New Thought
To send to Magistrates
Cheap Novels
Re Death
Mystical Books
My Character



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmngorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Clay Burton Vance, 14 Rue de Richelieu, Paris [0208]
Magnetic Treatment
Steam Hand Washing Machine
Housekeeping and Cooking taught
Superfluous Organs in Human Body
Cures of Lunacy by Operations on Brain
Mr. Birrell and the Archbishop
Narrowness of English Church
Confession in English Church
Excursions around Oxford
Opium Cure
MaryGorham's Lantern Lecturs
Duxhurst

IX

C.J. Fox about R.P.S.
Cures at Kaltenlentgeben
Ray's Family Records
Opium
Japanese Alphabet
Oxford Reform
Booker Washington[0209]
Mothers and Children
About Mass
Leaflets on Purity
Hypnotic Power
Lecture on the Alphabet
Re the Poor Law
Old book of 1800 Spiritual Travels
H.W.S. about my books and letters
Krishna's Teaching
Rules for Conversation
Food for 3^d a day
Doctors spreading infection
Do we eat too much?
On believing in oneself
Re Mrs. Jack Gardner
Re Eusapia Palladino
Quaker Pictures for Autobiography
Scraps about Children
Russian Cure for Drunkenness
For Biography H.W.S. (nothing in it!)
Ordinances
Records of Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr



To access The Berenson Digital Archive — www.mmgorman.it/bernard-berenson
send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

Letters Alban, Mariechen, Grace, Bessie, Ray, Bond, Saidee, Karin, Frank
Taylor [0210]

Mothers' Table

Re Motherhood and Children
Stamps (8 envelopes)
Crests

XI

Cooking Recipes
On Prayer and Communion
Paper for Circular Letters
Truth of the Bible
Keswick
Higher Life Movement
Radium
Keswick
Payment of Motherhood
Quaker Calendar
Fanaticism
Russell Family Records
About Books of H.W. S.
Reformatory Prisons
Women Riding Astride
Pianos and Nerves
Kaiser Aroused
Cure of Cramp [0211]
Mushrooms
Mmem. Curie and Radium
Teaching Psychology
Modern Theology
Lapses of Memory
Early Friends (Quaker)
Quakerism
About Lord Mount Temple
Family photos
Re
R.P.S. [Robert Pearsall Smith]
Is God in Everything? Leaflet
Blouse Patterns

XII

Quakerism
Sale of Livings — A Scandal in the House of Christ



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The Mission of Quakerism
About Catholic Confession
Mrs. Oliphant's Novels
Re Deafness
Smokeless Coal [0212]
Re Vivisection
Re Wiston Brown
Various Charities
Bible True
French Cooking
Re Convents (for Ray and Karin)
About Children
Negro Question
Nervousness
To the Czar of Russia
Cuttings about Terrorism, etc.

XIII

Cheerfulness
Birds' Nests
Lady Rosslyn
Motherhood and Children
Cooking Receipts
Occultism and Common Sense
New Theology
Houses for the B.B.
To exterminate Rats
Fanaticism [0213]
Dr Hickson and his Blessed Handkerchief
S___ Milk Treatment
Socialist Books
Gardens
Adaptable Grate

XIV

Bubble Tricks
Sale of Livings
True Marriage
Jams
Chamberlain
Cure by Suggestion
Tight Lacing
Bad Food at College
French Bible



Decline of Medicine
Religion of Old Testament
Missionaries
Curing Headaches
About Bible
Evan Roberts
Jams [0214]
Restitution
Placards Re Alcoholism
Ruskin College
American Domestic Inventions
Birds' Nests
Sketches of Richard H. Thomas
Re Deafness
Old Philadelphia Families
Vibration and other Cures
What Church Teaches
Vivisection
Re Purity, Prisons, Tender Feet, Fear of Death, Vacation Schools, School
Cities, Gymnastics

XV

Ghosts
Scraps
Ragging
Truth of Bible
Bible Lessons
Drink Cures
Tobacco Cure [0215]
On Prayer
Leter from O Seward and Germany
About my Books
Walt Whitman's Death Song
Letters from inquirers
Cure for Drunkards
Barter GR____
Re David Scule 1900
Oxygen Treatment
French Gardening
Books to Buy

XVI

English Cures
Eternal Torment



About Prayer
Restitution
God's Fire
Errors of 'Tight Lacing
Temperance Unity
Universal Military Training
New Method of Teaching Mathematics
World's Petition [0216]
Prince of Wales and Lady Warwick
Receipts for Cooking
Country Walks in and around London
A Lost Gospel
Spoonerisms, Sleep, Cowper Temple Teaching, Healer in Colorado, Race
Failure and Pope's Encyclical
Colored Race
Cooperative _____
Plenary Indulgence
Japanese Ladies
Mr. Alexander
Christian Science
E. & E. Tatum's Resignation for Friends
Pattern for Skirt
Narrowness of Church of England
Women in Parliament Finland
Impurity in Public Schools
For Bible Lessons
Letters from Lady Henry
Tolstoy's Manifesto
Quaker Literature [0217]
Cures for Deafness
Wiston Brown's Cruelty

[0218-221 BLANK]

[0222] Mothers' Table

I

Loop Developer
List of things loaned to Logan's and Miss Dodge's flats
Mariechen
Perpetual Almanac from Carey
White Slave Traffic



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List of Books, etc.

The East and the West, A Quarterly Review for the Study of Missions, April 1908
Society for Propagation of Gospel in Foreign Parts, Tufton St., Westminster
Modernism, Lilley
The Programme of Modernism, Tyrrell
The Growth of Christianity, Percy
Christus Futurus, Macmillan
New Mysticism, Adela Curtis
My Kingdom of Heaven, Rosseger⁴¹¹
The Light Eternal by Author of *Soul of a People*⁴¹²
Lady Henry Somerset 1909-1910 (2 or 3 letters) [0223]
Summer School of Religion and Theology
Drink Cures
Holeproof Stockings
About Prayer
Scraps
Lady Rosslyn
Duke of Portland
Women's Interests (C.D.)
Women's Suffrage
A Black Spook
Ibsen
_____ Schism
Cured of Cancer in 30 minutes, Dr. Hart D_____ Hospital, Paris
Elinor Glyn in New York
Palaces for Bishops
Clerical Hypocrites
Opium Trade
Woman's Secret, Miss Robins
Deceased Wife's Sister
Mr. Dooley
Bible Story Confirmed
Will Power and Success [0224]

Mothers' Table 2

(I)

(Scraps) Imperfections of Foreign Parts

⁴¹¹ *My Kingdom of Heaven*. By Peter Rosegger (Book Review)
The Spectator 99 (4125), p. 98 (July 20, 1907)

⁴¹² Harold Fielding (1859-1917), *The soul of a people* (London: R. Bentley, 1898).



Vegetarian Soups
Consumption Crusade
Women and the Arts of Home
Cheerfulness
Anti-License
University Reform
Standard Oil
Advice to Rheumatics
“If a Man kicks his Wife”
Quaker Meetings in London
Eternal Torment
The Safety Pins Theology
Ghosts and Lost Identities
Supernatural Lights
Esoteric Books
Articles by H.W. S. (empty envelope)
Directions for Using Washing Machine
Lady Constance Lytton
Macaura Vibratory Treatment
Central Society Women’s Suffrage [0225]

II

Gore on the Bible
Gospel of Cheerfulness
Negro Rhoads [*sic*] Scholar
Soul weights 1 oz.
Dr. Torrey’s Theology
Household Hints
Medical Scraps
Insanity and Theiving [*sic*] Cured by Operations
Cooking Receipts
Rich Peoples Entertainments
Mrs. Russell Gurney’s Church
B. Shaw’s funny article
Spain and the Church
Lady Walsingham
Modern Christianity in France
New Methodist Theology
Unhistoric Acts Headley Press⁴¹³ 7/6
Buttermilk
Wounded Suffragettes

⁴¹³ George Baker, *Unhistoric acts: Some records of early Friends in north-east Yorkshire* (London: Headley Brothers, 1906).



Will 3 Acres support a Family
World's WITh
Disestablishment Narrowness of Church
The Peers [0226]

(Mothers' Table 3)

II

Education. Sidney Webb
Hague Conference
Britten
Bishops' Narrowness
Lady Henry Somerset on Simple Bible Teaching
The Benefit of Smiles
Value of a Day in Bed
Bad Physical training
Carbonoid
Pure Oil
Radium Salve
Ghosts
Caravans

Household Hints

New Healing, Dr. Worcester
New Kidneys for Old, Flexner
To Spread the Church
The Bed-lier, Aunt Fanny
Jams
Money for Liberal Work
Speech by Lloyd George
Spiritualism Eusapia Palladino
Gladstone League [0227]
Hook Worms
Mudies' Library
Leaflets on Slugs
Re Income Tax 1910
Domesday Book
Infirmary Tickets
Electrical Treatment
German Papers with Review of "Sketch of R. Pearsall Smith" and
"Unselfishness of God" by H.W.S.
Taxation of Land Value
Lady Rosslyn
Re the Launch



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How to keep Oysters
W.W.C.T.U.⁴¹⁴
Hammond's [?] Trade
Cooking Receipts
Vivisection
Views of Canon Hensly Hense,⁴¹⁵ Sir Oliver Lodge,⁴¹⁶ Rev. Mr. Homes⁴¹⁷
Temperance Teaching
Braithwaite on Inebriety
Oxford Riots of Students
Current Affairs [0228]

(Mothers' Table 4)

III

Love in the Kitchen
Devorguella's Testament ——— Logan
Portable Wooden uildings
English Counties
Steel Company
How to Pronounce Latin
Budget License

IV

Pure Oil
For Alys' New Home
Blocking Motions
For Karin (Paid Bills, etc.)
Oysters
Tiptree Jams
For Mariechen
Requests for Articles
Daydo Distemper
Deafness [0229]

V

"The Simple Life"
Quaker Items
Envelopes addressed to various people

⁴¹⁴ The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union

⁴¹⁵ Herbert Hensley Henson was an Anglican priest, scholar and controversialist. He was Bishop of Hereford, 1918–20 and Bishop of Durham, 1920–39.

⁴¹⁶ Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge FRS (1851-1940), physicist and writer involved in the development of radio.

⁴¹⁷



Re Somers Somerset
San Milk
Sequaline
Suffrage Items for Ray
Logan
Re Danish Translations of my Books

VI

To make Leather Waterproof
For Speeches
Free Trade and Protection
Small Allotment
Children's Hunger Riots
Hints on Sewing and Darning
Speech on the Budget
Political for Speeches
Mechano Therapy for Arms
Pan Anglican Congress
Opium Cure



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[ADDRESS BOOK 1903 ? after 1908 when they met Belle]

[0230] A B

Adams Brooks, 229 Beacon St., Boston
Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P., 4 W. 58th St., New York
Appleton, W. S., Union Club, 3 Park St., Boston
Astor, Mrs. J. J., 840 Fifth Ave., New York Tel. 320 Plaza
Bayless ("Smilax") Mrs.
Bacon, Caroline, 23 W. 77th St., New York
Belmart, Percy, 44 East 34th St., New York
Blumenthal, Mrs., 23 W. 53rd St., New York
Boit, Mrs. John, 1701 21st St., Washington
Brandeis, Louis D., 6 Otis Place, Boston
Bradley, Mrs., 20 Brimmer St. <Boston>
Brandegee, Faulkner Farms, Brookline
Burr, Allston, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Burr, D. Tucker, 90 Marlborough St., Boston
Blouses: Miss Mantell at Harris & Levy, 909 Broadway, New York⁴¹⁸

[0231] C

Brandegee, Mrs., Faulkner Farms, Brookline
~~Breck~~, Joseph, 43 Gray's Hall, Cambridge
Brown, Irene, 172 Prospect St., East Orange, New Jersey
Boit, J____, 1701 21st St., Washington
Burgess, Mrs., Cedarwood, Brush Hill <Milton?>

Clarke, Rachel Chadsey, 566 Fifteenth St., Des Moines, Iowa
Carpenter, William H., 253 W. 100, New York
Cahan, Abraham, Die Vorwaerts,⁴¹⁹ E. Broadway
Rutgers,⁴²⁰ ____ N.Y.
Cameron, Mrs. Donald, 21 Lafayette Square, Washington
x Clews Mrs. H____, 630 5th Avenue, New York
Burton, A. B____, 32 Webster Ct., Newton Centre, Mass.
Codman, Ogden, 15 East 51st, New York
Coolidge, J. Templeman, 114 Beacon St., Boston

⁴¹⁸ In the Flatiron District, now the store of Madura, 909 Broadway, between 20th and 21st Streets,

⁴¹⁹ *The Jewish Daily Forward (Forverts)*, New York's first Yiddish-language socialist newspaper.

Vorwärts is a newspaper published by the Social Democratic Party of Germany. Founded in 1876, it was the central organ of the SPD for many decades.

⁴²⁰ The State University of New Jersey



Converse, Mrs. G. A., ~~1720 Connecticut Ave., Washington~~
Cram, Ralph Adams, 52 Chestnut St., Boston
Cox, Kenyon 134 E. 67, New York. Tel. 3867 Plaza
Croswell, James Greenleaf,⁴²¹ 120 East 34th St., New York
Corsets Miss Grace Haines, 164 Fifth Ave., New York
Cutting, Bayard,⁴²² 24 E. 72 <New York>
Cochrane, Mrs. Alexander, 257 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
~~Curtis, Ralph, 59 Bay State Road <Boston>~~
Mrs. Cuyler Cuyler,⁴²³ 34 E. 52nd St., New York; 26 E. 54

⁴²¹ (1852-1915) Late Master of the Bearley School in New York

⁴²² William Bayard Cutting (1850-1912), a member of New York's merchant aristocracy, was an attorney, financier, real estate developer, sugar beet refiner and philanthropist.

His eldest son William Bayard Cutting, Jr. (1878-1910) was secretary to the U.S. embassy to the Court of St. James's. He married 30 April 1901, **Lady Sybil Marjorie Cuffe**, daughter of Hamilton John Agmondesham Cuffe, 5th Earl of Desart and Lady Margaret Joan Lascelles. His daughter was Dame Iris Margaret (nee Cutting) Origo, Marchesa of Val d'Orcia (1902-1988)

⁴²³ Perhaps May Townsend Nicoll Lord, the wife of Cornelius C. Cuyler, Princeton '79, who died in Biarritz in 1909. A lawyer, at his death Cuyler was the president of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, etc. Also Treasurer of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, member of the Board of Trustees of Princeton. See *The Princeton Alumni Weekly*, Sept. 29, 1908, p. 12-13. A classmate of Woodrow Wilson in the Princeton Class of 1879



[0232] D E F

Dexter, Mrs. Wirt, 393 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Dana, R. Jr., 135 Madison, Ave., New York
Davis, Mrs. Livingston, Brush Hill Road, Milton
Deacon, Edyth, **431 Beacon St.**,⁴²⁴ Boston
? <Deacon> Edgar, 125 E. 40th, New York
De Koven, Reginald, 42 East 66th St., New York.
Donaldson, H. H., 3310 Race St., Philadelphia
Del Monte, Miss Diane, 222 W. 59th St., New York
Dunham, Miss Katherine, 29 Washington Square, New York
Dentist C.P. Briggs, M.D., 129 Marlborough St., Boston

Emmet, William Temple 50 East 76th St., New York
Eno, Mrs. Henry Law, 8 East 61st St., New York
Eustes, Mrs. William, 1611 H St., Washington
Ellis, Mrs. ~~John N.~~ Ralph 22 West 57th St., New York

Fairchild, Miss, 155 Brattle Street, Cambridge
Fairchild, Blair

Fabbri Ernesto, 11 E. 62nd St., New York
Fischer, Victor G., 2605 14th St., New York
Fletcher J.B., 112 East 22nd, New York
Flexner, _____ 105 E. 62nd St., Tel. 5747 Plaza
Frick, Mr. C. 640 Fifth Ave. (on 51st)
Frelinghuysen, Miss, 113 E. 65th St., New York
Fuller, Samuel Richard, 405 Beacon St., Boston
Flagler Mrs. Harry Harkness, 32 Park Ave., New York

⁴²⁴ During the 1913-1914 winter season, 431 Beacon was the home of Miss Edyth Deacon. Edyth Deacon had been engaged to marry banker George Lee Peabody, who died in February of 1911.

Edyth was the sister of **Gladys Deacon**, who became the Duchess of Marlborough, second wife of the Ninth Duke of Marlborough, Charles Richard John Spencer Churchill (first cousin of Winston Churchill), and of **Dorothy Deacon**, who became Princess Radziwell, wife of Prince Radziwell of Poland, and then Countess Palffy, wife of Count Francis Palffy of Hungary.

New York, *The Sun*, Nov. 10, 1916

Miss Edyth Deacon, Bride of H. G. Gray

Wedding Takes Place in the Country Home of Ex-Secretary Meyer

Hamilton, Mass. Nov. 9. — At Rock Maple Farm, the country home of ex-Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. George von L. Meyer, this afternoon **Miss Edyth Deacon** of Boston and Manchester-by-the-Sea, daughter of **Mrs. Edward Parker Deacon** and granddaughter of Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin of Newport, was married to Henry G. Gray of New York, son of the late Justice John Clinton Gray of the New York Court of appeals. ... Mrs. Gray has two sister, Miss Gladys Deacon and the Princess Radziwill of Poland.



~~Fuller, S.R., 405 Beacon St.~~

Forbes, Mrs. Francis, 114 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

Florist Woodrow 43 W. 30

Huen, Arthur 748 Lincoln Parkway, Chicago

[0233] G H

Gale, Mr. and Mrs., 185 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

Mrs Gardiner, Robert Hallowell, 322 Beacon St., Boston

Gardner, George Peabody, 186 Beacon St., Boston

Gilder, Mrs. Richard Watson, 13 East 8th St.

Gilman, Benjamin Ives, 14 Kirkland Place, Cambridge

Gayley, James, 58 E. 58th, New York

Glaenzer, E., 560 5th Avenue, New York

Harlan, Sara, 45 W. 39

Judge Robert Grant, 211 Bay State Road, Boston

Hair-dresser Miss Della, Shaw's, 506 Fifth Ave., New York

Wald, Miss Betty, 170 7th Avenue (22 St.)

Harding, J. Horace, 955 Fifth Avenue New York

Harlan Sara, 281 4th Ave., New York

Hardon, 315 W. 71st St., New York

Herstein E., 65 W. 49th St., New York

Hewitt, Mrs. Peter Cooper, Tuxedo P.O., New York

Miss Sarah Cooper Heiroth, 9 Lexington Avenue, New York

~~**Hair-boiler** Hermann, 133 E. 50 (at 55), New York~~

Guest, Mrs. Lionel, St. Anne de Bellevue, Prov. Quebec, Canada

Hodder, Mrs., 33 Mt. Vernon Place East, Baltimore

Hollnis, 12 W. 56th

Hoppin, F.L.V. (architect), Union Club 51st St. & Fifth Avenue, New York

Hubbard, Miss Grace, 618 W. 114

Huntington, Archie, 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York, Phone 282 Audubon

Huntington, Mrs., 2 E. 57th St., New York, Tel. Plaza 2678

[0234] I J K L

Journal of Abnormal Psychology \$3.00 year

Richard G. Badger, 194 Boylston St., Boston

Jay, Mrs. Col., 572 Madison Ave., New York

Joline Mr. Adrian H., 1 W. 72nd St., New York

Kahn Otto H., 8 E. 68th St., New York

Cedar Court, Morristown, New Jersey

Lee, Dr. Thomas S., 1771 Mass. Ave., Washington

Kendall, Edith, 14 Central Park West, New York

Kimball Mrs., 48 Commonwealth Ave., Boston



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Lee, Mrs. M. Carroll, Dr. Thomas S., 1771 Massachusetts Ave. Washington
Mrs. Lanier, Charles, 30 East 87th, New York
Lord, Herbert Gardiner, 623 W. 113th St., New York
Lodge, Sen., 1765 Massachusetts Ave., Washington
Mrs. J. L. Longyear, The Terrace, Brookline
Lowell, Miss Carlotta Russell, 43 E. 64th St. New York
Percival Lowell, 11 West Cedar Stret, Boston
Lydig Philip Mesier, 38 E. 52nd St., New York
Lowndes, Mary, Rosemary Cottage, Greenwich, Connecticut

[0235] M N

MacLeod, Miss Josephine, Ridgely Manor, Stone Ridge, Ulster County, New York — Railroad <station> Binnewater,⁴²⁵ N.Y., 31 Ch. Elysees, <Paris>
Maynard, 114 E. 40th
Markoe Mrs. Harry, 591 Park Avenue, N.Y.
McClellan, The Water Tower, Princeton, Tel. 24
~~10 Washington Square, N.Y.~~
37 Madison Ave. N.Y.
Morse, Mrs. Jacob, 875 Beacon St.
Morgan, J. P., 219 Madison Ave., New York
Library of, 33 E. 36th St.
Miss Belle Greene, Telephone 2872 Mad.
403 W. 115th
Miss Anne Morgan, 219 ~~427~~ Madison, Telephone private No. 855 Madison
Mortimer, Rich ~~Stanley~~, 709 Fifth Ave.
Marbury, Miss Elizabeth, 1430 Broadway, New York
London: 20 Green Street, Leicester Square, W.C.
Paris: 39 Rue Caumartin
Cables: New York: Elma,⁴²⁶ London: Amarantes, Paris: Elizabeth

[0236] N O P Q

Oculist Dr. Alexander Duane, 49 E. 30th St., New York
Opdycke, Leonard C.,⁴²⁷ 117 E. 69th St.
Miss Nourse, 429 Marlborough St., Boston

⁴²⁵ The Binnewater Historic District is a national historical district located at Rosendale in Ulster County, New York.

⁴²⁶ *Elizabeth Marbury*

⁴²⁷ Leonard Opdycke, Sr. (1856-1914), a New York lawyer and social philanthropist and Edith Bell (Opdycke) (1857-1946). Parents of Leonard Opdycke, '17 (1895-1977), professor of art history at Harvard.



Parish, Mrs. Henry Jr., 8 E. 76th St.
Parsons, Arthur J., 1818 N. St., Washington
Pearman, Mrs. Sumner Bass, 399 Beacon St., Boston
Perkins, C. B., Perkins St., Jamaica Plain, Tel. 182
~~Brookline (Jamaica Pond)~~ Brookline
Perry, Ralph, ~~404 Lakeview Ave.~~ Irving St., Cambridge
Osteopath S. A. Ellis, 687 Boylston St., Boston
Robson

Prince, Dr. Morton, ~~265~~ 458 Beacon Street

Publisher Italian List of Pictures, John C. Winston Co., Mr. Charles H. Clarke, 1006 Archer St., Philadelphia

Pyne, M. Taylor, 362 Madison Avenue, <New York>
Drumthwacket,⁴²⁸ Princeton, New Jersey

Osteopathy Dr. E. W. Robson, The Pierrepont 43 W. 32nd St., N.Y. Tel. 22283 Mad.
O. J. Snyder, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia

[0237] R S

Rae, Mrs., 918 18th St., Washington
Ripley Mr., ~~16 E. 79th St., N.Y.~~ 101 E. 72nd St.
Reynolds, J. B. 151 Central Park West, New York
Robinson, Marcure, 524 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Rowland, Ed., 1738 Pine St. Philadelphia
x Richardson, W., 306 Beacon St., Boston
x Robinson, Edward, 84 Irving Place, N.Y.
Ronalds, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., 100 E. 38th St., N.Y.

Schofield, William Hy, 101 Brattle St., Cambridge
Sewing, Mrs. Marion Drain, 37 Mt. Ida Rd., Dorchester
Shear, Theodore Leslie, 509 W. 182nd St., N.Y., Tel. 4670 Morningside
Rosemary Hall,⁴²⁹ Greenwich, Conn. Caroline Rondtz Rea
Robinson, Mr. Charles, 178 Madison Ave., N.Y.
Stickney, Mrs. Austin, 1755 N St., Washington
Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J., 54 Beacon St., Boston
Rhodes, James Ford, 392 Beacon St., Boston
Sands, 11 East 84th St., N.Y.

⁴²⁸ Drumthwacket is the official residence of the governor of New Jersey. The mansion is located at 354 Stockton Street in Princeton

⁴²⁹ Rosemary Hall was an independent girls school in Greenwich, Connecticut. It was later merged into Choate Rosemary Hall.



[0238] A

x Abbe, D. Robert, 11 West 50th St., N.Y.
Adams, Henry, 1603 H. St., Washington
Adler, Cyrus, Smithsonian, Washington
Alleyn, Miss, 19 Buckingham St., Cambridge
Alexander Jno. W., 116 East 65th St., N.Y.
Anders, Dr., 1605 Walnut St. Philadelphia (fat)
Anderson, Miss Marguerite de Forest, c/o Mrs. J. de Cordova, 22 Ladbroke Square, London W.
~~Appleton, W. S., 462 Beacon St., Boston~~
Arnold, Fred. W., 159 Waterman St., Providence R.I.
Atherton, Frederic, 144 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Ayer Ed. S., 1 Banks St., Chicago
Ayer, Frederick, 395 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Avery, Miss, 1 Sprague Place, Albany, N.Y.

[0239] B

Bartlett, Frederick, 2901 Prairie Ave., Chicago
Bartlett Fr., 236 Beacon St., Boston
Beatty Jno. W., Richmond Road, Pittsburg
Benschimol, Max, 64 Mt. Vernon St., Cambridge⁴³⁰
Bigelow, Miss Grace, 21 Gramercy Park, N.Y.
Berenson, Arthur, Pemberton Building 101, Boston
Blake, William P., 265 Beacon St., Boston
Bowlker, Mrs. 282 Beacon St., Boston
Bradford, Miss Margaret Girls' High School, Brooklyn
Brooks, Mrs. Morgan, 1012 West Oregon St., Urbana, Illinois
Buffum, Mrs. William, 28 Greenough Place, Newport, R.I.
~~Bullard, Fr., 3 Commonwealth Ave. Boston~~
Burnham, D.H., 1142 The Rookery, Chicago
Burr, Tucker, ~~427 Commonwealth Ave., Boston~~
90 Marlborough St.
Burroughs, Bryson ~~207 Franklin Place~~
Hillside Ave., Flushing, Long Island — 50 E. 86th St., N.Y.
Burton, Alfred E., ⁴³¹ 58 Webster St., West Newton
Bush, W. T., 23 Hammond St., Cambridge
Butler, Howard Crosby, Princeton, N.J.

⁴³⁰ Maximilian Benshimol (1873-1934), '95, taught Greek at Cambridge Latin and then established the New Preparatory School at 118 Brattle Avenue in 1924, which was later directed by his son Ernest Joshua Benshimol, Sr. (1897-1980) and closed by his grandson Ernest Joshua Benshimol, Jr. (1920-1996) in 1987. He was the brother of Bernhard's friend, David Benshimol.

⁴³¹ The widow of Gertrude Burton.



[0240] C

Cabot, Dr. A. T., 3 Marlborough St., Boston
Cannon, Henry W., 288 Madison Ave. / 83 Cedar St., New York
Cary, Morris, 1004 Cathedral St., Baltimore
x Carpenter, ~~G. R.~~, 137 W. 93rd St., N.Y.
Carstairs, Charles S., 355 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.
~~Caton, Mrs. Arthur, 1900 Calumet Ave., Chicago~~
Century Association, 7 W. 43 St., N.Y.
Chapman, Jno. J., 325 W. 83 St. N.Y. ~~Edgewater~~ Sylvania
Barrytown, Dutchess County, N.Y.
Chapman, Jno. W., 86 R_____ St., Brooklyn Heights
Chomler, Miss, 317 W. 74 St., N.Y.
Clark, Senator (Dr. Morris)
Clark, Mrs. Johnm 2000 Prairie Ave., Chicago
Coates, Ed. Homer, Willing Terrace, Germantown Pa.
Cockran, Hon. W. Bourke, The Cedars, Sands' Point, Port Washington,
Long Island Phone 2 Port____
Cope, Mrs. Walter E., Johnson St., Germantown, Pa.
Cooper, James Fenimore, 96 Western Ave., Albany
Cortiszez, Royal,⁴³² 31 W. 10th St., N.Y.
Cottenet Rawlings, Knickerbocker Club, 319 Fifth Ave., N.Y. (35 E. 29th St.)
x ~~Cox, Kenyon, 75 W. 55th St., N.Y.~~
Croly, Herbert David, 421 W. 21st St., N.Y.

[0241] D

Dana, Richard Henry, 103 Park St., N.Y. Tel. 2640-38
Dana, Miss, 300 Berkeley St. Boston
Davidge, Miss Joanna Stuart, 200 E. 17th St., N.Y.
Davis, Theodore M., The Reef, Newport, R.I.
Davis, Mrs. H. A., Dongan Hills, Staten Island
Dean, Miss Sarah M., 550 Park Ave., N.Y.
Deering, Charles. Chicago Club
Dithmar, Mrs. Ed. Augustus, Hotel San Remo, N.Y.
Dickinson, Mrs. Lave, 230 W. 59th St., N.Y.
~~Dike, Alice, 29 Washington Square, N.Y.~~
Dorr, George B., 18 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Dowdeswell, Charles, 275 Fifth Ave, N.Y.
Dunne, Peter, 58 E. 67th St., N.Y.
DuBois, Mrs., 334 Edwards St., New Haven, Conn.

Eaton, Horace A., Syracuse, N.Y.

⁴³² Royal Cortiszez, art critic for the New York Tribune



~~Ehrich, Louis R., 8 West 33rd St., N.Y.~~
Elliott, Mrs. Jno, 241 Beacon St.
Everett, Herbert E., University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia

[0242] E F G

~~Fenollosa Ernest F. 159 Church St., Mobile, Alabama~~
~~(501 W. 113 St., N.Y.)~~
Field, Hamilton Easter, 106 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn
~~Field, Marshall, 1905 Prairie Ave., Chicago~~
~~Fitch, Clyde, 113 E. 40th St., N.Y.~~
~~Quiet Corner, Greenwich Township, Conn.~~
Fleisher, Rev. Dr. C., 40 Concord Ave., Cambridge
~~Fletcher, J.B., Channing Place <Cambridge>~~
Foster Judith Ellen, The Portner, Washington
Fox, Thomas A., 120 Tremont St., Boston
Freer, Charles L., 33 Ferry Ave., Detroit, Michigan
Frick, H. C., Penn. Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
Friedenwald, Herbert, 915 N. 16th St., Philadelphia
Gambrill
Gans, H.S., 8 Rutgers St., N.Y.
Gardner, Mrs. Jack, Fenway Court, Boston
Green Hill, Brookline, Mass.
Garrett, Miss Mary E., 101 W. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.
~~Garrison, W.P. 208 Broadway, N.Y.~~
Gauley, Robert David, 41 Washington Square, N.Y.
x Gayley, Mrs. James, 8 E. 69th St., N.Y.

[0243] G H

Goelet
Glaenzer, Eugene, ~~303~~ 560 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Glenny, Mrs. John, 1150 Amherst St., Buffalo, N.Y. (Miss Alice)
Gookin, Mrs., 8 W. 10th St., N.Y.
Gotthold, Mrs. Frederick, 165 W. 58th St., N.Y.
Gray, Mrs. James Chipman, 176 Beacon St., Boston
x Griffin, Percy, 247 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Gunsaulus, J.L., 203 Michigan Ave., Chicago
Greenshields, E.B., 359 Peel Stret, Montreal

Haven
Hague, The Misses, 108 E. 40th St., N.Y.
Hale, Ellen Day, 39 Highland St., Roxbury
Hale, Phillip, 100 Chestnut St., Boston



Hall, Miss Kitty, 1425 Broadway, N.Y.
x Halsey, R.T. H., 64 W. 55th St., N.Y.
Hamill, Robert W., Clarendon, Ill.
Hapgood, Hutchins, 345 Bedford Ave Mt. Vernon, N.Y. (*Morning Telegraph*
50th St. & Eighth Avenue)
Hapgood, Norman, 77 E. 56th St., *Colliers' Weekly*, 13th & Ninth Avenue,
Windsor, Vermont
x Hardon, Mrs. H. W., 315 W. 71st St., N.Y.
Harlan, Mrs. H. W.
~~Harlan, Sara, 1521 Spruce St., Philadelphia~~
~~Harrison, Miss Esther, 1618 Locust St., Philadelphia~~
Herrick, Robert, 5735 Lexington Ave., Chicago
~~Havemeyer, H.O., 66 and Fifth Avenue, N.Y.~~

[0244] H² I J

Higginson, Henry, 191 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Hitz,⁴³³ Jno, 917 R St., Washington
Hobson, Mr., 1820 N. St., Washington
Hoddek, Alfred, 8 Rutgers St., N.Y.
Holden, L. E., Cleveland
Hooker, Mr., 325 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Hopekirk, Helen, 169 Walnut St., Brookline, Mass.
Hopkinson, Leslie, 22 Craigie St., Cambridge, Mass.
Horstmann, Misses, 1710 Rhode Island Ave., Washington
Howells, W. D., 40 W. 59th St.
Howland, Miss Bertha, 18 Berkeley St., Cambridge
Hutchinson, C. L., 2709 Prairie Ave., Chicago
Hyde James H., 9 East 40th St., N.Y.

Inglis, Jno S., 3 E. 34th St., N.Y. (Collier & Co., 15^A Grafton St., London W.)
x Isham, Miss Julia, 5 E. 61st St., N.Y.

~~Jacacci, August E. c/o Century Association, 7 W. 43rd St., N.Y.~~
Jackson, Mrs. Day, Graduates' Club, New Haven, Conn.
James, ~~William~~, 95 Irving St., Cambridge, Mass.
Jayne, Mrs., 1826 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Johns, Calyton, 5 Mt. Vernon Place, Boston
Jones, _____, 21 E.

[0245] J K L

Johnson, John. G., 506 S. Broad St., Philadelphia

⁴³³ Perhaps Gertrude's brother, John Jr. (1828-1908)? Not her father, the Swiss consul, Johannes Hitz (1797-1864).



+ Johnson, Robert Underwood, 327 Lexington Ave., N.Y.
Jones, Mrs. Cadwalader, 21 E. 11th St., N.Y.
Jones, David, 121 Astor St., Chicago
Jones, Miss Myrtie, 996 3943 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio [Mr. Cannon's
girl friend, later wife?]

Kent, Harry Watson, 80 Washington Square, N.Y.
Knickerbocker Club, 319 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Kronberg, Louis, 3 Winter St., Boston
~~Kuhn, Mrs. Hartman, 36 Commonwealth Ave., Boston~~
Lanier, J.F.D., 123 E. 35th St., N.Y.
~~Laffan, W.M., 335 Lexington Ave., N.Y.~~
~~La Farge, Jno.,⁴³⁴ 51 W. 10th St., N.Y.~~
Lanier, 123 E. 35
Lambert, 324 S. 7th St., Philadelphia
~~Lathrop, Francis, 29 Washington Square, N.Y.~~
~~Lawrence, Mrs. C.L., 3715 1/2 Chestnut St., Philadelphia~~
~~Lee, Mrs. Charles Carroll, 56 E. 54th St., N.Y.~~
~~Lee, Dr. Thomas S., 1315 Connecticut Ave., Washington~~
Lewis, Miss E. D., Morristown, N.S. married
Lodge, Senator H.C., 1765 Massachusetts Ave., Washington
Loeb, James, Shrewsbury, N.J.
~~Longyear, Mrs., 7 Arlington St., Boston~~

[0246] L² M

Lovett, R.N., Chicago University
Lunt, Miss Cornelia, 1742 Judson Ave., Evanston, Illinois
Lymann, Miss Annie, 12 Walnut St., Boston

Macomber, Frank Gais, 465 Beacon St., Boston
147 Milk St., Boston
MacVeagh, Mrs. Franklin, 103 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago
x Manson, Thomas, 23 E. 69th St., N.Y.
71 Broadway, N.Y.
Marquand, Prof. Allan, Guernsey House, Princeton, N.J.
x Marshall, Henry Rutgers, 142 E. 19th St., N.Y.
Mason, Misses, 1 Walnut St., Boston
~~Mather, Frank Jewett, 22 Gramercy Park N.Y.~~
McCormick, Cyrus H., 321 Huron St., Chicago
McCormick, Harold, 88 Bellevue Place, Chicago

⁴³⁴ John La Farge (1835-1910) was an American painter, muralist, stained glass window maker, decorator, and writer.



Meeker, Mrs. Arthur, 1815 Prairie Ave., Chicago

x Minturn Mrs., ~~109 E. 21st St., N.Y.~~

116 E. 22nd St., N.Y.

Moore, Charles H., Fogg Museum, Cambridge Mass.

Morton, ~~Mrs.~~ Thomas, Roxboro School House Lane

109 E. 21

[0247] N O P

~~Neftel, Dr. Joseph, N.Y.~~

~~Nickerson, Mrs. George, 303 Commonwealth Ave., Boston~~

~~Nicholson, William, 1828 Arch St., Philadelphia~~

Nordhoff, Mrs. Walter, Redlands, Cal.

Northrup, Mrs. William Percy, 57 E. 79th St., N.Y.

Norton, Miss Grace, 59 Kirkland St., Cambridge

Oppenheim, Dr. Nathan, 50 E. 79th St., N.Y.

Oliphant, James H., 20 Broad St., N.Y. (for Golden Urn)

Palmer, Miss Evelina, 11 W. 50th St., N.Y.

Parkman, Mrs. Henry, 30 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

Parsons, 1818 N. St., Washington

Paton, Mrs. Stewart, 213 W. Monument St., Baltimore

Peabody, Ino. Endicott, 183 Marlborough St., Boston

Peck, Miss Teresina, 124 High St. New Haven, Conn.

Pendleton, Miss. Acorn Club, 1618 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Perry, Ralph, ~~Little's 18~~⁴³⁵ 5 Avon St. Cambridge

Perry, R. Ross, 1309 P St., Washington

Perry, Thomas, 312 Marlborough St., Boston

Photographs

Thomas E. Mark, 180 Tremont St., Boston

Herbert E. Randell, 25 Marshall St., Hartford

Pictures

Mrs. N. T. Bacon, The Acorns Peace

Dale R. I. (Sellaio)

Conway Felton,⁴³⁶ Montecito, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Restorer

George Bruce, New Durham, N.J.

[0248] P² R

Pinkey, Mrs. Robert, 241 W. 75th St., N.Y.

⁴³⁵ Little's Block, a student residence. The entire block was demolished in 1961, and a high-rise office building was built on the site.

⁴³⁶ Cornelius Conway Felton, '72, died at Montecito, Cal., October 23, 1912.



Platt, Daniel Fellows, Englewood N.J.
Potts, Miss Laurette, 60 Washington Square, N.Y.
Powers, Prof., 201 Clarendon St., Boston
~~Pringsheim, Mrs. H.H., Harvard University~~
Prussing, Mrs. Eugene, 595 Dearborn Ave., Chicago
~~Puffer, Miss Ethel, 45 Irving St., Cambridge~~
x Putnam, George Haven, 325 W. 86th St., N.Y.
Putnam, Mrs. James Lowell, 32 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

Rae, Mrs., 1827 Jefferson Place, Washington
Randall, Herbert, 25 Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.
Ranken, William, Wellesley College
Reed, Miss Helen, 186 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Reynolds, J.B., ~~29 Washington Square, N.Y.~~
151 Central Park West
~~Rhinclander, F.W., 289 Madison Ave., N.Y.~~
Richardson, Louisa H., Carleton College, Minnesota
Richmond, Mrs., 755 Boylston St., Boston
Richmond, Charles Alex., 58 Willett St., Albany
Robins, Miss Julia, 95 Mt. Vernon St., Boston
~~Robinson, Ed., 200 Beacon St., Boston~~
Rogers, Mrs. Oakhill Peabody, 231 Commonwealth Ave, Boston
Ross, Denman W., cor. Brattle & Craigie St., Cambridge
Royce, Josiah, 103 Irving St., Cambridge
Ryerson, Martin, 4851 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago

[0249] S

Santayana, George ~~60 Brattle St.~~ Cambridge
Sawyer, George Pliny, W. Ferry St. Buffalo
Sawyer, Mildred (Mrs.), 13 E. 11th St., N.Y.
Schuyler, M. Roosevelt, 7 W. 43d St., N.Y.
Scudder, Mrs., 74 Buckingham St., Cambridge
x Sedgwick, Henry, 120 W. 21st St., N.Y.
Seward, Oliver Ridey, 1725 19th St., Washington
Sewing-woman Mrs. A. W. Vail, 117 E. 76th St., N.Y.
Shipley, Catherine, 2128 De Lancey St., Philadelphia
Slater, Mrs., 1319 18th St., Washington
Smith, Alban, 29 E. Penn St., Germantown
Smith, E.P., 43 E. Penn St., Germantown
Smith, Rowland Colton, 1461 Rhode Island Ave., Washington
Smith, Wilson, The Pascor, 13th & Spruce, Philadelphia
Smyth, Mrs. Wier, 91 Walker St., Cambridge
Sorchan, Mrs. Victor, 267 Madison Ave., N.Y.



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Sprague, A. A., 2710 Prairie Ave., Chicago
Sprague, Carleton, 810 W. Ferry St., Buffalo, N.Y.
Squire, Andrew, The Terraces, Euclid Ave., Cleveland
x Steffens, ~~Lincoln~~, 224 W. 52nd St., N.Y.
Stickney, Mrs. Austin, 1755 N. St., Washington
Story, George H., Metropolitan Museum, N.Y.

[0250] S² T U V

Stuyvesant, E. Rutherford, 246 E. 15th St., N.Y.
Tranquillity Farm, Allanuchy P.O., Warren Co., N.J.
Sumner, Jns. Osborne, 225 Marlborough St., Boston

Tarbel, Prof. Frank Bigelow, 5730 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago
Tarbell, Edmund C., Dartmouth & Yarmouth, Boston
Taylor, F. H., 7422 Penn. Ave., Pittsburg
Townsend, Mrs., 63 W. 9th St., N.Y.
Toy, C. H., 7 Lowell St., Cambridge
Thomas, Bond, 333 Madison Ave., N.Y.
Thorndike, Paul, 244 Marlborough St., Boston
Troubetskoi, Prince Pierre, 3 E. 31st St.
303 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Tyler, C., 83 Bay State Road, Boston

Updike, D. Berkeley 104 Chestnut St. Boston

x Van Dyke, John C. New Brunswick, N.J.
Vollmer, Mrs. _____, 8 W. 64th Street

[0251] W Y Z

Waggaman, T., 3300 O St., Washington
Warder, Mrs., 1515 K St., Washington
Miss Elizabeth married Ralph Ellis, Feb. 1906
Warren, E.P.,⁴³⁷ 29 Irving Place, N.Y.
c/o H. M. Clark, 50 State St., Boston
Warren, Samuel, 361 Marlborough St. Boston
Watson, D. T., 844 Ridge Ave., Pittsburg
x Weeks, Miss Mabel, ~~100th St. & Riverside Drive, N.Y.~~
Brooks Hall, Barnard College N.Y.
Wendell, Barrett, 358 Marlborough St., Boston
White, Stanford, 121 E. 21st St., N.Y.

⁴³⁷ Edward Perry 'Ned' Warren



Whitehead, Ralph Radcliffe, Byrdcliffe, Woodstock, Ulster Co., N.Y.

~~Whitman, Mrs. Henry, 77 Mt. Vernon St., Boston~~

Wier, Jno F., 58 Trumbull St., New Haven

Wier, J. Alden, 11 E. 12th St., N.Y.

Willard, Mrs. Ashton R., 43 Commonwealth Ave., Boston

x Winthrop, Grenville Lindall, 10 E. 37th St., N.Y.

Wolfe, Elsie de, 122 E. 17th St., N.Y.

Wolcott, Mrs. Frances M., 477 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo

Yuxa, 37 Lexington Ave. _____

Yerkes, Charles, Fifth Ave. cor. 67th St., N.Y.

Young, Mrs. Jno Ward, 323 W. 83d St., N.Y.

Zug, C.H., 3407 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg



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[0252] Friends

I 31

Burroughs
Burton
Chapmans
Cox, Kenyon
Eaton
Field
*Fox
*Freer
Fenollosa
*Gayleys
Manson
*Glenny
*Hapgoods
*Hale
*Hopekirk
*E. Harrison
Lovett
*Norton, Miss
Wendell
Robinson
*Ross
Stuyvesant

*Deering
Robins
*Reynolds
*Morton
*Harlan
*Rhineland
*Scudder
*Tyler
*Van Dyke
~~Taylor~~⁴³⁸
J. Puffer

II 30

Alexander, J.W. 116 East 65th St., N.Y.
Bullard, F.
Dorr, Geo. B.

⁴³⁸ ? Perhaps Mary's cousin Billy Taylor



Fletcher
Fitch
Hodder
Garrison
Mather
* Lathrop
Halsey
Hardon
Hooker
Santayana
* Jones
* Vollmer
* John J. Johnson
* Longyear
Adams
* Mecker
* Perry
* Prussing

[0253] Friendly Acquaintances

Henry Adams, 1603 H. St., Washington, D.C.
Cyrus Adler, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C.
Mrs. Bowlker
Mrs. Tucker Burr
Howard Crosby Butler
John W. Beatty
Ed. H. Coates
Hon. W. Bourke Cockran
J. F. Cooper
Rev. Alex. Richmond
Mrs. Arthur Caton
Charles Carstairs
Ehrich ?
Fleischer?
?
Gans
Jerome
Griffin
Garrett
Hopkinson
Toy
Troubetzkoy
Stickney



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Berry
Oppenheim
Andrews
Davis
Cottnet
Updike
Du Bois
Avery
Weeks
Herrick
~~Hodder~~
~~Mather~~
Hamills
James
Johnson
Lodge
Lee
Marquand
Marshall
Macomber
MacVeagh
McCormick
Nickerson
Puffer
Peck
Palmer (____)
Rogers
Sedgwick
Squire
Parmelee
Steffens
Taylor

[0254-0255 BLANK]

[0256] Send books on art (names) to
Miss Avery, Albany (State Library)
Miss Myrtle Jones, 996 Prospect St., Cleveland Ohio

Tell Mr. Bryan Lathrop, 77 Bellevue Place, Chicago, what we think of Egypt

Write to



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Denman Ross
Mr. Freer
Miss Glenny

Send photograph to Mrs. Coates,⁴³⁹ Willing Terrace, Germantown⁴⁴⁰
Send photographs to Miss Norton

[0257] Read
Arabian Nights (Madrus)
Oldtown Folks, Mrs. Beecher Stowe
Caesar Fronde
James, *Ambassadors*
Life of Story
Hodder, *The Fight for a City*
Benson, *Relentless City* (poor)
Lewis, *The Boss*
Plays by Brieux
Cuchulan, trans. Lady Gregory
Essays
J.J. Chapman
*Causes and Consequences*⁴⁴¹
Casanova
The Virginians

[0258] To see again in Boston

Appleton's pictures
Bowlker
Burton
Bullard
Burr Tucker
* Dorr
Fox
Freer
Gardner
Howland
* Salome Warren, 105 Irving St., Cambridge
Munsterberg, 7 Ware St.
Longyear
Lyman

⁴³⁹ Florence Van Leer Earle Nicholson Coates (1850-1927) was an American poet. In 1879, she married Edward Hornor Coates.

⁴⁴⁰ Abbreviated by Mary as 'Gtn'.

⁴⁴¹ John Jay Chapman, 1862-1933.



Tyler
Macomber
Norton Miss
Powers
Perry
Puffer
Richmond
Robins
Rogers
* Ross
Santayana
Smyth, Jo
Tarbell
Toy
Updike
Mrs. Sam Warren
Wendell
Whitman ?
Billy Taylor
Ed. Forbes

[0259] To see again in New York

Clyde Fitch
Elsie de Wolfe
James Alexander
Norman
Faffner
Hodder
Jerome
Chapman
Hardon
Stuyvesant
Vollmer
Winthrop [0260]

Baked apples, cores replaced by walnuts and sugar pounded up together
and a little whipped cream on top
Finger-bowls
Tomato soup with shipped cream on top
Salad lettuce, walnuts and slices of grapefruit
Grapefruit to begin lunch or dinner
Small picture on stands by windows
Dress of dull purple and brown black lined with blue



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Cream cheese and Bar le Duc⁴⁴² preserve
Cream cheese in balls with walnuts at sides

[0261 BLANK]

⁴⁴² Bar-le-Duc preserve dates back to the 14th century.



Diary 9, 1905

Sewell's Almanac for 1905; information on first 30 pages; pages cut out
before p. 1

[1 031]

~~Meet Karin at Hindhead Church, drive across to High Buildings with her
and Ray and Ellie~~

At High Buildings with Grace.

Lunch with Alys Gilbert Murray at Alys', return to 21 Morpeth Mansions.

Shop.

Call on Mrs. Sandars (of Castel Gandolfo) and Ricketts and Shannon with
Logan.

[2 032] Monday, Jan. 2, 1905

Lunch Gilbert Murray at Alys'

~~Call on Janet Dodge~~ at Ivy Lodge

Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1905

Call on Mrs. Sandars

Call on Ricketts

~~Mr. Tree in *Tempest*~~, 8.20 at Ivy Lodge

Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1905

Go to Westerham 9.30 and spend day with Maude and John Robertson.

~~*Taming of Shrew*~~ matinee at

Return and shop for Ray — her first evening dress!!

[3 033] Thursday, Jan. 5, 1905

Call on Father Browne.

~~Mass at 10.30~~ Michael lunch

Oxford

Alys.

Friday, Jan. 6, 1905

~~Oxford~~

Call on Gutekunst and Mrs. Bywater.

Mrs. Halsey tea.

Knights of Burning Pestle with Christina, Royalty Theatre, 8.45

Saturday, Jan. 7, 1905

Debenham 10

Emily to lunch

3 Concert of Ancient Music



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Royal Albert Hall Theatre, Kensington
Emily, Miss Bryant, ~~Mr. Ricketts~~
Reception at New Gallery.

Sunday, Jan. 8, 1905

Call on Mrs. Philpott.
Miss Braidwood White Synge⁴⁴³
Miss Cracroft for night

[4 034] Monday, Jan. 9, 1905

Karen's clothes.
Mr. Salting
Miss Monigan dressmaker
Mrs. Swann dressmaker
Call on Sturges 4
~~Eva McLaren~~ → Miss Morris
Dine Colefax, 85 Onslow Square S.W.

Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1905

Went to Ned Warren at Lewes House. Delightful day.
Emily at 6 to take me to dine with Graham Wallas.

Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1905

~~Mr. Salting~~
Lunch ~~Carfax~~ Miss Ackerman
Michael at Richmond
Eva McLaren called

[5 035] Thursday, Jan. 12, 1905

Spent day with Lina and Aubrey Waterfield at Sandwich. They both looked very handsome. The Baby was delightful and they seemed happy and nice.
Crossed to Paris.

Friday, Jan. 13, 1905

Went to M. Reinach's lecture in Louvre. Then through gallery and home to lunch with him in his fine new house on the Bois.
Shopped.
Took 8.35 train to

Saturday, Jan. 14, 1905

Bâle where I had breakfast.
Arrived at Milan 7.30. Don Guido's carriage met me, and I went to his house for the night. Cavenaghi to dine. Discussed *Rassegna* business. His

⁴⁴³ Edmund John Millington Synge (1871-1909) was an Irish playwright, poet, prose writer, travel writer and collector of folklore.



pictures, Vivarini and Jacopo Bellini, looked beautiful.

Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905

9.35-5 in train. Read Moncure Conway's *Autobiography*,⁴⁴⁴ and Bradley on *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, also the plays.

Bernhard met me.

Cold weather.

[6 036] <I Tatti> Monday, Jan. 16, 1905

Very cold, but the house warm, and so beautiful.

Scratched around. Wrote home and to various people for the Musicale.

Countess Serristori came, and told us of the Princess Radziwill's horrible behaviour on her (the Serristori's) brother's marriage.

Read *Owd Bob*,⁴⁴⁵ lent to B.B. by Major Davis.

Called on Mrs. Ross.

Senda very depressing, gets on my nerves, but I strive against it and try to be just to her.

Tuesday, Jan. 17, 1905

Wrote to Guido, Ned Warren, Braun, Gronau, Reinach, home, etc., etc.

Risi Visconti Venosta to lunch. He stayed talking till 4, when in desperation I proposed a walk in the snow.

Called on Mrs. Ross.

Going over letters, etc., and getting things in order.

Corrected proofs for Reinach.

Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1905

Wrote home, Guido, Frizzoni, N. Y. Bankers and a hundred other letters!

Met **Mr. Thomas Fox, an architect from Boston**, at 2.47 and came up here. Talked a lot. He is very nice, has much taste, but is rather prolix in telling stories.

⁴⁴⁴ Moncure Daniel Conway (March 17, 1832 – November 15, 1907) was an American abolitionist as well as at various times a Methodist, Unitarian and Freethought minister. The radical writer descended from patriotic and patrician families of Virginia and Maryland and **spent most of the final four decades of his life abroad in England and France**, where he wrote biographies of Edmund Randolph, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thomas Paine, as well as his own autobiography, and led freethinkers in London's South Place Chapel.

In 1853 he entered the **School of Divinity at Harvard** to continue his spiritual journey. Before graduating in 1854, he met **Ralph Waldo Emerson** and fell under the influence of Transcendentalism, as well as became an outspoken abolitionist after discussions with **Theodore Parker**, William Lloyd Garrison, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Wendell Phillips.

⁴⁴⁵ *Owd Bob: The Grey Dog of Kenmuir* (1898), also titled *Bob, Son of Battle* for U.S. editions, is a children's book by English author Alfred Ollivant.



[7 037] Thursday, Jan. 19, 1905

Wrote home, Robertson, Lillian Prussing, Mrs. Earl, for *permessi*, Logan, Alys.

Went with Mr. Fox to antiquity shops. Very little of interest.

After lunch went with him & B.B. to wander in the delicious Boboli Gardens, and then to call on Labouchère,⁴⁴⁶ who was in great vein.

Friday, Jan. 20, 1905

I⁴⁴⁷

~~Sorted all our letters — a great relief.~~

Took Mr. Fox to La Doccia.

Bimboni⁴⁴⁸ came and played Bach, Little C minor Passacaglia and 2nd C major for clavichord. Present: Fox, Horne, Gronau, Cohen, Hearn, Harwood.

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1905

Sorted all our letters, a great relief.

Drove to Careggi and then to call on Actons.

Sunday, Jan. 22, 1905

B.B. began his first chapter of the *North Italian Painters*.

Calderoni came to lunch.

Afterwards the Actons, Placci, and the Contessa Rasponi to call. The two latter walked with us to the Gamberaia which was looking beautiful.

[8 038] Monday, Jan. 23, 1905

Senda ill with chill and diarrhoea.

Went with Mr. Fox to Bardini's, lunched with him in town, and drove to the Bardini villa and to call on Mrs. Middlemore.

Met B.B. at 3 and we went to the Actons, where we found David Costantini, who fled.

Didn't care for Actons, though their dog is a beauty. **Their house a dreary junk-shop of undesirable things.**

Went to Serristori Dance.

Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1905

Worked.

Labouchère and Benn to lunch. Labby very entertaining.

Met Placci at 4 and called on Gronaus.

Took Fox to call on Mrs. Ross.

⁴⁴⁶ Henry Du Pré Labouchère (1831-1912) was an English politician, writer, publisher and theatre owner.

⁴⁴⁷ Mary is numbering the concerts of Bimboni.

⁴⁴⁸ Alberto Bimboni, nato a Firenze il 24 ag. 1888, si dedicò giovanissimo allo studio della musica e fu allievo di G. Buonamici (pianoforte), di B. Landini (organo).



Senda in bed.

Wednesday, Jan. 25, 1905

B.B. feeling ill.

Drove Fox to Bagazzano⁴⁴⁹ — most beautiful.

B.B. worse. Doctor come and said he had several patients poisoned by Sunday's fish. He fainted in the hall as he was going to bed, so I put him in my bed, and slept on the sofa.

[9 039] Thursday, Jan. 26, 1905

B.B. better, but in bed all morning.

Senda and Mr. Fox and I went to lunch at the Braggiotti's — very pleasant.

Saw Fontallerta and then shopped.

Deposited Glaenzer's⁴⁵⁰ cheque (42,000 francs) at Bank. Received also £50 from Ehrich.

The Contessa Serristori came and spent the afternoon with B.B., although she had an awful cold. She *is* fascinating!

Wrote Mother, Glaenzer, Janet, etc.

Friday, Jan. 27, 1905

II

Drove with Mr. Fox to see the "Due Torre",⁴⁵¹ but found it an *impossible* house inside. Lovely as the site is, the way that house is built strikes it off the list of possibilities.

We went to Volpi's to see the fountain.

Gamba and Gronau came to lunch, then Miss Harwood, Horne and the Markbys and Bimboni to play Sm. Prel.⁴⁵² and Fugue in C minor, ditto G Minor, ditto E flat, Pastorale, and a sonata by Rheinberger (not so good).

Walked with Horne, Fox and Senda.

Chatted in evening.

Wrote to Mother, Logan, Cracroft (**Sassoon**, Harrison, Gutekunst).

Saturday, Jan. 28, 1905

On *Saturday* Fox and Horne and I went to Campi⁴⁵³ and then to **Artimino**, the grandest of Tuscan Villas!

Then we went to hear Mme Barracelina sing at a concert, and I had tea with Placci and a Sig. Papini.

Fox and I dined at Mrs. Ross' with the Markbys.

⁴⁴⁹ Mary's first visit to Bagazzano?

⁴⁵⁰ *Legend*, p. 24, 32 et al.

⁴⁵¹ Due Torri?

⁴⁵² Small Prelude?

⁴⁵³ Campi Bisenzio.



Sunday, Jan. 29, 1905

Drove Mr. Fox to the train, and called on Mme. de Platanoff and Miss McDougall who was out.

Then picked up **my young cousin William Taylor**⁴⁵⁴ and brought him here.

No — this is *Sunday*.

[10 040] Monday, Jan. 30, 1905

Wrote to Helen and Roger and various people.

Took Billy to Uffizi.

Forgotten

Tuesday, Jan. 31, 1905

Took Willy to Pitti.

Placci came to lunh and talked big and boring till 6 o'clock. Alas.

Forgotten

Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1905

Took William to Academy.

⁴⁵⁴ William Nicholson Taylor, '04; Diplôme École des Beaux Arts (Paris) 1910; Chev. Legion of Honor; Off. Ord. Restitution of Poland; *Harvard University. Quinquennial catalogue of the officers and graduates 1636-1930* (Cambridge: The University, 1930), p. 621-622.

http://dla.library.upenn.edu/dla/pacscl/ead.html?id=PACSCL_HAVERFORD_USPHCHCColl1215

Haverford College Library, Haverford, PA, Quaker Collection, Taylor and Nicholson family papers, Coll. No. 1215

William Nicholson Taylor was born on June 22, 1882 in Cincinnati, OH to Quaker parents Frank Hendrickson Taylor and Rebecca Morgan Nicholson Taylor. His father Frank Hendrickson Taylor (1855-1934) graduated from Harvard and was president of the Westinghouse Electric Company. **Rebecca Nicholson Taylor** (1857-1944), a descendent of the **Whitall** family, is known for writing poetry, history and memoirs.

William Nicholson Taylor (1882-1945) studied architecture at Harvard University. Following his graduation in 1903, "his interests were evenly divided between athletics, travel and art," (Who's Who Abroad). Spending a considerable amount of his adult life abroad, he studied at the American Academy of Rome and at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts from 1905-1910, receiving his Diplome d'Architecte.

When the United States entered World War I, Taylor joined the Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps as a captain, and was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on July 28, 1918.

Taylor married Gertrude Christine Duret de Brie on May 15, 1919. The Taylors moved to France where Taylor served as general European Manager for the E.I. DuPont de Nemours Export Corporation, Inc. in Paris. Their three children were born in Paris: Constance Alix, born on July 8, 1921; Benjamin de Brie, born on March 15, 1923; and Marie-Celine, born on May 20, 1925. In 1927, Taylor became president of the American Chamber of Commerce in France.

The Taylor family returned to the United States in 1936, living in Wilmington, Delaware, Norton, Connecticut, New York, New York, and Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Taylor worked as an architect for George Howe.



[11 041] Thursday, Feb. 2, 1905

The Braggiotti and Placci came to lunch. Serristori after. Mme Braggiotti sang.

Drove down and called on Leonide.

Friday, Feb. 3, 1905

III

Music C major, G minor, E flat major, the Passacaglia and Pastorale.

Miss Blood came and was as sweet as honey.

Horne to dine.

Called on Aunt Janet.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1905

Forgot.

Sunday, Feb. 5, 1905

Wrote to Mrs. Berenson and Rachel and home.

Dr. Giglioli to lunch.

Countess Serristori came and walked with B.B. and her children came to play with Senda.

Willy told us about his college scrapes.

[12 042] Monday, Feb. 6, 1905

Corrected proofs for Reinach's article on Butinone.

Went in town with Willy and saw the courtyard of the Pitti and S. Spirito.

Walked by myself at sunset and saw the new moon.

Wrote to Denman Ross, Mrs. Gardner, May Morris, Ralph Perry, Karin and Mother.

Bernhard lunched with Fr. Fawkes at Benn's.

Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1905

Mother's 73d birthday.

Risi Visconti-Venosta to lunch, who also stayed to tea, walking first in the woods.

I took Willy to the Santa Annunziata and the Innocenti, and we had oceans of talk about his future, that imminent preoccupation of able young men.

Wrote to Mother, Maud Cruttwell, Janet, etc.

Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1905

Had a delightful morning with Willy in S. Marco. What an intelligent charming fellow! **I wish he were my son.**

Placci to lunch. Sat out in the sun and Placci went to sleep while Willy talked with B.B. about space composition and colour until he was thoroughly bewildered. But how well he takes being shown up as ignorant



and young!

Algar Thomas came in the evening and was charming.

Willy was impressed with both men, and felt he learned much from them. He announced to me that he had made up his mind to be a cultivated European.

[13 043] Thursday, Feb. 9, 1905

Willy and the Etruscan Museum.

Splendid talk after lunch.

Countess Serristori, who gave B.B.'s aesthetic theories in a brilliantly clear way, but B.B. and I knew she would take up with the bad as readily as with the good.

Nice talk with Willy.

Friday, Feb. 10, 1905

IV

Churches, etc., with Willy.

Music: Miss Harwood, Calderoni, Houghton, Horne, Gronau, Contessa Gravina.

Horne stayed on to dinner and Willy told about college scrapes.

Saturday, Feb. 11, 1905

Worked for Reinach.

Went in with Willy, shopped and called on Houghtons.

We lunched with Horne and came home tired out.

Jolly talk. Willy so intelligent! B.B. says colour in art is "ideated temperature".

Sunday, Feb. 12, 1905

Senda and Willy took drive.

I called on Mrs. Ross. B.B. walked with Agnes Steffenburg who came to lunch.

Thorold, Houghtons and Lawson to dine.

[14 044] Monday, Feb. 13, 1905

Day of letter-writing and work.

Bernhard and I called on the Brocklebanks. Their Villa (S. Leonardo, Costa S. Giorgio) is very pretty.

Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1905

My 41st birthday.

Went to town with Willy who took me to the Lion Show, which did not exhilarate me.

Found blond red-eared German student being discouraged by B.B.

Walked with Willy in woods.



We nearly split our sides laughing over Willy's tales in the evening.

Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1905

Willy went by early train.

Placci came to lunch, and we had a walk.

Maud to tea, greatly flattered at Placci's wanting to meet her.

Also M. Durand, Gréville, talking about the Van Eycks.

[15 045] Thursday, Feb. 16, 1905

Mrs. Cassini brought the American painter Brush to lunch — a nice, sweet-voiced, simple, sincere young man of 50. They stayed till nearly 4.

Houghton brought Mr. and Mrs. De Pass, and Mr. and Mrs. Salaman to tea and to see the house.

Mr. Durand-Gréville came to lunch. He translated *Eaux Printanières* and *Terres Vierges*, and knew Tourgénieff quite well.

Wrote Mrs. Glenly.

Friday, Feb. 17, 1905

V

Town and errands in morning.

Bimboni afternoon. E minor (badly played), E^b major, D major (new and glorious), C major, Pastorale.

Present: Horne, Houghton, Gronau, Kerr-Lawson, Bürckli (Swiss), Miss Harwood, Mrs. and Miss Parmelee, Maud Cruttwell, Miss Calderoni, Miss Whiteside. The Burn Murdochs called later, and Bernhard and I had a long walk discussing "What is Art", and his new book, *North Italians*.

Saturday, Feb. 18, 1905

Spent hours at Alinari's choosing photographs.

Cold and deadly.

Then had tea with the Serristori, who dressed up for us in her peasant's dress for the Labouchère Ball.

I dined at Poggio Gherardo and played patience with Markbys.

Wrote Sawyer, Cust, Zangwill, home, Willy, etc.

Sunday, Feb. 19, 1905

Wrote Christina, Guido, Reinach, home.

Placci came to lunch, and we compared a letter to the *Marzocco*⁴⁵⁵ about the "restoration" of the Staggia Pollajuolo.⁴⁵⁶

B.B. read his new book (first part) to Placci.

⁴⁵⁵ *Il Marzocco*, literary review, 1896-1932.

⁴⁵⁶ Pala della "Comunione mistica di Santa Maria Maddalena" (circa 1460) di Antonio del Pollaiuolo (Firenze 1431 - Roma 1498), ospitata nel Museo della Pieve di Santa Maria Assunta a Staggia.



* * *

[16 046] Monday, Feb. 20, 1905

Wrote Reinach, Ephrussi, Luther Munony, Mrs Rowland, Willy, Home. Countess Gravina, Rita Michiel and Pia Fabbriotti came to lunch.

Rain and snow, so we stayed in and read and worked, B.B. grappling (at present unsuccessfully) with Mantegna.

Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1905

Wrote Reinach, Cagnola, Horne, Home, Algar, Placci.

Began review for *Gazette* and worked over Dr. Ludwig's articles in *Jarhbuch*. Bernhard still on Mantegna.

Prince Hohenlohe and Zina came to lunch, he very witty, she most charming. Drove down with them and did some errands.

B.B. called on Benn, and I drove over and brought him back.

Lawson and Kit Turner came in in evening, latter very keen about English agriculture. Most interesting!

Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1905

Wrote Florence Reynolds, Britten, Miss Erichsen, Trevys, Horne, Guido, Mr. Brush.

Worked on Ludwig in the morning. B.B. on Mantegna.

Donna Camilla Gropallo called with Risi Visconti, to tell us that after incredible efforts she has arranged for her sister's play to be given next week.

Then Senda and I went to town.

I called on Mme. de Platanoff, and called to ask how Horne was (he is ill) and we both called on Miss Cohen.

[17 047] Thursday, Feb. 23, 1905

Raining.

Wrote Reinach, Miss Taylor, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Platt, Horne.

Poor Horne is very ill with hemorrhage of the kidney. B.B. called on him, after the Serristori's (with Placci).

I stayed at home and received Mrs. Humphrey Johnston.

Wrote review of Vitzthum's *Daddi*.⁴⁵⁷

Prince Hohenlohe and Zina, Placci and Thorold came to dine, and Lawson after. Pleasant evening.

Friday, Feb. 24, 1905

VI

Raining.

⁴⁵⁷ Georg Vitzthum (1880-), *Bernardo Daddi* (Leipzig, K.W. Hiersemann, 1903).
Biblioteca Berenson ND623.D12 V8 1903



Went down to see Horne, who is very ill with hemorrhage of the kidneys.
He talked and felt extremely miserable. Sat with him an hour.
Mario and Lina Calderoni to lunch, nothing particular.
Bimboni to play, but on account of the rain only Houghton and a Mrs.
Wedgwood woman he brought.
Called with B.B. on Mrs. Ross.
Read *Jérôme Coignard* (Anatole France).⁴⁵⁸
B.B. has a boil in his nose which is painful.

Saturday, Feb. 25, 1905

Rain.
Reviewed Weisbach's *Pesellino*,⁴⁵⁹ etc.
Went down to see Horne and waited about all the afternoon for doctor,
who came only at 5.30. Horne very ill.
Had tea with Hohenlohes and Emma Grammatica at Doney's
B.B. had to poultice his nose.

Sunday, Feb. 26, 1905

Raining.
Serristoris, Placci, Gropallos and Miss Scheibler to lunch. They stayed till
4.30. The usual noisy aviary. Placci an angel, and Count Serristori quite witty
Called on Braggiottis and she sang to me like an *angel*.

[18 048] Monday, Feb. 27, 1905

Rained in morning, but cleared afternoon.
Miss Paul and her sister (of Minnesota), friends of Senda's to lunch.
Went to town. Horne better.
Jephson paid up all he owed — at last!
B.B.'s nose better.
Copied B.B.'s manuscript on type-writer and found it really immensely
interesting, and very good. — quite up to his level. Delighted.
Called on Mrs. Ross and Lady Markby.

Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1905

Raining solid.
Down with cold, which I am trying to cure by a quack medicine! Very
headachy.
Fixed rooms for Willy and Mr. Fox.
Ordered wine.
Did odds and ends and finished the type-writing.
First thought of building a villa for ourselves. Made plans.

⁴⁵⁸ Anatole France (1844-1924), *Les opinions de M. Jérôme Coignard* (Paris: Calmann Lévy, 189-?). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2254 .O6 [Shelved as SAL.I.4.]**

⁴⁵⁹ Werner Weisbach, *Francesco Pesellino und die Romantik der Renaissance* (Berlin, B. Cassirer, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.P5 W4 1901 F**



Senda and B.B. called on Thorolds.

Wednesday, Mar. 1, 1905

Worked.

Drove down with Senda and met Mr. Fox and Willy, who came from Rome.

Jolly evening.

[19 049] Thursday, Mar. 2, 1905

Worked.

Willy and Fox lunched in town.

Lord Westbury came, and said he would not renew our lease, alas.

Mrs. Labouchère, Mrs. Harter and Miss Austey came over in their motor to call. Mrs. Labouchère says that Alexandrine Carlotti carries always a dagger and pistol, and vows she will kill D'Annunzio if he leaves her, and is forcing him to turn Swiss to get a divorce and marry her!

Houghtons to dine.

Friday, Mar. 3, 1905

VII

Drove down and saw the Palazzo Riccardi.

Mrs. Ross, the Markbys and Mr. Morgan to lunch. Music with Lawson, Gronau and Miss Cruttwell. Boccherini's Stabat mater, Bach D major and G minor toccata and fugue.

Mr. Cannon called, very pleasant.

Walked in woods.

Senda is showing up rather a goose in regard to Willy, and to taking care of her health, which she forgets the minute she gets excited.

Saturday, Mar. 4, 1905

Rainy but went to Fiesole and saw everything, and then lunched with Mr. Cannon, and afterwards went across to call on Mr. Brush, whom we missed. All this with Willy and Fox, who are both very jolly to go about with.

Trevys arrived.

Went to Donna Laura's Play, *Nel campo nemico*, which was an awful failure.

Sunday, Mar. 5, 1905

Clear.

Guido to lunch.

Took Fox and Willy to call on Miss Blood.

Then the Braggiottis with Senda.

Then drove Willy to Mr. Cannon's for the night.

Violin in evening Mrs. Trevy.



[20 050] Monday, Mar. 6, 1905

Fine.

Took whole party — Trevys, Fox, Willy and Senda to Certosa.

Lunched in town, and went (without Senda) to Castello, Petraia and the Corsini Villa.

Mr. Cannon came to dine, and we had more music, especially old Dutch Folk-tunes.

B.B. working.

Tuesday, Mar. 7, 1905

Fine.

Went to Prato, the whole party, lunched there, drove across to Poggio a Caiano and the Pavoniera.⁴⁶⁰

Music in evening.

Wednesday, Mar. 8, 1905 - Ash Wednesday

Rain and then fine.

Worked.

All the party went to the Villa Palmieri and then to the Salviati.

The Houghtons came to dine and we had music.

[21 051] Thursday, Mar. 9, 1905

Fine.

Lunched with Mr. Cannon.

Walked behind Fiesole afterwards with Carlo Placci. He says Donna Laura is determined to go on writing plays!

The Thorolds came to dine.

Friday, Mar. 10, 1905

VIII

Fine and then rain.

Karin's 16th Birthday!

Music in afternoon. Mrs. Trevy played a sonata by Handel, a fantasy by Beethoven and some old Dutch airs. Mrs. Forbes-Morse sang from *Figaro*. Miss McDougall and Baroness Fairol called.

Saturday, Mar. 11, 1905

Fine.

The Trevys left.

The rest of us (not B.B.) went to the Villa Bombicci⁴⁶¹ in the afternoon — it was perfectly delightful, most beautiful.

⁴⁶⁰ ? now Le Pavoniere Golf Club, Via Traversa del Crocifisso, 59100 Prato

⁴⁶¹ Villa I Collazzi, Scandicci.



Sunday, Mar. 12, 1905

Artimino again — the biggest sensation of Tuscany.
Dined with Mr. Cannon to meet the Tucks.

[22 052] Monday, Mar. 13, 1905

Windy and cloudy.

Drove with Fox and Willy to see the Villa Danti⁴⁶² — a disappointment, except for the cypresses.

Called on Horne, who is nearly well, and then on the Dunnes ("Peter Dooley")⁴⁶³ and the Stuyvesants at the Grand Hotel.

Tuesday, Mar. 14, 1905

Fine and then rain.

Mr. Fox and Willy left. I am very fond of Willy and believe he will turn out to be an important man.

Bernhard took Stuyvesants to Pitti, and they came up to lunch. Bored and boring.

The Serristori came after — with marvellous tales of Matilde Serao and Franca Florio.⁴⁶⁴ She was extremely entertaining.

Kerr-Lawson to dine.

Type-wrote B.B.'s "Mantegna".

Wednesday, Mar. 15, 1905

Fine and then cloudy.

Ray's entrance examination at Newnham!

Took Stuyvesants to Bargello.

Drove down with Senda and Mrs. Halsey.

Wrote up letters.

B.B. defending "Society" against my attacks.

I Tatti

[23 053] Thursday, Mar. 16, 1905

Mr. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Tuck and Capt. Fairbairn to lunch. The blessed people went away early.

I called on Volpi and Grassi, but found almost nothing.

B.B. took Stuyvesants to Bardini's, and then he and I had tea with the Serristori and Calderoni.

⁴⁶² Near Compiobbi, località Le Falle.

⁴⁶³ Finley Peter Dunne (1867-1936), *Dissertations by Mr. Dooley* (New York & London: Harper, 1906).

⁴⁶⁴ Franca Florio (1873-1950), an Italian noblewoman, socialite and a prominent protagonist of the Belle Époque.



Friday, Mar. 17, 1905

IX

Paid Bimboni

Glorious day.

Errands in town.

Called for Horne and drove him out. He asked me to write again to Bell's and tell them he had been ill!!

Mrs. Halsey came to lunch, an awful goose.

Bimboni played Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, the Passacaglia, Pastorale and E flat fugue.

Flora Priestley called and the Houghtons in their new motor.

We called on Mrs. Ross.

* * * * *

Saturday, Mar. 18, 1905

Called on Ricketts and Shannon.

Lunched with Stuyvesants and Mortimers. All we could say as we drove away was "Well — !!" Millionaires are awful.

Sunday, Mar. 19, 1905

Thorold and Father Fawkes, Ricketts and Shannon to lunch.

Serristori and Houghtons to tea.

Rome with Gladys.

[24 054] Monday, Mar. 20, 1905

Packed. Came to Rome. Went to Mrs. Baldwin's in Borghese Palace — perfectly marvellous apartment, which she is doing up in very fine taste. She is in Paris attending to costumes.

Gladys is here, ill, and Dorothy.

Tuesday, Mar. 21, 1905

Went with Placci to see the Cavallinis⁴⁶⁵ at Santa Cecilia.

Delightful talk with Gladys, who is enchanted to be ill, as she needn't go into society, and has time to think.

Willy called.

Went to the Farnese Palace for music: Joachim Quartette, 3 of Beethoven's.

Dined with Mrs. Nickerson, Mr. Hichens and a Mr. and Mrs. McLennan present.

⁴⁶⁵ L'opera più rappresentativa di Pietro Cavallini (c. 1240-c. 1330) sono gli affreschi della basilica di Santa Cecilia in Trastevere



Wednesday, Mar. 22, 1905

Vatican. Felt the Sixtine horribly undecorative. The way to enjoy Raphael's Stanze is to go through all the other rooms first.

Beethoven again — a disappointment. He seems thin and “pretty”, lacks backbone, music not really intellectualized. Nor has he a fine sense of melody — apparently — we must wait and see.

Talks with Gladys, who is delightful, and so beautiful!

Telegram that Ray passed!

Rome with Gladys

[25 055] Thursday, Mar. 23, 1905

Capitol. Colonna. Willy copying the Veronese.

Borghese in afternoon with Mrs. Nickerson and Max Henraux. Willy to dine.

We have left cards on various people, but Placci says we are going to be more or less “taboo” on account of staying with Mrs. Baldwin, whose ‘goings on’ with Prince Doria have set all Rome by the ears.

Friday, Mar. 24, 1905

Sightseeing.

Gladys.

Music.

Called on Mrs. Gayley⁴⁶⁶ — awful exhibition of an ignorant rich American taken in by low fortune hunting Italians.

Saturday, Mar. 25, 1905

ditto

Called on the De Filippis who talked of ballooning, their pet hobby.

Sunday, Mar. 26, 1905

Went to S. Anselmo on Aventine to hear Gregorian chant, but very badly done.

Saw churches.

Music.

Rome with Gladys

[26 056] Monday, Mar. 27, 1905

Sightseeing.

Willy to lunch.

Cab.

Music. Still very disappointing. We liked opus 135 best, though Placci says it is “almost too difficult”.

⁴⁶⁶ Mary Gayley Senni?



Tea with Donna Anna Maria Borghese in the apartment over ours.
More De Viti.

Tuesday, Mar. 28, 1905

Letters and Gladys. She is alas still an awful liar, and she *won't* face her situation, or live on any plan.

Music — the last.

Called on Mrs. Woolcott, a lady from Buffalo.

Lunched at Norton's and B.B. had — of all people — Mrs. Strong to take in to lunch! He said she was still a fascinator, but looked old.

Wednesday, Mar. 29, 1905

Spent the day at Frascati seeing villas. We went first to Tusculum, then to Mondragone and [sic]

Talked with Gladys in evening.

Travelling with Willy

[27 057] Thursday, Mar. 30, 1905

Came to Civita Castellana, drove to San Oreste and climbed Mt. Soracte. Willy joined us at dinner.

Friday, Mar. 30, 1905

Drove to Castel St. Elia, Nepi, Sutri and Ronciglione.
By train to Viterbo.

Saturday, Apr. 1, 1905

Viterbo.

Willy's friend Mr. C. R. Wait (architect scholarship) came at 2 and we drove (12 miles) to the Villa Farnese, Caprarola. The Park is too marvellous!

Sunday, Apr. 2, 1905

Villa Lante. Toscanella.

The Schlesingers joined us there.

Houghton met us in automobile.

Mr. Fowler joined us at dinner.

Motoring with Houghton

[28 058] Monday, Apr. 3, 1905

Houghton took us with his automobile to Orvieto, including Willy and Mr. Wait. Wonderful view of Viterbo crossing the hills from Montefiascone.

We broke down on the way back, which Willy *greatly* enjoyed.

Got in at 11.

Tuesday, Apr. 4, 1905

More of the town.



Left at 2 and went to Bolsena and slept at S. Casciano dei Bagni.

Wonderful scenery.

Name of man to write to Manciatì Pilade, Chimico Farmacista, San Casciano dei Magni, Prov. di Siena.

Wednesday, Apr. 5, 1905

S. Casciano to Cetona, Sarteano, Chianciano and Montepulciano.

Splendid scenery and some few finds in the way of pictures.

[29 059] Motoring with Houghton

Thursday, Apr. 6, 1905

Motor wanted repairing, so we "did" Montepulciano, and found a Signorelli.

Went to Montefollonico and were entertained by three ladies named Marselli.

Saw Petrojo — a darling priest — and Torrita and Scrofiano and ended up at Sinalunga where we went to the Theatre and saw *Les Cloches de Corneville*.⁴⁶⁷

Friday, Apr. 7, 1905

Sinalunga with the Console of the Touring Club.

Left at 11.

Went to Trequanda and Montisi, S. Giovanni d'Asso and finally Montalcino.

Saturday, Apr. 8, 1905

Montalcino.

Left 11.30 for Paganico but found no bridge, and had to return by Cinigiano and Sassi.

Got out of benzine and had to come to Grosseto instead of Siena. Benzine lasted till 1 m. of town.

Grosseto through Roccastrada to Siena — then home.

Houghton is an angel.

Sunday, Apr. 9, 1905

—

I Tatti

[30 060] Monday, Apr. 10, 1905

Endless things to attend to. I felt submerged.

Mrs. Halsey, Miss Wedgwood and Mr. Fowler came to lunch. The

⁴⁶⁷ *Les cloches de Corneville* (1877; *The Chimes of Normandy* or *The Bells of Corneville*) is an opera-comique in three acts, composed by Robert Planquette to a French libretto by Louis Clairville and Charles Gabet based on a play by Gabet.



Serristori and Calderoni came to tea, and stayed three hours.

Getting on with arrears: Wrote Reinach, Caprola, Bains, Herrau, Mrs. Wright, Christianou, Holmes (*Burlington*), Mother, Mrs. Baldwin, Ephrussi, Florence Reynolds, etc.

Tuesday, Apr. 11, 1905

Drew out £2,000 and paid £1,700 in the morning.
Errands.

In the afternoon Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Houdin called and were awfully dull!

Then we went to La Doccia where Mrs. <Miss> Jones⁴⁶⁸ of Cleveland and her daughters are staying, interesting people. Mr. Cannon was delightful and walked part way back with us.

The Kerr-Lawsons came to dine, and we discussed the deep and secret character of H. P. Horne.

Wrote endless letters.

Wednesday, Apr. 12, 1905

Florence Dike Reynolds arrived at 4.20. She is really delightful, and I am *very* fond of her, **more than of any woman friend I have.**

B.B. went to Placci's and talked with young Scotti and the Contessa Serristori for 2 1/2 hours about art and mysticism. He thoroughly enjoyed it.

[31 063] Thursday, Apr. 13, 1905

Talked a lot with Florence — she *is* a dear.

A Mr. and Mrs. Livingood (friends of Senda's) came to lunch. Florence and I went to town and saw Mrs. Houghton and the Pazzi Chapel.

M. Du Bos⁴⁶⁹ and an apparently *remarkable* little Swiss named Cingria⁴⁷⁰ called. Then the Countess Ludolf⁴⁷¹ with Mr. Acton and Lady Enniskillen.⁴⁷²

Thorold and a friend of his named Campbell came to tea.

⁴⁶⁸ Myrtie Jones, whom they had met in Cleveland on Jan. 17, 1904.

⁴⁶⁹ Charles Du Bos (1882-1939), un *écrivain français* et un *critique littéraire* au sens du XIX^e siècle dont l'œuvre est essentiellement constituée de son *Journal* et de textes critiques.

⁴⁷⁰ Charles-Albert Cingria (1883-1954) un écrivain et musicien suisse.

⁴⁷¹ Egisto Fabbri's sister, **Ernestina** (c. 1863-1941), married conte Uberto von Ludolf.

⁴⁷² Evidently the wife of **Lowry Egerton Cole, 4th Earl of Enniskillen** (1845-1924), who was succeeded by his second but eldest surviving son



* * * *

Friday, Apr. 14, 1905

We all lunched with Mr. Cannon and the Jones.⁴⁷³ Placci came in a furious temper with us, for not adoring modern Italy, and he was rather silly about the growing importance of the Papacy as a political power. Florence and I did some errands.

A Mrs. Chester Ryse came to dine, very pretty and charming.

Wrote to F____, Rendell, Mother, etc.

Saturday, Apr. 15, 1905

Pleasant talks with Florence. She went to Rome in the afternoon — train 1 3/4 hours late.

The Serristori came and spent the afternoon with B.B. She looked *lovely*, in an enchanting gown.

~~We discovered that Willy is Meredith's "Egoist".~~

Palm Sunday, Apr. 16, 1905

Got up at 5.30 and went in to meet Ray and Miss Bakewell whose train was 1 hour late.

Risi Visconti-Venosta to lunch.

Called on Lawson and were surprised at the excellence of his pictures!

Mrs. Damer and a Mrs. Kentish Moore called, then Placci and then Mr. Fowler.

Senda rather trying.

[32 064] Monday, Apr. 17, 1905

Went to town with Ray and Miss Bakewell. Saw the Pazzi and Santa Croce.

Houghton and the two Radford girls called on Ray, and a so-called socialist who divorced his wife to marry a lady who calls herself Carrie Rand called on us, prompted thereto by an interest in Walt Whitman. He, Mr. Herron, is a mild, fierce doctrinaire.

M. C. Cingria to dine, who amused us all immensely with his youthful boasting and paradox.

Tuesday, Apr. 18, 1905

Spent day at Labouchères with B.B. and Ray — very boring!

Went to Pergolesi Stabat Mater and then to tea with Parmelee's, Logans, etc.

Evening of metaphysical talk.

⁴⁷³ Myrtie Jones.



Wednesday, Apr. 19, 1905

Did errands while Ray and Miss B. went to Pitti.
Afternoon to Annunziata music and Innocenti, etc.

[33 065] Thursday, Apr. 20, 1905

Cold. Rainy.

Went to Annunziata and then to Academy and S. Marco, lunched in town, went to Fiesole in rain, and met B.B. at Mr. Cannon's for tea. He is rather despairing over the difficulty of beginning again his *North Italians*.

Horne came to dine, and was wildly, tremendously expansive, even showing us photographs!!

Friday, Apr. 21, 1905

Cold. Rainy.

Stayed at home all morning.

Miss Joachim and Mr. Benn Benn came to lunch. Dull.

Houghton and his niece came, and we walked over to the Lawsons. Dull also.

Then I went to town, and Ray and Miss Bakewell drove to S. Felice a Ema⁴⁷⁴ to see the Procession.

Willy arrived about 10, as the Lawsons were here. Ray did not seem much impressed by him.

Saturday, Apr. 22, 1905

Cold. Rainy in morning but clearer after.

Ray, Willy, Miss Bakewell and I went in to S. Lorenzo.

Christina Bremner came to lunch. Then we talked.

Then the Parmelees and Logans, Mr. Cannon and the Jones came to tea. We walked part way home with Mr. Cannon.

Had a delightful talk on the motive power of envy in the evening.

Willy is puzzled by Ray, and likes her.

Easter Sunday, Apr. 23, 1905

Mass at Duomo.

Chat after lunch.

B.B. and Willy and I went to the Gamberaia, while lazy Ray and Miss B. went into the woods.

Talk in evening about women's education.

Willy is wonderful, so sane and real. Ray was I think horrified, coming from a nest of "ideals" and "doctrinaire" views of women.

[34 066] Monday, Apr. 24, 1905

Afternoon rainy.

Cold in head. Stayed in bed with cold all day.

⁴⁷⁴ Between the Certosa and Poggio Imperiale.



The young ones went to the Bargello.

After lunch we talked. Willy really splendid, so sane, so reasonable. Nice boy, so awfully intelligent. Ray and Miss Bakewell don't know what to make of him.

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson arrived at 4.

B.B. went to Placci's for tea and music on that awful old piano.

The youngsters explored the quarries and had tea at La Doccia. They came home friendlier and even chaffing each other.

I got up for dinner, and we talked with Dickinson of Santayana in the evening.

Tuesday, Apr. 25, 1905

Cold.

In bed, chest very sore.

Miss Bakewell went.

Dickinson came and Thorold came to dine with him.

Ray and Willy drove to Sesto.

Wednesday, Apr. 26, 1905

Mr. Benn to lunch.

B.B. and Dickinson walked to Mr. Cannon's.

Miss James called.

Senda returned — very depressing, poor child.

[35 067] Thursday, Apr. 27, 1905

Fine.

Cold in head.

Went to Collodi with the Miss Jones. Long drive back to Pistoia. Willy went on to Lucca and Pisa.

Dickinson left.

~~Kerr-Lawsons in evening.~~

Tired.

I Tatti, Friday, Apr. 28, 1905

Fine day.

Mrs. Andrews and Miss Hardy to lunch.

Music with Cannon and Jones, Pen Browning,⁴⁷⁵ Horne (who stayed to dine).

Miss Newtons of New Haven called, also Marchesa Niccolini.

Kerr-Lawsons in evening.

Willy returned.

⁴⁷⁵ Robert Wiedeman Barrett Browning, known as 'Pen' Browning, (1849-1912), an English painter.



Saturday, Apr. 29, 1905

Willy in search of his trunk.
I went to Mr. Cannon's reception — oh how dull!
Ray and Willy sat under the trees.
B.B. motored with the Countess Serristori.

Sunday, Apr. 30, 1905

Prince Hohenlohe and the Princess Mary came to lunch.
I called on Mrs. Ross, who had just got home.
Cingria, Mr. Bullard, Mr. Dana, and the Houghtons to dine.
Cingria played like the deuce, and we couldn't stop him.

Siena

[36 068] Monday, May 1, 1905

Fine.
Cold in head.
Motoring with Houghton, Ray and Willy.
Went to San Casciano (Villa Corsini), Locardo, Certaldo.
Broke down outside of Badia di Isola. Got late to Siena.
Staying at 19 Via delle Belle Arti.⁴⁷⁶

Tuesday, May 2, 1905

Motoring. Went to Cetinale,⁴⁷⁷ over the Colle pass, to Scorgiano and Badia d'Isola. Broke down and wasted three hours.
Lovely scenery.
Poggibonsi train late — home late.⁴⁷⁸
Houghton returned to Florence.

Wednesday, May 3, 1905

Went to the Palazzo Pubblico.
Met B.B. and the Princess Mary at 12, also Schlesinger.
Lunched here, talked about women's education till 3.
I went to tea with Mrs. Payne, taken by Christina.
Ray and Willy had tea on the terrace.
Dined with Christina who had also Mrs. Payne and Miss Hutton.
Met William James at Grand Hotel.

⁴⁷⁶ Via delle Belle Arti will be renamed via Cesare Battisti. Just below the Fortezza Medicea.

⁴⁷⁷ They drove out the Maremma road to Volte Basse and in Sovicelle took the via Cetinale up to Scorgiano and on to Strove and Abbadia Isola.

⁴⁷⁸ They returned to Siena by train from Poggibonsi.



Siena, Monteoliveto

[37 069] Thursday, May 4, 1905

Cold in head.

Rainy.

Duomo in morning.

Frowsted⁴⁷⁹ in afternoon, then draggled on to the Osservanza, but very jolly.

Called on Christina in afternoon — on William James and the Princess in the evening.

A French teacher Mlle. Dugard (writing a book on Emerson) staying here is very amusing.

Friday, May 5, 1905

Academy. Drove to Belcaro.

Willy rather wild.

I called on Florence Reynolds in the evening and Willy and Ray had a *tête à tête*.

Saturday, May 6, 1905

Pouring rain.

Mr. D. Dana turned up.

I called on Florence and took her to Duomo with her sister.

Evening with her.

Situ-wa-tion developing.

Sunday, May 7, 1905

Saw Palazzo Pubblico with Florence.

Came to Asciano with her.

Ray and Willy drove to Monteoliveto. Willy and Ray got up a “situ-wa-tion” against my tyranny. Very amusing, and *also instructive*.

Monteoliveto to Florence

[38 070] Monday, May 8, 1905

Awful rain.

Cold in head.

Drove in pouring rain to Montepulciano via San Quirico and Pienza.

Various situations developing. We had to take two carriages, and Ray and Willy drove in one. Willy showed many signs of sentiment, which were sternly repressed by Ray.

Florence finds Ray exquisite. I am enchanted with Florence, so sweet and broad-minded and sympathetic.

Jolly dinner and long talk.

⁴⁷⁹ lounge about in a warm, stuffy atmosphere.



Tuesday, May 9, 1905

Beautiful day.
Drove to Cortona, where Florence met us. Nice hour first at San Biagio.
Meant to stop at Arezzo, but felt so tired that we came on home.
Willy's sentimental overtures not well received by Ray, who still thinks it all "piffle".
Kerr-Lawsons in evening.

Wednesday, May 10, 1905

Rain.
Willy in town with Harvard friends.
Drove in with Ray for shopping, etc.
Met Algar.
Wrote endless letters.
Mr. Richardson of Chicago to dine.
Called on Mrs. Ross who is ill with bronchitis.
Willy and Ray and I have been reading vol. II of Santayana's *Life of Reason*.⁴⁸⁰
Countess Serristori and Rembelinski came.
Telegram saying that Jephson has a son, born last night.

[39 071] Thursday, May 11, 1905

Fine.
Cold in head.
Letters, etc.
Mr. Cannon called to say goodbye, and asked B.B. to go to Alaska with him this summer. I approve of the plan, hoping that it will do his health good, and refresh and enlarge his universe.
Interesting talk in evening.
Called on Mrs. Ross.

Friday, May 12, 1905

<X>

Rain
Drove in town with Willy.
Music — our last — as Bimboni does not play well enough. He gave us Astorga's *Stabat Mater*.
Cust and Burton called, bringing an awful man called Holberg.
Miss Blood also came.
Algar came to dinner and stayed on, and his wife and Mr. Campbell dined here. Algar delightful — a happy mixture of the English aristocrat and the

⁴⁸⁰ George Santayana (1863-1952), *The life of reason, or, The phases of human progress* (New York: Scribner's, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson House B945.S23 L7 1905** [Vol I: Order form inserted. Vol II: pencil, faded, partially legible]



French XVIII century Abbé.

Saturday, May 13, 1905

Rain.

M. & Mme. Errera of Brussels came to lunch. As they were going, the Countess Serristori and M. Rembelinski came.

Ray and Willy drove to town and came back more friendly. Willy's friends, the Browns, Blagden and Parrish, called, and then Egisto Fabbri and the Countess Ludolf.

The Braudegees and Mr. Bullard came to dine.

Mr. Brandegee is an angel.

Sunday, May 14, 1905

Rain.

Dressmaker.

Ray and I called on Florence.

I called on Mrs. Ross.

Alaska question agitated.

Ray and Algar and Willy sat up till one o'clock talking theology, and Algar and Willy kept it up all night. Really Algar is enchanting.

We bought two carpets for £1,300.

[40 072] Monday, May 15, 1905

Rain.

Cold in head.

Ray and Willy and I drove in, and while Ray called on Florence, Willy and I went to the Uffizi, I taking Alice Dike.

Willy's stocks are very low just at present, in Ray's mind, but I had a great compliment from him. He said he thought I was really one of the most lovely and delightful people in the world!!! Why then does he quarrel with me?

Ray drove Algar home while we gave tea to the Wylds, Duttons, Sculls, etc.

Very interesting and illuminating talk between Willy and B.B. in the evening on composition-Japanese (nodau) and European (architectonic).

Tuesday, May 16, 1905

Rain.

B.B. decided to go to Alaska! I wrote to Mr. Cannon.

Ray and I drove in and had a horribly dull talk with Mr. Dutton (head of the Teachers' College at Columbia) on education.

Ray and Willy had tea together, we with the Serristori and Rembelinski. She is restive under her daughter's Catholic education.

B.B. and I dined with the Fabbri, while Senda and Ray and Willy had a very "uniting" talk on "baby-snatching". I hope Ray is liking Willy better.

Miss Bakewell came at 10.30.



Wednesday, May 17, 1905

Rain.

Florence Reynolds gave a tea for us to meet Miss Helen Choate Pitman,⁴⁸¹ Miss Marowitz, Mrs. Hester and Miss Westcott. B.B. played his brimstone and sulphur parlour trick on Mrs. Hester, who is an artist, and nearly made her weep with rage.

Willy was horribly cross. He went over to the Thorolds to dine, coming back in a better mood.

[41 073] Thursday, May 18, 1905

Rain.

Cold in head.

The youngsters saw Miss Bakewell off at 12, and Ray stayed on to lunch with Florence. Willy did what he called packing.

Senda and B.B. and I dined at the Braggiottis in the evening, and were awfully bored, except when she sang divinely, "Lascia ch'io pianga".⁴⁸² She sang other things, but not good. I loathe "Ich grolle nicht"!⁴⁸³

Ray and Willy had a long *tête à tête*.

Friday, May 19, 1905

Rain.

We were to have gone to Arezzo, but it was too rainy.

Ray and I drove in and called on Florence and then the Marchese Niccolini, and Mme. Narishkine.⁴⁸⁴ There I met the Count of Turin and that extraordinary dancer, the Princess Abimelech (née Demidoff).⁴⁸⁵

B. gave up Alaska on hearing from Mr. Cannon that he could only go as far as Seattle.

Saturday, May 20, 1905

Shower.

Ray, Willy and I spent the day at Arezzo. The "situation" developed, Willy trying to make love, and yet not with a real desire to succeed. Ray's tone was excellent. She repelled everything with laughter. Willy then turned and rent me, and said *I* had made him ridiculous by putting him up as an "opportunity" for Ray.

B.B. and Senda had Mrs. Wolcott to lunch, and Mrs. Fabbri (mère) and

⁴⁸¹ Helen Choate Pitnam (1868-1958). Choate's original headmaster was Mark Pitman. See Edward J. Renehan, Jr., *Legend & Legacy: The Life of Seymour St. John*

⁴⁸² A soprano aria by Handel in *Almira*, who recycled it several times, including in *Rinaldo*.

⁴⁸³ Robert Schumann, *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48, 'Ich grolle nicht'.

⁴⁸⁴ Vera Narishkine?

⁴⁸⁵ John Singer Sargent, Princess Demidoff. Oil on canvas, 1895-96.



Mrs. Fabbri (née Shephard)⁴⁸⁶ to tea.

Sunday, May 21, 1905

Helped Willy with his hopeless packing. He ended by taking a dress-suit case and leaving everything else for me to do, the lazy dog. He left for Bologna after lunch.

Miss Goldmark came to lunch.

Quiet evening.

Florence and her friends, Miss Borthwick⁴⁸⁷ and Mrs. Hester and Mrs. Blacker to tea.

[42 074] Monday, May 22, 1905

Rain.

Quiet day. B.B. went to Pitti.

Mr. Morgan and Gronau came to lunch.

Miss Steffenburg came for Ray's back and made her do exercises.

Mrs. and the Misses Jones called and then Ray and I drove to the Villa Loretino and went over it. The grounds and outside of the house were lovely, but the inside, I fear, impossible.

Fabbri and the Countess Ludolf came to dine and we spent a really boring evening, although she is a sweet, dear person.

Tuesday, May 23, 1905

Rain.

Gladys turned up on a motor trip with her mother, Prince Doria and Lord Brooke⁴⁸⁸ (whom her mother wants her to marry). Ray was *overwhelmed* with her. B.B. spent an hour with her at the Pitti, while I took Florence and her friends to the Academy. Ray and I lunched with them.

The Serristori, Placci, Rembelinski and the Countess D'Orsay spent the afternoon here discussing metaphysics.

Florence⁴⁸⁹ came for the night and Thorold, Campbell and Father Rivers to dine. Rather dull evening, but Florence delightful.

Wednesday, May 24, 1905

Rain.

⁴⁸⁶ **Edith Shepard** (not Shepherd, 1872-1954).

The Fabbri Mansion, now the House of the Redeemer, at 7 East 95th Street, is a recreation of a Florentine palazzo, mostly the work of Egisto Fabbri, the brother-in-law of Edith Shepard (1872-1954, not Shepherd, as Mary writes), the great granddaughter of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was married to his brother Ernesto. The library was transported from the library of Francesco Maria della Rovere II at Urbania, built in 1607-08 to the designs of the Roman architect, Pietro Vanni.

⁴⁸⁷ Gabrielle Margaret Ariana Borthwick, the eldest child of Cunninghame Borthwick, 19th Lord Borthwick (1813-1885).

⁴⁸⁸

⁴⁸⁹ Florence Dike Reynolds



Letters in morning.

Ray read her journal to Florence, telling about the Willy episode.

We all drove down to town in a pour, and B.B. went to Horne's, while Ray and I shopped. We brought Miss Goldmark back with us.

The Blackers came to tea and stayed two hours. Then it cleared and we had a walk.

An "adequate" letter from Willy, saying he owed as much to us as to Denman Ross. I sent him a toothbrush in gratitude, which Ray thought was abject on my part.

Finished Santayana's *Life of Reason*.

[43 075] Thursday, May 25, 1905

A little rain.

Ray lunched with the Thorolds, and Miss Goldmark and I with the Jones at La Doccia.

We had tea with the Thorolds who walked home with us.

Called on Mrs. Ross.

Miss Goldmark very nice, but not very interesting.

B.B. motored to Prato with the Serristori and Rembelinski.

Read Henry James' *First Impressions of America*.⁴⁹⁰

Ray cried out for a novel, after a month of "stiff" reading.

Friday, May 26, 1905

Cloudy.

Quiet morning.

Mr. Chabert called after lunch.

Ray and I had tea with the Gravinis (fearful bores) and went to the Villa Salviati.

Bernhard called on Benn.

Saturday, May 27, 1905

Fine, but cold. Cloudy.

Quiet but bothering morning because of bills, telegrams, etc.

Ray and I went to Medici Tombs with Florence and her friends, and then did errands.

The Duchessa Grazioli and Mr. Cheatham spent afternoon with B.B.

Sunday, May 28, 1905

Rather fine, windy.

Alice Dike and a Mr. Francis Fitzpatrick (art student) to lunch.

Went to Gamberaia.

Horne and the Houghtons to dine.

Tooth began to hurt.

⁴⁹⁰ ?



[44 076] Monday, May 29, 1905

Clear and windy.

Went to town for tooth, which has an abscess.

Ray and Senda lunched with Florence and then called on Rezia Corsini.

I went to bed, but got up when the Contessa Serristori and Rembelinski had been here an hour, and listened to her wonderful Neapolitan Stendhalesque tales.

Mr. and Mrs. Blacker and Algar came to dine. Mrs. Blacker told us ghastly plots from the Grande Guignolle Theatre, and then they talked about Oscar Wilde.

Tuesday, May 30, 1905

Clear and windy.

Spent all day in town with Ray.

Lunched with Florence and took her and her friends to the Bargello, while Ray read at Vieussieux's.

Saw Dr. Monselles, who said Ray's nose needed an operation.

Wednesday, May 31, 1905

Clear.

Town alone. Dentist, etc.

Placci came to lunch and read us some things without much significance on Music.

I went down and called on the Houghtons and arranged a motor trip for Ray.

[45 077] Thursday, June 1, 1905, Ascension Day

Fine.

Ray lunched with Florence. Mrs. McPherson lunched here with Senda and me, awful old guy.

B.B. lunched at the Serristoris with Rembelinski and they three had a delightful afternoon at Pistoia in the motor.

I drove to town, picked up Ray, called on Salome,⁴⁹¹ and then went to Thorolds.

Ray began to read Meredith, *The Egoist*. She thinks it is the rippingest book she ever read. She longs for Willy to read it!!

Friday, June 2, 1905

Fine.

Pottered round with errands and packed. Got all the trunk keys.

Houghton too ill to start on motor trip.

B.B. wrote to Mrs. Longyear about the Lotto.

We discovered that Willy *is* Meredith's "*Egoist*".

⁴⁹¹ Salome Machado Warren.



Saturday, June 3, 1905

Fine.

Bernhard called on the Countess d'Orsay.

Florence and her sister called.

The Houghtons and Miss Steffenburg came for the night, and Dicky Dana came to dinner. We sat out on the lawn — the first night it has been warm enough to do so.

Sunday, June 4, 1905

Fine.

The Houghtons and Ray and I came off in the motor.

Lunched at Lucca and spent the night in Mr. Sargent's⁴⁹² studio at Forti dei Marmi

Ray had a swim. Ray began to steer.

Ray's 18th birthday.

Motoring with Ray

[46 078] Monday, June 5, 1905

x x x x

Fine.

Ray had a deep sea swim.

We came on to Aulla and spent the day with Lina and Aubrey Waterfield at the wonderful Fortezza they have bought — beautiful beyond words. They seem very happy and very unworldly. Their boy is a beauty, with *such* a smile.

Tuesday, June 6, 1905

Rainy and cloudy.

From Aulla to Fivizzano⁴⁹³ over Giuncugnano pass to Castelnuovo Garfagnana and then to Bagni di Lucca, where we spent the night.

Ray did all the guiding, and seemed to find it fascinating.

Spent the night at Bagni di Lucca.

Wednesday, June 7, 1905

From Bagni over San Marcello, Pistoia,⁴⁹⁴ home.

Found them sitting under the trees with Mr. Morgan, Fitzpatrick and Du Bos.

⁴⁹² Francis William Sargent () had studied at the Slade School of Fine Art (1895-6) and then in Florence and Munich (1899-1903) with the German sculptor Adolf von Hildebrand. Sargent spent most of his career in Italy and had a studio in Florence (1899-1914 and 1918-37). Hildebrand had a house in Florence and a villa in Forte dei Marmi.

⁴⁹³ Mary wrote 'Fivvignano'.

⁴⁹⁴ They drove from Bagni di Lucca to San Marcello Pistoiese (SS12) and then to Pistoia.



Ray wild about motor.

[47 081] Thursday, June 8, 1905

Fine.

Began to pack.

Errands.

Mr. Post to lunch.

Called on Placci.

Friday, June 9, 1905

Fine.

Still packing and errands.

Mrs. ...

Saturday, June 10, 1905

Rainy.

B.B. went with the Serristoris and M. Rembelinski to Arezzo, Monte Sansovino, Lucignano and Montepulciano.

I packed and sent off our trunks to Venice.

Senda had Mrs. Cassini to dine and spend the night, who told us tales of Whistler.

Whit Sunday, June 11, 1905

Rainy.

B.B. at Pienza, S. Antimo and Montalcino and Percenna.⁴⁹⁵

Houghtons to lunch, started afterwards and crossed the Muraglione Pass,⁴⁹⁶ Ray driving. Fearful rainstorm.

Reached Forlì, Albergo Centrale.

Said goodbye to Senda with real relief — she has been a great burden, poor thing.

Motoring with Houghton

[48 082] Monday, June 12, 1905

Fine after rain.

B.B. Rocca d'Orcia, Monteoliveto, Siena and home to dine.

Rachel Berenson arriving late in the evening.

We motored to Ravenna after lunch in the Pineta, tried to get to Pomposa, broke down, returned to Ravenna (Albergo Cappello) for night.

Tuesday, June 13, 1905

Rainy.

Motored to Bologna (Albergo Due Torre).

⁴⁹⁵ Near Buonconvento.

⁴⁹⁶ Today the SS67.



Houghtons leaving for Florence.
We came to Venice, Willy meeting us.

Wednesday, June 14, 1905

Rainy.
Albergo Monaco with Florence Reynolds.
Went to Academy with Willy and then to Lido for swim.
Moonlight in gondola with Willy and Mr. Haynes.
B.B. had the Serristoris, Placci and Rembelinski to dine.

Venice

[49 083] Thursday, June 15, 1905

Fine.
Took Florence and her sister to Frari, etc.
Ray and I lunched at the Bonvecchiati.⁴⁹⁷
Mr. Dana called.

Friday, June 16, 1905

Fine.
Took Florence and her friends to Academy.
Lunched <at the> Bonvecchiati with Mr. Haynes, Mr. Dana and Miss Wilde.
Called on Louise Kinsella.
Floated about. Mr. Haynes in gondola at night.
B.B. came to Bologna.
Ray decided to write a novel about Willy.

Saturday, June 17, 1905

Fine. Caught cold.
B.B. at Bologna.
Lunched with Willy, who was too awful, not taking well some criticisms I ventured on. He got better on seeing S. Caterina and Madonna dell'Orto.
Dined with Florence at Bellevue.⁴⁹⁸
Festa and music at night. Florence and Mr. Haynes.

Trinity Sunday, June 18, 1905

Came to Bologna to meet B.B. and dined with the Zucchini.
Lunched at Bonvecchiati with Willy and Haynes.
B.B. drove with the Contessa Zucchini to Ronzano.⁴⁹⁹

⁴⁹⁷ Dal 1790 l'Hotel Bonvecchiati — San Marco, Calle Goldoni 4488, 30124 Venice.

⁴⁹⁸

⁴⁹⁹ A suburb of Bologna.



Motoring with Houghton

[50 084] Monday, June 19, 1905

Rain afternoon. Cold better.

Started from Bologna at 9.30.

Went to Mirandola (nothing), Carpi and Correggio (nothing) and came to Albergo Reale, Modena.

Tuesday, June 20, 1905

Fine.

Modena, Reggio (dull place), Viadana, Casalmaggiore, Cremona (Albergo Cappillo ed Italia).

Ray in Venice with Florence Reynolds.

Wednesday, June 21, 1905

Fine.

“Did” Cremona. Left at 5 for Mantua.

Albergo Aquila d’Oro *** Very good hotel. £13.20 for a most *gorgeous* dinner.

Ray writes that she is engaged upon her “opus magnum” and tremendously excited over it.

Motoring with Houghton —
Mantua, Verona, Lonigo, Vicenza, Padua

[51 085] Thursday, June 22, 1905

Fine.

“Did” Mantua — oh so tired and hot!

Came away at 1.30, passed Marmirolo and Goito (nothing left) and reached Verona in time to meet Ray who came from Venice.

She and Houghton spent 1 1/2 hours going over the machine, while Bernhard and I went to S. Bernardino and S. Zeno.

We came to the Albergo Aquila Nera e Europa, an awfully dirty and noisy hole. I found a bug in my bed. The noise all night was *too* awful!

Friday, June 23, 1905

Fine in the morning. Thunderstorm at 5.

Saw churches and gallery in great physical misery, both morning and afternoon.

Started in teeth of thunderstorm, saw Lonigo and reached Vicenza at 9.



Willy and his friend **Spence Burton**⁵⁰⁰ were there.

Saturday, June 24, 1905

Cloudy and rain.

The youngsters got up early and cleaned the machine, which went like a bird all day.

Saw Pinacoteca and Villa Valmarana.

Lunched and came to Padua in rain. B.B. and I came on by train, the others bring the motor in a pour to Mestre. They enjoyed it highly.

Met Papafava at Padua and Hohenlohe in train.

Sunday, June 25, 1905

Cloudy.

Casa Biondetti. B.B. not well, alas.

Went to Academy and had also an hour in S. Marco.

Motoring with Ray, Willy and Mr. Burton, B.B. at Duino

[52 086] Monday, June 26, 1905

Fine.

Motored to Portogruaro. Had accident by way, Ray trying to run backwards and getting machine in a ditch from which we had to have it pulled out by oxen. Just caught B.B.'s train.

Then we motored on to Conegliano.

Willy was very disagreeable about the food and the hotel, as if it were my fault. He is not a nice travelling companion.

B.B. at Duino.

Tuesday, June 27, 1905

Fine.

Willy insisted on cleaning some unimportant parts of the machine, and

⁵⁰⁰ Mary wrote 'Spencer'.

Spence Burton '03 SSJE (1881-1966) was the first American citizen to be consecrated a bishop in the Church of England. Educated at Harvard, Burton was ordained in 1908. After a short spell at St John the Evangelist in Boston, he spent the next 30 years with the Society of St. John the Evangelist, eventually becoming Father Superior of the American Congregation.

In 1939, he was appointed suffragan bishop of Haiti and the Dominican Republic, then Lord Bishop of the Bahamas.

"Father Burton, Harvard, Class of '03, actually began our work in Cambridge." Father Williams is a white-haired man with plain rimless spectacles. "It was Burton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burton of Cincinnati, who donated this very land. **Spence Burton** joined the Society shortly after college, and did a good deal of work abroad. He returned to Cambridge in 1912, and began a program of guidance and help for Harvard undergraduates. Since he founded it many Harvard men have served here."

note 150, Archives of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Douglass Shand-Tucci, *Ralph Adams Cram*, p. 574

Didn't Isabella Stewart Gardner donate the land on Memorial Drive to the SSJE?



kept us from starting till 11. Ray was furious.

We lunched at Serravalle. Had a glorious swim in the Lago Morto on the way to Belluno.

Slept at the excellent Hotel Doriguzzi at Feltre.

Wednesday, June 28, 1905

Rain.

Day of misfortunes, motor continually breaking down. At last we were pushed into Treviso, where we dined. We came on to Venice by a late train.

Willy put the finishing touch to his selfish and boorish rudeness by complaining that he had wanted his time, as he came abroad "to study art". This after his hatefulness when I made him see things at Siena —! Ray and I can never get over this.

Venice

[53 087] Thursday, June 29, 1905

Fine.

Went to St. Mark's.

In evening went out with Willy and his friend, who is going to be a "Cowley Father".⁵⁰¹ Long and foolish talk on religion.

Willy put the *last touch* by refusing to go with Ray and me tomorrow to help us out with the motor. I have absolutely lost all my interest in that young boor, talented as he is.

Friday, June 30, 1905

Fine. Warm.

Horrible day. The motor wouldn't go, and we spent our time 4 kilometers out of Treviso in the sun. Finally had to push it into a farm house and dine at railway station and came home.

Found B.B. here.

Saturday, July 1, 1905

Fine. Warmer.

Academy. Tea in Piazza.

Dined with Prince Hohenlohe in evening

Sunday, July 2, 1905

Called on Greta Whittall.

St. Mark's. Tea with Willy and Houghton in Piazza.

Mildred and Willy came and took Ray out. Mildred rather pretty, but dull, very "middle class" and under-educated.

⁵⁰¹ Spence Burton.



Venice with B.B. and Ray

* * * *

[54 088] Monday, July 3, 1905

Caught cold. Hot 96°.

Fighting heat, but it is frightful.

Went to Salute and loved the Titian.

Supper with Houghtons at the Quattro Fontane, and Ray had a swim.

Sailed back.

B.B. had Willy to dine.

Tuesday, July 4, 1905

Fighting cold.

Hotter 100°. Heat incredible.

Had tea in Piazza with Clayton Johns and Mr. Frothingham (Speaker of the Massachusetts Legislature).

Called on Hohenlohes.

B.B. stayed here, but I came back and went out with Houghtons on lagoon towards Monncenno⁵⁰² where Ray had a *hot* swim.

Wednesday, July 5, 1905

Cold going. 107°. Hotter.

Met Houghton at Treviso. Man gone, no work going on. Wild rage and despair. Decided to send motor, all taken to pieces as it is, to Florence for repairs there.

Saw S. Nicholas and Duomo and took 4.39 train back to Venice. 3/4 hour late. Met Bonte and Maurice Sheldon Amos and had a little chat.

Found B.B. in a fury, very rude and unkind when I came back. He went to dine with Hohenlohe, Duc de Richelieu and Finzi. We dined with Houghtons, who were perfect *Angels* of tact and kindness about the motor.

Andermatt with Ray

[55 089] Thursday, July 6, 1905

Rain at Milan.

Left Venice at 8.20. Ray and I stopped at Desenzano and had a good long healing swim in the Lake.

B.B. came on to Milan, where he saw the Terranuovas (en route for St. Moritz), Cavenaghi and various dealers.

We joined him at 8.

Frightful rain and thunder in night. Much cooler — a blessed change.

⁵⁰² Momcenno?



Friday, July 7, 1905

Cool. Rain.

Went to Santa Maria della Passione and S. Lorenzo, Gaudi's and Cavenaghi's.

Took 12.30 train to Göschenen and came here.

Talking of taste, Bernhard made the horrid remark that it only began where appetite ended.

Saturday, July 8, 1905

Fine.

Walked to Hospenthal in morning and up through the woods in afternoon.

B.B. said that pleasure to be unalloyed and entirely enjoyable must be mediocre. He also said art was a concession to our feeble powers of taking in the universe.

Sunday, July 9, 1905

Walked in valley in morning and up a side stream (over a baby glacier) in afternoon.

Ray went on with her novel.

Wrote to Michael Field and Ricketts and Miss Cracroft.

[56 090] Monday, July 10, 1905

Cool. Fine.

Andermatt. Walked an hour in morning and three in afternoon, nearly reaching Oberalpsee.

Ray went on with her novel. She is suffering from an attack of rheumatism, B.B. from a chill in the bowels, I from a cold. What a nuisance our bodies are.

Tuesday, July 11, 1905

Cloudy and a little rain.

Packed — it seemed to take a long time.

Came to Bâle, to the *very* poor Hotel Simplon.

Poor Ray suffers acutely from rheumatism in her left leg.

Wednesday, July 12, 1905

Fine. Hot.

Bâle to Paris — a tiring dirty journey.

Reading Dill's *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*.⁵⁰³ Very interesting.

[57 091] Thursday, July 13, 1905

Paris. Fine 26°.

⁵⁰³ Samuel Dill (1844-1924), *Roman society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1904). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DG78 .D57 1904**



Shopped with Ray. Lunched with the Bernard Henraux' — she, painted and dyed (although a pretty, young woman), devoting herself to making vulgar statues of nude women and worse portraits.

Shopped some more.

B.B. went out with Hubert in the morning and saw "Les Arts Décoratifs".

Rembelinski called in afternoon — two hours.

Went to Reinachs' in evening. Mme. Reinach worse than ever — all three of us bored stiff.

Rachel Berenson and Miss Goldmarck called.

Friday, July 14, 1905

Fine.

Ray went off at 12 to reach London at 9. She was suffering dreadfully from her rheumatism.

We lunched with Mrs. and Miss Gibbs.

Went to Versailles at 4.30 and found Miss De Wolfe looking charming, Miss Marbury ill and low with swollen face, and **Miss Pierpont Morgan there, a nice fresh wholesome young woman of 31, who finds us dames a most welcome escape from her father's tyranny.**

Saw the moonlight on the Grand Terrace.

Saturday, July 15, 1905

Fine.

Went to Louvre.

Lunched with Rembelinski and DuBos at Laurent's.

Called on the Baronne Gustave Rothschild.⁵⁰⁴ Her salon was so crowded with priceless bric à brac that it looked hideous.

Went to Potoska's⁵⁰⁵ palace, where he never lives, to see Count Stroganoff.

Went to "Les Arts Décoratifs".

Rachel came.

Dined with Reinachs and M. Homolle.⁵⁰⁶

Sunday, July 16, 1905

Rain-storm.

B.B. went to Louvre with Hubert.

I rested and packed.

Lunched with M. Ephrussi — wonderful Russian fish! Reinachs, Du Bos, Maud Cruttwell, M. Stuers,⁵⁰⁷ M. Kergoe⁵⁰⁸ ?? M. Rembelinski.

⁵⁰⁴ In 1859 Gustave Rothschild married Cécile Anspach.

⁵⁰⁵ ? Potocki Potoska

⁵⁰⁶ Jean Théophile Homolle (1848-1925), archaeologist and classical philologist.

⁵⁰⁷ Victor Eugène Louis de Stuers (1843-1916) was a Dutch art historian, lawyer, civil servant and politician. He was highly active in the cultural field — he is widely regarded as the father of historic preservation

⁵⁰⁸ Kergoe?



Rachel dined here.

Paris

[58 092] Monday, July 17, 1905

Fine.

Waiting for Lucien.

Lunched with Miss Gibbs. Shopped.

Tea and dinner with Reinachs.

Lucien at last sent word the motor in repair!

Tuesday, July 18, 1905

Rain late.

En touriste — having told everyone we were leaving.

Called for Rachel and went to Luxembourg. Things *too* awful. Manet

Olympe still the best.

Lunched <at> Foyot.⁵⁰⁹

Went to Musée Cluny and enjoyed it. Fine things.

Lucien called.

Wednesday, July 19, 1905

Went to Gustave Moreau Museum and Sedelmeyer's (rue de la Rochefoucauld).

Lunched with Prince and Princess Brancaccio, who want B.B. to sell their Raphael and Velasquez — both fine pictures, but they ask enormous prices.

Afternoon went to Notre Dame and revived old days. We hardly knew then how nice it was to be YOUNG!!

Motoring with M. Henraux

[59 093] Thursday, July 20, 1905

B.B. went to Louvre and Musée Crinneaux.

We did not start on our trip till 5. The motor is a splendid machine, but the workmen constructing it have been on strike and have done things carelessly, and almost with malice. It is a 24 h.p. Charnau. We burst a tire 8 km. from Sens, which brought us late there.

Hotel de Paris, Sens.

Friday, July 21, 1905

Fine.

Did Sens Cathedral, Musée, etc.

Lunched Auxerre (Hotel de l'Ecu) and saw the town thoroughly, as some repairs were needed. Cathedral, St. Pierre, St. Germain, docks, houses, etc.

⁵⁰⁹ 33 Rue de Tournon (becomes Rue de Seine) — in front of the Palais du Luxembourg.



Saw Avallon — wonderful view from church.
Saw **Vézelay.
Dined Clamecy.
Reached Nevers midnight (Hotel de France).

Saturday, July 22, 1905

Fine.
Saw Nevers, St. Etienne Cathedral, Musée.
Lunched Moulins. Saw Cathedral and dear little Gendarmerie. Saw church at Yzeure, Souvigny, Riom (stained glass Jean de Berri in St. Esprit), and reached Clermont-Ferrand (Hotel de la Poste) for dinner.

Sunday, July 23, 1905

Fine.
Awfully noisy night.
B.B. very cross because I changed my room. Lately, in travelling, he seems to be in such a state of nervous exasperation with me that at least 3/4 of my pleasure is destroyed.
Did the Cup Circuit (137 km). Wonderful scenery.

Motoring with M. Henraux

[60 094] Monday, July 24, 1905

Fine with a little rain.
A very beautiful day.
We went first to Vic-le-Comte (original little church), Château Buron,⁵¹⁰ and lunched at Issoire.
Then we went to St. Nectaire, Murol and came to Murat⁵¹¹ to sleep. All the time passing through the most beautiful country conceivable. Also saw little town of Besse.⁵¹²
* * * Glass at Clermont.
Also little house, 34 rue de Gras.

Tuesday, July 25, 1905

Fine.
Left at 10, saw the Romanesque church at Bredons and had lunch at Brioude (very nice inn). Then a glorious spin across to La Chaise-Dieu, which made an overwhelming impression on us.
On the way to Le Puy we passed through beautiful forests.
Saw Allègre with its astounding mist, S. Paulien and the wonderful

⁵¹⁰ Evidently Yronde-et-Buron, south of Clermont-Ferrand, between Vic-le-Comte and Issoire.

⁵¹¹ Chastal-sur-Murat, Murat.

⁵¹² Besse-et-Saint-Anastaise



silhouette of Polignac,⁵¹³ equal to anything Italian.

Wednesday, July 26, 1905

Fine.

"Did" Le Puy. The Cathedral is the best shrine to a *Cult* I ever imagined. It is endlessly interesting. We also climbed up to St. Michel.

Left at 3 and reached Le Lioran⁵¹⁴ — a tourist place — at 8, a most enchanting ride.

Saw St. Flour whose silhouette is marvellous.

Delicious air — this is about 4,000 feet high.

B.B. much less cross.

Motoring with M. Henraux

[61 095] Thursday, July 27, 1905

Fine.

The noisiest hotel I ever was in! We started as usual several hours late, but got _____ Aurillac (Hotel St. Pierre very good) for lunch.

Then we went to Castelnau, a most wonderful place, and the Beaulieu and then Brive⁵¹⁵ and got at last to Périgueux the motor running splendidly.

Friday, July 28, 1905

Turkish bath. Rain, hot!

Saw Périgueux, admired and shuddered at St. Front.⁵¹⁶ Loved some of the old houses.

Hotel keeper an archaeologist, and took us to Ste-Marthe.⁵¹⁷

Left at 1.30. Saw the Château Bourdeilles (where Brantôme⁵¹⁸ was born), Brantôme (where he was abbé, the gay old bird) and Richemont, the chateau-farm where he lived.

After a burst of one tyre (at Aixe) we reached Limoges to dine.

B.B. awfully nice.

Saturday, July 29, 1905

Fine. Cooler.

Limoges (a very unsympathetic town) in the morning. B.B. has ptomaine poisoning, with paints, etc., from noon to 6. He was very bad this afternoon.

We left at 1.30 and saw St. Junien and the chateaux of Rochechouart and

⁵¹³ Just north of Le Puy.

⁵¹⁴ ?

⁵¹⁵ Brive-la-Gaillarde

⁵¹⁶ The cathedral at Périgueux.

⁵¹⁷ A convent at Périgueux.

⁵¹⁸ Pierre de Bourdeille, seigneur de *Brantôme* (c. 1540-1614), also known as the abbé de *Brantôme*, historian, soldier, and biographer.



de la Rochefoucauld⁵¹⁹ — the latter too magnificent.

Another type gone.

Night at Angoulême.

Sunday, July 30, 1905

Fine.

Did Angoulême. Saw Cognac and Saintes with its wonderful towers, a charming town.

Tyre burst.

Arrived at Niort at 4.30. Awful museum. Disgusting town.

England

[62 096] Monday, July 31, 1905

Fine.

Started at 8.20, but two tyres burst so we did not get to Poitiers till 1.30.

We saw Maixent (lovely church, especially interior) and Lusignan.

Lunched at Poitiers and “did” town, but it was hot, and we were feeling *exténués*!!

I took train de luxe for Paris (5.38-9.36, 47 fr. 75 cm.)

B.B. was too ill to see me off.

Read Maupassant, but can't really stand him any more.

Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1905

Fine.

Crossed to London. Ray met me. She is awfully keen on getting a motor, but we can't afford it, alas.

Called on Rachel and Ralph.

B.B. saw Loudun, Thouars, Oiran, Cinault, Fontevraud,⁵²⁰ Angers, Rennes, Joscelyn,⁵²¹ Ploermel.

Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1905

Rain.

Breakfasted with Janet Dodge, and shopped.

Came down to High Buildings. Mother in good spirits. Range won't work.

Winny Buckley⁵²² and Maybury Smith here.

[63 099] Thursday, Aug. 3, 1905

Fine.

Settling in. Saw Grace.

⁵¹⁹ Northeast of Angoulême.

⁵²⁰ near Saumur. Mary wrote 'Fontevault'.

⁵²¹ Mary wrote 'Joscelyn'.

⁵²² Not Karin's maid?



Friday, Aug. 4, 1905

Fine.
B.B. Alençon and Paris.
Saw Ehrich and lunched at Versailles with Elsie de Wolfe and Bessie Marbury.
Dined with Reinach.
Rachel and Ralph Perry⁵²³ arrived.

Saturday, Aug. 5, 1905

Rain.
Caught cold.
Mr. Britten came.
Five guests and no stove to work on! Water given out.
B.B. with Hubert at Louvre.
Lunched with Rembelinski.

Sunday, Aug. 6, 1905

Fine.
Cold still.
Cold pretty bad.
Talk, etc.

[64 100] Monday, Aug. 7, 1905

Rain.
Cold.
Very low with cold on chest.

Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1905

Cold.
Our guests all left. I was glad, as my cold was awful. Went to bed. Called in Dr. Duke.
B.B. dined with Donna de Rudini.⁵²⁴

Wednesday, Aug. 9, 1905

Cold.
In bed. Began to read Balzac.

⁵²³ Ralph Barton Perry was a supporter of the John Reed Society, according to Sigmund Diamond, *Compromised Campus: The Collaboration of Universities with the Intelligence Community, 1945-1955*, p. 30.

A portrait of John Reed at Adams House.

Morton Keller & Phyllis Keller, *Making Harvard Modern: The Rise of America's University*, p. 68, 72, 161: Ralph Barton Perry helped form American Defense: Harvard Group.

⁵²⁴ Antonio Starabba, Marquis di Rudini (1839-1908) un homme d'État italien, président du Conseil italien de 1891 à 1892 et de 1896 à 1898.



[65 101] Thursday, Aug. 10, 1905

Fine.
Cold. In bed. Balzac.
Mildred Whitall came.

Friday, Aug. 11, 1905

Fine.
Cold. Mildred left.
Balzac.

Saturday, Aug. 12, 1905

Fine.
Cold.
Walked down to swimming pond.

Sunday, Aug. 13, 1905

Cold. Fine.
Balzac and letters.

[66 102] Monday, Aug. 14, 1905

Fine.
Cold.
Took Karin to Dr. Heath (3 Cavendish Place) for her ear. He frightened us very much. She must be very careful or she will be deaf. She has to syringe it every hour.
Called on Rachel and Ralph.
Jack Burke called in evening.
B.B. <at St. Moritz> walked to the Hahnsee.⁵²⁵

Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1905

Fine.
Cold.
Rachel's wedding at St. Mildred's, Bread St., where Shelley and Mary were married in 1813.⁵²⁶
Breakfast afterwards at (3 Poultry) Pim's.⁵²⁷
Ray, Karin, Grace, Janet, Miss Dawson, Mr. Holt, Mr. Andrews. The service was very solemn. Ralph is a great dear.
B.B. <at St. Moritz> walked and had tea at Vitteleschi's studio.

⁵²⁵ near St. Moritz.

⁵²⁶ Bernhard did not attend the wedding of his sister Rachel to Ralph Barton Perry (1876-1957), instructor (1902-1905) and then professor of philosophy at Harvard (1905-1946).

⁵²⁷ Nathaniel Newnham-Davis (1854-1917), *The Gourmet's Guide to London* (New York, 1914), p. 208: 'Our oyster shops have no rivals in the boastful capital of gastronomy. Take Pim's, for example, in the Poultry, where there are perfect oysters, and the luncheon delicacies of our modern day.' The address of Pim's was 3 Poultry.



Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1905

Fine.

Cold.

Miserable with cold. Did nothing except write letters and read Balzac.

[67 103] Thursday, Aug. 17, 1905

Fine.

Cold

Friday, Aug. 18, 1905

Rain.

Saturday, Aug. 19, 1905

Sunday, Aug. 20, 1905

Fernhurst - Newbury

[68 104] Monday, Aug. 21, 1905

Took Karin to doctor, who removed her adenoids. She was as brave as could be — a really most agreeable and engaging child.

Tuesday, Aug. 22, 1905

Wednesday, Aug. 23, 1905

Fine.

Went to Pendell Court, Bletchingley (Dr. Bell's) to give an "expert opinion" on his Peruginesque picture. The New York dealer Ehrich took me. Despairingly dull.

Later went to Adbury Holt, Newbury, to stay with the Mounteney Jephsons. They have a sweet little boy with blue eyes.

Fernhurst

[69 105] Thursday, Aug. 24, 1905

Rain.

Walked with Mounteney and heard all his woes. He is really very happy though.

Dined with the Michael Fields who were *too delightful*.

Friday, Aug. 25, 1905

Rain.

Went to the National Gallery with Ehrich after showing him our Lotto,



etc.

Came down, and was very glad to get back.

Saturday, Aug. 26, 1905

The Rendels came, Ellie and Dick and Andrew.

Sunday, Aug. 27, 1905

Rain.

[70 106] Monday, Aug. 28, 1905

Rainy.

Quiet day. In spite of the rain the young people had a cricket match at Haslemere.

Tuesday, Aug. 29, 1905

Rain.

Took Karin to ear doctor. Shopped till 5 o'clock train.

Children gave a ball. 3 Waterlows, 4 Boyds, 2 Dukes, 3 Rendels and our five. They seemed to enjoy it.

Wednesday, Aug. 30, 1905

Rain.

Quiet day.

Fernhurst

[71 107] Thursday, Aug. 31, 1905

Fine.

Took Ray and Ellie to Chichester for the day, and met Dicky Dana, with whom we saw the sights. He drove back with us, and we had a lot of talk on the eternal question. He is nice but unfortunately stupid. He read Ray's novel up till 2 o'clock.

Friday, Sept. 1, 1905

Fine.

Drove D. Dana to the station and shopped.

Children's dance, 8.30-11.

Saturday, Sept. 2, 1905

Fine.

Alys and Grace and Mr. Mackenzie — a young poet — came to lunch

Sunday, Sept. 3, 1905

Fine.

Harold Joachim and Mr. Tovey the musician came to lunch. Grace and I called on Mrs. Waterlow.



[72 108] Monday, Sept. 4, 1905

Fair.

Lunched with Ned Warren at Lewes and enjoyed beyond words the Chios head.

Dined with the dear Mikes.

Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1905

Fair.

Rachel and Ralph breakfasted with me.

Miss Blanche Williams came to consult me about a lecture tour in America.

Called on Ricketts and Shannon.

Met Emily Dawson and Willy in 5 o'clock train.

Bernhard left St. Moritz with Placci.

Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1905

Rainy.

Willy here.

Rain — games, walks, talks.

Willy completely changed, a remarkable case of “conversion”, able even to give up smoking in answer to prayer! The Cowley Fathers have him in hand. Ray and I scarcely knew him!

Bernhard Neuchâtel.⁵²⁸

[73 109] Thursday, Sept. 7, 1905

Rain.

Willy left. Ray and I drove in with him.

In the afternoon Logan and Emily and I went to the Joachims and heard Mr. Tovey⁵²⁹ play — Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. What a pleasure!

Bernhard Barig.⁵³⁰

Friday, Sept. 8, 1905

Rain morning, windy clear afternoon.

Fernhurst cricket match against “Haslemere Ladies”. Fernhurst won.

Bernhard Besançon.

Saturday, Sept. 9, 1905

Frightful storm.

Emily and I “foozled” over the *Central Italians*.

Emily enthusiastic over Ray's novel.

Bernhard Grenoble.

⁵²⁸ With whom is Bernhard travelling? Lady Sassoon?

⁵²⁹ Sir Donald Francis Tovey (1875-1940) was a British musical analyst, musicologist, writer on music, composer, conductor and pianist.

⁵³⁰ ?



Sunday, Sept. 10, 1905

Rainy.

Foozling over Centrals and Florentines.

Tea and walk with Grace.

Bernhard Lyons.

[74 110] Monday, Sept. 11, 1905

Rainy.

Emily and I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Nowers, and had tea at Upperford with the Kinsellas and Robinsons.

The children went to a party at the Ponsonbys in the evening, while Emily and I continued our foozling into the Venetians.

Bernhard at Lyons.

Tuesday, Sept. 12, 1905

Fine.

Went with Emily to Oxford to visit Alys. They live simply but charmingly. Had a delightful walk to Sunningwell.

Read Balzac, *Les Employés*.

Bernhard at Dijon.

Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1905

Rainy.

Read *The Divine Fire*⁵³¹ — poor.

Drove with Alys and Emily to call on the Markbys.

B.B. got to Paris.

[75 113] Thursday, Sept. 14, 1905

Fine

Came to London. Met Ray. Shopped for her Newnham outfit. She has had a letter from Michael Field about her novel which greatly delighted her.

We had tea with Britten at the Natural History Museum, and dinner at home, each reading a novel. I read *The Odd Women* by Gissing⁵³² — poor.

B.B. dined with Elsie and Sardon at Versailles.

Friday, Sept. 15, 1905

Fine.

Went with Ray to Newnham and arranged her room. It looked discouraging at first, but when we had got the stuff up and laid the carpet and hung the Raffaelino del Garbo tondo over her mantel it looked better. She was delighted with it.

Met Alys and Grace in 5 o'clock train for Haslemere.

⁵³¹ May Sinclair, *The divine fire* (New York: Holt, 1904)

⁵³² George Gissing (1857-1903), *The Odd Women*, 3 vol. (London: Lawrence & Bullen, 1893).



B.B. went to Laversine.⁵³³

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1905

Fine.

Packed.

Tan Spring Rice,⁵³⁴ musical fellow at Balliol, arrived at 11.

We had tea at the Parsonbys', who gave the children a "digging party" for coffins of old friars.

Willy arrived for dinner. Still full of Theology!

B.B. went to Chantilly with **Lady Sassoon** and Rembelinski.

Sunday, Sept. 17, 1905

Quiet Sunday. Tennis with Waterlows and tea at Grace's.

Willy a perfect bore.

B.B. dined with Miss Gibbs who asked his advice about getting married. He advised her to do it.

Paris — Moutier-Salins

[76 114] Monday, Sept. 18, 1905

Fine.

Said goodbye (it was very hard) and came to London.

Willy came as far as Woking, talking dull scholastic, William James-y theology all the way,

Shopped and finished packing.

Crossed to Paris.

Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1905

Rainy.

Met Bernhard again. He is well and jolly, better than he has been for years. It is *delightful*! Had a little visit to the Louvre, and then took the train de luxe (a splendid train) to Chambéry.

Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1905

Rain.

Saw Chambéry and found some Italian pictures in Museum.

Came to Moutier-Salins,⁵³⁵ where Placci and Lucien Henraux joined us at 6.

Read *Le Médecin de Campagne* (Balzac).

Placci and Lucien Henraux joined us in Moutier about 6.

⁵³³ The home of Gustave Rothschild, near Soissons.

⁵³⁴ ? Sir Cecil Arthur Spring Rice (1859-1918), a diplomat who served as British Ambassador to the United States from 1912 to 1918. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, under the direction of Benjamin Jowett.

⁵³⁵ Mouÿtiers (Tarentaise), in Savoy, just south of Albertville.



Motoring with Placci and Lucien

[77 115] Thursday, Sept. 21, 1905
XX XX

Fine.

Crossed the little St. Bernard, coming out into radiant sunshine on the Italian side.

Lunched at Thuile, spent night at Courmayeur.

Friday, Sept. 22, 1905

Fine.

Went up Great St. Bernard Pass to Hospice. A disappointment, but scenery on road fine.

Saw Aosta.

Lucien taken ill with abscess in throat.

I went to bed with cold in stomach, and ate nothing but a little rice.

Saturday, Sept. 23, 1905

Rainy.

Well again, but Lucien too ill to motor. Came on with Carlo, Pierre driving.

Went up to Gressoney to satisfy Placci's curiosity about the Queen's villa there.

Got to Ivrea at 4 and saw pictures.

Fairly nice hotel, Scudo di Francia.

Sunday, Sept. 24, 1905

Pouring.

Motored in pour to Oropa — a sumptuous palatial sanctuary.

Saw Biella, Santhià, Chivazzo, San Benigno.

Arrived Turin at 6.30.

The Marchese Pareto,⁵³⁶ Professor of Political Economy at Lausanne, spent evening talking Nietzsche.

Motoring in Piedmont

[78 116] Monday, Sept. 25, 1905

Fine.

Awfully noisy hotel.

Spent morning with Vesme⁵³⁷ taking notes and in gallery.

Afternoon Armoury, Academy, Museo Civico and calling on Abendo, the owner of castle near Aosta.

⁵³⁶ Vilfredo Pareto (born Wilfried Fritz Pareto, 1848-1923), economist, lived at Villa Rosa before Mary.

⁵³⁷ Alessandro Baudi di Vesme, 1854-____, director of the Pinacoteca at Turin.



Then made out routes.

Wrote Guido, Reinach, Mother, Dr. Duke, Mrs. Chapman, Logan, Triulzi, Etta.

Tuesday, Sept. 26, 1905

Rain.

Went with Count Vesme (Lucien being still ill) to S. Antonio Ranverso,⁵³⁸ Avigliana (S. Giovanni e Cappuccini) and Susa. It rained too hard to go to Sacra S. Michele.

Talked with Claude Phillips⁵³⁹ in evening.

Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1905

Fine.

Started at 9.30. Saw Torrione (Marchesa Lamba Doria) near Pinerolo, then Cavour and then Saluzzo. Tried to see Verzuolo⁵⁴⁰ and did see Manta (Ct. Provana),⁵⁴¹ Alba⁵⁴² and slept at Asti.

We had such a laugh at Saluzzo over an old man at a window. I shall never forget how we laughed!

Saluzzo is a most interesting place.

Motoring in Piedmont

[79 117] <Turin?> Thursday, Sept. 28, 1905

Cloudy with rain.

An unfortunate day. The roads were atrocious and maimed the motor, and Placci was simply abominable; he can be as disagreeable as he can be charming.

We saw Tortona, which was not interesting, except for the Macrino,⁵⁴³ and Casale Monferrat, which was horrid, and then the Sanctuary of Crea,⁵⁴⁴ with *lovely* views.

We got here at 9 wet through, and not having paid the call on the Visconti-Venostas that Placci had set his heart on.

Friday, Sept. 29, 1905

Middling.

Placci woke up in a good humour, and said so, as if that was all there was in it. he is a baby.

⁵³⁸ Buttiglieria Alta.

⁵³⁹ Sir Claude Phillips (1848-1924), *The earlier work of Titian* (London: Seeley; New York: Macmillan, 1897). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.T7 P48 1897**

⁵⁴⁰ north of Cuneo.

⁵⁴¹ Manta Castle, Cuneo; i Provana sono stati una delle più antiche e importanti famiglie feudali del Piemonte

⁵⁴² Mary wrote 'Abla'.

⁵⁴³ Macrino d'Alba, a painter.

⁵⁴⁴ near Monferrato.



The motor was mending, after those horrible roads.

B.B. and I spent the morning pumping the amiable Vesme.

In the afternoon we went to Santena⁵⁴⁵ to see the Visconti-Venostas⁵⁴⁶ and found them all there, the old man and his wife and the three boys.

Wrote Mother, Michael and Platonoff.

Saturday, Sept. 30, 1905

Fine.

Left at 7.30. Saw Chieri, the delightful old abbey of *Vezzolano, Cavagnola.

Lunched at Vercelli. Saw Grignasco, Gattinara, Romagnano, Borgvasia, Valduggia and Zuarona and slept at Varallo, a terrible night (for me) of fleas.

Sunday, Oct. 1, 1905

Fine.

Ray goes up to Newnham!

Climbed Sacro Monte and saw Varallo.

Saw Loreto (chapel), Omdoneo and returned to +Oropa, where we lunched. Lucien enchanted with it.

Saw Novara and Vigevano, but got to Milan late, on account of breakages.

Milan and Motoring

[80 118] Monday, Oct. 2, 1905

Fine.

Milan. Saw Brera, lunched at Cova's, bought hat, went with Lucien to Nosedà's and then to Cavenaghi's.

Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1905

Fine.

Started at 9.

Reached Bergamo about 10 and left our trunks, and then went on to Alzano Maggiore and Olera — a delightful spot up in the hills, with a fine Cima.

After lunch we "did" Bergamo in four hours. The new hotel, Hotel Moderno, is such a relief after what we have had at Bergamo always before. Only one flea in the night!

Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1905

Fine.

⁵⁴⁵ Il Castello di Santena fu ereditato dalla figlia Luisa Alfieri, sposa del marchese Emilio Visconti Venosta. Nel 1947 il marchese Giovanni Visconti Venosta lasciò in eredità il complesso alla città di Torino.

⁵⁴⁶ Il marchese Emilio Visconti Venosta (1829-1914) è stato un diplomatico e politico italiano, più volte ministro degli Esteri, senatore del Regno d'Italia nella XVI legislatura.



Started at 7.45 and did the tour of Bergamo up to the Castello — *glorious!*
Then visited Malpaga and Torre Pallavicino, and Soncino and lunched at Crema. Saw Crema as well as we could at lunch time.

Then we came on to Cremona (Hotel Italia) where we were with Houghton. Good hotel.

Placci seemed inclined to upset all our plans in order to see Giulietta Mendelssohn and B.B. was very much annoyed. He protested in a quiet dignified way.

Milan and Gazzada

[81 119] Thursday, Oct. 5, 1905

Fine.

Placci changed his mind and B.B. was appeased. But, on the whole, Placci has been difficult and disagreeable this trip. He takes actual pleasure in making people uncomfortable.

We went to Sabbioneta and Parma (Hotel Italie, very good) and then in the afternoon saw *Fontanellato⁵⁴⁷ and Borgo San Donino,⁵⁴⁸ and had tea at Salsomaggiore.

Then we parted. They went on to Modena, and we returned to Milan. Magnagreti was in train.

Friday, Oct. 6, 1905

Fine.

Saw churches.

Countess Serristori and Prince Beauveau came to lunch. We went to the Castello, and then joined these two to go to Mombello,⁵⁴⁹ Prince Pio di Savoia's wonderful place, where we dined.

Saturday, Oct. 7, 1905

Fine.

Saw churches and took plenty of notes.

Came to Gazzada. Donna Camilla almost cut us in the train and Donna Laura⁵⁵⁰ would scarcely speak. What idiotic women! Their idea is that B.B. made up to them for that article Donna L. wrote about him, and that he then threw them over.

⁵⁴⁷ Fontanellato is a small town about 20 kilometres west of Parma.

⁵⁴⁸ San Martino della Battaglia, Province of Brescia

⁵⁴⁹ on Lago Maggiore.

⁵⁵⁰ Gropallo.



Dined at Varese with the Pontis.⁵⁵¹

Sunday, Oct. 8, 1905

Fine.

The view is too beautiful!

Went in Guido's motor with Conte Montegazza to Erba to see the Bozzottis and the lady Guido has given his life up to. She is very fat, but lively and attractive.

Gropallos still sulky.

Gazzada and Milan

[82 120] Monday, Oct. 9, 1905

Fine.

Dull day. The conversation here is *too* dull, I hardly know how to bear it.

Late in the afternoon came **Mr. and Mrs. Platt**⁵⁵² who are travelling all through Italy on a motor, taking Perkins⁵⁵³ along with them. Perkins looked terribly aged and tragic and ill, and was as insufferable as ever. He carries with him an awful "atmosphere".

Tuesday, Oct. 10, 1905

Fine.

B.B. wrote to Donna Laura reminding her that when people had reported her as calumniating him, he had not believed it, and he had told her all

⁵⁵¹ **Andrea Ponti**, nato nel 1821, alla morte del padre Giuseppe avvenuta nel 1862, diresse insieme al fratello minore **Antonio** la filanda di proprietà della famiglia "Antonio & Andrea Ponti" (attività quindi proseguita dal proprio figlio maggiore, Ettore). La sede dell'azienda si trovava nella vicina città di Gallarate, mentre la famiglia risiedeva a Varese.

Pasolini, contessa **Maria Ponti (1857-1938, married 1874)**, nata a Gallarate (Varese) il 27 luglio 1856, secondogenita di Andrea Ponti, wife of conte Pier Desiderio Pasolini (1844-1920), figlio di Giuseppe Pasolini (1815-1876), patrizio e possidente terriero che, tra le numerose cariche politiche assunte, divenne governatore di Milano nel 1860, stringendo rapporti di collaborazione con l'emergente borghesia lombarda.

la cognata Angelica

Il suo primo studio uscì con il titolo 'Una famiglia di mezzadri romagnoli nel comune di Ravenna' nel settembre 1890 sul *Giornale degli economisti* (s. 2, vol. 1, pp. 245-273).

Dal 1883, Maria Ponti visse stabilmente a Roma, a seguito degli incarichi politici del marito, deputato al Parlamento dal 1883 al 1886 e senatore dal 1889. La posizione di prestigio ricoperta della famiglia Pasolini le consentì di entrare in contatto con le personalità più eminenti della politica e della cultura del tempo, tra cui **Wilfredo Pareto** e **Gabriele D'Annunzio**.

Villa Ponti, Piazza Litta 2, Biumo Superiore, Varese.

Maria ~~Paolo~~ Ponti, *Il Giardino Italiano / The Italian Garden*, trans. Edward G. Lawson, ed. R. Terry Schnadelbach (LAUDpress 2010)

Dizionario biografico degli Italiani, vol. 84 (2015).

⁵⁵² Dan Fellows Platt (Princeton, '95; 1873-1937), art collector and the mayor of Englewood, New Jersey. His collection and papers at Princeton.

⁵⁵³ F. Mason Perkins (1874-1955). Born in Shanghai, died at Assisi.



about it. For answer she summoned him to her and said she believed all the evil she heard of him, and he left her in a rage. Silly woman, he is her last friend. Everyone hates her, and he always stood up for her.

We motored with Don Guido and saw Lugano and Ardena⁵⁵⁴ (where there is nothing) and came to Milan to dine with the **Lamberts**.⁵⁵⁵

Wednesday, Oct. 11, 1905

Bernhard took the **Lamberts** to various places, and I went to the dressmaker and also saw some churches.

After lunch we saw some more churches, and B.B. went to Cavenaghi's and met a young Turin collector named Cosa.

I Tatti

[83 121] Thursday, Oct. 12, 1905

Fine.

Came to Florence. The "direttissimo" was an hour and a quarter late. It was delicious to get home.

Friday, Oct. 13, 1905

Fine.

Called on Mrs. Nickerson.

Placci and Lucien came to tea, and young art student named Martin Bernath called, a Hungarian with no money, who cannot do anything but study art! His great interest is the influence of Flemish art upon Italian!! B.B. gave him 50 fr. and felt awful not to promise to aid him through life.

Called on Mrs. Ross in the evening.

Saturday, Oct. 14, 1905

Robert Herrick, the Chicago novelist, came to lunch, and I went down afterwards to see his wife who is ill.

I also called on those two angels, the Houghtons, who gave me a fine grotesque for our vasca, in return for our spoiling their motor for the summer!!

Wrote Tarbell, Bremner.

Sunday, Oct. 15, 1905

Fine.

⁵⁵⁴ Ardena di Brusimpiano on Lago di Lugano.

⁵⁵⁵ la baronne Zoë Lucie Betty de Rothschild, known as Lucie and 'Deborah', was born in Paris on 25 February 1863. On 31 May 1882, aged 19, she married Léon Lambert, the representative of the Rothschild Houses in Brussels.

Her father was Gustave de Rothschild

Her sister was Aline de Rothschild Sassoon

For Bernhard's discussion of homosexuality in a letter from 1906 to 'Deborah', see Samuels, *Connoisseur*, p. 64-65.



Worked. Took Mrs. Nickerson and her (boring) friend Miss Hogarth to Mrs. Ross' animal show. Mr. Browning was there.

Bernhard had a walk.

Wrote **Lucy Perkins**.⁵⁵⁶

[84 122] Monday, Oct. 16, 1905

Fine.

Went to gallery with Lucien and Placci and Mme. Henraux. Unfortunately Ricci joined us, and Placci was in a teasing humour, so things did not go off well.

We lunched at the Placcis' and then went to see some pictures for sale.

Dined with Mrs. Nickerson, who is eager and amusing. But the dinner was *too* awful!

Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1905

Glorious.

Worked. Gronau came to lunch. I drove him to town, while B.B. took a walk with Herrick.

Called on dear Houghtons. Worked over Chantilly notes.

Wrote Neith Hapgood.

***** Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1905

Glorious.

Mrs. Nickerson and Miss Hogarth and Houghton to lunch.

Called on Labouchères.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick and Horne to dine.

Wrote to Reinach urging him to take *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.⁵⁵⁷

Wrote to Donna Carmelita.

[85 123] Thursday, Oct. 19, 1905

Glorious but colder.

Mr. Benn came to lunch.

I called on Mme. de Platonoff. It seemed dreadful to listen to her woes and give her no money.

Began to enter notes of trip in lists.

Bernhard got out his manuscript and began to work.

Wrote to Mr. Cannon and Grace.

Friday, Oct. 20, 1905

Dull.

⁵⁵⁶ Lucy Olcott, the wife of F. Mason Perkins.

William Heywood and Lucy Olcott, *Guide to Siena, history and art* (Siena, E. Torrini, 1903). **Biblioteca Berenson DG975.S5 H4 1903**

⁵⁵⁷ Charles Ephrussi had died on Sept. 30, 1905; he was a part-owner (from 1885) and then editor (from 1894) of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*.



Called on Mrs. Ross who is ill with cold.

Drove to Brownings⁵⁵⁸ — Torre all'Antella⁵⁵⁹ — with Miss Hogarth, Mrs. Nickerson being too unwell to come. A lovely place.

Enjoyed our quiet evening. Bernhard got his Transition out — from Mantegna to the small fry.

Fighting a heavy cold with Dr. Duke's prescription.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1905

Dull and rainy. Cold.

Cured cold!! but taking care.

Worked. Miss Blood called.

The Houghtons and Mr. Eldred came to dine.

Bernhard going under with neuralgia and cold.

Wrote to Senda.

Sunday, Oct. 22, 1905

Maud Cruttwell and Miss Steffenburg to lunch.

Maud asked to see B.B.'s Pollajuolo⁵⁶⁰ photographs and I foolishly showed them — foolishly, for she is writing a book in a series edited by Mrs. Strong, whose object is to exploit B.B.'s work without giving him credit, and Miss C.'s other book on Verrocchio⁵⁶¹ did this to perfection.

Called on Mrs. Ross.

[86 124] Monday, Oct. 23, 1905

Rainy.

Mr. and Mrs. Labouchère and the de Rudinis came to lunch. Mrs. L. was most amusing about two men who wore masks and played a street organ, giving out that they were noblemen in disguise, and all the poor women gave them huge sums. "You can't give 6p to an "Irish Earl'." Labby said all you saw of them were four red hands like ____gers taking the money!

I called on Mrs. Sears and got stuffed with Boston miasma.

Horne came to tea and dinner.

Houghton called.

Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1905

Cloudy and dull.

Worked. Drove to town and called on Leonide (to see her baby) and the Fabbris (who were out).

⁵⁵⁸ **Robert Wiedeman Barrett Browning**, known as **Pen Browning**, (1849-1912), an English painter and the son and heir of [Robert Browning](#) and [Elizabeth Barrett Browning](#). He also bought and restored the [Ca' Rezzonico](#) in [Venice](#).

⁵⁵⁹ La Torre all'Antella, a large estate of 20 farms above Bagno a Ripoli.

⁵⁶⁰ Maud Cruttwell, *Antonio Pollaiuolo* (London: Duckworth & New York: Scribner's, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.P75 C8 1907**

⁵⁶¹ Maud Cruttwell, *Verrocchio* (London: Duckworth & New York: Scribner's, 1904). **Biblioteca Berenson N6923.V4 C7 1904**



Algar and Houghton called here to see B.B.

In the evening I read Ray's novel aloud. B.B. found it has real promise.

Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1905

Pouring.

We had a melancholy morning finding so many of our magazines gone.

How *do* things go astray!

Then our Tabernacolo came from Cavenaghi *smashed*. It was a terrible disappointment! And so unnecessary; it was simply careless packing.

Upon this came Vesme (Director of Turin gallery) to lunch, and he stayed till 5.30. We thought we should die. He is a nice modest man though.

We called on Mrs. Ross.

Will Rothenstein and his brother came to dinner and we had some interesting talk about art.

Motor

[87 125] Thursday, Oct. 26, 1905

Rainy.

Worked.

Rothenstein again to dine.

Friday, Oct. 27, 1905

Fine.

Tea with Maud.

Dined with Mrs. Ross.

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1905

Fine, glorious.

Placci and Lucien to lunch.

Countess Ludolf and her sister Antinori called. Also Brauer.

Houghton came and I went in his motor to call on Mrs. Thorold and Mrs. Sears.

Kerr-Lawson to dine, nicer than I have ever known him.

Sunday, Oct. 29, 1905

Fairly fine.

Motored with Houghton to Lucardo,⁵⁶² Gambassi,⁵⁶³ San Vivaldo,⁵⁶⁴ and got home late.

⁵⁶² una frazione del comune di Montespertoli

⁵⁶³ near Certaldo.

⁵⁶⁴ San Vivaldo è una frazione del comune di Montaione



Motoring

[88 126] Monday, Oct. 30, 1905

Fine.

Worked.

Called on Horne, Houghton and Mrs. Cassini.

Tuesday, Oct. 31, 1905

Fine and then rain.

I motored with Mr. and Mrs. Houghton to Siena. It was very beautiful.

Bernhard has Mrs. Sears and the Thorolds to dine.

All Saints' Day, Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1905

Fine, then rain.

Motored via Castelnuovo Berardenga to Arezzo. Gloriously beautiful.

Talked five hours at Arezzo a propos of H. and M.⁵⁶⁵ and their differences. Most interesting and illuminating. I learnt much.

B.B. had his Portuguese friend Don Pedro Carvalho Vaz⁵⁶⁶ to lunch, who stayed four hours speaking evil of all the ladies he knew, and the Rothensteins to tea and dinner, whom he *greatly* enjoyed.

[89 127] Thursday, Nov. 2, 1905

Fine and then rain.

Motored across the Consuma Pass on the edge of glorious storms. It was very beautiful.

At Pontassieve the rain came on, and we got here drenched.

Read Mrs. Zangwill's novel *The First Mrs. Mulivar*⁵⁶⁷ — very poor.

Friday, Nov. 3, 1905

Rainy and scirocco.

Christina Bremner here.

Quiet day. Finished entering notes of trips.

Christina Bremner arrived at 11. We had a walk in the afternoon and called on Mrs. Ross.

B.B. gave birth to another "transition", and began also an article on a portrait by Cosimo Rosselli he discovered at M. Spiridon's.⁵⁶⁸ I began one on the Taddeo di Bartoli⁵⁶⁹ we discovered at Le Puy.

Saturday, Nov. 4, 1905

Scirocco and damp.

⁵⁶⁵ 'Houghton and Mary', that is, Edmund and Mary Houghton.

⁵⁶⁶

⁵⁶⁷ Edith Ayrton Zangwill, *The first Mrs. Mollivar* (London: Smith, Elder, 1906).

⁵⁶⁸ Cosimo Rosselli (1439–1507), *Portrait of a Man*, Collection of Joseph Spiridon, Paris.

⁵⁶⁹ (Siena, 1362–1422).



Christina Bremner here.

I am sorry to say I got more ragingly angry than I have been in *years*. What could have possessed me? It was horrible! There was no adequate cause either.

B.B. wrote an article for the *Rassegna* on portraits by Botticini and Cosimo Rosselli, and I wrote one on the Taddeo di Bartolis in France.

We had tea with Placci and called on the Contessa D'Orsay.

Christina and Houghton and I shopped.

Sunday, Nov. 5, 1905

Scirocco.

Sent off articles and illustrations.

Just as we were starting off to the Gamberaja, the Platts came, and made a desolating impression on us, he, at least.

Then Mrs. Nickerson, Mr. and Miss Sears, Mrs and Miss Gardner,⁵⁷⁰ Miss Hogarth and Mr. McMeiken.

[90 128] Monday, Nov. 6, 1905

Glorious and as warm as summer.

Mrs. Sears called.

Mrs. and Miss Gardner came to lunch.

Christina left.

Dr. Giglioli and his wife called. Wife a bore.

Walked over in moonlight and called on Mrs. Sears.

Finished Santayana's volume on art.⁵⁷¹ Poor.

Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1905

Fine then rain.

Took Mrs. Sears to the Academy. She was delightful. I like her very much. I hardly know any woman I like more.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Howells came to lunch — nice people with no harm and not much interest in them.

We walked with them up the hill. Then the rain came, and then Mrs. Fagan (I don't like her) and two Old Girls called Casella to tea. They do "art work".

B.B. reading Gabineau's *Inégalité des races*.⁵⁷²

Wednesday, Nov. 8, 1905

Terrible rain.

⁵⁷⁰ Gardner?

⁵⁷¹ Perhaps vol. 4 in George Santayana (1863-1952), *The life of reason, or, The phases of human progress* (New York: Scribner's, 1905-06). **Biblioteca Berenson House B945.S23 L7 1905**

⁵⁷² Arthur Gobineau (1816-1882), *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*, 2. éd., 2 vol. (Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1884). **Biblioteca Berenson House CB195 .G55 1884 [Shelved as SAL.IX.6.]**



Worked. I like a rainy day for work, and then went to Brauer's to see if he could get Aynard's⁵⁷³ Fra Angelico for Mrs. Sears. He gave me his Giovanni di Paolo *Paradise* to tempt her with, but she was ill in bed, and I did not see her when I called.

With many groans and sighs, Bernhard produced a (really splendid) chapter on Tura.

[91 129] Thursday, Nov. 9, 1905

Showery.

Salvemini came to lunch, and was most interesting.

Placci came at 2.30, and was exactly the reverse, stupid, capricious, exasperating, almost offensive.

The Marchese Antinori, who came later, says everyone is beginning to notice it in Carlo. He is growing intolerable.

I called on the Gardners and on Maud Cruttwell.

Bernhard wrote his section of Cossa.

Friday, Nov. 10, 1905

Dull but not raining.

Worked. Mr. Morgan came to lunch.

I went to the Bargello with the Gardners⁵⁷⁴ and Mrs. Sears. Very pleasant. Little Mrs. Gardner was ecstatic. We had tea at Giacosa's.

Then I called on the dear Houghtons, and Edmund and I went to see a "Fra Filippo" (Botticini) that is for sale.

Bernhard wrote his Ercole Roberti.

Saturday, Nov. 11, 1905

Cloudy and dull.

Lunched with Labouchères and were taken to see the Landau library — a disappointment.

Horne came to dine and told us of Agnew having sold a fake Botticelli to Mr. Davis for £4,800 and taking it back less 10%, corking it up, Fairfax Murray selling it for £6,000 and now offering to take it back less another 10%!!

Sunday, Nov. 12, 1905

Terrific rain, clearing towards noon.

Miss Cruttwell and the Gigliolis came to lunch. Poor Dr. Giglioli — she does seem a bore!

I took Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Nickerson to call on Miss Blood.

The Houghtons and Mr. Sargent came to dine.

⁵⁷³ Mathieu dit Édouard Aynard (1837-1913), un [banquier](#) et un homme politique [lyonnais](#), catholique et libéral, ancien député du [Rhône](#) et grand [mécène](#).

⁵⁷⁴ Isabella?



[92 130] Monday, Nov. 13, 1905

Steady pour.

Risi Visconti Venosta to lunch.

I took Mrs. Sears and the Gardners to the Medici Tombs. The Thorolds came in the evening.

Finished March Phillipps' *In the Desert*.⁵⁷⁵

Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1905

Rain and then lifting a little.

Took the ladies to the Uffizi.

An American doctor declares the Venus (Botticelli's) a consumptive type, and was confirmed in this view by finding out that the model died of consumption a few years after Botticelli painted her — — !!

Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1905

Rain.

Took them to the Carmine and Santo Spirito, in spite of the rain.

Called on the poor old Platonoff, who has, I fear, been drinking again, and picked up B.B. at Horne's.

Bernhard is quite absorbed in the Veronese; he has found the way to treat them.

[93 131] Thursday, Nov. 16, 1905

Dull.

Mrs. Sears came to lunch. B.B. and I drove over to the Labouchères and paid a call.

In the evening Mrs. and Miss Gardner came to dine.

Jephson wrote to say he had £150 set aside for us — really it is very nice of him, and it comes at *just* the right time.

Friday, Nov. 17, 1905

Fine!!

Mrs. Sears came for a walk after lunch. **We went up by the Grove.** It was most beautiful, and we all enjoyed it.

Then she and I called on Mrs. Ross, and Dr. Giglioli came back here with me to see B.B. who was just finishing his section on the Veronese — a very good bit.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1905

Dull.

Miss Paterson and Mrs. Ragg came to lunch. I drove in with them and called on Mrs. Maclean.

⁵⁷⁵ Lisle March Phillipps (1863-1917), *In the Desert* (London: Edward Arnold, 1905).
Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DT333 .P54 1905



Bernhard walked over⁵⁷⁶ and called on Benn and I stopped for him in the carriage.

Horne came to dine, moderately talkative.

I finished type-writing Ray's story.

Sunday, Nov. 19, 1905

Dull and scirocco.

Lunched with Mrs. Fagan and the Casellas. Her house is too horrible for words!

Called on Mrs. Ross.

Came back and had three hours work.

B.B. defining "Prettiness" in art, apropos of the Milanese.

[94 132] Monday, Nov. 20, 1905

Dull, rainy.

Went to Pitti with Gardners and Sears, also the Pazzi Chapel.

Called on the Antinoris — she⁵⁷⁷ is a poor little frightened thing, so scatter-witted she can't follow a sentence to the end, nor speak any language.

Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Nickerson dined here.

Finished volume I of Life of Burne Jones.⁵⁷⁸

Tuesday, Nov. 21, 1905

Pour.

Awful day! We are, however, eating so much less that we don't so much feel the lack of exercise. *How* much better one is eating only a little!

I wrote a dull and brief article for Reinach on the pictures at Moulins, and Bernhard stared at his paper trying to find something to say about Foppa.

He has finished Gobineau's *Inégalité des races*.⁵⁷⁹

Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1905

Pour.

Mrs. and Miss Gardner called to say goodbye.

Said goodbye to Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Nickerson who went to Naples.

Called on Mrs. Ross to hear musician Toselli⁵⁸⁰ — not satisfactory.

Read Balzac, *La maison du chat qui pelote*.⁵⁸¹

⁵⁷⁶ To Villa Il Ciliegio, in via del Palmerino, from Mensola.

⁵⁷⁷ Egisto Fabbri's sister, Nathalie Fabbri Antinori (1870-1931), for whom he refreshed the facade of the ancient Villa Antinori.

⁵⁷⁸ Malcolm Bell, *Edward Burne Jones: A Record & Review* (London: George Bell, 1893).

Biblioteca Berenson Deposit ND497.B87 B45 1893

⁵⁷⁹ Arthur Gobineau (1816-1882), *Essai sur l'inégalité des races humaines*, 2. éd., 2 vol. (Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1884). **Biblioteca Berenson House CB195 .G55 1884 [Shelved as SAL.IX.6.]**

⁵⁸⁰ Enrico Toselli, Count of Montignoso (1883-1926), pianist and composer.

⁵⁸¹ Honoré de Balzac, *La maison du chat-qui-pelote* (1829).



[95 133] Thursday, Nov. 23, 1905

Rain.

Mr. Benn and Mrs. Maclean and her niece Miss Campbell to lunch. Drove them to town early and did more errands.

Bernhard reading Hodgkin's *Invaders of Italy*.⁵⁸²

Read *Une fille d'Eve*.⁵⁸³

Friday, Nov. 24, 1905

Rain.

Risi Visdconti-Venosta came to lunch.

Called on Serristori and on Horne.

Bought photos at Alinari's.

Wrote to Reinach and Guido and Placci and Mr. Cannon.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1905

Fine at last!!!

Finished *Life of Burne Jones*.

Drove to Morgans' and walked down⁵⁸⁴ — a most glorious walk.

Bernhard still grappling with Leonardo and the Milanese.

I wrote to Michael.

Sunday, Nov. 26, 1905

Fine.

So glorious we walked in woods in morning and stayed in garden in afternoon.

Contessa Serristori came, and her niece and daughter.

Egisto Fabbri and Contessa Ludolf to dine.

[96 134] Monday, Nov. 27, 1905

Fine.

Worked.

Took a long walk in the woods. It was enchanting.

Poor Karin has to have an operation on her ear, as the bone is diseased.

Tuesday, Nov. 28, 1905

Cloudy.

I went to town for errands, which all went wrong.

But we walked and talked in the afternoon and enjoyed ourselves, and saw the Villa Tenagli,⁵⁸⁵ which would do for us very well if we have to move from here.

⁵⁸² Thomas Hodgkin (1831-1913), *Italy and her invaders*, 2nd ed., 8 v. in 9 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892-1899). **Biblioteca Berenson DG503 .H68 1892**

⁵⁸³ Honoré de Balzac, *Une fille d'Eve* (1838).

⁵⁸⁴ From Monte Fanna to Castel del Poggio and via di Vincigliata.

⁵⁸⁵ Tenaglia?
scala a tenaglia, curved stairs



And then Bernhard finished Luini, ending up with a charming bit that delighted me.

Horne came to dine — not wildly exciting.

Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1905

Pour!!

Worked.

Called on Mrs. Buttles and Mrs. Fagan.

Read *La Femme de Trente Ans*⁵⁸⁶ not one of Balzac's best.

Bernhard reading a Swedish novel and writing on Bresciani.

[97 135] Thursday, Nov. 30, 1905

Windy.

Worked.

Called on Mrs. Ross and walked with B.B.

The Thorolds and Mrs. Cassini and Mrs. Houghton dined here. Edmund has gone to London to buy a telescope!!

Mrs. Cassini spent the night. She is very nervous as her divorce comes up on Monday.

Friday, Dec. 1, 1905

Better.

Worked.

Risi Visconti Venosta came to lunch.

B.B. went down to see Brauer.

Saturday, Dec. 2, 1905

Fine.

Rather worried about Karin's ear, but a telegram saying the doctor said the 18th would be all right for the operation relieved my mind.

B.B. walked with Fabbri, and I went with Horne to see the Villa Niccolini-<Alamanni>,⁵⁸⁷ which I think would suit us very well.

Sunday, Dec. 3, 1905

Fine.

Hendrik Andersen called. He was on his way to see d'Annunzio.

We called on Miss Blood, walking there and back. Enchanting day.

⁵⁸⁶ Honoré de Balzac, *La Femme de Trente Ans* (1842).

⁵⁸⁷ Mary wrote 'Alemanna'.

Villa Niccolini-Alamanni. L'Ertà Canina, una strada ripidissima che porta questo nome e che va dai colli di Montughi a quelli di Careggi.

Others: Villa Niccolini, Prato.

Villa Niccolini o villa Medicea di Camugliano di Ponsacco, Pisa.



[98 136] Monday, Dec. 4, 1905

Fine.

B.B. working on Correggio, in a funk lest nothing should "come" to say about him — a sort of recurrent stage-fright he has!

Mrs. Ross and Horne came to dinner. Mrs. Ross was very amusing.

Tuesday, Dec. 5, 1905

Cloudy but fine.

Miss Paterson and Miss Booth (clever and observant but quiet) came to lunch. I drove them down, went to Bank, and then came to Mrs. Ross who had a pianist there, a nice man named Ugo Cagnacci.

B.B. walked to Benn's and then came home and worked like a demon on Correggio till 8.30 getting him half done.

Both read *A Modern Symposium* by Dickinson.⁵⁸⁸

Wednesday, Dec. 6, 1905

Cloudy.

Went over to meet Don Guido, but as the train was an hour and a quarter late I called on Mme. de Platonoff and Maud Cruttwell.

Guido was very nice, but oh Milanese dullness is settling upon him. He takes almost no interest in any intellectual question. B.B. and I both felt it in a most melancholy way.

B.B. began his epilogue on the Decline of Art.

[99 137] Thursday, Dec. 7, 1905

Fine.

Went down with Don Guido to town and got my ticket, etc.

Walked in afternoon.

Had dinner party in evening, with Lawsons and Thorolds and Mrs. Nickerson, who came in a new Worth dress! It went off fairly well. We discussed whom Mrs. N. ought to know, and decided that she couldn't possibly know anybody but ourselves — such is Florence!

Friday, Dec. 8, 1905

Glorious. Very warm.

Don Guido left at 9.30.

Risi Visconti Venosta came to lunch, and we sat out in the garden.

Mrs. Maclean and her niece came to call.

Worked.

Both read Rev. Smith, *Chinese Character*.⁵⁸⁹

⁵⁸⁸ Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (1862-1932), *A modern symposium* (London: Brimley, Johnson, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DA566.4 .D53 1905**

⁵⁸⁹ Arthur Henderson Smith, *Chinese Characteristics* (New York: Revell, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson Asian & Islamic Collection DS735 .S66** (Edinburgh: Olliphant ?)



Saturday, Dec. 9, 1905

Fine day.
Work.
Bothered over missing magazines.
Drove nearly to Fiesole and walked back, a heavenly walk.
Worked.
Dr. Giglioli called.

Sunday, Dec. 10, 1905

[blank]

[100 138] Monday, Dec. 11, 1905

Fine.
Took Mrs. Nickerson to call on Mrs. Labouchère.

Tuesday, Dec. 12, 1905

Fine.
Delicious walks and talks.
Dined with Mrs. Nickerson and Thorolds.

Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1905

Cold. Fine.
Went out in Mrs. Fitzgeralds's motor to call on Browning. Le Strange was there.

[101 139] Thursday, Dec. 14, 1905

Fine.
Started for London at 2.35.
Bernhard had a walk with Fabbri, and tea with Carlo Placci who was "full of admiration of his own happiness and all the wonderful privileges he enjoys in life."

Friday, Dec. 15, 1905

Algar came to stay with Bernhard.
Spent night at Paris. Dined with Willy.
Florence: Mme. d'Orsay and Rizi Visconti lunched with Bernhard.
Lestranger came to tea.
Wonderful day. "... pour entre les jours".
Bernhard went to the Bagazzano with Fabbri and Miss Blood and Princess Ghika.

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1905

Reached London 7.5.
Ray, Karin and Mother in flat.
Florence: Miss Blood came to tea.



Sunday, Dec. 17, 1905

Washed Karin's hair. Took her to nursing home.

Florence: Bernhard and Algar called on Miss Blood.

[102 140] Monday, Dec. 18, 1905

Karin's operation, 9.30-11.30 — a perfectly terrible one, and unexpectedly so. The doctor (Dr. Heath) thought it would be a more or less ordinary mastoid operation, but he found a terrible abscess and the bone frightfully diseased. I stayed in — it was awful, but the doctors were so skillful, it relieved the strain.

Florence: Fine. Miss Halsey lunched with Bernhard. Tea at Labouchères.

Tuesday, Dec. 19, 1905

Karin feeling sick, but no fever.

Florence: Heavenly weather. He had Mrs. Nickerson, Mrs. Sears and Mr. Schlesinger to lunch.

Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1905

Karin getting better — has an appetite.

Florence: Drizzling and damp. Bernhard had tea with the Contessa d'Orsay and met Muravieff⁵⁹⁰ "young, highly perfumed, wears bracelets, knows Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and has a fondness for old women."

Reading Gobineau's *Trois ans en Asie*⁵⁹¹ and Frazer's *Kingship*.⁵⁹²

[103 141] Thursday, Dec. 21, 1905

Karin better. Shopped a little with Ray.

Florence: Fairyland weather! Alice Duke and Miss Morowitz had tea with Bernhard. He finished vol. IV of Hodgkin's *Italy, her Invaders*.

Friday, Dec. 22, 1905

Karin better. Shopped with Ray.

Florence: Misty. Bernhard had tea with the Placcis.

Saturday, Dec. 23, 1905

Karin getting better and better. She is most entertaining and it is great fun talking to her.

Florence: Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Fitzgerald came to lunch. Mist below but fine up the hill. Horne to dine.

⁵⁹⁰ Perhaps comte Piotr Petrovitch **Mouravieff**, amiral et secrétaire d'État à la Marine de guerre impériale. See entry for Dec. 28, 1905

⁵⁹¹ Arthur, comte de Gobineau (1816-1882), *Trois ans en Asie, de 1855 à 1858* (Paris: E. Leroux, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson House DS258 .G57 1905 [Shelved as SAL.IX. 7.]**

⁵⁹² James George Frazer (1854-1941), *Lectures on the early history of the kingship* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit JC375 .F84 1905**



Sunday, Dec. 24, 1905

Karin improving.
Florence: Benn to lunch.

[104 142] Monday, Dec. 25, 1905

London. Fine.
I got to Church — a Palestrina Mass, very beautiful.
Florence: Bernhard at Labouchère's.

Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1905

Karin better.
Nowers called.
Bernhard at Labouchère's talked with the Princess Kudacheff, Trepov's niece.⁵⁹³

Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1905

Roger came to lunch and said he would try to get Glaenzer to buy the Lotto. He took Ray and me to see the Velasquez Venus.⁵⁹⁴
Bernhard lunched with Placcis and took Mrs. Sears to Bardini's.
Labouchère's Christmas tree.

[105 143] Thursday, Dec. 28, 1905

Bernhard had Muravieff⁵⁹⁵ and the Countess d'Orsay to tea.
Dined with Mrs. Nickerson and Miss Sears.

Friday, Dec. 29, 1905

I lunched with Mrs. Halsey.
Called on Glaenzer and sold Lotto picture.
Ray went to Paris.
Bernhard had tea with the Serristori after lunch with Gronaus. Horne spent night with him.

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1905

Karin always better.
Jephson called.
Bernhard had tea with Koudascheus,⁵⁹⁶ dined with Mrs. Ross and Miss Erichsen.

Sunday, Dec. 31, 1905

Tea at Doughty House with Cooks and saw pictures.

⁵⁹³ ? Kudacheff ?Koudacheff

Alexander Fyodorovitch Trepov (1862-1928), the Prime Minister of Russia from 23 November 1916 until 9 January 1917

⁵⁹⁴ The Rokeby Venus was already on view at the National Gallery?

⁵⁹⁵ Perhaps comte Piotr Petrovitch **Mouravieff**, amiral et secrétaire d'État à la Marine de guerre impériale.

⁵⁹⁶ ? Koudascheu



Dinner with the dear Michael Fields.



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Diary 10, 1906

[007]

Letts's Rough Diary and Almanac for 1906; two pages for each week

[008-031 various information]

[1 032] Monday, Jan. 1, 1906⁵⁹⁷

London. Fine

Spent day with Karin.

Florence: Bernhard drove to San Clemente.

Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1906

Rain.

Adbury Lodge, Newbury.

Came to Jephsons. It rained all day. They are kind and Mounteney most affectionate, but they are so desperately unthinking and uninterested in nought that they bore me terribly — alas!

Dined with Jamet and Mr. Streatfield and saw Shaw's play *Major Barbara* — did not like it.

Florence: Bernhard received a request for his biography from the *Encyclopédie Larousse*. Gronau and Placci lunched with him. Then he called on the Serristori.

Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1906

Day with Karin, but lunched with Janet at Mrs. Phillpot's.

Florence: Bernhard lunched with the Placcis. Carlo took him to see the Tolonimeis's⁵⁹⁸ "family" pictures — i.e. job lots we have known for years in antiquity shops!

He went with Horne over Davanzati Palace.

[2 0033] Thursday, Jan. 4, 1906

London. Fine.

Friday, Jan. 5, 1906

London. Fine.

Day with Karin. Jephson called and brought her some fruit.

Bernhard (in Florence) had a call from Prince Koudacheff. Says weather is horrid and damp.

Saturday, Jan. 6, 1906

London. Fine.

Morning with Karin. Stopped for a few minutes at Carfax to see their show, and talked with Ross and Holmes.

⁵⁹⁷ Information on scans 0007-

⁵⁹⁸ Tolomei?



Bernhard (in Florence) had a delightful call from the Countess Serristori — also a call from Miss Cruttwell.

Sunday, Jan. 7, 1906

London. Fine then rain.

Palestrina Mass and Vespers at Cathedral. Fetched Karin home and she went to both with me.

Had tea with Emily Dawson and a talk with Graham Wallas.

Bernhard had the Davidsohns, Mrs. Ross, Miss Erichsen to lunch and called on Miss Blood for *two* hours!!

[3 0034] Monday, Jan. 8, 1906

London. Rainy.

Shopping with Grandma in morning and by myself in afternoon.

Britten came to dine.

Florence: Horrid weather. Placci too Bernhard to the Max Strozzi's, to see the pictures. Miss Erichsen came to tea.

Bernhard had a perfectly sleepless night.

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1906

London. Fine and then a thunder and hail shower!

Shopping ___ in morning. Called on Mrs. Rendel.

Florence: Glorious visit from Serristori.

Reading Lafcadio Hearn's *Japan*⁵⁹⁹ and *Gesta Romanorum*.⁶⁰⁰

Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1906

Karin had theatre party.

Florence: Horrid weather. Tea with d'Orsay, Serristori, and Muravieff.⁶⁰¹

[4 0037] Thursday, Jan. 11, 1906

Karin went to canvas with Alys in S. West House and returned with Arthur Dakyns.

Bernhard called on Muravieff — **Villa Morena**⁶⁰² furnished in awful taste.

Friday, Jan. 12, 1906

Fine and then rain.

Tea with Michaels at Richmond.

Ray returned from Paris. Karin canvassing.

Willy turned up at I Tatti. B.B. lunched with the Howells. Strozzi's and

⁵⁹⁹ Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904), *Japan: an attempt at interpretation* (New York: Macmillan, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson Asian & Islamic Collection DS810 .H43 1905**

⁶⁰⁰ *Gesta Romanorum*, ed. Hermann Oesterley (Berlin: Weidmann, 1872). **Biblioteca Berenson PA8320 1872**

⁶⁰¹

⁶⁰² ? villa Moreni (Sesto Fiorentino)



Miss Blood called.

Horne dined with B.B.

Saturday, Jan. 13, 1906

Fine.

Called with Ray on Fisher Unwin, who said he would take her novel if she would lengthen it! But we shall try the Century first.

Karin went to Haslemere. Alys up for night.

Bernhard lunched with Placci who says that Florentine society is horrible in its monotony. All the **swell** young women discuss the joys of **sodomy** and justify Princess Strozzi's intrigues.

Sunday, Jan. 14, 1906

Fine.

Emily called. Packed — a most beastly occupation.

Miss Rees Jones came to lunch. Mitchells called. Ray played Dancing Bear.

Lawsons called. B.B. had Agnes to dine.

[5 0038] Monday, Jan. 15, 1906

Crossed to Paris.

Went to Mrs. Nickerson at Hotel Belmont, rue de Bassano.

Willy at I Tatti.

Bernhad reading Green's *History of England*, Hearne's *Japan*, *Gesta Romanorum* and H___ on Plants and Domestic Animals.

I am reading Balzac *Grand Homme de Province*.⁶⁰³

___elly's friends dined at I Tatti.

Tuesday, Jan. 16, 1906

Fine in Paris.

Met Roger and Mr. Stuyvesant at Durand-Ruel's and saw their private collection, Cézannes and Degas very fine.

Stuyvesant an idiot. Roger and I lunched with him, and then went to see some Watteaus for sale.

Saw "Vers l'Amour" at Anto___ in evening.

Bernhard and Willy lunched with Placci and dined with Mrs. Ross. Concert.

Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1906

Called on Reinach. Lunched with Mrs. Sears. Went to Waths with her, then called on Dreyfus and Foulc.

Dined with Mrs. Cunningham and saw *Le Réveil* at the Français — horrible.

[6 0039] Thursday, Jan. 18, 1906

Went to dressmaker's with Mrs. Nickerson. Lunched with Reinach. Called

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on Miss Mintum and the Wilds. Willy carefully informed D. Dana that I wished him not to see Ray while she was in Paris — the young brute! But I find this excites almost universal admiration! Willy's friends lunched with Bernhard, who had tea with the Serristori.

I left Paris at 8.35.

Friday, Jan. 19, 1906

Bâle to Milan. Horrid journey, but mitigated by sleeping-powder (trional).

Guido met me at 3.10 and took me to Grandi's and Cavenaghi's. Dined with him and Frizzoni and Cavenaghi. It is so funny to come from the excitement of the General Election and the sweeping Liberal victory to a nest of quiet Connoisseurs.

Bernhard rather worried about Loschi Giorgione.

Willy left.

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1906

Home. Cold and windy.

Train 9.35-5. Bernhard met me. He is nice, I am perfectly happy to see him again.

Sunday, Jan. 21, 1906

Very cold and windy.

Called on Mrs. Ross and Miss Blood.

[7 0040] Monday, Jan. 22, 1906

Cold and windy.

Miss Erichsen staying.

Settled in. Called on Maud Cruttwell who had the crazy idea of founding a paper to glorify B.B.! Sat on the scheme.

Bernhard called on the Contessa D'Orsay, and enjoyed Prince Lichtenstein and Mme. Narischkine. The Serristori came in and was divine. B.B. whispered fervently to her, "I adore you!"

Put away Trecento Florentine photographs.

Tuesday, Jan. 23, 1906

Very cold, very windy, a little snow.

Miss Eriksen.

Benn to lunch. Called on Mrs. Ross and Miss Erichsen. Engaged a new gardener. Looked over accounts.

Bernhard arranged Florentine photographs.

Very cold!

Wrote Horne and to Senda, etc.

Wednesday, Jan. 24, 1906

Fine but windy.

Miss Erichsen.

Worked in morning. B.B. preparing for an article on Yerkes' Collection.



Placci came to lunch, with a letter from Vernon Lee asking him to read an article of hers (in proof) about the aesthetics of music — an attempt to pick his brains. He insisted on reading it to us. It was awfully poor and trite.

He and B.B. had a walk, and Miss Erichsen and I walked to the Villa Tenagli.

The Thorolds came to dine.

Wrote Reinach, Guido, Mother, Neith Hapgood, etc.

[8 0041] Thursday, Jan. 25, 1906

Glorious.

Miss Erichsen.

Bernhard went to see sights with Miss Blood in the morning, and I walked with Miss Erichsen.

Cagnacci came and played to us in the afternoon Beethoven and Scarlatti and Bach. Delightful.

Bernhad dined with Mme Narischkine — not exciting.

Miss Blood said perhaps they would let us have the Gamberaia!

Wrote to Charles Ricketts, Herbert Cook, the Zangwills, Aunty Lill, Bessie Taylor, Carey, Leslie Hopkinson, Sarah Nordhoff, Mounteney Jephson, Mother, Karin, etc.

Friday, Jan. 26, 1906

Freezing and cloudy.

Miss Erichsen.

Went to Beethoven Concert. Buonamici played divinely! Sat with Placci and the Serristori. Placci chuckling because he had made the paper put B.B. and Vernon Lee together as attending the concert.

Quartet in La Maggiore Op. 18; Sonata Do minore, Piano and Violin Op. 30, No. 2; Trio in Re Magg. Op. 70, No. 1.

Wrote to Guido, Lina, Bemboni, Marcel Reymond, Mother, Miss Zeller, Christina, Perkins.

Saturday, Jan. 27, 1906

Glorious.

Miss Erichsen.

Washed our hair and sat in the sun in the garden.

Miss Cruttwell came up. Drove to town with Miss Erichsen, paid some calls, etc. Serristori and Placci to tea — the former stayed on till 7.

Wrote to Mrs. Sears and Colliers' Weekly.

Sunday, Jan. 28, 1906

Fine.

Miss Erichsen.

Agnes Steffenburg to lunch. Miss Erichsen and I called on Miss Blood and walked back through woods.



Mr. Gayley has sold our Tonopah Extension⁶⁰⁴ shares for \$7,682.32 — we paid 700 dollars. B.B. has asked him to reinvest it.

Wrote to Roger Fry, Miss Cruttrwell, home.

[9 0042] Monday, Jan. 29, 1906

Fine.

Miss Erichsen went to Rome at 5.

Read Miss Blood's rotten book, *Nourritures terrestres*.⁶⁰⁵

Bernhard finished his article on the Yerkes Collection and I typed it and sent it off to the *Rassegna*.

Placci and Mme. Narischkine and Prince Lichtenstein came to walk in the woods, but I stayed behind to see Miss Erichsen off, and receive a call from Algar, who had a letter from Maeterlinck praising his article on him in *The Independent*.

Wrote to Grace, Guido, Reinach, Mr. Cannon, and home.

Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1906

Fine.

Began very badly disagreeing about Roger Fry and other "snakes". Bernhard is too thin-skinned.

He walked in woods while I saw the Villa Margarita⁶⁰⁶ with Don Randi and paid calls.

Read *Tuscan Sketches* by Isabelle Atherton.

B.B. reading a German book on Procopius.

Wrote to Alban, Michael Field, Guido, Britten Christina Bremner, M. Reymond, B.B.'s mother, Ray, Miss Bakewell, Mother, Miss Erichsen, Mrs. Emanuel Moor and Mr. Bain, Willy.

Called on Platonoff, Miss Hartshome, Miss Longyear.

Wednesday, Jan. 31, 1906

Glorious.

Worked.

Drove immediately after lunch to see a villa behind the Villa Lemmi,⁶⁰⁷ where the Servites must have had a school. The Mother Superior was a sweet old thing. The place is beautiful, but too large for us.

When I got back, I found the Serristori, and we talked about those sensations of our youth which form the type of all other enjoyment. Hers came from the Naples Aquarium.

Wrote to Lucy Perkins, Senda, Mother, Mrs. Longyear, the Machesa Strozzi.

⁶⁰⁴ a silver mine in Tonopah, Nevada.

⁶⁰⁵ André Gide, *Les nourritures terrestres* (*The Fruits of the Earth*), a prose-poem published in 1897.

⁶⁰⁶ Dan Randi? ? Castiglion Fiorentino

⁶⁰⁷ Villa Lemmi già Tornabuoni, via Taddeo Alderotti 56, Careggi.



[10 0043] Thursday, Feb. 1, 1906

Fine but windy.

Bernhard not feeling well, but revised Borgognone list.

Called on Brauer about Antinori's della Robbia.

Music at 4 — only the Kerr-Lawsons came. Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Scarlatti.

I must work more, time is rushing by!

Wrote to Reinach (about Campana brochure), Platonoff, Vesme, Karin.

Friday, Feb. 2, 1906

Fine — a little cloudy.

Dressmaker.

Finished typing Ferrara-Bologna lists and began Vercelli.

B.B. finished Solario.

Called on the Strozzi at 3 — she is rather agreeable.

Then had a very dull tea with Placcis, and B.B. called on Agnes. He objected to my Easter plans.

Wrote to Signor Ulrich Jaeger about Defendente, cook of Cova for carrot receipt, Mother, Robertson for his election and Mrs. Cassini.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1906

Cloudy. Cold.

Somehow a bad day — both of us feeling dreadfully low.

The Serristori came, feeling the same, but we all cheered up talking about education.

Miss Blood came in and joined in the discussion.

Earlier I called on Mrs. Ross and the Markbys and saw over the Villa Linda, which would do very well for the Hapgoods.

Wrote Mother, Civigria, Mr. Cannon, Mrs. Remington ____, Thorold, Vesme, Fr. Brown, Ray.

Sunday, Feb. 4, 1906

Cold and cloudy.

Finished typing Cremonese, Paduan and Parmese Schools.

B.B. did Luini.

Called on Braggiottis — dogs and children ____, on Mrs. Labouchère — very amusing — and on Princess Kundaschieff (out).

Wrote Horne, Fry, Ray, M. Reymard, Miss Bakewell, Grace, Mrs. Trevelyan,

____ Guido Cagnola.

[11 044] Monday, Feb. 5, 1906

Grey and windy.

Worked over Veronese.

Placci came to tea. I called on the Platonoff.



Wrote to Mother, Ray, Ellie, Mr. Putnam, Don Guido, Mr. Scott, Mr. Keynes, Britten, Reinach, Cagnola, Logan, Mrs. Remington, Dr. Heath, Mother Superior Mantellati.

Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1906

Very windy, grey, cold.

Worked on Veronese, B.B. on Piedmontese.

The parish priest of Badia di Isola (Guido Profeti) came to lunch.

We called on Mrs. Ross and the Markbys, on Brauer and then on the Thorolds.

Wrote Rezia Corsini, Maud Cruttwell, Grace, Mrs. Berenson, Christina, Mother.

Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1906

Windy and cold.

Mother's 74th Birthday.

B.B. went to Academy and Santa Croce with Miss Blood. I typed more Veronese.

In the afternoon we left cards on Mrs. Middlemore and Mme Zoubow and called on the Houghtons who have just got back. He has bought *two* telescopes!

B.B. wrote to Mrs. Gardner and D'Annunzio.

Wrote Holmes (Burlington), Roger (Terburgh), Maud Cruttwell, Guido (twice!), Mother, Mrs. Fletcher Vane.

[12 045] Thursday, Feb. 8, 1906

Fairly nice.

Worked on Moretto and the Morones, B.B. on the Milanese.

Called on Mrs. Ross. Music 4-5.30. Miss Blood and the Marchesa Strozzi came.

Dined with Mme. Narischkine.

Wrote to Murray (publisher), Karin (Roedean), Logan, Guido, Bain, Michael (enc. D'Annunzio).

Friday, Feb. 9, 1906

Cold. Snow.

Finished typing the North Italian lists, B.B. working on Butinone, Zenale.

Went to town and did errands. B.B. walked. Lawsons called.

It seems Roger Fry missed the National Gallery directorship by a few hours.

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Willy, Dr. Wilhelm Rolf (Laurana), Senda, Herbert Cook, Cruttwell, Gronaus, Mrs. George Gardner, Vesme, Donna Lucrezia Corsini.

Saturday, Feb. 10, 1906

Warm, sunny.

Worked over Richmond Catalogue in morning.



Had French conversation lesson 2.30-3.30.

The Brocklebanks called.

Horne came to dine.

Wrote to Mme Bozzotti (gardens), Nardi (antiquario 14 Piazza Farnese, Rome), Guido (Shicchi's⁶⁰⁸ death), Mother.

Sunday, Feb. 11, 1906

Glorious. Cold.

The Howells came to lunch — very pleasant. Took them to call on Mrs. Ross.

Walked.

Algar came to dinner and was *delightful*.

Wrote Mother, Withers (____), Miss Blood, V. Hartshorne, Braun, Ray, Mrs. Berenson.

[13 046] Monday, Feb. 12, 1906

Rainy and chill. Cleared towards evening.

B.B. went to lunch at D'Annunzio's and in spite of meeting Pozzolini (!) there, had a wonderful time.

He came back at 5 unable to do anything but exclaim, "O Mary, what a Wonderful Woman! What a Sublime Creature!" and so on. The Carlotti, D'A's "compagna" seemed to him the sincerest, most candid, most heroic creature he ever encountered. Speriamo.

Houghtons to dine, French lesson 6-7.

Wrote to Andersen, Mother.

Tuesday, Feb. 13, 1906

Solid rain.

D'Annunzio adores music, and especially loves to play the pianola, which enables him, he says, to 'put all his own passion into it.' B.B. says it sounds too awful, and the Carlotti loathes it!

Virginia Hartshorne — awful contrast — came to lunch.

French lesson 3-4.

Bernhard called on Agnes Steffenburg.

Wrote an article on Taddeo di Bartolo.⁶⁰⁹

Wrote to Janet Dodge, Reinach (sending article on Taddeo), Murray (to send book to Mrs. Sherrill), Fafner, Florence Reynolds, Mother.

Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1906

My 42nd birthday.

Wrote an article on the Cleveland pictures for the *Rassegna d'Arte*.

D'Annunzio could not come, so I went out and saw Villas for the Hapgoods, and then came home and worked again. Nearly finished the

⁶⁰⁸ Schicchi?

⁶⁰⁹



article.

B.B. finished Lang's *Totems*⁶¹⁰ and Wölfflin's *Durer*⁶¹¹ and Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*.⁶¹²

I read Shakspeare *Richard II* as I'm reading of him in Green.⁶¹³

Wrote to Emily, Ray, Grace Mosher Wood, Logan, Mother, Senda.

[14 047] Thursday, Feb. 15, 1906

Fine.

Finished my article on the Cleveland pictures.

B.B. working on Bramantino.

French lesson 2.

Music <at> 4. Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Wood, the Gronaus, Maud Cruttwell, Horne.

We dined with Mrs. Ross, Dr. Wright and the Markbys.

Wrote to Alban, Guido, Algar, Karin, Mrs. Rosseter, Signora Terni di Gregory, Ray.

Friday, Feb. 16, 1906

Fine.

Worked. Mme Narischkine and Prince Lichtenstein came to call. He talks well about international politics, but she gets fearfully bored.

French lesson 6-7.

Wrote to Maud Cruttwell, Mrs. Gronau, Mr. Le Strange, Mother.

Saturday, Feb. 17, 1906

Fine. Warmer.

Worked. Placci came for a walk. Princesse Koudaschief⁶¹⁴ called.

Was just starting to town when telegram came from Hapgoods, who arrived at 7.30. They are great dears, but very "wild and woolly". His speech is almost unintelligible.

Wrote to Guido, Reinach, Trevys, Michael, Miss Cracroft, H.E. Field.

Sunday, Feb. 18, 1906

Played with Boyce, a dear bright boy of 5. Took Hapgoods to see Villa Mezzarata.

B.B. and I called on Miss Blood.

⁶¹⁰ Andrew Lang (1844-1912), *The Secret of the Totem* (London & New York: Longmans, Green, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit GN491 .L3 1905**

⁶¹¹ Heinrich Wölfflin (1864-1945), *Die Kunst Albrecht Dürers* (Munich: Bruckmann, 1905). **Biblioteca Berenson ND588.D9 W6 1905**

⁶¹² Algernon Bertram Freeman-Mitford, Lord Redesdale (1837-1916), *Tales of old Japan, with illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese artists*, 2nd ed. (London: Macmillan, 1903). **Biblioteca Berenson Asian & Islamic Collection GR340 .R3 1903**

⁶¹³ Henry Green (1801-1873), *Shakespeare and the emblem writers: an exposition of their similarities of thought and expression. Preceded by a view of emblem-literature down to A. D. 1616* (London: Trübner, 1870). **Biblioteca Berenson PR2848.A2 B85 1899**

⁶¹⁴ Kundaschief?



Read Neith's story, "The Eternal Spring"

Wrote home and to Christina Bremner.

[15 048] Monday, Feb. 19, 1906

Fine but ending in rain.

Walked over with Hapgoods to see **the Villa Linda**, and were pleased with it.

Read Cust's *Sodoma*⁶¹⁵ and did list.

Chatted after lunch, and then went in with Neith, who is an awfully hopeless shopper.

Had tea with Houghtons and Horne.

Love Hapgoods, but find we have grown apart. They are so untidy and slack!

Wrote home, R. Morton.

Tuesday, Feb. 20, 1906

Rainy.

The fecklessness and incompetence and apathy in practical things of the Hapgoods tends to get on my nerves terribly. I just have *not to think* about it, but do the next thing to hand. The *whole* of their Villa-taking, furnishing and providing with servants is on me. But they make up by being so sincere and frank and easy to talk to in the evenings.

We criticized Fafner's book for hours, and he was gloriously impersonal.

Wrote Mother, Reinach, Mrs. Thorold, Mrs. K. Browne.

Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906

Rainy.

I mislaid a page of my 'Sodoma', and B.B. burst into a perfectly awful rage, a pitiful spectacle. It must be awful to have a temper like that. It's awful enough to lose things, but not to compare to such attacks of madness — for it is little else. Poor B.B.

Worked.

Walked with Neith and Boyce to call on Thorolds.

B.B. went with Fafner to see Benn.

Thorold and his brother-in-law came to dine.

Wrote Mother, Mr. Cannon, Trevys, Richter, Alys, N. Erichsen.

[16 049] Thursday, Feb. 22, 1906

Colder but clearing.

Worked. Bernhard had a notice to go and be questioned (about the Loschi Giorgione) which bothered him a lot. He went down to see Brauer.

I had a walk with little Boyce, who is very sweet. Neith and Hutchins quarrelled and muddled as usual.

⁶¹⁵ Robert Henry Hobart Cust (1861-1940), *Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, hitherto usually styled 'Sodoma', the man and the painter, 1477-1549: A study* (London: J. Murray, 1906).



The Houghtons came to dine.

Wrote Miss Noyer, Guido, Mrs. Terni di Gregory, Mrs. Nickerson, Frizzoni, Cavenaghi, Crespi, Aldo Nosedà.

Friday, Feb. 23, 1906

Fine, turning dull.

Worked. Lesson 2-3. Drove down with Hutchins.

B.B. working hard over Ercole Grandi, Ortolano, Garofalo, rather bothered.

Music at 4. Bach's Goldberg Variations and a little Scarlatti.

Horne stayed on to dinner but was not exhilarating.

Wrote Mother, Mrs. Berenson, Guido, Cook, Theresa Thorold, Venturi (lawyer), Mme. Narischkine.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1906

Dull.

Lunched with Brochlebanks. Met Venturi and went to **Villa Linda and arranged with the owner Conte Pepoli** to take it.

Called on Mrs. Ross.

Mr. Cannon came to dinner and told us something about his travels in Tunis and Algeria.

Wrote Mother, Miss Halsey, Maud, Placci, Miss Erichsen.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 1906

Glorious.

Placci to lunch. He and Neith and B.B. motored up to Monte Senario and called on Miss Blood.

Miss Halsey called and the Howells.

Wrote to Michael Field (about Chatsworth), the Trevys, Mr. Cannon, R. Cust, Mme. Bozzotti, Mother.

[17 050] Monday, Feb. 26, 1906

Rainy and warm.

Benn came to lunch, and the Hapgoods left soon after, to establish themselves and the children in a pension. We could not keep them longer. They tired us, and they made us nervous with their incompetence and slackness.

Bernhard and I are *rejoicing* in being alone again! We had a delightful walk.

Wrote Mother, Senda, Christina, Guido, Mr. Murray, Molle Michel, William Sloane Kennedy, Karin, Emily Dawson.

Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1906

Grey and windy.

Letter from Glaenzer saying he was sending cheque for £1,400 for the Lotto. Hurrah! This is quick.

Conte Campello and his middle-aged overbearing Scotch Contessa came to lunch.



I called on the Platonoff and did a few errands but it was *l'altro giorno di Carvenale*.

French lesson.

Ash Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1906

Pour!!

Did a lot of work.

Miss Blood spent morning with B.B. looking at Milanese photographs.

We called on Labouchère, who was in great form.

I forgot to record that Pozzolini told B.B. at the D'Annunzio lunch that they had engaged a man at *5 lire a meter* to "restore" the Ghirlandajo frescoes at S. M. Novella!!!!

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Jack Burke, Guido, Neith, Houghtons, Malle-Michel.

[18 051] Thursday, Mar. 1, 1906

Fine.

Music in afternoon. Bach's Goldberg Variations, very beautiful. Present: Gronau, Horne, Le Strange, 3 Jones (from Cannon's), Maud Cruttwell, Mrs. Wood.

Wrote Mother, Algar, Guido, Signor Feliciangeli (Poccatis), Reinach.

Friday, Mar. 2, 1906

Again dull.

Quiet day of work. B.B. spent afternoon with Placci, and I had tea there **after signing contract for Villa Linda**. We enjoy our life *à deux* so much that we regret every minute that passes!

B.B. read *Vie de Henri Brulard* (i.e. Stendhal).⁶¹⁶

Wrote Mother,

Saturday, Mar. 3, 1906

Very warm. Misty.

Sir William and Lady Markby came to lunch.

Walked back to call on Mrs. Ross and to see **Villa Linda**.

Dined with Mr. Cannon, Mr. James Stillman ("Copper Deal"), Mr. French, Mr. R. Grey.

Trevys arrived late.

Wrote Mother, Logan, Dr. Heath, Father Brown, Mr. Tovay, Willy Taylor.

Sunday, Mar. 4, 1906

Perfect day!!

Trevys.

Work with headache, which wore off after lunch sitting out.

Houghton called with Sargants, then Cannon with Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford and Mr. French.

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Walked. Heavenly sunset.
Trevy read us his "Hippogriff"⁶¹⁷ in evening.
Wrote Mother, Miss Nixon, Houghtons.

[19 052] Monday, Mar. 5, 1906

Glorious!
Trevys.
Sirèn came in morning.
Such a day! Benn and the Hapgoods came to lunch and we sat roasting in the sun.
I went with the Hapgoods to their Villa and then to town.
Called on Rutherfords (out) and dear old Mrs. Field and her nice son.
The Houghtons came to dine, and promised to take us on a motor trip.
Mrs. Trevy played violin in evening.
Wrote to Adruino Colasanti, Feliciangeli, Guuido, Mother, Mrs. Berenson.

* * * *

Tuesday, Mar. 6, 1906

Fine.
Trevys.
Richter came, waling over from Cannon's. What a detestable man!
Algar came to lunch and was charming.
I called on Mrs. McLean. Also on Mrs. Elle, Miss Bingham, and Miss Myer (out) and did some long delayed shopping.
Mrs. Field and her son came to dine, nice, nice people.
Wrote to Guido, Mother, Lina Waterfield, Christina Bremner, Hendrik Andersen, Michael Field, Houghtons.

Wednesday, Mar. 7, 1906

Fine.
Trevys.
Woke with "all-every" feeling of a cold.
Horne came to lunch. I went to bed soon after, and read three volumes of Lafcadio Hearn on Japan. The doctor came and said I had influenza — what a bore!
Trevy read his "Ariadne" to B.B., who thought it rather pretty and charming (not very), and a prose mediaeval tale which he thought too dull for words, and told him so.
Wrote to Ray, Karin, Gladys.

[20 055] Thursday, Mar. 8, 1906

Glorious.
Trevys.

⁶¹⁷ Hippogriff?



In bed with influenza.

Lots of people came to the Music: Miss Cruttwell brought Miss McDougall who sang, Miss Sheldon, Miss Nixon, Miss Fernie, At. Janet⁶¹⁸ and the Markbys, the Fiedls, Gronaus, Lawsons, Le Strange, Mr. Hind, Houghtons and two girls, Horne, Mrs. Wood. I don't know who, but I was in bed. Mrs. Trevy played very well.

Wrote Mother, Guido.

Friday, Mar. 9, 1906

Fine.

Trevys.

In bed with influenza.

Mrs. _____ Ellis (very sweet) came to lunch. B.B. went to Placcis — rather boring — and called on Agnes.

Mrs. Trevy played to me a Chaconne by Bach and some one else — Fiscali? no.

Wrote Mother.

Saturday, Mar. 10, 1906

Cloudy warm.

Trevys left.

Got up.

Karin's 17th Birthday.

Houghtons called — so awfully nice.

Mr. Hind of the British Museum came to lunch — a nice boy.

Fafners called.

Contessa Serristori came from 5-7. Very entertaining tales about Boni Castellani, etc.

Wrote Mother, Alys, Mr. Cannon.

Sunday, Mar. 11, 1906

Cloudy.

Risi came to lunch. Talked of Algar.

I felt ill and went to bed. Later Fafner and the Howells called.

Wrote to Mother, Mr. Britten.

[21 056] Monday, Mar. 12, 1906

Fearful rain.

Hamilton Fish came to lunch — nice man.

Mme Zouboff called, with her niece a Conestabili of Perugia (a hideous girl). Mrs. Field came to tea, and the Middlemore called.

I finished what I have been working on since October!! The cross entries between places and painters.

Bernhard began the Veronese.

⁶¹⁸ Aunt Janet, Mrs. Ross?



Wrote to Mother, Mr. Cannon.

Tuesday, Mar. 13, 1906

Cloudy then fine.

Placci spent afternoon with B.B. I went to town and then had tea with Mr. Cannon at La Doccia.

Mr. Hind came to dine, a nice young fellow.

Felt very depressed with influenza.

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Miss Ames.

Wednesday, Mar. 14, 1906

Dull and cold.

Worked all day. Went through the Burlington Magazine.

Ray writes Ellie cannot come — great grief for them. I am very sorry Ray would have loved having her here.

Neith called, vague and burdened.

Mr. Platt called, full of his recent acquisitions of pictures.

Countess Serristori came.

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Ellie, Cook, Dowdeswell, Michael.

[22 057] Thursday, Mar. 15, 1906

Rather fine.

Began the *Arte*.

Walked over to Mrs. Ross and saw Neith rather miserably fooling around her Villa.

Music at 4. Goldberg Variations (____**) and Miss McDougal sang Schumann most beautifully. All women — 3 Jones, 3 Phillips, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Ross, Lady Markby (and Sir William).

Wrote to Ray, Mother, Mr. Cannon, Logan.

Friday, Mar. 16, 1906

Cloudy and then fine.

Great dispute with B.B. in morning each displeased with the other, but we have to stand each other, and both of us know we might have had much worse luck!

B.B. went to the Library, and had tea with Agnes Steffeneburg and a Swedish friend.

I called on nice Mrs. Howell and on tiresome Mrs. Halsey, and we both called on the miserable shiftless Hapgoods, who are in the throes of settling in at <Villa> Linda.

Wrote Mother (2 times), Dr. Heath, Fr. Brown, Miss Ames, Miss Ba__s, R. Morton, Mr. Fox, Lina, Logan, Algar, Mr. Tovay, Delle Vedove.

Saturday, Mar. 17, 1906

Fine.

Lunched <with> Middlemores and met Templeman Coolidge and Capt. Fletcher Vane.



Mr. Cannon waiting, I drove him to the Gamberaia.
Marcel Reymond called.
The Hapgoods, utterly demoralized by moving, came to dine.
Wrote Mother, Gronau, Horne, Cannon, Mrs. Munroe, Feliciangeli,
Senda.

Sunday, Mar. 18, 1906

Glorious!
Agnes and Mr. Hind to lunch. I took him to the Gamberaia and then to
call on Mrs. Ross.
Bernhard took Agnes to the woods.
Am going through *Arte*.
Wrote Mother, Miss Priestley, Contessa Serristori, Janet Dodge, R.
Morton.⁶¹⁹

[23 058] Monday, Mar. 19, 1906

Cloudy — a little rain.
Motored to Siena in Mr. Platt's "Fiat", only 1 hr. 48 m. going, 1 hr. 52 m.
returning!
Perkins and the photographer Mr. Lavery also went.
Lunched with Mrs. Payne and Christina and Mr. Harvey.
Saw poor Platt's pictures — an awful lot.
Coming back very beautiful.
Wrote Mother, Mr. Britten, Emily, Miss Freeman, Mrs. Hooker, Miss
Priestley.

Tuesday, Mar. 20, 1906

Clouds, hail, snow, rain.
Placci came to lunch.
Hutchins called after — ditto —
Mr. Fagan called, then nice Mr. Templeman Coolidge of Boston and Mrs.
Middlemore.
Then I went to town with Hutchins.
Risi came to dine to talk about Oxford, and B.B. took him over to see Sir
William Mmarkby.
Wrote Mother, Emily, Mr. Cannon, Mrs. Whitehead, Contessa Serristori.

Wednesday, Mar. 21, 1906

Cloudy.
Ray and Karin. They arrived at 6.30 looking very sweet. Alas Karin's *other*
ear is ___ing and she is a good deal worried about it, and also she is very
deaf. It is terrible.
Algar dined here, and the Hapgoods came in later.
Wrote Mother, Dr. Heath, Feliciangeli.

⁶¹⁹ Rob Morton?



[24 061] Thursday, Mar. 22, 1906

Rain.

Ray and Karin.

Went in to see motor with Karin.

Dr. and Mrs. Hooker lunched here — not interesting.

Music in afternoon: Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, the Gronaus, Miss Cruttwell, Miss Freeman, Miss and Mr. Burne Murdock, Horne, Houghton and his niece, Mr. Howells, etc.

Bernhard dined with Serristori, and we with Mr. Cannon, taking Hapgood and Thorold.

Wrote Mother.

Friday, Mar. 23, 1906

Pouring!

Ray and Karin.

Wrote letters, etc. After lunch went to the doctor with Karin. He was encouraging, and the poor child was tremendously relieved.

Went to Mozart concert, and then to see Miss McDougall.

Geoffrey Scott came to dine, a nice boy, whom we all liked.

Wrote Mother twice, Dr. Heath, Michael, Christina, Emily, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Le Strange, Vesme.

Saturday, Mar. 24, 1906

Cloudy. Rainy.

Ray and Karin.

Awful weather! So cold too we went in after lunch (Sirèn was here to lunch) and met Scott and Keynes at the Uffizi — both nice. B.B. had a walk with Neith and a call from a Mr. Hop_____.

Mr. Templeman Coolidge came for the night.

Wrote Mother, Alys, Mr. March Phillipps, Mr. Nowers, M. Theodore Reinach.

Sunday, Mar. 25, 1906

Siena.

Motored over here in snow and rain with Ray and Karin and Mr. Scott and Mr. Keynes.

Christina Bremner dined with us. Young men nice.

B.B. at Labouchère.

Motoring

[25 062] Monday, Mar. 26, 1906

Motored to Montepulciano in a pour. Perfectly ghastly, but young people full of fun. Scott got perfectly covered with mud to his very teeth, but wanted to go on. What it is to be young. I almost envy them. Anyhow I love to be with them.



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Tuesday, Mar. 27, 1906

Fine. Sun at last!

Motored to Castiglione. Lunched under Chiusi. Went to Orvieto via Città della Pieve. Youngsters very jolly.

Bernhard had Whiteheads to lunch.

Wednesday, Mar. 28, 1906

Motored to Todi, then Narni, Terni, Spoleto arriving in rain.

Met Gurdy at Todi.

Bernhard called on D'Orsay and his Hungarian *chanoinesse*. Algar to dine.

[26 063] Thursday, Mar. 29, 1906

Rain, but a jolly _____ round fire.

Cleared. Saw Spoleto. Motored to Foligno, left bags, visited Montefalco and Spello and came back to that excellent hotel for night.

The two boys are awfully nice. **I like Scott particularly.**

Friday, Mar. 30, 1906

Clear but very cold.

Motored to Assisi — delightful! Passed through Perugia, and under Cortona (a beautiful road), wandered in plain and at last got to Montepulciano again for night. Bitter cold.

Sat up till 12 talking.

Scott gave his ideas on love — analogous to enjoyment of Nature. I said it was rot. I was wrong.

*

Saturday, Mar. 31, 1906

Clear but fearfully cold.

Motored to Pienza and saw that. On to Siena, with a jolly breakdown.

Lunch at Siena. Took boys to Poggibonsi, where they went to San Gimignano, and we came home.

Nice little youngster followed motor at Pienza.

Sunday, Apr. 1, 1906

Cold clear.

Ray and Karin

Delicious to be at home.

Nothing happened except that Mrs. Streeter and daughter came to lunch. But we are greatly worried about Karin's *other* ear.

[27 064] Monday, Apr. 2, 1906

Cold, clear.

Spent day taking Karin to doctors. Monselles and Toti. They think she won't have to undergo another operation. But it is dreadful, and I am *so* afraid she will be deaf.

Placci came to lunch, the Walter Gays to tea, and J..A. Smith of Balliol to



dinner.

Karin is a brick, so plucky and cheerful.

* Tuesday, Apr. 3, 1906

Cold and rainy.

Called on Algar with Karin, after seeing the two doctors who both said no operation would be necessary. Saw the new born baby, a frail-looking little thing.

Horne to dine — deadly dull.

Wrote scores of letters can't possibly remember.

Wednesday, Apr. 4, 1906

Cold and grey but fine afternoon.

Algar's baby died.

Called on Houghtons. Shopped. Called on Whiteheads and had tea with Mr. Cannon and the inevitable Jones family.

The Hapgoods came to dine.

Ray began a new novel.

[28 065] Thursday, Apr. 5, 1906

Cold and grey.

Ray and Karin.

Mr. Rolfs about Laman all morning. Mrs. Halsey called, poor thing.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods and sister, the Hookers, Mrs. W. Flower and Miss Rigby and Miss Seelye to tea. Fafner came to dine.

Wrote to Mother, Florence.

Friday, Apr. 6, 1906

Cold, clear, windy.

Went to town to see Rolfs' photographs of Laurana. Houghton picked Ray up in his motor and took her for a picnic.

Rembrelinski and Piero Misciatelli⁶²⁰ came to tea. Also Mr. Morgan.

Had a walk with Kerr-Lawsons.

Wrote Otto Gutekinst, Mrs. Fagan, Dowdeswell, Mother, Mr. Cannon, Michael, Lucy Perkins, Christina, **Scott**.

Saturday, Apr. 7, 1906

Clear, cold.

Drove with Ray and Karin to call at the Villa Casona on Burn

⁶²⁰ Misciatelli, Piero. - Letterato italiano (Firenze 1882 - Roma 1937). Si occupò, fra l'altro, di letteratura medievale, specialmente mistica (*Idealità francescane*, 1909; *Mistici senesi*, 1911; ecc.), di storia e d'arte senese. A Siena fondò (1926) la rivista *La Diana* e la 'Cattedra cateriniana' nell'università. A Roma promosse varie attività culturali, fra cui quella della Casa di Dante.



Murdochs,⁶²¹ also called <on> Gays, Gutekunst, etc.

B.B. at Serristori's.

Wrote to Mr. Cannon, Miss Freeman, Mother, Rachel Perry, E. Trevelyan, Don Guido.

Houghtons came to dine.

Palm Sunday, Apr. 8, 1906

Windy.

Agnes came to lunch.

Mr. Benn called. Bernhard went to woods walk with Agnes.

Wrote to Mother.

Fighting a cold.

[29 066] Monday, Apr. 9, 1906

Windy and overcast.

Fighting cold.

Dear Houghton came in his motor and took Ray and Karin to Siena, in spite of the weather. The sun came out later. Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead and a musical friend Mr. Dekker and Mr. Carman came to lunch. Dekker played Chopin and drove us all nearly crazy.

B.B. went to see Lady Sassoon, and I went with Carman to S. Lorenzo and the Pazzi Chapel.

Wrote Mother, Christina, Ned Warren, etc.

Tuesday, Apr. 10, 1906

Ray and Karin, and Scott and Keynes.

Windy and cloudy.

Fierce cold, alone. Influenza — d— it! Just when I want to be well!!

The Gutekinst - Carstaires party were to come to lunch, but sent telegram of illness. I am feeling awfully sick, I'm afraid it's influenza again. The Hinchleys called. and the young people arrived in Houghton's motor full of dust and fun. Delicious having them.

Wrote Mother, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mr. Lisle March Phillipps,⁶²² Algar, Mr. Cannon, Mr. J. A. Smith.

Wednesday, Apr. 11, 1906

Cold.

Youngsters.

I think we went to Mr. Cannon's to tea and the young ones walked back

⁶²¹ William Gordon Burn Murdoch (1862-1939), *From Edinburgh to the Antarctic: an artist's notes and sketches during the Dundee Antarctic Expedition of 1892-93* (London: Longmans, 1894).

William Gordon Burn Murdoch was a Scottish painter, travel writer and explorer. Murdoch travelled widely including India and both the Arctic and the Antarctic.

⁶²² Lisle March Phillipps (1863-1917), *In the Desert* (London: Edward Arnold, 1905).
Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DT333 .P54 1905



over the Caves.

(I have forgotten to write and things are rather mixed.)

[30 067] Maundy Thursday, Apr. 12, 1906

Cold. Youngsters. Lovely day.

Drove with Scott to town — saw Pazzi Chapel.

Spent afternoon at Gamberaia with youngsters and had amusing talk.

Sassoons and Carman⁶²³ and Rembelenski to lunch.

Phillip Sassoon⁶²⁴ picknicked with youngsters at the Lago. Ray and the two boys swam.

J.A. Smith dined and Herr Wagner of Austrian Embassy.

Good Friday, Apr. 13, 1906

Cold. Youngsters. Grey.

B.B. motoring with Lady Sassoon. Arezzo, Perugia.

Jolly lazy day. It poured at night, and the four went out for a midnight walk in the rain, and Scott taught them how to “blither”⁶²⁵ (they needed little teaching),.

Saturday, Apr. 14, 1906

Windy and cool.

Cold. Youngsters.

B.B. motored to Cerqueto⁶²⁶ and Assisi.

Tovey and Kelly and Miss Weisse⁶²⁷ dined with us.

Youngsters saw Academy and San Marco. Various callers. I feel so ill with cold.

Ray sat up till 5 a.m. talking about religion with Scott and Keynes. I think she has ceased being a Catholic, but I don't want her to tell me.

Easter Sunday, Apr. 15, 1906

Fine. Cold. Youngsters.

B.B. motored to Todi and Orvieto.

Ray did not go to church. They all slept till 12.30 and lay on chairs all day.

I read *Huckleberry Finn*.

Gutekunst, Carstairs and Whiteheads called.

Children sat up late.

[31 068] Monday, Apr. 16, 1906

Fine.

⁶²³ Bliss Carman (1861-1929), poet; see Samuels, p. 30. *Songs from Vagabondia*. (1894), *More Songs from Vagabondia* (1896). They saw him in New York in 1903.

⁶²⁴ Sir Philip Albert Gustave David Sassoon (1888-1939) was a politician and art collector. He read Modern History at Christ Church, Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1912.

⁶²⁵ to talk in a long-winded way without making very much sense.

⁶²⁶ Cerqueto è una frazione del comune di Marsciano (PG).

⁶²⁷ ?



Cold. Youngsters.

B.B. motored to Siena.

I had to give a lecture on the Pazzi Chapel at Santa Croce. It was rather deadly. The children went to the Bargello first.

Afterwards I went and had tea with Carman. He is so nice, but alas dull.

Algar and his sister-in-law dined here.

Afterwards we had a midnight feat of lobster and lemonade. Ray was sick.

Tuesday, Apr. 17, 1906

Fine. Cold. Youngsters.

B.B. motored to Colle and broke down.

All exhausted. No one stirred, but we chatted amusingly enough.

Ray confessed (privately) for the first time that she could imagine it would be nice to have people in love with you!!

They didn't sit up very late. Logan arrived for dinner. We put an "Arabian Princess" (of pillows) in Scott's bed!

Wednesday, Apr. 18, 1906

Fine. Cold. Alas, they left.

In the morning we packed. They left at 3. It was awful. **I had got very fond of Scott and Keynes, too. Such nice boys!**

I called for Tovey and Kelly and brought them up. We all dined at Carman's, B.B. arriving just in time, and bringing Dickinson and a Mr. Flitch along with him. They say Carman talked like an idiot. So did Mr. Johnson at my side. Tovey and Kelly played. Lovely drive home.

[32 069] Thursday, Apr. 19, 1906

Cold. Fine.

Music in morning. Lots of people came in afternoon hear Tovey play. Miss Weisse stayed to dine, but Bernhard and I went in to a very dull dinner at the Serristoris.

Friday, Apr. 20, 1906

Cold. Fine.

Music in morning.

Placci and Miss Weisse to lunch. Discussion.

Gurds called! Rembelinski came for talk with B.B. We all went down to Placci's and heard Buonamici play. I like both Tovey and Kelly. Tovey is a marvel, a most intellectual person, but very impersonal. Kelly is very young, but quite the kind of person I like.

Saturday, Apr. 21, 1906

Cold. Fine. Cool.

B.B. took Lady Sassoon to Pitti and lunched with her, and called on Mrs. Cooper Hewitt and the Serristori.

Miss Weisse came up and we went to the Gamberaia. She's awfully tactless and fussy and Kelly is wild with her.



Sunday, Apr. 22, 1906

Rain. Day of music.

Mrs. Hewitt lunch, _____ after

Hapgoods to dine. Tovey talked splendidly.

Wrote Arcangeli, Lady Henry, Mother, F.B.

[33 070] Monday, Apr. 23, 1906

Fair.

Kelly, Tovey, Logan.

Went to Bargello with Tovey, Kelly, Logan and Miss Weisse, the latter intolerable. She kept Kelly to lunch and made a great scene with him about his having been rude to her. He was glad, though, for he thought it meant a final break. No such thing — she came up to the music. I had various people, and kept trying to get a private word with him.

Talk _____ Tovey.

Tovey played the Diabelli Variations.

Tuesday, Apr. 24, 1906

Rain.

B.B. lunching in town.

Kelly's friends Gardner and Lord Moore, came to lunch, and we had a "guessing competition" over Botticelli photographs after.

"Emperor" concerto (Beethoven E flat) etc. in evening.

Wednesday, Apr. 25, 1906

** Rain.

Went to Uffizi, but without Miss Weisse, thank heavens.

Lunched in town with Logan and Kelly. All met in tram and went to Gronaus to tea. Miss Weisse trying to be nice, a little ashamed of herself, I think, but she is hysterical and tactless at the best.

Music in the evening. It is too glorious hearing all this music. I know I shall miss it horribly. What a bore. Why is life like that?

[34 071] Thursday, Apr. 26, 1906

Fine. Dull. Rain.

Kelly, Tovey, Logan.

Bernhard started with Mrs. Cooper Hewitt in her motor, and got to Ferrara at 5.

Logan and I lunched in town, Tovey and Kelly with Miss Weisse at Lady Paget's. We rescued Kelly by taking him on Houghton's motor to "see Villas" — really to have a delightful run behind the Incontro and back by San Donato.

I sat up till 2, talking with Kelly after Logan and I had persuaded him to write a nice note to Miss Weisse. I simply have lost all my sleep over this music — it constantly goes round in me.



Friday, Apr. 27, 1906

Mixed.

Tovey, Kelly, Logan, Emily.

B.B. at Ferrara.

Miss Cruttwell, Horne, Miss McDougall and Mme de Faverot came to lunch and stayed till 5.15. We got nearly wild. The music was glorious. Tovey and Logan went down and had a ghastly tea with Miss Weisse. We all dined with Mrs. Ross, who was perfectly ripping” as Kelly said, telling tales of her youth, and singing Italian songs to her guitar.

Emily Dawson arrived.

* * Saturday, Apr. 28, 1906

Fine.

B.B. at Venice, after seeing Villa di Villa, Este, etc.

Music in morning. After lunch drove Kelly to see the Villa Niccolini Alemanna and to call on the Braggiottis and to see the little “Michelangelo” villa at Careggi.⁶²⁸

Then we went to Miss Ogilvy’s to tea, and for music, and I drove Tovey and Kelly up. Had a latest chat with Kelly, who likes a chance to rage against Miss Weisse.

Sunday, Apr. 29, 1906

Fine. Rain.

B.B. Venice.

Buonamici came and played beyond all praise. He stayed to lunch.

I took Kelly to train and he went. Tovey was also snatched off by Miss Weisse.

[35 072] Monday, Apr. 30, 1906

Pouring.

Emily, Britten, Logan.

B.B. at Venice.

Hapgoods to dine — so nice.

Tuesday, May 1, 1906

Pouring.

B.B. at Venice. Miss Isan and Miss Langton to lunch.

Called with Logan on the Huttons.

Wednesday, May 2, 1906

Pouring then fine.

B.B. at Verona.

Drove with Logan and Dan Randi to see a Villa at Arcetri.

⁶²⁸ Villa Medicea at Careggi?



[36 073] Thursday, May 3, 1906

Fine.

Emily, Britten, Logan.

B.B. at Mantua.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson came up to lunch, and was most delightful. What a charming man! Called with all the party on Mrs. Ross, and then with Britten, on the Kenworthy Browns.

Emily and I went to Mrs. Labouchère's theatricals, picking up Dan Randi by the way. They were too awful, and the party was too ghastly. We did not get home till 3.30!

Friday, May 4, 1906

Fine.

Emily, Britten.

B.B. at Cremona.

Logan left, I am sorry to say.

I called on Mme. Ginisty and then with Emily, on Mrs. Thorold, who as most delightful — most!

Wrote Mother, Ray, Karin, Kelly, Miss Dawson (Richmond), Bernhard.

Saturday, May 5, 1906

Fine.

Emily, Britten.

B.B. at Milan.

Worked with Emily.

Mr. and Mrs. Grunshields of Montreal called, also Miss Ffoulkes to see our Foppa and the Hapgoods.

Moonlight and nightingales and roses, but Mr. Britten very "inadequate".

Sunday, May 6, 1906

Fine and rain.

B.B. Milan

Went to a musical at Miss McDougall's. A fat lady sang of trembling kisses being her blisses and shining eyes her paradise — it was ghastly.

Dined with Houghtons.

[37 074] Monday, May 7, 1906

Glorious.

Emily, Mr. Britten.

B.B. at Milan.

Houghton came with his motor and took us over the Consuma Pass. It was indescribably beautiful, and Edmond seemed nicer than ever. Emily and I sat till nearly midnight under the trees, in the moonlight reciting poetry, Omar Khayam, Lycides, Ode to Nightingale, and ballads.

Wrote Mother, Logan, Ray, Karin, Mr. Cannon, Miss Weisse, Miss March Phillips, Miss Howard, etc. Emily Britten



Tuesday, May 8, 1906

Fine.

The *guardaroba* took fire at midnight and I thought all the house was going to burn down. I had the pictures, statues, photographs and books carried out, but the *pompieri* arrived in time to save everything except the *guardaroba*. All the linen was burnt and various other things. We sat smoking under the cypresses till 4.30.

B.B. arrived in the afternoon.

Wednesday, May 9, 1906

Fine.

Emily, Britten.

Boring day with insurance people, etc.

Mme Serristori and M. Rembelinski spent the afternoon most agreeably with B.B. Miss Sheepshanks called.

Algar came to dine.

Ordered all new linen.

Fafner wrote, "I thought you were wonderful last night. You are the most buoyant creature in the world, so capable of life, you ought to have a million incarnations."

[38 075] Thursday, May 10, 1906

Fine.

Emily, Britten.

Insurance and boring things.

Began notes.

Miss March Phillipps called — a goose. Also Algar and his amusing cousin Norma Labouchère.

The Hapgoods and a young friend of their, Mr. Washburn, and Miss Sheepshanks came to dine.

Sat under trees till midnight.

Ce coquin de Printemps made us rather silly!

Friday, May 11, 1906

Fine and then rain.

Emily, Britten.

Tried to work. The notes are a bore! *C'est ce coquin de printemps!*

The still more boring Gravina came to lunch, and Emily and I, yearning horribly, went with her to call on Mme Turri.

Dined with Mrs. Ross, Dent and Miss Erichsen.

Rembelinski called on B.B. from 3-71

Wrote Mother, Guido, Christina, Scott.

Saturday, May 12, 1906

Stromy, clearing.

Emily, Britten.



Lunched with Hapgoods. B.B. stayed behind and walked with Neith, and I took Britten and Mr. Washburn to the Uffizi. Drove Placci up. Miss Howard and Miss Redfield called.

Placci very rudely insisted in talking to B.B. and it was a *mauvais quart d'heure* till I could get general conversation started.

Wrote Mother, Kelly, Middlemore, Harter, Andersen, E. Richardson.

Sunday, May 13, 1906

Fairish.

Emily, Britten.

The Wheelers and Agnes to lunch.

Fabbri called.

Emily and I called on Mrs. Underwood Johnson at the "Blue Nuns" at Fiesole. Poor silly fluffy thing!

Wrote Mother, Mrs. Berenson.

[39 076] Monday, May 14, 1906

Fine.

Emily.

Ill in bed with sudden attack of diarrhoea.

Read Rovey and E. Puffon on music.

Mr. Britten left.

Mr. Dent came to dine.

Wrote Mother.

Tuesday, May 15, 1906

Emily.

Got up, feeling rather ill, but did some work.

Mr. Benn came to lunch; he was somehow dreadfully dull.

Wrote Mother, Reinach, V. Hartshome, Mrs. Middlemore.

Wednesday, May 16, 1906

Pour.

Emily.

Did a good deal of work.

The Serristorey and Rembelinski called. Also Mr. Washburn.

Wrote Mother.

[40 077] Thursday, May 17, 1906

Rain then fine

Emily.

Risi Visconti came to lunch — deadly as usual, B.B. not saying a word.

He and I called on Mrs. Meades (Jacob Abbot's niece!) and then went to



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Lady Paget's⁶²⁹ to tea with an awful scratch lot of people. But the place is very lovely and I'm glad to have seen it.

Called on Serristori to say the new Michelangelo in The Academy is one!

Insurance people off 1/2 of loss!

Wrote Janet, Willy, Mother, Ray and Karin.

Friday, May 18, 1906

Cloudy, cold.

Emily.

Boring day, interrupted by 100 things all morning. Mr. Everett of the Pennsylvania University came too early to lunch, Mrs. Jephson-Ninys too late.

Wrangle over insurance — too disgusting — boring, boring _____ call from Virginia Hartshome and some old Cope girls. Except for Emily, a beastly day.

Wrote Mother, Mounteney.

* Saturday, May 19, 1906

Rain. Cleared. Wind.

Motored with Serristori and Placci to Campi <Bisenzio>, Artimino and Carmig<n>ano. Those villas are wonderful!

Got back to tea with Serristori. Placci very annoying.

Wrote Mother, Ray, Mrs. Gardner.

Sunday, May 20, 1906

Rain, very cold.

Agnes lunch. Called on Mrs. Ross and her niece "Mme Lucille" (Lady Duff Gordon).

Algar and Fr. Rivers to dine.

Wrote Mother, Mrs. Berenson.

[41 078] Monday, May 21, 1906

Pouring, cold.

Emily.

Worked and got Place Index done as far as V.

⁶²⁹ Torre di Bellosguardo.

Walburga Ehrengarde Helena, Lady Paget (*née* Countess von Hohenthal; 1839 - 1929) was a diarist, writer and an intimate friend of Queen Victoria.

In 1860, she married Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget (1823–1896), British ambassador in Copenhagen, and later British Ambassador in Vienna, Portugal, Florence and Rome.

In 1867, her husband was posted to Florence, then the capital of the newly formed Italy. In 1870, when Rome became the capital, she arranged for the British embassy to be established at the Villa Torlonia. In 1884 she and her husband had to move to Vienna.

In 1887, Lady Paget rented the **Villa Caprini in Fiesole**; in 1893, when her husband retired to Britain, she bought the **Torre di Bellosguardo** south of the city. After her husband died in 1897 she campaigned against the destruction of parts of old Florence by the Municipality. Queen Victoria visited her in 1893.



Mrs. Meade to lunch. Placci and his nephew Albert Henraux came to tea, and I drove in and brought old Mrs. Jephson-Norreys⁶³⁰ up to call on Aunt Janet.

Then B.B. and I had a walk.

Saw Gladys, divinely beautiful, in town. To think of her not telling us! It is very sad.

Wrote Mother, Willy.

x x x Tuesday, May 22, 1906

Cloudy then clearing but cool.

Bernhard motored to Monte Guffone, Montespertoli, Castelfiorentino, San Miniato and Empoli with contessa Serristori and Rembelinski. I saw a lawyer about the insurance, called on Mrs. McLean and did various errands.

Emily and I finished the Place Index of the North Italians.

Hutchins called in evening.

Wednesday, May 23, 1906

Fine. Clear. Warmer.

Had to go in to the Pretorio about fire. Took Mrs. Ross and "Mme Lucille" and Dr. Kindsay to Coccia.

Gladys of course failed to keep her engagement with B.B. but Mrs. Baldwin called. She says Gladys says she is engaged to Lord Brooks, and it is probably a lie.

The Houghtons also called — such a contrast — but I prefer the frumpy Houghtons. We all dined at Poggio, and "Lucille" was too awful. She is a very vulgar woman.

Wrote Mother, Logan.

[42 079] Thursday, May 24, 1906

Fair.

Emily.

We called on Gladys, who made a deplorable impression of vulgarity and restlessness and cruelty and flirtatiousness.

Emily and I had tea with old Mrs. Jephson Norreys.

The Papafavas called.

The Hapgoods and Steins came to dinner and I was not bored.

Wrote Mother, Logan.

Friday, May 25, 1906

Fine.

Mr. Ross, Dr. Lindsey and "Mme Lucille" came to lunch. The latter stayed on till Emily and drove her down.

We missed the Serristori and Rembelinski, and alas, alas Gladys, who came

⁶³⁰ Sir (Charles) Denham Orlando Jephson-Norreys, 1st Baronet (1799-1888), known as Denham Jephson until 1838, was an [Anglo-Irish](#) landowner and [Whig](#) politician.



and won back B.B.'s heart with her "soft elixir ways."

Wrote Mother.

Saturday, May 26, 1906

Fine.

Bernhard lunched with Placcis, and then had a walk with Neith, who stayed on to dine.

Emily and I went out with Houghtons in his *new* motor, and then shopped.

Wrote Mother, Christina, Reinach, Miss Giles, Lina.

Motoring with Serristori and Rembelinski.

Sunday, May 27, 1906

Fair, rainstorm.

Came to Arezzo via S. Donato. Saw Castiglione Fiorentino and Cortona.

Grand Hotel Brufani, Perugia.

Wrote Mother, Ray and Karin, Scott and Keynes, Lady Henry.

Motoring in Umbria

[43 080] Monday, May 28, 1906

Glorious.

We went to Gubbio — a most beautiful road, but very steep. From Gubbio we came along a splendid road (for motors), stopping at S. Pellegrino, Gualdo Tadino and Nocera <Umbra> on the way.

Wrote Mother and Emily and Kelly.

Tuesday, May 29, 1906

Glorious. Hot.

Started at 9. Saw Beltana and Bevagna and Montefalco. Lunched at Foligno. Saw Assisi; had tea with Lady Henry Somerset at the Hotel Giotto.

Sat for an hour and a half in the divine cloisters gazing on the view.

Rembelinski said if he believed in another life he would lead a totally different existence here. I do not think I should.

Albert Henraux joined us.

Wrote Mother and the "Reading Party".

Wednesday, May 30, 1906

Fine. Hot.

Saw Perugia in morning and motored again to Assisi in Henraux splendid 50 horse Panhard.

Spent two hours in that glorious cloister enjoying the view.

Placci joined us at dinner and was most amusing. He had "interviewed" in the train a young Chinese.

Rembelinski was also amusing, but extremely indecent, to my ideas, which are not very strict!



Wrote Mother, Christina, Lina.



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Motoring <in> Umbria, Piceno, Abruzzi

[44 081] Thursday, May 31, 1906

Fine. Hot.

Motored to Foligno, and then over the Colfiorito to Camerino, where we lunched. The road fine, views beautiful, but not to compare to the * pass from Visso to Spoleto. This is one of the crack things.

Saw Castel S. Angelo, Fior di Monte, Nocelleto,⁶³¹ Visso, and arrived late at Spoleto.

American ambassador and wife there (Mr. and Mrs. Hy. White), sat and chatted with them.

Wrote Mother, "Reading Party", Miss Robins.

Friday, June 1, 1906

Hot. Scirocco.

Hotel della Posta, Ascoli Piceno.

Motored to Norcia seeing Cascia on way. Beautiful roads and good for motoring.

At Cascia had an amusing experience with nuns trying to see frescoes in a clausura.

From Nocria to Ascoli is a beautiful road, but awful for motor from top of pass down. Ours had two punctures, which brought us here late.

Wrote Mother and Ray.

Sent Grace £100.

Saturday, June 2, 1906

Scirocco. Change

Ascoli, Albergo Posta.

Saw Ascoli in blazing scirocco. At 2.30 started for Amandola. Heavenly road, good for motor. Broke down and had tea. Broke down again and walked to Montefortino. Lovely!

I invented Santa Cachucha, patron of rubber tyres, and prayed 'Ora pro nobis', and she saved us from further mishaps.

Wrote Mother, Mrs. Berenson, Emily.

Whit Sunday (Pentecost), June 3, 1906

Cloudy.

Teramo, Pellegrino.

Motored here, visiting Ancarano (fine carved wood Madonna) and Campli on way.

Saw *Civitella sul Tronto. Saw Teramo nothing except altar-front<al>.

B.B. spoke of most social experiences as honey-combs with no honey in them.

Wrote Mother and Emily.

⁶³¹ Castelsantangelo sul Nera, Macerata.



Motoring in Albruzzi with Placci and A. Henraux

[45 082] Monday, June 4, 1906

Ray's 19th birthday.

Left Teramo at 12.30. Went to San Clemente al Vomano along a lovely (and good) road, but Santa Clavina hid the keys elsewhere.

Saw S. Maria Propezano, then came back and crossed river and went to Cellino (where no motor ever had been before), then along *glorious road to **Atri and saw frescoes in choir. No room in hotel so came to Castellamare to sleep.

Walked in evening by sea.

No pour.

Wrote Mother, Emily, Ray, Mr. Cannon.

Tuesday, June 5, 1906

Fine.

Albergo Vittoria, Chieti. (They say the Sole is better).

Saw Moscufo and Pianella and lunched at Penne. Saw Loreto Aprutino and came back over a ford through Pianello again to Chieti.

"Did Chieti with aid of Comm. Cesare de Laurentiis (ex-major), a very learned old gentleman, only nice too, with a most appalling collection of pictures of his own. The only good thing here is a _____ wooden Madonna in S. Maria Mater Domini. No pour.

Wrote Mother, Ray, Emily.

Wednesday, June 6, 1906

Variable. Rain.

Chieti.

Saw **Guardiagrele and lunched at Lanciano (Albergo Allegria very good). Fascinated with glimpse of Frentano mountains. Must come back!

Saw Ortona (only façade of S. Tomaso) and Francavilla where is Niccolò di Guardiagrele's masterpiece, a lovely monstrosity. We have been following him everywhere. Road from here to Guardiagrele and to Lanciano fine.

I forgot *S. Giovanni in Venere from Lanciano, a ruined abbey by the sea. Placci continues really very nice.

One pour.

Wrote Mother, Mr. Britten, Miss Robins.

[46 085] Thursday, June 7, 1906

Cloudy, some rain.

*Albergo Monsu, Sulmona.

We left Chieti at 8.45 and went (about 8 a.m.) to *S. Maria Arabona (a lovely little Gothic church).

Then to San Valentino and Caramanico, bad road, disappointing, not worth doing.



Then to Torre di Passeri where we picked up Sig. Calosi who showed us
*San Clemente in Casauria, a most lovely old church. Then up the valley to
Capistrano, a heavenly valley, picturesque town and dear Franciscan
monastery. Stream (Tirino) blue!!

Wrote Mother. Guardians making a fuss about Roedean.

Friday, June 8, 1906

Glorious.

Saw Sulmona. Façade of Annunziata, Arco di Napoli, Piazza and
aqueduct, statue of Ovid and some palace doors and windows.

At 12 we started, but the motor wasn't working well, and Albert raged at
Léon, who then and there threw up his place and said he would leave us
plantés là. Awful! We looked up Antonio di Nino and passed the rest of the
day with him.

Saturday, June 9, 1906

Fine. Rain.

*Albergo Europa, Terni.

No repentance on the part of Léon, so Placci and ourselves left at 8.12
and had a horrible day in Aquila, coming on to Terni to sleep.

Albert took the motor to Rome to send it by rail to Paris. Awful bore.

Wrote Mother, Emily, etc.

Sunday, June 10, 1906

I Tatti. Fine

Saw Orte on our way here and found a lovely Antoniazzo. Reassuming
letters about Rodeau.

Called on Mrs. Ross.

Wrote Mother, Ray, Emily.

[47 086] Monday, June 11, 1906

Fine. Cool.

Wrote letters. Went to town and saw lawyer and insurance agent.
Dreadfully bored. Came up at 6 feeling rather ill. Serristori and Rembelinski
here — not particularly interesting.

Hapgoods to dine. They say Stodders' ex-wife is bringing a suit for
bigamy against him. How awful for Mary Gwinn whom he married two
years ago!

Wrote Mother, Logan, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. Bickle, Mrs. Berenson, Dr.
Heath, Bain, Britten, Christina, Mr. Holden.

Tuesday, June 12, 1906

Fine. Cloudy. Cool.

Great dispute with Bernhard in morning. Lost my temper, but hope it may
do good. He has been most disagreeable about this North Italian book and
at last begged me to burn all the notes. So I pretended to. Now he says he
will go to Germany all the same and make out the lists for himself, which is



of course impossible!

Wrote Mr. March Phillipps, Emily, Lucy Perkins, Mother, Emma Smith, Mrs. Nickerson, Home, Bertie Jenkins, Mrs. McLean, Jephson, Comm. de Laurentiis.

Wednesday, June 13, 1906

Fine. Cool.

Wrote to Don Guido, Miss Blood, Mr. Benn, Mrs. Halten, Emily, Mother, Mrs. Fletcher Vane.

[48 089] Thursday, June 14, 1906

Cool and pleasant.

Packed a little. Bernhard very tired. Drove Mrs. Ross to see a villa near the Badia of Bagni a Ripoli called Il Pitto.⁶³² It looked as if it would suit us perfectly!

Called on Mrs. Beccari.

Contessa Serristori, Rembelinski, Placci and A. Henraux came to tea. Dined with Hapgoods.

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Emily, Mme Platonoff.

Friday, June 15, 1906

Cool, growing sultry.

Dr. says B.B. has influenza. It is a great relief, as he feared it was general breakdown.

Shopped.

Horne came to dine.

Wrote to Contessa Gravina, Maud, Emily, Mother, Alys, Aunty Lill.

Saturday, June 16, 1906

Fine.

Bernhard stayed in bed most of the morning.

Benn came to lunch, pleased with the notice his book on rationalism has had.

I dined with Mrs. Ross, Placci and Henraux being the other guests.

Read *David Harum*.⁶³³ Poor.

Wrote Mother, Guido, Frizzoni, Gallarvisi, contessa Serristori, Risi Visconti Venosta.

Sunday, June 17, 1906

Fine.

Called on Miss Blood — a rather deadly tea party but Gamberaia lovely.

Houghtons, Algar and Neith to dine.

Wrote Mother, Emily, Aunty Lill, Mrs. Berenson, Mrs. Kerr-Lawson.

⁶³² Villa Il Pitto.

⁶³³ Edward Noyes Westcott (1847-1898), *David Harum: A Story of American Life* (1899).



[49 090] Monday, June 18, 1906

Scirocco. Very heavy.

Bernhard feeling like the old scratch, full of neuralgia, and I feeling under weather.

Hutchins had operation for rupture, it went off well.

Stein called.

I did more volumes of *Arte*.

Wrote Mother, Rachell Perry, Florence Reynolds, Placci, Mme de Platonoff, Contessa Gravina, Christina.

Tuesday, June 19, 1906

Rain.

Bernhard ill.

Mrs. Ross came to lunch.

I did errands in town.

Insurance still unsettled.

Went to see Hutchins in hospital.

Neith and Miss Blood came to dine.

Wrote Mother, Emily, Don Guido.

Wednesday, June 20, 1906

Shopped in morning and saw Hutchins who is awfully uncomfortable and awfully badly cared for in the hospital.

Mrs. Ross, Placci, Henraux and Risi Visconti came to tea.

B.B. and I drove to see Il Pitto, our possible new villa.

Neith came late to dine.

Kate Kinsella was married to Presbitero.

Wrote Mother, Reinach, Michael Field.

Venice

[50 091] Thursday, June 21, 1906

I Tatti. Warm.

Shopped. Called on Hutchins. Mme Serristori and Rembrelinshi.

Mrs. Ross came to tea and Neith to dine.

Wrote Mother, Sarah Nordhoff, Emma Smith, Miss Blood.

Friday, June 22, 1906

Warm.

Hotel de l'Europe, Venice.

Took 10.40 train, arriving here at 7.30 (1/2 hours late). Placci and Albert came to see us off. Emily and the Spragues met us and we talked till nearly midnight. Mrs. Sprague is a kind of Christian Scientist — B.B. said it was excellent hygiene but intellectual nonsense.

Wrote Mother, Peggy Cracroft, Mr. Cannon.



Saturday, June 23, 1906

Venice. Fine and then cloudy.
Went to Doge's Palace. Talked.
Called on Prince Hohenlohe and Zina.
Mr. Sprague got a steam launch and we went to San Francesco del Deserto and Burano.
Talked in evening.
Wrote Mother, Mr. Wilkinson.

Sunday, June 24, 1906

Tarvis<io>. Rain. Fine.
Academy. Called on Jo Robinson.
Took 2 o'clock train and reached here at 9.
Read Balzac, Ursula Rieonetto.

Semmering⁶³⁴

[51 092] Monday, June 25, 1906

Fine.
Hotel Semmering.
Came from Tarvis here 11.28-7.
Read Montalembert's *St. Élisabeth d'Hongrie*.⁶³⁵
Very nice quiet (but expensive) hotel. Lovely view, exquisite cleanliness.
Wrote Mrs. Ross, Mother.

* Tuesday, June 26, 1906

Fine.
B.B.'s 41st Birthday.
Walked, read various novels.
Wrote to Mother, Neigh, Dr. Giglioli, Lucy Perkins.

Wednesday, June 27, 1906

Fine.
Walked, read, wrote.
Read Reinach's *Cultes et mythes*.⁶³⁶
Wrote to Mother, Ray, Mrs. Sprague, Willy, Scott, Keynes, Mrs. Langton.

Semmering - Vienna

[52 093] Thursday, June 28, 1906

Fine. Warmer.

⁶³⁴ Semmering is a town in Austria in the district of Neunkirchen

⁶³⁵ Charles Forbes, comte de Montalembert (1810-1870), *Sainte Élisabeth de Hongrie* (Tours: A. Mame, 1878). **Biblioteca Berenson BX4700.E4 M66**

⁶³⁶ Salomon Reinach (1858-1932), *Cultes, mythes, et religions*, 5 vol. (Paris: E. Leroux, 1905-1923). **Biblioteca Berenson House BL80 .R3 1905**



Drove to Wartenstein (Gloggnitz), Prince Fr. Liechtenstein's⁶³⁷ château — a lovely drive. We had a pleasant three hours there, though he sat us in the hottest room of the house!

Drive back lovely. Walked till dinner.

Wrote Mother, Mr. Theodore Davis, Mr. Britten, Miss Ffoulkes, Frizzoni, Mrs. Labouchère, Don Guido, Placci.

Friday, June 29, 1906

Fine. Rain storm. Cooler

Lazy day, walking, reading, writing and talking.

Wrote Mother, Mr. Cannon, Sally Harlan, Bain, Mr. Sawyer Ned Warren.

Saturday, June 30, 1906

Cool, cloudy.

Hotel Tegetthoff, I. Johannesgasse 23, Vienna.

Down with influenza alas. But I struggled out and saw Baron Tuche's nice collection, and went to the gallery.

Wrote Mother.

Sunday, July 1, 1906

Cool.

In bed. Read endless novels. *Marcel Tinayn*⁶³⁸ very poor.

Prince Liechtenstein called for B.B. and took him to Fig___ Muller, Archholz, Czernin etc. collections.

Wrote Mother.

Vienna

[53 094] Monday, July 2, 1906

Cool.

Feeling very miserable with influenza.

Mrs. Schl___ringen called and we took her to lunch at the Grand Hotel, and then she took me shopping. I got a dress and coat. She was silly but rather winning.

Lauckoroúski gave us a dinner with Count Ziehy (Hungarian leader), count Hartl ex Minister of Education, and M. Dvorák, a Kunstfusser.

Wrote Mother, Fr. Brown, Mrs. Ross, Emily, Mrs. Sprague.

⁶³⁷

Diese wohnten aber nicht hier, außerdem wurde die Burg 1809 durch die Franzosen verwüstet, so dass **Wartenstein** bereits ziemlich verfallen war, als es 1870 vom **Haus Liechtenstein** gekauft wurde. **Franziska**, Fürstin von und zu Liechtenstein, veranlasste eine Sanierung der Anlage im Sinne der Romantik.

Im Jahre 1870 baute **die Fürstin Franziska von Liechtenstein** die **Papierfabrik** in Stuppach und 5 Jahre danach die Zellulosenfabrik.

⁶³⁸ ?



Tuesday, July 3, 1906

Fine.

Depressing morning at Academy. Bernhard to Museum after lunch, I feeling ill and resting.

From 5-8 we were at Lauckoroński's, connoshing his Italian pictures. He has picked up quantities of odds and ends. Interesting but very tiring. Dvorák was there.

Wrote to Mother.

Wednesday, July 4, 1906

Warmer.

Feeling ill, stayed in till 11; went to dressmaker.

Bernhard went to Gallery.

After lunch went to Liechtenstein gallery, then to Miller Archolz', and arranged about buying the Van Dyck.

Then to Lauckoroński's again. Met very handsome and fascinating Count Nostitz of Prague.

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Keynes, Emily, Neith.

Vienna and Cracow

[__ __] Thursday, July 5, 1906

Heavy.

Saw pictures in Museum in morning.

Drove out to the Faniteum (St. Veit) which is a convalescent home founded by Lauckoroński in his wife's memory. He came too to see he impression it made. I think we were "adequate".

Wrote Mother, Ray.

Friday, July 6, 1906

Rainy, clearing.

Saw the objets d'art at Museum. B.B. went to Industrial Museum in afternoon and enjoyed the director.

Wrote Mother, Placci, Lucy Perkins, Volpi, Mr. Kelly, Emily, Venturi, Mrs. Berenson.

Saturday, July 7, 1906

Cool, cloudy.

Grand Hotel, Cracow.

Train to Cracow 7.50-2.40.

Lauckoroński met us and took us to see the Czartoryski Museum⁶³⁹ and the Potocki pictures. Dined at Count André Potocki's — very agreeable people.

⁶³⁹ The Czartoryski Museum and Library was founded in [Puławy](#) in 1796 by Princess [Izabela Czartoryska](#).



Sunday, July 8, 1906

Count Miecielski⁶⁴⁰ took us to Puslowski's and Prince Casinis Lubo[n]jinski's and the Czartoryski.

Rested afternoon.

Drove to Camaldoli ____ of Bialana.

Cracow, Vienna, Budapest

[55 096] Monday, July 9, 1906

Cool. Cloudy.

Cracow-Vienna.

Saw churches etc. with Miecielski. Got awfully tired. Lunch of real Polish things: beet soup, boiled beef with horseradish and sour milk sauce, tongue *farci d'amandes et raisins*.

Train to Vienna 2.30-9.40.

Epitaph in Church, 1552: "Vir pius litteratus qui in rebus humanis tranquillitatem animae summum bonum esse putavit, ea quae de causa alienus ab omni ambitione ita semper vixit, ut nemini molestus omnibus gratus ac jocundus esset."

Tuesday, July 10, 1906

Rainy.

Vienna-Pest.

Bernhard went to Miller-Aichholz.⁶⁴¹ Concluded picture sale.

I got my hair washed, dressmaker's and bought some Balzac's.

Met B.B. at Schwary dealer's. Went again to Liechtenstein Gallery.

Train to Budapest 5-9.

Wrote Mother, Karin, Ray.

Wednesday, July 11, 1906

Hot but endurable.

Hotel Hungaria, Budapest.

The morning went by very quickly in the interesting gallery. The Chanoinesse Cecile Tormay⁶⁴² came to lunch; she seemed pleasant.

After lunch we saw the Rath and Esterhazy things. She came at 6, and we had dinner at the Corvacz restaurant in the Park, opposite the old Exhibition.

Vienna, Lautschin

[56 097] Thursday, July 12, 1906

Cool, cloudy.

⁶⁴⁰ Mycielski

⁶⁴¹ Eugen von Miller zu Aichholz (1835–1919) war Industrieller und Kunstsammler.

⁶⁴² Cécile Tormay (1876-1937) was a reactionary [Hungarian](#) writer, intellectual, political activist, feminist, translator.



Vienna

Had to take the 8 o'clock train, for that tiresome dressmaker (Prévost, 3 Wallnerstrasse) has made me an impossible garment!

Suggested to Neith that a better scheme of things would be to have the child-bearing age begin when the love-making age had passed. That would rid children nicely of their encumbering parents at about maturity, when they would inherit their money and worship their memory.

Wrote Mother, Neith (who expects a baby in November).

* * Friday, July 13, 1906

Cold.

Lautschin bei Nimburg, Bohemia.

Train here 9-3. Met by luxurious motor and brought to this enchanting country house, set in a huge park, surrounded by endless pine forests, where Prince Alex of Thurn und Taxis⁶⁴³ keeps his deer and game.

Delightful people.

Wrote Mother.

Saturday, July 14, 1906

Very cold.

Lautschin.

Wrote and walked in morning.

Afternoon drove in deer forest. Prince Eric shot a deer and they blew a horn to call the huntsmen to come and carry it off. It was like a novel!

Wrote Mother, insurance, bank, Scott.

Sunday, July 15, 1906

Fine.

The Kinskys⁶⁴⁴ came to lunch. Spent afternoon motoring to *Kaltenberg,⁶⁴⁵ a fascinating Gothic-Rococo little town.

Wrote Mother.

Lautschin - Dresden

[57 098] Monday, July 16, 1906

Fine with showers.

Lautschin

We spent the day at ** Prague. What a wonderful town!!

⁶⁴³ Prince Alessandro della Torre e Tasso, 1st Duke of Castel Duino (Alexander Karl Egon Theobald Lamoral Johann Baptist Maria, Prinz von Thurn und Taxis (1881-1937) Alessandro was created Prince della Torre e Tasso and first [Duke of Castel Duino](#) by [Victor Emmanuel III of Italy](#) after relocating to the [Kingdom of Italy](#) in 1923.

⁶⁴⁴ [Karl](#), 8th Prince 1904-1919 (1858-1919); [Rudolf](#), 9th Prince 1919-1930 (1859-1930)

⁶⁴⁵ The Schloss Kaltenberg is a castle in the village of Geltendorf in Upper Bavaria. The castle was built in 1292 and is currently owned by Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, the great-grandson of the last king of Bavaria, Ludwig III.



Read Tourgenieff, *L'abandonnée*,⁶⁴⁶ etc.

Wrote Mother.

Tuesday, July 17, 1906

Fine.

Lautschin

Lazy day. Drove in forest in afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Paget arrived. He used to be head of Indian Police, and she was a great traveller.

We eat too much here — the cooking is so good.

Wrote Mother, Michael, Emily, Don Guido, Mrs. Berenson.

Wednesday, July 18, 1906

Glorious.

Hotel Bellevue, Dresden.

Chatted in morning.

Took 3-7 train to Dresden. My eyes began to hurt.

B.B. read Margoulanski *Life of Mohamed*.⁶⁴⁷

Berlin

[58 099] Thursday, July 19, 1906

Warm.

Hotel Continental, Berlin.

Saw the gallery. What masterpieces! Our only connoisseuring "hasel" was a head of the Virgin by Pietro di Domenico di Montepulciano!

Eyes too bad to read.

Wrote Mother, Christina Bremner, Michael.

Friday, July 20, 1906

Cold and rainy.

Berlin.

Spent five hours in the gallery. It is splendidly arranged. Bravo Bode, though he does hate us!

Saw Friedlander and Fraulein Schottmüller.

Could not read, so played a lot of Patience.

Wrote Mother.

Saturday, July 21, 1906

Cold and fine.

Gallery.

Had a terrible struggle to get dinner, trying an impossible place in Thiergarten starred by Baedeker, and ending up at Lutter's.

Wrote Mother and Ray.

⁶⁴⁶ Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev (1818-1883), *L'abandonnée* (Paris, 1873).

⁶⁴⁷



Sunday, July 22, 1906

Lunched with Herr von Kaufmann.
Saw 2 Simone collections with Friedlander.
Wrote Mother, Ned Warren, Florence Reynolds.

Berlin - Hanover

[59 0100] Monday, July 23, 1906

Cool.
Museum again all day.
Dined in Thiergarten (Terasse) very nice place.
Wrote Mother.

Tuesday, July 24, 1906

Warm, rain.
Hotel Royal, Hanover.
Saw Greek things in morning. Then went to pictures where everything looked crude and barbaric and ugly — genre at the best, after Grfeek.
Bernhard says the Greek ideal wasn't an ideal but only a canon. I doubt this.
Came here by splendid train.
Wrote Mother, Ray.

Wednesday, July 25, 1906

Cool and cloudy.
*Hotel Royal, Hanover.
Saw Provinzial- und Kestner Museum.
Very exciting. Quite a haul of Italians.
Wrote Mother, Mrs. Berenson.

[60 0101] Thursday, July 26, 1906

Cool.
Hotel Gebhend, Göttingen; Hotel Royal, Cassel.
Saw gallery with Mrs. Pringsheim and made several discoveries.
Came to Cassel. Spent afternoon at Wilhelmshöhe — a charming park and most amusing waterfall and artificial ruins. Dined there.

Friday, July 27, 1906

Cool.
Train to London.
B.B. saw Marburg and reached Frankfurt.
Saw gallery and found quite a lot of Italians, to our surprise!

Saturday, July 28, 1906

Fine.
High Buildings, Fernhurst.
B.B. saw Colmar.
Came here, meeting Ray in train. Ray had with her her dearest friend,



Elsie Collier.

Sunday, July 29, 1906

Fine.
Fernhurst.
Washed Ray's hair and mine. Chatted. Country lovely.

[61 0102] Monday, July 30, 1906

Fine.
Fernhurst.
Settling in. Saw Grace's cottage. Van Bridge.
Dr. and Mrs. Duke called.

Tuesday, July 31, 1906

Fine.
Fernhurst.
Went to town. Met Karin. Saw doctor. Met Alys. Shopped.
Came down.

Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1906

Fine.
Fernhurst.
B.B. at St. Moritz.
Alys here. Talk. Walks. Games of Patience.

[62 0103] Thursday, Aug. 2, 1906

Fine then rain.
Fernhurst.
Alys here.
Drove in to meet Geoffrey Scott, who talked very amusingly in evening.

Friday, Aug. 3, 1906

Fine.
Fernhurst.
Swimming. Tennis. Camp fire. Slept out, but I came in at 3 and Scott at 5.
Girls slept on till 8.30

Saturday, Aug. 4, 1906

Fine.
Fernhurst.
Swimming and games. Picnic at Blackdown to salute Full Moon. All wished — secretly — but nearly all sold me their secrets. Ray, Karin and Elsie at £5, Scott at £7. He was dying to tell me anyhow and I half knew it.
Walked home.

Sunday, Aug. 5, 1906

Fine.
Ray sick. Scott and I called on Zangwills and lost our way coming home,



and had a rather melancholy time.

[63 0104] Monday, Aug. 6, 1906

Fine.

Fernhurst.

Swimming. Got Karin and Mary a pony. Logan and Scott and I spent afternoon at Beechentote.

Tuesday, Aug. 7, 1906

Fine. Warm.

Fernhurst

The Kellys arrived in Miss Kelly's motor to lunch. Swam in afternoon. Watched tennis and croquet.

Kelly played Bach and the "Appassionata" in evening.

Wednesday, Aug. 8, 1906

Hot.

Fernhurst.

Drove with Scott and Kelly to Midhurst to meet Rizi Visconti Venosta, who did not come, but arrived by a later train.

Music from Kelly after lunch and again in evening. Schumann Variations after which (23 minutes) we all composed our thoughts.

Ray gave breakfast parties at Newnham, Grace interviewed her cook. Gertrude thought of all the people her boys might have given mumps to, etc.

[64 0105] Thursday, Aug. 9, 1906

Fine.

Fernhurst.

Drove in with Kelly to _____. Shopped. Watched tennis, etc. Had walk with Scott. Camp fire.

Friday, Aug. 10, 1906

Showery. Fernhurst.

Scott, Britten.

The Ponsonbys called, full of Miss Weisse's venomous talks about us all. She is making herself ill with hatred of me.

Drove in to meet Britten.

Camp fire.

Saturday, Aug. 11, 1906

Fine.

Bisham Grange, Monlow Bucks

Came over here, Scott travelling up with me as far as London and driving to Marble Arch. Miss Kelly has a lovely voice. Kelly is *full* of Miss Weisse.

Sunday, Aug. 12, 1906

Fine.



Bisham Grange.

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms from Kelly.

Called with Miss Kelly on Sir George Higginson, a Crimean veteran.

[65 scan missing]

[66 scan missing]

[67 0106] Monday, Aug. 20, 1906

Cloudy.

Fernhurst.

Took Karin up to doctor. He cannot quite decide about operation.

Bessie and Frank Taylor and their three boys, Willy ("my Willy") and Norman and Roger came. Frank Taylor upheld the American separation of businessmen from their wives — don't want women muddling round in our affairs.

Wrote B.B.

Tuesday, Aug. 21, 1906

Fine, then cloudy.

Taylor, Fernhurst

Tennis. Drove to Ray's cricket match.

Wrote B.B., Miss Sichel, Miss Houghton, Gay Bras.

Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1906

Lovely weather.

Quiet nice time.

Walk with Ray and Grace.

Fernhurst

[68 0107] Thursday, Aug. 23, 1906

Perfect.

Ray went to visit Ellie Rendel.

Called on Mrs. Duke and Mrs. Waterlow with Grace.

Friday, Aug. 24, 1906

Perfect.

Tea at the Joachims — awfully dull.

Saturday, Aug. 25, 1906

Lovely.

Day in town with Karin, seeing Dr. Heath and shopping.

Sunday, Aug. 26, 1906

Lovely!

Perfectly quiet day. A little work.



Reading Memoir of Hy. Sidgwick, a very sympathetic book.

[69 0108] Monday, Aug. 27, 1906

Lovely!

Fernhurst.

Worked.

Walked to see Zangwill and inspected his blue-eyed son!

Tuesday, Aug. 28, 1906

Lovely!

Fernhurst.

Worked.

Lazy day. Called on Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Fry (cricketer) who were lunching with Grace.

Miss Ritchie and Miss Sichel called, also the Houghtons on a motor with Mrs. Wedgwood.

Alys arrived.

Wednesday, Aug. 29, 1906

Lovely!

Fernhurst.

Lazy day chatting with Alys and Grace, watching the children play tennis. Heavenly weather!

[70 0109] Thursday, Aug. 30, 1906

Fine.

Fernhurst.

Sonnenscheins, 4 Rendels, Miss Elias. Ray brought these back with her.

Fancy dress Ball in evening, a great success. Kept it up till 2.

Friday, Aug. 31, 1906

Fine.

Sonnenscheins

Resting from Ball. Swimming, tennis, etc.

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1906

Fine.

Blackdown.

Scott, Keynes and Sonnenscheins.

Karin and I went to doctor.

I met Keynes in train and Scott came in next train. Met party at Blackdown — had a moonlight supper. They told stories and sang round bonfire. I had a fearful headache.

Sunday, Sept. 2, 1906

Fine, very hot.

Scott and Keynes and Sonnenscheins.

Read aloud *Protagoras*. In morning Emerson on Friendship.



moonlight swim and camp-fire.

[71 0110] Monday, Sept. 3, 1906

Fine.

Fernhurst. Scott and Keynes.

Motor to Bignor and Arundel and Littlehampton and Climping.

Great sport.

Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1906

Fernhurst. Scott and Keynes.

Motor to Oxford and saw the new house, Court Place. Got back late and in rain, but we all enjoyed it.

Bernhard left St. Moritz.

Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1906

Fine.

Quiet day.

Washed hair of all the company. Read aloud the *Phaedrus*.

Weather heavenly. Keynes is a perfect dear.

[72 0111] * Thursday, Sept. 6, 1906

Fine.

Fernhurst. Scott and Keynes and Willy and Burton.

Read the *Lysias*.

Walked with Willy and Burton and Willy told Scott about the Beaux Arts and the Harvard architectural school, where Scott thinks he will go, if his father approves.

Moonlight walk. I was very tired.

B.B. at Villa d'Este with Labouchères.

Friday, Sept. 7, 1906

Fine.

Scott and Keynes — to aggravate Willy — sat all the morning doing Ray's fancy work. Willy nearly burst with indignation and disgust.

Spent afternoon in Beechentote.

Moonlight walk. Ray and Keynes having one of the "vague, woolly talks" they seem to enjoy.

B.B. at Nervi with Donna Laura Gropallo.

Saturday, Sept. 8, 1906

M.N.I.

Fine

London.

Scott and Keynes left. I took Scott to hear Miss Cracroft play, but this was not a success, as her female relatives kept clattering teacups, etc.

B.B. at Nervi.



Sunday, Sept. 9, 1906

Fine.

Ascot.

† Music at Cathedral in morning. Went to Ascot to the Jephsons. They drove me in Windsor Forest — very beautiful.

B.B. at Nervi.

[73 0112] Monday, Sept. 10, 1906

Fine.

London.

Came up from Ascot. Met Ray, shopped.

Karin came up. Went to *Winter's Tale* (Tree) — very poor.

Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1906

Fine.

London.

Horrible day of shopping, but enlivened by girls.

B.B. goes from Nervi to Milan.

Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1906

Fernhurst.

B.B. at Milan with Mrs. Gardner and Placci.

[74 0113] Thursday, Sept. 13, 1906

Fine. Rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague

Went up with Karin to doctor. Shopped. Spragues came and are delightful.

Ray came in and talked at night about her Newnham friends.

B.B. at Milan with Mrs. Gardner.

Friday, Sept. 14, 1906

Fine. Colder.

Spragues went. Mary Worthington sailed for America. Poor Karin.

Ray came and talked again. She sees little to admire in most people's ideals, but hates Alys' and Bertie's worst of all — people making themselves "efficient" and doing a little "work" and then dying.

B.B. at Milan with Mrs. Gardner and Placci.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 1906

Fine. Wind. Rain.

Britten, Miss C.

Glorious music from Miss Cracroft — Beethoven 101.

Sunday, Sept. 16, 1906

Rain. Wind.

Cracroft, Britten.

Still music — splendid. Debussy not so awful as I expected.



[75 0114] Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

M.N.II.

Cold.

London.

Came up to town with Bonte Amos who is delightful. Shopped. Lunched with Spragues.

Lucy Perkins came to see me, very excited and interested rather tending to fall in love with the mysterious Pritchard.

Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1906

Cloudy.

Train to Bâle.

Started for Italy — always a joy.

Geoffrey came to say goodbye, and was awfully nice — a dear boy.

Got a very comfortable sleeping carriage.

Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1906

Rainy.

<Hotel> Cavour, Milan.

Missed connection at Bâle — curse them! But nevertheless enjoyed journey. Most delightful to see Bernhard again, he is more interesting than ever. He is quite worn out with Mrs. Gardner, who, besides being a Sorceress, is a Vampire. She preserves her marvellous youth by preying upon young men. Bernhard says he has no Principles left, but only Prejudices, and he isn't sure he would not be better without even these.

[76 0115] Thursday, Sept. 20, 1906

Glorious.

Mombello.

Cernusco Merate linea Milano-Lecco.

What a day! It was delicious to go sight-seeing again, note-book in hand.

We bought two dear little Stefano da Sevio and some silver.

Came here at 6 — too beautiful.

I am full of the "Kennst Du das Land" feeling.

Friday, Sept. 21, 1906

I.

Glorious.

Mombello.

The Princess Paternò came to lunch, and afterwards we motored to Como and saw the Cathedral and Sant'Abbondio, getting home rather late.

Saturday, Sept. 22, 1906

Glorious.

Mombello.

We motored to Bergamo, Clusone, Lovero, where we lunched, enjoyed the splendid Jacobo Bellini.



On the way home we saw the Lottos at Trescore.

Sunday, Sept. 23, 1906

Glorious.

Quiet day. B.B. has an awful cold. Amusing talk at night from contessa Serristori, who said it didn't make much difference whom one married — *ce n'était qu'une circonstance extérieure*.

[77 0116] Monday, Sept. 24, 1906

II.

Glorious.

Mombello.

Motored around Lago di Como. Very beautiful.

Saw **Castello del Pero and *Baptistry at Gravedona.

Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1906

Cloudy.

Mombello.

Did nothing. people coming and going all day, one party with a four-in-hand and two yellow coated postillions.

Boringness beginning, though I try to stave it off with entering notes.

Bernhard has an awful cold, and feels very cross with Lady Sassoon's caprices. She changes her plans every few days.

Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1906

Fine.

Mombello.

Another very quiet, boring day. Our visit is lasting too long, as there seem to be no more motor trips in prospect. It is very disappointing. The people are all very agreeable, however.

Wrote many letters and entered notes.

[78 0117] Thursday, Sept. 27, 1906

Glorious.

Mombello.

Bernhard's cold is awful. We walked and wrote in the morning. Various people came to lunch, and the conversation was incredible, circling round the deafness of the Duca di Terranuova, who gets always deaf *quand il fait des noces*. His wife said she would get deaf some day, and he suggested watching to see if she lost her hearing after. Count Blocka's visit!

A splendid walk.

Friday, Sept. 28, 1906

Glorious.

Mombello.

Lazy morning.

Motored to Bergamo and saw it all over again.



Saturday, Sept. 29, 1906
Michaelmas Day

III.

Fine

Brun. Bologna.

Most awfully boring day in Milan, ending up with Aldo Nosedà. Took 8.30 train here and arrived at 3 a.m.!!

Everything is completely disorganized in this country.

Sunday, Sept. 30, 1906

IV.

Fine

I Tatti.

Saw Bologna gallery and came on by train not more than 1/2 hour late.

Neith and Fafner to dinner.

House looked lovely.

[79 0118] Monday, Oct. 1, 1906

Fine

I Tatti.

Glorious moonlight.

Awful day of settling in. Boiler and electric bills all gone wrong, cook lost his skill, Beppa going to have baby, everything topsy turvy.

Called on Mrs. Ross and Hapgoods.

Tuesday, Oct. 2, 1906

Fine then cloudy.

The Stanton Coits came to lunch. He is a great goose, but genial and naïf.

Fafner brought his great genius the Swedish sculptor Edström, and a young painter named Sterne to call, and we returned the call on them all in the evening. They are both of course "unpresentable", but Sterne has real feeling for art and Edström is a man of power.

Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1906

Cloudy.

Baron Lambert and his wife came to lunch. Bernhard had to trot them around the galleries all day, but he seemed to like it. She rushes through things, her husband calls her Lucia Gallopaio.

Fafner came to call in the evening and we talked of the mysticism of art.

Read Gardner's translation of Tacitus' *Annals* (ed. Galton)⁶⁴⁸ and the *Vita Nuova*.⁶⁴⁹

⁶⁴⁸ *The Reign of Tiberius, Out of the First Six Annals of Tacitus, with His Account of Germany, and Life of Agricola*, trans. Thomas Gordon, ed. Arthur Galton (1852-1921). (London & New York, 1890).

⁶⁴⁹ Perhaps: Rodolfo Renier (1857-1915), *La Vita nuova e la Fiammetta; studio critico* (Torino & Roma, E. Loescher, 1879). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ4310.V4 R4 1879**



[80 0119] Thursday, Oct. 4, 1906

Very warm and sunny. I Tatti.

A marvellous day for happiness. I passed it quite alone, Bernhard being with the Lamberts all day.

Ray wrote me a wonderful Full Moon letter, saying she had had a revelation of the Joy of Life.

They call Mme Lambert "Lucia Gallopaia".

Mrs. Gardner arrived at 4, and seemed as enchanting and adorable as ever!

Friday, Oct. 5, 1906

Fine.

I Tatti.

Mrs. Gardner.

Went to Pitti.

Mrs. G. took a hatred to Mme Lambert, because B.B. is devoted to her.

The Ripleys came to tea. She is very bad form but the daughter nice.

M. Lambert and Mme ...

Saturday, Oct. 6, 1906

Fine.

Sunday, Oct. 7, 1906

Fine.

[81 0120] Monday, Oct. 8, 1906

Fine.

I Tatti.

Mrs. Gardner.

Went to Uffizi, and then to lunch with the Labouchères, who were most amusing. Labby said that D'Annunzio looked a "cross between a Vampire and a waiter in a third class restaurant". He said Dora's style of dressing combined a cocotte and hearse-horse.

Called at Brauer's, and Mrs. G., protesting bankruptcy, spent about four hundred pounds.

Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1906

V. VI.

Fine.

I Tatti.

Mrs. Gardner, Joseph Linden Smith.

Mrs. G. went to town in morning. Brauer came up and made us a very flattering offer for our tabernacle. Mrs. G. and Jo Smith came up to lunch, and we sat under the cypresses.

Placci and Lucien came to tea and stayed to dinner.

The Hapgoods and Mrs. Thorold came to dine and we managed general conversation — though we were nine — on "the Art of Life" B.B. said abstain. Fafner enjoy. Wm. Thorold resign.



Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1906

Fine.

Simplon train.

Packed. Started at 3. They would not register our luggage through, but only to Milan. We ought to have had an hour at Milan, but of course our train was late — 50 minutes late. By terrific bribery, though, we did get our luggage through, and come on.

Train dawdles endlessly — could easily save 4 or 5 hours. I suppose it is in conspiracy with the other lines.

[82 0121] Hotel St. James, Paris., Thursday, Oct. 11, 1906

VII.

Warm. Fine.

Reached Paris 2 o'clock. Washed, had tea.

Bernhard called on Lady Sassoon. Met Mrs. Crawshay.⁶⁵⁰

I went to Reinach's and Bernhard joined us there, and we had dinner.

Afterwards we called on M. Adolphe Schloss, who has some awful Dutch pictures and a fair Basaiti.

Friday, Oct. 12, 1906

Cooler. Cloudy. Paris.

B.B. bothered by the Brancaccios. She must be going crazy.

We lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Latham and dined with Mrs. Sherrill.

B.B. had tea with Mrs. Porter Palmer.

The Sherrills took us to see a play called "La plus amoureuse".

Saturday, Oct. 13, 1906

Rain. Paris.

Louvre.

Lunched with Sherrills and went to see an exhibition of miniatures.

Dined with Willy Taylor and his friend.

Sunday, Oct. 14, 1906

Fine.

Crossed to London.

B.B. lunched with Rembelinski and Contessa Serrestori and dined with De Rudinis.

London

[83 0122] Monday, Oct. 15, 1906

Karin tremendously plucky. **Took her to Miss Leithead's Nursing Home (18 Langham St.)** and had dinner with her there.

B.B. went to Dijon with Lady Sassoon and Mrs. Crawshay.

650



Tuesday, Oct. 16, 1906

VIII.

Fine.

Karin's operation on right ear. Same condition as other, but operation new, saving drum and small bones. It was gloriously done.

I feel very miserable. Sleepless.

Heard Mozart at Queen's Hall

B.B. at Avignon and Orange.

Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1906

IX.

Fine.

Poor Karin very sick all day. I sat by her.

Beethoven at Queen's Hall.

Felt ill. Sleepless.

B.B. at Aigues Mortes, St. Rémy.

[84 0123] Thursday, Oct. 18, 1906

Fine.

Logan's 40th birthday.

Alys and Logan came up.

Karin still sick from chloroform.

Mozart and Wagner <at> Queen's Hall.

B.B. at Nîmes.

Friday, Oct. 19, 1906

X.

Fine.

Karin better. Appetite coming back.

Nina called. Spragues etc. sent flowers.

B.B. at Montpellier.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1906

Fine.

Karin much better. We began *Vanity Fair*. She is a plucky creature.

B.B. at Toulouse — Sète, Pézenas, Béziers, Narbonne, Carcassonne

Sunday, Oct. 21, 1906

Fine.

Karin much better. All goes well. Even the dressing didn't hurt.

B.B. at Rodez.

London

[85 0124] Monday, Oct. 22, 1906

XI.

Fine.



Karin better. Spent day entirely with her.
Jephson called, and sent huge basket of fruit.
B.B. <at> Albi, Cahors.

Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1906

Fine.
Karin up first time. Say with her.
B.B. at Agen.

Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1906

Fine.
Karin up again.
G.S.⁶⁵¹ came up. Very depressed. So was I.
B.B. at Bordeaux.

London

[86 0125] Thursday, Oct. 25, 1906

Fine. Warm.
Karin — Alys came up.
Dinner at “Ship” with Graham Wallas and his wife and sister, Emily and the Mastonares. Talk of Suffragists in prison and state care of babies.
Wallas delightful.
B.B. at Madrid.

Friday, Oct. 26, 1906

XII.
Fog then fine.
Karin. Shopped with Alys and Mother.
Scott sent me a book ‘*συν ὀλιγῶ δωρῶ μεγαλῇ*’⁶⁵² and a depressed letter, which I answered cheerfully.
Dined with Keynes in his new chambers. He groaned over having ‘sold his soul’ to the India Office.
B.B. at Madrid.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1906

Fine.
Karin better, but I feel ill and old, old.
Dined with Michael Field. It is Michael’s 60th birthday.
B.B. at Madrid.

Sunday, Oct. 28, 1906

Rain.
Karin most intelligent and entertaining

⁶⁵¹ Geoffrey Scott.

⁶⁵² with a big gift



London Madrid Oxford

[87 0126] Monday, Oct. 29, 1906

XIII.⁶⁵³

Karin.

Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1906

Came to Oxford.

Lunched with Logan and G. Scott and "did" some of the colleges and galleries.

Drove out to tea at Bagley Wood with G.S.

Dinner and talk with Alys and Bertie.

Heard Gilbert Murray's lecture on the manuscripts of Euripides.

Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1906

Chatted with Alys.

Lunched with Logan and Mr. Haddow. Saw Court Place.

Came back to Karin.

London

[88 0127] Thursday, Nov. 1, 1906

Day with Karin.

Friday, Nov. 2, 1906

XIV. XV.⁶⁵⁴

Charming letter from Scott, who liked the present I sent him.

Keynes came in in evening.

Bernhard left Madrid for Paris.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1906

Sunday, Nov. 4, 1906

[89 0128] Monday, Nov. 5, 1906

Lunched with Emily, and went to National Gallery.

Velasquez Venus⁶⁵⁵ glorious.

Went by myself to see "Man and Superman".

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1906

XVI.

Lunched with Mrs. Collfax.

Dressmaking with Karin.

⁶⁵³ What is Mary counting?

⁶⁵⁴ What is Mary counting?

⁶⁵⁵ The Rokeby Venus.



Alys persuaded Karin to join Bedford College,⁶⁵⁶ while she has to be in town.

Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1906

Shopped with Alys and Mother.

London

[90 0129] Thursday, Nov. 8, 1906

Dentist.

Dined at Ship with Emily and the Wallases.

Mrs. Gardner bought the Brancaccio Velazquez!!⁶⁵⁷

Friday, Nov. 9, 1906

Was to have gone to Cambridge, but Ray could not get room. Shopped with Mother and did a lot of things I forget.

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1906

Fine.

Bernhard arrived from Paris at 7.30, full of the charms of his middle-aged Circes, Lady Sassoon and Mrs. Leslie.

Ray came up from Cambridge, and I went with her and Karin to "Raffles".

Sunday, Nov. 11, 1906

Fine.

Church and divine music.

B.B. lunched with Mrs. Harrison, who was quite gay in spite of being "found out".

Called on Lawsons. Janet Dodge supper. Mrs. Leigh Smith

20 Morpeth Mansions, London

[91 0130] Monday, Nov. 12, 1906

XVII.

Fog.

Bernhard shopped.

Lady Sassoon called at 3 and they went to the National Gallery. He found the Velasquez Venus⁶⁵⁸ comparing favourably with all the things in Madrid.

I had the dentist and Karin's shopping.

We dined with Mrs. Colefax. I sat by Rothenstein.

⁶⁵⁶ Bedford College was founded in London in 1849 as the first higher education college for the education of women in the United Kingdom.

⁶⁵⁷ Hadley, p. 384-386.

⁶⁵⁸ The Rokeby Venus was purchased for the National Gallery in 1906.



Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1906

Bernhard lunched with Lady Sassoon and took her and Mrs. Leslie to see the Elgin marbles.

Dentist.

Lisle March Phillipps came at 4 — very nice.

Dined with Burke, and went to hear Buhlig play Bach. Very fine.

Cook called.

Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1906

Fine.

XVIII.⁶⁵⁹

Gave John and Maude Robertson lunch. He is nice.

Bernhard went to the B.F.A.⁶⁶⁰ with Cook. I went to dentist.

We dined at Lady Sassoon's in _____ Park Lane palace. The Leslies⁶⁶¹ were there, Sir John and Lady Kay,⁶⁶² Lady Helen Vincent,⁶⁶³ Charteris⁶⁶⁴ and M. Saval (?), the Portuguese Ambassador.

Saw Sargent's detestable portrait of Lady Sassoon.

London - Oxford

[92 0131] Thursday, Nov. 15, 1906

Rain. Warm.

Moved Mother to Court Palace, in rain.

Bernhard shopped, had Trevy to lunch, had tea with **Lady Sassoon** and dined with Michael Field.

Friday, Nov. 16, 1906

Rain. Warm.

London.

Helped Mother get settled, but gave out afterwards and did not get anything else done.

Saw Scott, who seemed ill and depressed. He feels so ill every morning, he can only lie on his bed. He was keen on logic and "rationalizing" life, but hopeless about his own. Gave him nickname of the Seal.

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Harrison and saw National Portrait Gallery.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1906

Rain. Warm.

⁶⁵⁹ 18 what?

⁶⁶⁰

⁶⁶¹ Leslie

⁶⁶² John Kay

⁶⁶³ Helen Venetia Vincent, Viscountess D'Abernon (1866-1954) was a British noblewoman, socialite and diarist.

⁶⁶⁴ Hugo Richard Charteris, 11th Earl of Wemyss and 7th Earl of March (1857-1937), was a Scottish Conservative politician.



London.

Went to Wallace Collection. The Velasquez woman inspired doubts in B.B.'s mind. Titian and Andrea fine. Claude Phillips was with us.

Dentist in afternoon. Bernhard went to Cook's.

Karin had dinner-theatre party evening. Alba, Val and Val's friend Harley.

Sunday, Nov. 18, 1906

Emily at church. Palestrina!

Janet also to lunch. Nice talk with E.

Went with Janet to call on Hintons. She (Kate Goodson) played.

Called on Festing Jones.

London

[93 0132] Monday, Nov. 19, 1906

36 Kensington Square IV (Mr. Lustington's)

Moved here in morning.

Lunched with Rothensteins and Lady Beatrice Thymore.

Good talk with R. about Rembrandt. He grants "no specifically artistic qualities", but loves the emotion conveyed and the character portrayed. Met a Mr. Caleson.

Dentist and B.B. tea with **Lady Sassoon**.

Dined with Mrs. Harrison and her father Major Davis and a Mr. Eaton who is in love with her. She looks 20 years older in two years!

Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1906

Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1906

Oxford - London

[94 0133] Thursday, Nov. 22, 1906

Went to Court Place and grappled with chaos.

Bernhard motored with his three ladies to Richmond, dined at the Sassoons, meeting Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Cornwallis West,⁶⁶⁵ Winston Churchill, etc.

Friday, Nov. 23, 1906

Bernhard came to Oxford and lunched with Gilbert Murray and walked out with Bertie to Bagley Wood.

Geoffrey Scott called for me about 3, and after tea we walked over to Bagley Wood.

⁶⁶⁵ Mary Adelaide Virginia Thomasina Eupatoria 'Patsy' Cornwallis-West (née FitzPatrick; 1856 - 1920) was a mistress of the future King Edward VII.



Interesting talk from B.B. and Bertie. G.S. very disappointing and bearish.

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1906

Alys had Rizzi to lunch to meet B.B.

B.B. came over in the afternoon and we went up together in the evening.
Jamie and his friend Gordon came to tea with Karin.

Sunday, Nov. 25, 1906

I spent the day in bed, curing my cold.

36 Kensington Square, London

[95 0134] Monday, Nov. 26, 1906

B.B. lunched with Lady Sassoon.

I had to spend the afternoon at the dentist's.

Emily and the Rothensteins came to dinner. W. R. is very interesting to talk to on art.

Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1906

Miss Cracroft called at 11.

The Michael Fields came to lunch, but somehow they were rather tiresome, and B.B. had an awful cold.

Dentist.

We had tea at the B.F.A. with Holroyd and Alban Head and Marsh and Lytton.

Dined with Claude Phillips. *Deadly!*

Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1906

Went to Oxford and helped unpack etc. House in dreadful confusion.
Dined with G.S. who saw me off. Not very satisfactory, but still working towards a cleaning-up.

B.B. dined with Lady Sassoon.

Ascot - Cambridge - London

[96 0135] Thursday, Nov. 29, 1906

Went to Jephsons at Ascot.

Ranee Brooke and Grisi's and Mario's daughter to tea.

Miss Liddell and Mr. Muloch to dine. Montenegro told some good stories.

Friday, Nov. 30, 1906

Cambridge.

Came up from Jephsons.

Mamie Cook came to tea with B.B.

Karin and I went to Cambridge and saw the *Eumenides* with Ray.

Saturday, Dec. 1, 1906

B.B. lunched with Mrs. Harter.



We called on the Welbys at 5.
B.B. dined with the De Meyers.

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1906

Spent day with Somersets at Reigate, and saw their pictures.

Tea at British Museum with Colvins.

Dined with Heads. Old Mrs. H. charming, and Christopher apparently very interesting.

London

[97 0136] Monday, Dec. 3, 1906

Emily and Alys came to dine, also Mr. Britten.

Alys spoke at a suffrage meeting.

Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1906

Mrs. Sommerschein, Janet Dodge and Mrs. Bywater called.

Had Mrs. Gardner, Ricketts and Shannon, Kelly and the Hinton to dinner. It went off very well. Kelly was delightful, but *full* of rage against Miss Weisse!

Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1906

Court Place, Iffley

Shopped with Karin in morning, and saw Dr. Heath.

Went to Oxford. Geoffrey Scott met me and we walked to Wytham and had tea and a long and most satisfactory talk, which cleared up things immensely.

Dined with Mother, Logan and Alys.

Bernhard lunched with Lady Sassoon.

[98 0137] Thursday, Dec. 6, 1906

Raining

36 Kensington Square.

Worked at Court Place and got things fairly settled. Came back at 4.20.

Mrs. Crawshay to dinner. Looked at Burne-Jones Flower Book — much impressed with his “imaginative design”.

Friday, Dec. 7, 1906

Fine.

Went to Lucile and saw her pretty models parading in her remarkable dressmaking “creations”.

Went to Yates Thompson and saw his miniatures. Mrs. Gardner joined us there, and B.B. took her on to Hertford House. She and Ross and Holroyd and A. Head lunched with us.

I called on Mrs. Harter, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Philpotts and Miss Phillips, B.B. on Lady Sassoon.



Saturday, Dec. 8, 1906

March Phillipps came to lunch.

B.B. dined with Mrs. Harrison and went to see the "Yeomen of the Guard" and I dined with the Dawsons.

Sunday, Dec. 9, 1906

Saw Mr. Lane's "Titian" and met Orpin, a painter.

Called on Ricketts and Shannon.

Saw Mr. Davis' collection.

Lunched with Rosenheim, a real connoisseur's lunch.

Dined at Richmond with Michael Field, and spoke of Love and Old Age.

London - Paris

[99 0138] 36 Kensington Square, Monday, Dec. 10, 1906

Fine day.

I spent day at Oxford. Karin went to Birmingham.

Bernhard lunched with Lady Kay and Lady Sassoon took him to call on Mrs. Asquith, whom he liked better this time.

Zangwill and Christopher Head came to dine.

Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1906

Lovely day.

Went to see Withers about getting the church's estate to pay for Karin's operations.

Ray came up with an awfully silent friend named Peggy Coulson. She and I shopped. She told me she was the only Hedonist at Newnham.

B.B. dined with Kerr-Lawson and met Steer, whom he liked.

We went to the Palace Music Hall.

Hotel St. James, Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1906

Fine day.

A most awful crossing — the worst I ever had.

Came with Lady Sassoon.

I hated to leave England just as the girls' holidays were beginning.

Paris - Florence

[100 0139] Hotel St. James, Paris, Thursday, Dec. 13, 1906

Rain and snow.

Bernhard got some money and called on Lady Sassoon, and I got some corsets and called on Billy, who is down with rheumatic fever.

Lady Sassoon took us in her carriage to see Spiridon,⁶⁶⁶ Brauer, Sedelmeyer.

Perry called.

⁶⁶⁶ Joseph Spiridon.



Mrs. Sears wrote that she had given up all hope of seeing us, for Mrs. Gardner said we weren't coming to Paris but going straight home via Cologne!!

Friday, Dec. 14, 1906

Fine.

Paris.

Shopped. Joined B.B. in Louvre, who was adoring Andrea's "Charity". Reinach and Hubert joined us.

Lunched with Mrs. Sears, and laughed over Mrs. Gardner's monstrous lie.

Saw Baron Schlichting's things. Queer man.

Called on Billy.

B.B. dined with St. André.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1906

Train de luxe to Genoa. Fine.

Met Braggiottis, Ernesto Fabbri and Mrs. Fitzgerald in train. Heating apparatus gone wrong — simply frozen.

Read Wells, *The Future of America*.

Sunday, Dec. 16, 1906

Fine.

Settignano.

Train late. 3 hours in Pisa. Enjoyed sights with Fabbri.

Got home at 7.

Fafner came and told us such tales of Edst_____ and Sterne.

[101 0140] Monday, Dec. 17, 1906

* * *

Florence.

Fine.

Unpacked. Houghton came after lunch, then Placci (very dull and selfish and chauvin) and then Prince and Princess Brancaccio.

Called on Neith and saw her little baby Miriam.

Called on Mrs. Ross (in bed), and saw also Mis Erichsen.

Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1906

Fine.

Read B.B.'s *North Italians* and were **thoroughly discouraged**.

I drove Miss Erichsen to town and did errands, and we called for Bernhard at Benn's on our way back.

Read Maxime du Camp's *Souvenirs*.⁶⁶⁷

⁶⁶⁷ Maxime du Camp (1822-1894), *Souvenirs littéraires: 1822-1850*, 3rd ed., 2 col. (Paris: Hachette, 1906). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2220.D7 Z5 1906 [Shelved as SAL.V.3.]**



Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1906

Grey.

Have decided to give Ray £200 a year, and she is delighted. "When I see how other girls are made miserable by their parents, and what a horribly false sense of duty they have to face up, I'm almost afraid to tell them how lucky I am in having not only **such a nice family**, but such an extraordinarily unselfish and sensible one."

Called on Neith and the Labouchères. Dora said her Mother in law, speaking of revenge said, *C'est un plat qui se mange froid* — how awful!!

Miss Blood came to dine. She confessed to feeling lonely.

Florence

[102 0141] Thursday, Dec. 20, 1906

Sunny and windy.

In bed with cold, but cured it with Dr. Langdale's Essence of Cinnamon!
Went over the Mantegna with B.B. and did some work.

Friday, Dec. 21, 1906

Sunny, cold and windy.

Well!! A miracle, for the cold was going to be awful.

Worked and began re-typing.

Went to town about the Insurance.

Bernhard called on Checchina D'Orsay and we both called on Mme Narischkine.

Saturday, Dec. 22, 1906

Fine but windy.

Worked. Mr. and Mrs. McCurdy came to tea. He is going to write on Carpaccio. Benn came to lunch and quoted Punch about Matthew Arnold, "He wrote Bald, Dead and Balderdash"

Miss Blood came. The Princess is away, and she is awfully lonely.

Worked in evening.

Sunday, Dec. 23, 1906

Fine.

Worked.

Agnes Steffenburg to lunch.

Called on Mrs. Ross, the Herrons and Neith.

Fafner came and spent the evening with us. Dear fellow!

Florence

[103 0142] Monday, Dec. 24, 1906

Middling.

Christina Bremner.

Worked. Christina arrived (an hour late) and I met her. We did some



shopping.

Placci came to tea and read us the preface of his new book on “artistic automobiling”. It wasn’t bad.

Bernhard is getting more encouraged about his book. It is crammed full of ideas.

Mr. Sargent came to dine, and brought a Keats⁶⁶⁸ for which he has done the woodcuts which are pretty good.

Tuesday, Dec. 25, 1906

Rainy.

Talked with Christina and worked.

After lunch I called on Mrs. Ross, whom I found desolating, and poor Miss Erichsen, who has grown hideous with Gravis disease.

Then I went to participate at the Christmas tree at the Hapgoods. Miss Blood was there, and drove me home.

In the evening Bernhard and I dined with the Labouchères. I sat by Major Chapman, a fearful bore. Labby was amusing afterwards, and Algar charming as usual.

Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1906

Fine, warm, then rain.

A heavenly morning! Sorted photographs with B.B.

After lunch walked to the Gamberaia with B.B. and Christina, through the woods. Found Miss Erichsen there, and Hutchins came in. Drove back with Miss E. and called on Mrs. Ross.

Found Don Guido here, with whom we chatted all the evening. He is so nice, but conversationally dull.

Florence

[104 0143] Thursday, Dec. 27, 1906

Christina.

Began lists — my numbers all wrong! Rage and despair.

Maud Cruttwell to lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryce to call.

Christmas tree at Labouchères — deadly. I wish I didn’t hate people so.

Drove Algar back. He is agreeable.

Friday, Dec. 28, 1906

Damp.

Christina.

Called on Mrs. Ross and Neith and Fafner walked back with me.

⁶⁶⁸ John Keats (1795-1821), *Poems of John Keats: Isabella*, with illustrations designed and cut on the wood by F. W. Sargent (Florence: Basil Press, 1906). Description: 16 pages ; 27 cm, “Two hundred copies only of this book have been printed.” **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections PR4830.A2 B3 M**



Countess Serristori came. She told us many Stendhal-ian tales of Italian hate, and did not seem at all surprised at Mme de Rudini's "Le vengeance est un plat qui se mange froid"

Old count Ricasoli shut up his wife in Brolio for 17 years, with his mistress as gaoler, on account of jealousy!

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1906

Damp.

Christina.

Worked over lists.

B.B. called on Mrs. Ross and Neith.

I called on Mrs. McLean and Maud Cruttwell, who is a great friend of "Robert de la Condarmine",⁶⁶⁹ who talks to her about "hermaphrodites" and calls her "Anne Maud".

Horne came to dine, the same as ever.

Sunday, Dec. 30, 1906

Glorious day.

Christina.

Worked over the Veronese.

Called on Mrs. Ross and met young Spalding the violinist — a nice boy.

Also Prof. Barnett, who came back to tea, and reminded me how he had once wanted to marry me!

McCurdy called.

[105 0144] Monday, Dec. 31, 1906

Glorious. Such a day! And we spent the afternoon at poor Horne's, who has turned his house into a dreary rubbish-shop. He is the born collector, and lives in utter discomfort, with all his *objets* piled around him — the absolute negation of beauty and dignity.

Called also on the Serristori, and in the evening on Lina at Poggio.

⁶⁶⁹ Robert de la Condamine



Diary 11, 1907

Walker Diaries, a printed diary, a page for each day; see scan 007

[__ 004]

We think so because other people all think so,
Or because — or because — after all we do think so,
Or because we were told so, and think we must think so,
Or because we once thought so, and think we still think so,
Or because having thought so, we think we will think so.

Henry Sidgwick

Love beyond telling, Good unimagined, Light without measure, shine now
in my heart.

Quinci si va chi vuole andar per pace.

[__ 005]

M. W. Berenson, I Tatti, Settignano, Florence, Italy

*Le temps s'en va — le temps s'en va, Madame Las — le temps passe, mais nous nous
en allons.*

Hélas je sais un chant d'amour
Triste ou gai tour à tour.

[__ 006]

a clipping from 1912 on the Education Bill

[__ 007]

a clipping on the Milan Exhibition

[__ 008]

*Notre amour sua _____ un sommeil
ou nous dièrendrons nos propres rêves*

[__ 011-022]

'Register of Letters' written each day of each month



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[023] 1907

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1907

Mist and snow.

Christina Bremner.

A very quiet day of work, finishing the lists of Veronese pictures and getting ready to work on the Milanese. We dined with Miss Blood at the Gamberaia, and greatly enjoyed the spacious, well-proportioned, soberly empty rooms, filled with soft candle-light. Neith and Hutchins dined there too, and as she had to leave early to nurse her little baby, Miriam, we drove him home at 11. He wants at last to settle down and have a comfortable, well-regulated elegant home, so he has had a revelation that to provide him with this will tend to Neith's "best development" — which is by no means her point of view! We did go for him! She is not the woman to be a mother or a housekeeper.

I finished *La cité antique* (second reading) and began the memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope. B.B. finished Justi's *Velasquez* and Acton's Historical Sketches.

Wrote to Mother, Don Guido, Geoffrey, Prof. Barrett.

[024] Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1907

Cloud, with one or two bursts of sun. Warm.

Christina Bremner, Algar Thorold.

Another quiet day of work. Went over B.B.'s manuscript *North Italian Painters* with Christina. B.B. and I walked up the hill and got some marvellous Japanese effects of mist and hills and trees.

Algar came and we talked all evening. He entirely agrees with us about the Hapgoods. We spoke much of religion. He feels life distinctly poorer with the Sacraments, and he feels at a strange disadvantage with his wife, who is deeply religious, with all the matronly element in her reinforced by religious sanctions. She has "no use for talk", or indeed for the intellect in general; and of course she brings up the children to regard their father as wrong. And it was he who pursued her to become a Catholic!

B.B. is reading *The Dissociation of a Personality* (Morton Prince) and Beroutette's *Velasquez*. We have just read Benson's *Life of Walter Pater*.

Wrote to Mother,

[025] Thursday, Jan. 3, 1907

Scirocco. Rain.

Algar Thorold.

"Tis the voice of a Husband, I heard him complain,

'I shall go on a visit — we're moving again"

A little poem by Algar, thrown off under the inspiration of a letter from Frank Mather, who has just moved to Florence, and offers himself for a visit while his wife and baby are "settling in".



B.B. spoke today of Carlo di Rudini⁶⁷⁰ who 'is so quick to see a point that he never has to think'.

We began the Milanese this morning.

In the afternoon I went to Poggio and heard Albert Spalding play, a nice boy of 18 with a divine talent for the violin. He played sentimental and sensual music, and I yielded myself up to it and really found distinct sensual enjoyment though it is a prejudice to prefer, as I do, the genuine art enjoyment. Certainly this was a pleasure. But quite as certainly it was not art!

Kenworthy Brown called, full of rage against France.

Neith and Hutchins came to dine.

Wrote to Mother, Mrs. Steward, Ban, Lina, mother.

[026] Friday, Jan. 4, 1907

Warm and sunny. Rain and thunder.

"Did" Ambrogio da Prodi and B. du Conti this morning. After lunch Algar and I had a walk. Then the Spaldings and Mr. James came, and the party from Poggio, and we had some *real* music, Bach and Mozart, and finally a most interesting Sonata by César Franck. They played extremely well.

Algar went home and B.B. and I were left alone again.

At dinner we discussed the reason why one was such a snob in arts, preferring only "the best". B.B. called my yesterdays enjoyment "wallowing". It is the way most people enjoy music. Algar said it was his way, but admitted that he would not tolerate similar effects in Literature, which is the Art he really cares for. B.B. says that if we didn't keep up a high standard of art we should cease being civilized.

[027] Saturday, Jan. 5, 1907

North wind. Clear and sparkling.

We finished the School of Leonardo in the morning and had a glorious walk after lunch. The Serristori came, and she and B.B. had a walk. I read over my diary of 17 years ago⁶⁷¹ — just! when I was so dreadfully unhappy.

Hortense told us some more Stendhal tales — among other of *someone we know* who has her lover visit her sometimes, and to get him to her room she has to lead him across the room where her husband sleeps. The lover always comes armed! So far, the husband's sleep has been unbroken — but fancy the risk!

[028]

Fine.

⁶⁷⁰ marchese Carlo Di Rudini (1867-1917)

son of the Prime Minister of Italy, Antonio Di Rudini.

Alessandra Di Rudini ha 27 anni quando conosce Gabriele D'Annunzio in occasione delle nozze, in ottobre, di Carlo Di Rudini con Dora Labouchère.

⁶⁷¹ of 1890?



Did pseudo-Boccacino and Solario, with considerable strife.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch, and she and Bernhard had a walk.

I called on Mrs. Ross — said goodbye to Nelly Erichsen.

We dined with the Hapgoods and sat late talking in the rather unreserved, dressing-game and slippers way they induce one to indulge in, which is certainly extremely pleasant, partly from its utter sincerity. Sometimes one goes rather far but I never knew Neith draw the line at anything until this evening <when> she tried to stop Fafner repeating an epigram of Oscar Wilde's (really a poem) which he said Algar found extremely witty. Of course this made us anxious to hear it, so he gave it: "Young boys should be obscene and not hard." It *is* funny, but it is disgusting.

[029] Monday, Jan. 7, 1907

Glorious.

Did the Piazza, Defendente, Macrino, Giovanone, Luini without too much strife.

Mr. Frank Mather came to lunch — a mean-looking little man, but a first-rate journalist, part editor of the *New York Nation*. He is interested in things, but, somehow, in an uninteresting way, and his profession has absorbed him. He walked with us to Settignano, and then we went on to the Gamberaia to see Miss Blood. How beautiful it was there, and such a sunset!

[030] Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1907

Glorious.

Began Gaudenzio, but the post came early, bringing most bothersome letters about that tiresome insurance. They won't pay us ever a third of what we lost, and I find we're bound all the same to go on insuring with them till 1911! B.B. got into an awful rage, and behaved like a naughty child, **so I took the key and went off into the woods**. It was *un jour entre les jours*, and I grew calm and happy. I think I should have been very _____ on coming in, but it is not right for a man to be so disagreeable, and so I told him at lunch that his way of taking things made it extremely unpleasant for me to take the practical burdens off his shoulders as I try to do. I said it make me loathe that sort of work (if only he were nicer about it I shouldn't mind *anything!*), at which he got furious and pushed away his plate and rushed out of the room, saying, "Well go on loathing it", like a bad boy. The consequence (well deserved) was a headache, so that he could not go to town with me, and hear the divine music I heard at the Spaldings — a Mozart duet for piano and violin of the purest, loveliest, gayest sort — oh heavenly!

There is still a gloom on, and we are merely polite. I do *wish* he weren't so bad tempered!

[031] Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1907

Glorious.



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Did Gaudenzio and Luini.

Mrs. Spalding and Albert and Mr. James came to lunch. He further showed his colours by the ecstasies he went into over a picture of ours when he found out it was by *Sodoma*. He also confessed to a great friendship with Lord Ronald Gower. Those people really seem to regard their *culte* as a sort of *Cause* which they are proud to be martyred for.

I took them all to the Gamberaia, from Settignano I walked back through the woods. It was certainly the day of days today! But one always keeps saying that.

Walked some more, and went to dine with Miss Blood, while Bernhard had the Hapgoods here.

When I came in we talked over our late coolness. I shall try a new method now with Bernhard's temper, just giving him an affectionate kiss when it come on, and leaving the room *before I lose my own*.

[032] Thursday, Jan. 10, 1907

Glorious!

Did Sodoma in morning.

The publisher Putnam sent a boring letter, making out that the expenses of B.B.'s lists were awfully heavy, etc., etc., so B.B. wrote and said he would take all the books off Putnam's hands. Bells are wild to have them. Putnam is a miserable publisher, and the book shave brought in nothing. £30 or £40 a year. This broke up our morning's work in a boring manner.

Directly after lunch we drove to our splendid "Tree" and after worshipping there awhile, walked back to Fiesole, and met the carriage and drove home. Never was it more beautiful!

[033] Friday, Jan. 11, 1907

Misty. Windy.

Algar.

Did Tura, Cossa and Ercole Roberti in the morning.

Bernhard slept almost all afternoon.

I went to town and called on the Mathers and Mrs. Giglioli and did various errands, and then called for Algar and brought him over. He was very depressed, feeling himself a mere sham, rather futile, and suspecting that he had never had a deep emotion all his life, and never would have. He is also rather disgusted with Florentine life.

Miss Blood came over to dine.

Am reading *The Soul of a People* (Fielding Hall) and Maxime du Camp's *Souvenirs*. Bernhard has just finished Dr. Prince's *Dissociation of a Personality*.

[034] Saturday, Jan. 12, 1907

Glorious.

Algar.

Did Ercole Roberti and Garofalo, but the post with Barings' yearly



account distracted us. We made up a rough estimate, by which it appears that last year we spent about £3,500 of which £400 was for Bernhard's family and £400 for Ray and Karin — leaving some £2,700 which went for ourselves: books, pictures, charities, travelling, household and personal expenses. The whole thing is at least £1,200 more than we have as actual income, but things generally turn up. Last year it was £1,888 for the Lotto; this year £2,000 on the Velasquez Mrs. Gardner bought, so we have paid off almost all the debt B.B. incurred to start his brother.

Algar and Neith had a drive and B.B. and I a walk in the woods. Contessa Serristori came to tea.

In the evening Algar told us tales of the Brotherhood (i.e. Sodomites). He says he has always been looking for the man who was one and wasn't stamped by it as "queer", and has never found a single case — that is, where it was carried on beyond youth. He also says they always come in for some horrible black-mail crisis, which as often as not ruins their lives.

[035] Sunday, Jan. 13, 1907

Glorious day.

Algar.

Did Costa, Mazzolino and others in morning.

A dealer came up to tempt us with a dainty bust of a girl by Mino da Fiesole. We're in a sad state of indecision, for it costs 10,000 lire.

Mr. and Mrs. Mather came to lunch, and I took them to see the Hapgoods, and went on myself to Mrs. Ross after.

Bernhard walked with Mr. Mather, and came home to tea with Algar, who was feeling ill.

A nice young architect named Cecil Pinsent came to call, and I found him here when I came in. He is good-looking and seems good, as if he had been brought up by nice people. B.B. said he was intelligent too.

The Hapgoods came to dinner, and we talked, as one always does with them, *sans pose* — it is really remarkable. Do all people get sincere as they grow old? With Algar too we can be very sincere.

By the way, he says Dora told him that **in Paris now promiscuous love-making is so easy** that it has lost its special charm, and people are heard exchanging these remarks, "*Voulez-vous?*" "*Mais non, je n'ai pas le temps*".

[036] Monday, Jan. 14, 1907

Colder. Cloudy, clearing late.

Did Costa and Amico Aspertini and Timoteo Viti.

We are *awfully* tempted by that Mino.

At lunch Algar told us of some friends of his. The wife had a lover, who was also the husband's friend. After a while she told her husband, and he, having his own game, expressed his approval, and shelters her in every way, even travelling with them, to keep up appearances, when they do for trips. Sometimes he takes another lady for himself. The thing has gone on for 15



years, and they all seem very happy. The two men went out to the Boer War, and the lover nurses the husband through a dangerous attack of enteric. The wife consulted a palmist, who said she would soon be a widow, whereat he was delighted. This casts a rather lurid light. However, as she did not become a widow, she remains "an ideal wife", for of course she is endlessly grateful to him. The children don't know. The only point the husband insisted on was that there were to be no children by the lover, which has involved several abortions. What a tale!

[037] Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1907

Fine. Colder.

Did no work because we looked over all the Mino da Fiesole photographs to see where ours comes in. We were surprised to find how few things of his there are. Ours is as good as any. We must have it! But the eyes are queer.

In the afternoon we went to town and I shopped and saw the lawyer about the insurance while Bernhard went to Horne's to see a new "Desiderio" he has found. He bought a beautiful bas relief of <the> head of little John for forty lire!! Called on the Labouchères.

The Houghtons came to dine, bringing **that nice young architect, Pinsent**. Houghton told of a friend of his, a mathematician at Cambridge, who said that he could not take the Communion as he was a vegetarian! He also said he had been vaccinated and confirmed, but neither of them "took".

Fafner came in and told me the tale of Edström, and the resulting quarrel and his quarrel with Leo Stein. He stayed till midnight. I was interested, but so sleepy I dropped off a dozen times while he was talking. **He always wants to make love to me, but it bores me dreadfully.**

[038] Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1907

Misty. Very cold.

We did Correggio and Dosso, amid much rage, for we both feel very wretched. B.B. is trying a hydropathic cure for his liver, and I am in a queer state inside, with bladder trouble brought on by last nights' drive. However, we ended laughing at ourselves.

I went to town and called on the Houghtons, and did some errands.

Came back and Mme. Serristori came to tea. She was *delicious*.

Had a depressed letter from Mother, who must be having influenza. She says she feels life a burden and will be glad when the call comes. She has taken — they all have — a dislike to poor Geoffrey Scott, and they do not want him again on a visit, I am sorry, but still it can't be helped. There is no use forcing together people who feel an antipathy.

B.B. wrote a long and affectionate letter to the **Baronne Lambert**. She is one of his "ladies". The others are her sister, **Lady Sassoon**; Mrs. Harrison (of Naples); the adorable Serristori' and **Agnes Steffenburg his masseuse**.



[039] Thursday, Jan. 17, 1907

Warmer. Fine. Golden haze.

I was seized with a sharp attack of inflammation of the bladder in the night, and passed most of the day in bed. But we did Parmigianino, Campi and Boccaccino.

I read Maxime du Camp, *Souvenirs littéraires*⁶⁷² and Mahaffy's *Social Life in Greece*.⁶⁷³

Neith called on me.

Mr. Sargent came to dine. He is very agreeable — no, not *very*, but still agreeable.

Bernhard and I both got suddenly better at the end of the evening.

We talked of Renaissance sculpture. B.B. said that as pure art Michelangelo was about on a level with the Pergamene⁶⁷⁴ things — and (for us at least) superior only in Illustration!!

[040] Friday, Jan. 18, 1907

The most beautiful day I ever saw!

We did Sofonisba Anguissola, Romanino and Moretto in the morning, and had a glorious drive after lunch. How divine it was on the hills!

I did not feel very well, but still not ill either, so I had a regular orgie [*sic*] of work, while B.B. went to dine with Miss Blood which he enjoyed.

I still “remain” over what he said about Michelangelo — no better than the Pergamene sculptors! Then the “literature” of art is half the battle.

Pazzagli came up with the two little pictures by Fangai, for 1,000 francs each: we had to buy them, the colour is so clean and delightful. I hung them opposite to my bed, and have been enjoying them hugely.

[041] Saturday, Jan. 19, 1907

Glorious.

Cecil Pinsent.

We did Calisto Piazza and Moroni in the morning. Bernhard went down to see Alinari's new photographs in the afternoon, and called on the Serristori. Houghton motored up, bringing Mather to call, and Cecil Pinsent (a nice boy) to stay. He is very much *sous le charme* of Houghton, and finds Florence a revelation even more for its English inhabitants — the Houghtons and Howells — than for its beauty. He is still in the stage of wondering whether it is right or wrong to be ambitious.

Ray's daily letters from Newnham have begun again — what a pleasure!

Bernhard at dinner gave a “theory of life” which might be further

⁶⁷² Maxime Du Camp, *Souvenirs littéraires : 1822-1850*, third ed. (Paris: Hachette, 1906).

Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2220.D7 Z5 1906 [Shelved as SAL.V.3.]

⁶⁷³ John Portland Mahaffy (1830-1898), *Social life in Greece from Homer to Menander* (London: Macmillan, 1898). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DF77 .M217 1898**

⁶⁷⁴ perhaps a mistake for Pergamon?



developed. It was that the people who planned their lives as if they were going to live on endlessly were so obviously more useful to society, that they were the surviving type. hence the man who lives so is in harmony with the true law of his being — a law evolved by the very facts of the struggle for existence. The “seeker of golden moments” is damned.

[042] Sunday, Jan. 20, 1907

Cecil Pinsent.

Glorious!

Did Civerchio in the morning.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch, and she and Bernhard walked in the woods, while I drove Cecil Pinsent to see Mr. Cannon's Villa. It was a glorious afternoon and we drove home by Fiesole. I think he is a nice boy, but he is not very keen on architecture: and if he had £1,000 a year, he would travel, especially in the East. People interest him, and new ways and unaccustomed thoughts. He has pleasant manners, and is handsome, in a frail sort of way.

Miss Blood came to dinner, and Fafner afterwards. Talk genial, but, I thought, dull, but Pinsent found is “so educating”!

[043] Monday, Jan. 21, 1907

Misty and ____.

Went on with typing the insurance this morning, while B.B. wrote an article for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* on the “Raphael” at Montpellier, which he gives to Brescianino.

Chatted with Pinsent, and drove him down. He is a nice boy, but not very keen on architecture. If he were rich, he would travel, especially in the East.

B.B. called on Mather while I went to see the surgeon about my hand. Then we had tea with Placci.

[044] Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1907

Windy and cold.

In bed with that tiresome inflammation of the bladder.

Maud Cruttwell came up to see me in the afternoon.

Reading Miss Mary Kingsley's books on west Africa.⁶⁷⁵

[045] Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1907

Very cold and windy.

Type-wrote the Leonardo-Milan part of B.B.'s manuscript. It is *full* of ideas, but so briefly set down, how can anyone understand them?

⁶⁷⁵ Mary Henrietta Kingsley (1862-1900), *West African studies*, 2d ed. (London & New York: Macmillan, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DT471 .K57 1901**

Mary Henrietta Kingsley (1862-1900), *Travels in West Africa, Congo Français, Corisco and Cameroons*, 2d ed. (London & New York: Macmillan, 1904). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DT472 .K56 1904**



Dr. Giglioli and **Dr. Stori**⁶⁷⁶ came and cut the growth off my wrist, *out* of it, rather. It hurt like fury and I yelled for all I was worth. I was very indignant too, for I had begged for ether, and they had promised me it shouldn't hurt. And it *did*. It was only five minutes, but those five minutes were awful.

However, I would go through it every day *gladly* if I could get rid of the fear that poor old Karin may be deaf. She is awfully anxious about it — I don't know what to do. "What is to become of me?" the poor thing writes. And "I don't know what would become of me sometimes when I feel as if my life was all hopeless, if I didn't know that I had you and Gram and Ray ready to put up with me, even as deaf as a stone."

She also says "I have forgotten lots of things already. It is an awful affliction, but do not call it carelessness, for I do care most awfully — *afterwards!*"

[046] Thursday, Jan. 24, 1907

Snow.

Stayed mostly in bed reading Mary Kingsley and Van Dyke's *The Desert*,⁶⁷⁷ a book Bonté Amos recommended to me, but which I find not very good.

Bernhard began an article for the *Rassegna* but could not decide between Girolamo dai Libri, Fr. di Giorgio and Girolamo da Cremona.

I went over notes for the new *Golden Urn*.

We saw no one but the doctor who came in about 6.

[047] Friday, Jan. 25, 1907

Warmer, but grey.

Stayed in, as I'm not quite well yet.

Did notes for *Golden Urn*.

Neith came to see me. She has begun a novel about marriage to be called *The Bond*.

B.B. described Neith, who has a passion for life only less great than [sic] her indolence and fastidiousness, and who has the luck to be married to a man who devotes himself to living and to telling her about it. This she enjoys intensely — as the God who does not eat the flesh of the sacrifice, but enjoys the smoke and odours.

⁶⁷⁶ The Villa di Maiano was acquired from Richard Bethell Lord Westbury in 1917 by **Teodoro Stori**, the husband of Elisabetta 'Rezia' (?) Corsini (1876-1961) — 'donna Lucrezia Corsini'?

her nipotina, contessa Lucrezia Corsini Miari Fulcis

la prozia di Francesco Miari Fulcis,

⁶⁷⁷ John Charles Van Dyke (1856-1932), *The Desert: Further studies in natural appearances* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, 1901). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit F786 .V24 1901**



[048] Saturday, Jan. 26, 1907

Warmer. Rainy. No sunshine.

Stayed in. Got the new edition of the *Golden Urn* (Sacred Pictures) ready to wrangle over with Bernhard. He is doing his article for the *Rassegna*.

Placci came to tea and was really agreeable. He says the Baronne de Raverot is **one of the most notorious Lesbians in Europe**. No wonder Miss Mansfield crossed herself when she entered the room and beheld that lady sitting there!

He says D'Annunzio is staying with Orrigo the sculptor, for they fear if he goes back the Marchesa Carlotti will join him, and they quarrel like cat and dog and simply can't live together. He complains that she interrupts his work every half hour to break in and tell him about the dogs' or the horses' ailments. So he is lying p_____ at Orrigo's, where she can't join him.

She and they all have taken up table-turning and Spiritism, but Placci said, sitting by D'Annunzio during the "manifestations" he had an impression that D'A. was cheating.

[049] Sunday, Jan. 27, 1907

Clear but very windy.

Worked on Vienna notes for new editions.

Pinsent came to lunch and Houghton after. B.B. said the Italian maxim about works of art was that they must, and should, period but not be exported!

Pinsent is going to live with the Houghtons, but he is unhappy at leaving his nice pension-keeper with one boarder less, and I said that alas one learnt with advancing years the 'Tis a good wind that blows nobody any ill'.

We all called at the Gamberaia.

The Actons came in their motor. I can't bear him.

Then I took Houghton and Pinsent to call on Mrs. Ross.

The moonlight was wonderful.

[050] Monday, Jan. 28, 1907

Cold, crystal-clear, windless.

Went over *Golden Urn* with Bernhard, and finished Vienna notes, and began Madrid.

We drove at 11.30 up beyond Poggio, and walked back. We rather got on each other's nerves over motors and over Roger Fry. This was unfortunate, as the day was so perfectly lovely.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, bringing photos of the skulls of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, which we felt we ought to be interested in, but weren't. She also brought her new book, *The Pollajuoli*⁶⁷⁸ which B.B. and I read in the course of the afternoon and evening.

⁶⁷⁸ Maud Cruttwell, *Antonio Pollaiuolo* (London: Duckworth and Co.; New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.P75 C8 1907**



Dr. Giglioli came and changed the bandage on my hand, taking out the stitches. It did not hurt.

Fafner called in the evening. Stein had written him (as I prophesied) a reconciliatory letter.

[051] Tuesday, Jan. 29, 1907

Cold. Grey. Rain.

Grappled with Berlin catalogue. B.B. set down with his old article on Sassetta to see what he really meant by "Imaginative Design", on which Placci and I want him to write. He came to the melancholy conclusion that he didn't know what he meant! He is rather in despair about himself, feels dry and unelastic and has lost his intellectual energy. But sometimes he suspects things are going on in his head. He says it is like walking on an apparently solid stone pavement, in which however now and then you come across barred openings, down through which you see and hear water (generally sewage!) rushing.

We called on the Howells'. **Mr. Brush the painter** came in, a genuine, pleasant man.

B.B. is reading Creweg's *Memoirs*⁶⁷⁹ and enjoying them. I have taken to rereading my old journals.

[052] Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1907

Dull. Snowstorm.

mr. and Mrs. Houghton, Cecil Pinsent.

Finished Berlin notes. Bernhard sat in front of a paper, unable to write or thing about "Imaginative Design". He says all is over this time for sure!

We went down to tea at Placci's — M. Vizard, Piero Gerini, the Papafavas and the Contessa Lenzoni from Pisa — a very intelligent woman. It was like getting into the parrot-house at the Zoo. They all yelled together, the one with the loudest voice gaining a temporary triumph.

The Houghtons and Pinsent came to dine, and had to spend the night, as it snowed too hard to send them down.

[053] Thursday, Jan. 31, 1907

Glorious day with fairy-like effect of snow.

Did Budapest notes.

The Contessa D'Orsay came to lunch. She said Dora Labouchère (di Rudini) was much criticized in Rome for trying to lead the fashion, criticized especially by the old Roman princesses whose pedigrees go back 1,000 years or so, and who say Dora's only "*parchemin*" is an unpaid dressmaker's account!

⁶⁷⁹ ? Memoirs of Prince Chlowig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst, trans. George W. Chrystal (London: W. Heinemann, 1906).

Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst, Chlodwig, Fürst zu, 1819-1901.

Biblioteca Berenson House DD205.H7 A4 1906



Placci and Mme Narischkine came from 2.30-4.30.

Mrs. Sanderson,⁶⁸⁰ **Miss Blood's sister,** called.

And at last, when we were nearly worn out, Mr. Parmelee of Cleveland called and nearly killed us with his slow sententiousness.

Bernhard crossed the bridge over to Middle Age walking in the woods this morning. He left the house a decrepit and senile Youth, but came back in the first flesh of young Middle Age. He says, though, it should be called *Muddle Age*. Alas.

[054] Friday, Feb. 1, 1907

Cold but fine.

Worked. B.B. wrote the first two or three sentences of his new book, which he means to be about "Imaginative Design", but he has no idea, really, how it will come out. In reading Creevey's letters⁶⁸¹ he was struck with the fact that even politicians act with no idea of the consequences, but in the same hand-to-mouth sort of what that is common to plain humanity. They generally imagine themselves to be accomplishing something quite other than that which they are really doing. We know this is true of artists. Creevey is a deliciously English book.

I went to the Uffizi with Pinsent, who was terrifyingly appreciative of all I said. When one finds a mind so receptive, one fears it contains little but sensitiveness. He did not, however, make a single banale [*sic*] remark, or admire anything wrong.

I had tea with the Houghtons and A____-Bells — he keen and intelligent and educated, she a heavy lump of vulgar fat. What an awful thing.

We dined with the Hapgoods and, as usual, discussed what Algar calls "Subject No. 1" — Man and Woman. We also talked of Stein, with whom Hutchins is trying to cement a friendship on the basis of mutual insult. "Slow pomposity" is the most complimentary phrase he has for Stein.

[055] Saturday, Feb. 2, 1907

North wind. Cold. Clear.

Went to Comune in morning to sign paper for insurance. Sent out to get £1.20 stamp. There was more none though the Tobacconist was "*legalmente obbligato*" to have them!

The Papafavas and their friend the marchesa Lenzoni called, but I do not think it went off very well, because we did not make her talk. Then B.B. and I called on Mrs. Ross, who has Sir William and Lady Markby and old Prof. Wright staying with her.

We came home and Bernhard squeezed out a few more sentences of his

⁶⁸⁰ Maud Blood, Florence Blood's sister, married Harold Arthur Sanderson, the general manager of the White Star Line. Their son was Basil Sanderson (1894-1971).

⁶⁸¹ Thomas Creevey (1768-1838), *The Creevey papers; a selection from the correspondence & diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M. P., born 1768 - Died 1838*, ed. Herbert Maxwell (London: John Murray, 1906). **Biblioteca Berenson House DA536.C9 A2 1906**



book. It runs very slowly at first, but already he is happier, and his ideas are taking a more definite shape. I hope he will treat *colour* in this book. He seems more tranquil and more disposed to enjoy the passing moment since he crossed over to Middle Age. I think it was a genuine Crisis and Epoch.

I am feeling very ill. I don't know what is the matter with me.

B.B. reading Julius Lange.⁶⁸²

[056] Sunday, Feb. 3, 1907

Cold, clear, windy.

Felt ill.

Miss Steffenburg and Maud came up to lunch, and the latter remained behind for a chat, while B.B. and Agnes battled with the wind in the woods.

The Anning Bells⁶⁸³ came to tea, and also Houghton and Pinsent and Mr. Howells. The Hapgoods came to dinner. he is a most lovable creature!

Bernhard re-wrote the first paragraph of his new book. He says his head feels as if it were made of wood, and that the most salient quality of his mind is Forgetfulness. This mind is like a sieve, but an old sieve with great rents in places, besides the natural small perforations!

[057] Monday, Feb. 4, 1907

Ice on pond. Clear, very windy, cold.

I felt ill, so stayed in, and was in fact in bed when Lady Markby called.

Bernhard sat at his desk grappling with — nothing — he says, for his ideas refuse to come.

We were speaking of Rashdall, whom I said Geoffrey Scott rather despised. "But who knows? Young people are so arrogant!" Bernhard said they were like undrained tracts of land, perhaps full of water, but you couldn't tell till they had been canalized how much good water there really was. And before any channel has been made, they despise the little oozings and rills that come from other people's marshes!

[058] Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1907

Windy. Grey.

Felt ill. Did not stir from house. Bernhard went down to see Placci whose mother was not well.

Read Sturges Moore's *Correggio*.⁶⁸⁴

⁶⁸² Julius Henrik Lange (1838-1896), a Danish art historian and critic.

? Georg Brandes (1842-1927), *Julius Lange*, trans. Alfred Forster (Leipzig: H. Barsdorf, 1899). Biblioteca Berenson House N7435.L2 B7 1899 [Shelved as C.L.1.]

⁶⁸³ Robert Anning Bell (1863-1933), an artist and designer. From 1918 to 1924 he was professor of design at the Royal College of Art.

⁶⁸⁴ Thomas Sturge Moore (1870-1944), *Correggio* (London: Duckworth & New York: C. Scribner's, 1906). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.C7 M8 1906**



Bernhard is reading Westermarck's *Origin of Moral Ideas*,⁶⁸⁵ but finds it peso. He is having an awful time beginning his book.

I am getting our notes in order for a final go at the revised lists.

[059] Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1907

Warm. Cleared towards evening.

Bernhard got the transition from his introduction to his subject done this morning.

The Benns came to lunch. He quoted Lafontaine "*Cet animal est très méchant il se défend quand on l'attaque*" and

"The dog to serve his own designs
Went mad and bit the man."

I went down to the dressmaker and the bank.

The Mathers, all three, called. The ladies giggle too much. It is an unfortunate manner to make everything one says semi-comic — a great strain.

[060] Thursday, Feb. 7, 1907

Fine and warmer.

Finished D-L indexing. Bernhard wrote two or three more paragraphs and seemed to feel encouraged. Karin's good spirits have come "bubbling" back, in spite of her trouble with her ears. She is reading Meredith and George Eliot and beginning to think about them as style and construction. She is very clever.

Mrs. Crawshay writes good letters. Today she speaks of chamber music "performed somewhere — of the size and population of a railway station" and says she means to come to Rome "when every stone there has a rose bending over it" Best of all,

Last Day of Holidays

Short Conversation between first little pink boy, Jacky Crawshay, and second little cherub mouthed boy, Crinks Johnstone — overhead by "Impasse" seated behind and underneath them in a hansom (destruction national Gallery)

Jacky (patronisingly) "Have you see our new Velasquez, Crinks?"

Crinks "No. Oh yes, if you mean that woman on her back" — (!)

Jacky "I don't think it good, Crinks, do you?"

Crinks (flattered) "No, it's beastly rotten, isn't it?"

By and by Jacky said sweetly, "Mummie, if it's quite the same thing to you, as Crinks and I know the National Gallery so well, shall we go instead to the Hippodrome?"

We did, only returning in time to dress for the Pantomine!

⁶⁸⁵ Edward Westermarck (1862-1939), *The origin and development of the moral ideas*, 2 vol. (London & New York: Macmillan, 1906-1908). **Biblioteca Berenson House**
BJ1311 .W5 1906



Miss Blood and Neith came to dine. but it dragged.

[061] Friday, Feb. 8, 1907

Fierce wind. Grey.

I was fighting a cold all day, and I think I conquered it by means of Langdale's Essence of Cinnamon. If it's gone, this will be the third cold I have conquered by it!!!

I brutalized myself with work, finishing the type-writing of B.B. manuscript and doing endless notes. Work is the only pastime, when through ill health or any other cause the moments cease to be sparkling golden sands that one would fain stop and play with as they slide all too quickly through the relentless hour glass. I am too much given to wish *every* moment thus, when work seems irrelevant, but Life can't be that way and isn't, at least: and certainly getting something done is a fine "dope", as Fafner would call it.

Placci came in the afternoon. He says D'Annunzio is almost crazy with conceit, 'La folie des grandeurs', and that he spends most of his time **philandering** with two of the silliest women in Florence, who are only on the edge of society in any sense. He frequents chiefly Jew houses, to see them. The preface to his *Più che l'amore*⁶⁸⁶ is something fantastic in its self-importance.

[062] Saturday, Feb. 9, 1907

Warmer but grey.

Made over one of Rankin's wild articles in pictures in New York for the Rassegna.

Bernhard read over the text of his North Italians.

Went to town and saw the Primavera, suddenly remembering it was the exact time that Ray and her friends were marching in the Women's Suffrage Procession from Hyde Park to Exeter Hall! The two worlds seemed to clash, but I love my Venus-haunted Grove best, which is very un-strenuous and immoral of me!

Went with Pinsent to San Lorenzo. he is measuring buildings all over the place, but says it is only a means for getting the building into one's memory, ___ guide one's taste. There are no building problems involved, and the whole ground has been fully gone over and published. It is like connoisseurship as a means of keeping one's attention upon pictures.

I came home to find a most distressing letter from Karin, in whom the unkind Brighton doctor has inspired doubt about the value and wisdom of her last operation. Of course she is dreadfully anxious, and indeed it makes me quite sick with anxiety.

⁶⁸⁶ Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), *Più che l'amore*. **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ4803 .P58**



Horne and Sargant dined here and stayed till 11.30, but were rather nice.

[063] Sunday, Feb. 10, 1907

BLACK

Warmer. Faint sunshine.

Finished M-N. Pinsent came to lunch, and I read him some Pater while B.B. napped. We all went to the Gamberaia.

When I came home I found a sad letter from Karin. "I feel so far away from everyone here, people worrying over French and algebra, while I am shut off in my own noisy kingdom, where their noise comes faintly. O to get out of it all into the sort of world other people live in! When will it all end? It would be awfully jolly to die, sometimes <I> think. I often feel it, but I don't expect I stand any chances, for years and years yet."

I have written to her and to Dr. Heath, and I shall leave nothing undone to cure her. But the anxiety is awful, and it seems to melt my bones within me to have the child unhappy. Life is sometime very cruel.

Bernhard wrote to Putnam today, and we sent off the manuscript of his North Italian Painters.

Bernhard found out that the Mino bust was modern!!! The patina came off with moisture. It made him perfectly sick. He did not tell me till evening, but he was wretched all day. It is awful that we should be taken in. What fools we are. But somehow it makes me love him more. Strange!

[064] Monday, Feb. 11, 1907

Bright, but cold and windy.

Yes, it is certainly modern! We studied it over again with the photographs and came to the conclusion the eyes weren't right.

Maud came to lunch, and then we went to the Uffizi to take the North Italian numbers.

B.B. had tea with Horne, who said he *knew* the bust was a Bastianini! He has been himself taken in several times, that is how he knows. He seemed pleased and touched at being asked his advice — strange!

At dinner Bernhard said something which goes a long way towards explaining the changes of taste. He said the chief result of his books would be to arouse interest in the next generation in *some other* period of art, and this quite mechanically. For he, and her few serious colleagues having worked out their subject have practically nothing to do for the younger men *in that subject*. Hence these new energies must find a new field, with the result that their writings are occupied with later or earlier art, and their readers, the new generation, have their attention directed to *that*. It is not a capricious veering of taste. It is a mechanical result of the inevitable direction of energy. This might be worked out in *lots* of ways.

Karin writes, dear child, more cheerfully. Her greatest sorrow was the doubt her trouble cast on her genial belief that the Universe was particularly friendly to her. Imagination and Hope are bringing back that delusion.



[065] Tuesday, Feb. 12, 1907

Clear. Cold.

Well, we took the bust in to Bardini, who confirmed Horne's opinion.
"Let it be a Lesson!"

We did our list of Alegretto Nuzi, and I began seriously to revise the lists in the Central Italians. Bernhard got very tired working over the photographs.

I called on Mrs. Ross, but it was without more than neighbourly significance.

We are both enjoying Lafcadio Hearn's letters.⁶⁸⁷

[066] Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1907

Rain and south wind.

We did not go out, the weather is too awful.

Gronau came to lunch, but was not exciting. He is a very feeble brother. But not uncultivated.

Did Octaviano Nelli, Lorenzo Salimbeni and Andrea De Licio. And I worked for six hours over the Index to the Central Italians.

No news from Karin.

[067] Thursday, Feb. 14, 1907

My 43rd Birthday.

It does make one feel old to have such an ancient birthday as this. Old and Foolish, but at least Happy. That is due to Bernhard.

Nor could there have been a better birthday present than Karin's telegram saying she had seen Dr. Heath and that it was *All Right*. O if only she is spared the misery of being deaf! I would be willing to jump ahead to my 86th birthday if I could *make sure* of that — and this is saying a good deal, for I am expecting great enjoyment out of the coming 43 years! But I should have none, really, if my child had that to suffer.

I worked on at the Index all morning, while B.B. interviewed the "Mino" bust men, who pretend to be unconvinced! I'm sure they're Italian frauds.

We went to the Pitti, and then called on George Carpenter and his wife, who looked despairingly middle-aged! Called also on Mr. Parmelee, and then had tea at Placci's with Papini, Papafava, Signora Melegary and a German art-critic named Maier-Graefe⁶⁸⁸ — rather nice, for a German! He adores Rembrandt.

⁶⁸⁷ Hearn, Lafcadio (1850-1904), *The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn* (London: Archibald Constable; Boston: Houghlin, Mifflin, 1906) **Biblioteca Berenson House PS1918.W4 1906b**

⁶⁸⁸ Julius Maier-Graefe (1867-1935), an important German art critic and novelist.

Maier-Graefe's third marriage was to Anna Marie Epstein, who was about 38 years his junior, and a wealthy heiress. She was the only child of Else Kohn (1880 -) and Walter Epstein (1874-1918); her grandparents were **Adolf Kohn, a prominent German-Jewish banker**, and Anna Michaelis.



Neith came to dine — inexpressive as usual.

[068] Friday, Feb. 15, 1907

Fierce scirocco.

M. Gustave Dreyfus came to lunch — nice but dull.

I went down and did errands. Had tea at Houghtons, told them about the Suffragette attack on Parliament. Pinsent was delighted, and his pleasure was increased by thinking of his father reading about it in the paper and getting purple with fury and crashing down his paper with the words, "What is England coming to!" (A lesson to parents!)

Coming home, I found a letter from Ray full of enthusiasm, describing the Procession. She *loved* the excitement.

I also found **Ned Warren and John Marshall** here, and Ned remained on to dinner, and we talked of many things. He is too queer for words, but he is lovable, and he has a sort of muddy, tinged depth to him that one can't help respecting.

Speaking of the follies of people in love, etc., B.B. said, "Every passion creates its necessary illusions."

Reading Lange, D'Annunzio's last play, *Più che l'amore*, and Wölfflin's *Classical Art of the Renaissance*.⁶⁸⁹

[069] Saturday, Feb. 16, 1907

Fine but windy.

Worked. Bernhard began defining the different sorts of poetry.

The Carpenters and Neith came to lunch. George thawed a little.

We had a walk, and then Miss Blood came to tea, and told us of the amours of her dogs, with a frankness and detail that made B.B.'s few hairs stand on end!

Ned Warren and John Marshall came to dinner. Ned talked to me most intimately about himself, his *maladies du corps et du coeur*, and all sorts of indiscreet things. I believe one of his reasons for avoiding people is that he can't help being indiscreet!

He reminded Bernhard of a remark he made years ago, after vainly trying to interest Ned in Renaissance sculpture. Ned at last said, "It's all very bad! Why is it?" To which B.B. replied, "Well, you see they had such a bad start with Gothic sculpture."

B.B. horrified Marshall but delighted Warren by repeating (what had horrified me) that he considered Michelangelo as a sculptor no better than the sculptors of the Pergamene marbles.

I had a most desinal letter from Geoffrey Scott, who is in a deplorable

⁶⁸⁹ Heinrich Wölfflin (1864-1945),

Die klassische Kunst: eine Einführung in die italienische Renaissance (München, F. Bruckmann, 1899). **Biblioteca Berenson N6915 .W57 1899**

Classic Art: An introduction to the Italian Renaissance (New York, 1952)



state of health. Why do I get fond of such people?

[070] Sunday, Feb. 17, 1907

Fine at last!

Went down to the Bargello and met Pinsent there and shower him round. I met also Ned Warren and Marshall. I had a half hour of real ecstasy driving down.

In the afternoon we drove across to Bellosguardo to call on the Terence Bourkes,⁶⁹⁰ who are staying with his sister, Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin,⁶⁹¹ a sweet-looking, gentle-voiced typical English lady.

Neith and the Thorolds came to dine. Mrs. Thorold says such killing things. We were speaking of the great Jesuit work on marriage, and she said, "It makes ordinary marriage seem so tame and commonplace, doesn't it?!"

Miss Blood said she had the silent Neith to dine, and finally, every subject having dropped, she read Neith a story she had written, which she had fondly imagined to be amusing. At the end Neith *did not say one single word*, and after a moment of wild despair, the baffled authoress plunged madly into a new topic. The funny thing is that today Neith said the story was really very amusing and that she had enjoyed hearing it! It is really *pas permis* to have such lack of manners.

[071] Monday, Feb. 18, 1907

Glorious day.

The Mathers and Neith came to lunch, and we sat out on the lawn all the afternoon. It was divinely beautiful! and the temperature was perfect.

The Houghtons and Pinsent came in for awhile, and then Placci with Mlle Melegary, who is very agreeable. But they stayed too long — we got awfully tired. At last at 5.30 I got away to town and did some errands and a commission for Christina. Drove back and saw all the stars come out in a crystal sky.

Mather told B.B. he was thinking of writing upon the explanation of Beauty "a subject no one has as yet touched", as he naively said!! This "gives pause", for Mather is more cultivated and intelligent than most of Bernhard's readers, and yet it would seem that because he tried to avoid the use of the hackneyed word "Beauty", Mather hasn't the least idea that his books are chiefly an attempt to explain Beauty from the point of view of the enjoyer's psychology. We have laughed over this together, but still it is discouraging. one must frankly take the point of view, "*Facciamo per noi?*"

⁶⁹⁰ ?

Terence Patrick Bourke, 10th Earl of Mayo (1929–2006)

⁶⁹¹ Colonel Windham Henry Wyndham-Quin, 5th Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl (1857–1952) was an Irish Peer, British Army officer and a Conservative Member of Parliament 1895–1906. He married **Lady Eva** Constance Aline Bourke, daughter of Richard Southwell Bourke, 6th Earl of Mayo.



[072] Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1907

Clear. Glorious.

Went to Uffizi and tried to look naively at Simone Martini's Annunciation. My head was a whirl of confused and muddled sensations, in which the only clear thing was that the lines and masses were somehow extremely agreeable.

Bernhard had tea at the Gamberaia to meet young Mrs. Bischoffsheim and Mme. Boissière. The former lady, who is pretty and well-dressed and 27 (she confesses to 25, provident woman) quite smothered B.B. in compliments about his books, especially his "magisterial work on Lotto". After she had gone, Miss Blood laughed heavily and said that she had enquired "For heaven's sake, tell me what he has written" and Miss Blood said (out of malice) "A book on Lotto." Nevertheless, in spite of her baroque manners, B.B. suspected a wee tiny feeling for art and beauty to be fighting for life, like, ☞ he said, the hairs that might start up under a wig!!

I found in Wölfflin the same discovery about Michelangelo's treatment of the figure, the utmost action with the least displacement possible. They each arrived at it independently, and as neither noticed it in the other, it has given B.B. a sense of the hopelessness of writing on art!

[073] Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1907

Rain. wind.

Well! Well! I've got that nasty disease, Shingles, and our visit to Naples has to be abandoned. What a nuisance. It is very painful too, like a Nessus-shirt of fire all about one's waist. Such is life! Bernhard, however, is not all sorry to be staying on here, as he is slowly getting to work.

Mme Bischoffsheim and Mme Boissière came to tea, the latter is awfully keen on art and knows about it as a student of maps might know about countries unvisited.

The Bourkes and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin also came and Houghton and Pinsent to dine. I fancy Pinsent has been going through the usual young man's throes over his profession (architecture) which he is not sure he likes.

By the way, Billy, beloved Billy, has got the second medal in the big mathematical exam.

A more cheerful letter from Geoffrey, who was helped out of his depression by vividly recalling the view of Siena from behind the High Altar of S. Domenico, which I arranged for them one day as a surprise.

Awful wind storm at night. Did not sleep.

[074] Thursday, Feb. 21, 1907

Windy but clear.

A day of great pain. Shingles or Zona, as they call it here, is a very painful disease. I feel as if my body were made of spun glass which even a breath of air would shatter. The doctor came and pricked the bubbles and that did some good. But I have a fiery belt, like the shirt of Nessus, around my



waist.

Placci came and I saw him. His brother is going to marry the Countess Bourtourlin, an American. It seems that Gennaro has always fallen in love with Americans. He frequented the Eyres because they took care to always have on hand, as a "paying guest" some American woman who would serve as mistress for Gennaro, and he has never been without one, generally of the Eyres providing!! Florence — Florence — !!

Bernhard is very much delighted with Julius Lange. He got from this book the suggestion (not quite explicit in Lange) that the Jews were remarkable for having made a failure but insisting that *that failure was the real success*, which more or less <was> imposed on all the world!

[075] Friday, Feb. 22, 1907

I Tatti

Glorious day.

Worked morning. Bernhard arrived at "the secret of poetry" and was awfully interested but I have not quite followed it.

He went to Rome with Brauer in the 5 o'clock train, and the Houghtons and Pinsent came out to stay with me.

Quiet pleasant chat in the evening.

[076] Saturday, Feb. 23, 1907

Rain.

The pictures were of no value, but Bernhard was interested in seeing the Massimo Palace. We had lunch with Ned Warren and Marshall, and came to rather odd conclusions about them.

Rembelinski dined with him and told him endless gossip.

I did the Florentine Index and chatted with the Houghtons. Mrs. Houghton and I dined alone. She is really very nice.

Mrs. Ross called.

My Shingles are better.

[077] Sunday, Feb. 24, 1907

Rain.

Looked at Botticelli illustrations to Dante in morning and worked.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. She said she was lunching at Vernon Lee's with Kit Thompson and Mrs. Forbes-Morse. Vernon began to speak of the wonderful art discoveries of her little secretary, Miss Krebs, who had "abstracted line from representation," and was able to deduce the artist's character. Thus, she discovered (!) that Andrea del Sarto had a very sensual nature.

"But what is a sensual line, Vernon?"

"Well", began Miss Paget in her most haranguing manner, "Andrea's line is a line that presses and squeezes."

"Like Caruso!" Maud was impelled to say from the corner, whereupon a



horrified shiver passed over *les dames* and an instant of dead silence ensued, Vernon waiting with her hand in the air till it had died away, and then taking up her words as if nothing had happened — “which presses and squeezes —,”

B.B. came home to tea, and called on Mrs. Ross, as it was her birthday. He came back and flew into a rage with me for having lent my motor-coat. This made me ill, and my shingles broke out again. I cannot bear rages.

[078] Monday, Feb. 25, 1907

Fine day.

Feeling very ill and head-achey. Bernhard sorry for his rage. It has lost us both 24 hours. We were fit for nothing but to lie out in the sun all afternoon.

Neith came in a rage with her husband who write imploring her not to be so selfish as to take up her novel and “sacrifice the family to her egotism?”. I like that, when he has gone off himself to Paris for a spree, leaving her with **the three children** and the burden of everything. He is a selfish brute. But she adores him.

She came also to dinner, but was very dull and heavy all evening. She *is* dull to talk to, although a certain charm exhales from her dainty little person that makes you like her.

[079] Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1907

Windy but clear.

Finished Venetian Index of Places. I like doing that work, for as I write the names of town all sorts of most delicious visions come up, and golden memories of our journeys there. It makes me relive some of the happiest moments of my life.

Bernhard went to tea with Placci and met Corradini, and talked with him about the Theatre. He found Corradini interesting and thoughtful.

Mrs. Thorold called on me, but she was not especially entertaining. She evidently believes Algar is a great Genius, if only he wouldn't be so lazy. But as he is perfectly happy lazy, she has no hold on him to make him write.

We “did” Antoniazzo.

[080] Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1907

Perfect day.

Houghton brought Max Rosenheim⁶⁹² to lunch. He talked for three hours about the set of people we most want to forget, Mrs. Strong, Langton Douglas, Dell, Roger Fry and the rest. We were both depressed by it, and also, somehow by his way of taking hold of art, that awful collector's dry rot. We felt it was nicer to admire the wrong things in the right way than the right things in the wrong way!

⁶⁹² a collector?



Then we drove down to Brauer's and saw his signed "Pietro Dominici de Montepulciano", a delicious picture by a painter we've been on the track of for some time.

It was my first outing, and I got awfully tired.

[081] Thursday, Feb. 28, 1907

Divine weather.

Felt pretty weak, but finished up Sellajo, and prepared Bartolo di Fredi and Sassetta. Goodness! what a lot of work it is.

After lunch I went onto the lawn and lay there napping and peeping at the soft blue hills and the cypresses till tea-time.

Bernhard took Mrs. Mather to have tea with Miss Blood. They were both indignant with him for saying that Lafcadio Hearn had a slight trace of intellectual vulgarity about him, that he betrayed his lack of culture. They did not find it a *bit*! But fancy, a man who was so furiously devoted to Spencer, and worshipped Pierre Loti all his life, and Symonds.

Bernhard is reading a most fascinating book on *Le Rire* by Bergson.⁶⁹³ He says it entirely takes the mind out of his own sails.

Neith came to see me, but nothing special was said.

[082] Friday, Mar. 1, 1907

Perfect.

Maud came to lunch, very jolly. Her talk is getting rather odd, though. She tells such very risqués tales. Here is one of a French lady who was expostulating with Mrs. Peabody Rice about her Platonic American flirtations. She said that in France people didn't understand that sort of thing.

"Quand un Français vous aime ou il vous possède on il vous tue!"

"Madame, je suis charmé de vous voir *en vie*," said a third person, a man!

Mr. Cannon sent over some presents, and I went to see him to thank him, and stayed to tea. I like him very much, but oh alas I find him *molto per*!

He showed me the collection of pictures he has bought from Dr. Richter — perfect *horrors*! Poor man, of course he doesn't know. I am very glad he wasn't sensible enough to ask our advice beforehand, because I know Richter needs the money for his children. But poor Cannon!

[083] Saturday, Mar. 2, 1907

Perfect.

We had an awfully long talk in the morning, exposing each other's defects and the things we objected to in our arrangements. But it was done affectionately and without quarrelling — a vast improvement upon similar readjustments in former years. Bernhard feels that if I'm always running

⁶⁹³ Henri Bergson (1859-1941), *Le Rire* (Paris, Alcan, 1906). **Biblioteca Berenson House PN149.P5 B4 1906**



home to the children, life here gets so terribly cut up that it is unsatisfactory, but as I cannot be happy without seeing them every little while — there we are!

We spent really the whole day in talk, lying out in the garden after lunch. We enjoyed it.

Then Bernhard went for a walk, and Mrs. Hale (of University of Chicago) and her fine Trecento daughter came to see me, a sub-acid little woman, who<se> cordiality tastes of venom. Miss Blood also came, vehement as usual. She used a funny expression — Southern states? — “go to the Ballyhoo!”

Bernhard gave me in the evening to read what he had worked on in the morning — comparisons between various forms of poetry and of the fine arts — lyric=Giorgione, etc. He had hit on an idea that may make a *very* popular book!

[084] Sunday, Mar. 3, 1907

Grey.

We were talking about the middle-aged ladies who fall in love, and I asked what did they really want. B.B. said they wanted a place for their ideals to perch on, as they were tired of flaying about in the air, “And having found the place”, he added, “they generally foul it and fly off again” *Comme c'est vrai!*

We worked ourselves quick sick over the Bonfigli⁶⁹⁴ - Boccacio⁶⁹⁵ - Girolamo Boccacio⁶⁹⁶ - Matteo da Gualdo⁶⁹⁷ - Caporali⁶⁹⁸ muddle. It is awful to work with photographs for gradually they usurp the place of the originals.

Miss Wolcott, a school teacher from Denver (where Bessie is) came to call, bringing with her an old American judge named Lefevre. She had a sweet voice.

While they were here a painter named McBride and a Californian architect named Ratcliff called (sent by Miss Hogarth). They seemed interesting and keen.

I felt rather ill, I am sorry to say, but I hope it is nothing serious.

[085] Monday, Mar. 4, 1907

Grey and colder.

Am better but feeling pretty slack. For the first time in my life I am enjoying laziness without a pang. Is this the approach of Old Age? It

⁶⁹⁴ Benedetto Bonfigli (c. 1420-1496), a painter born in Perugia, a member of the Umbria school of painters including Raphael and Perugino.

⁶⁹⁵ Boccacio ?

⁶⁹⁶ Girolamo Boccacio ?

⁶⁹⁷ Matteo da Gualdo or Matteo di Pietro di Ser Bernardo (Gualdo Tadino, c. 1435-1440 - 1507), a painter, active in [Gualdo Tadino](#), [Nocera Umbra](#), and [Assisi](#).

⁶⁹⁸ Bartolomeo Caporali (c. 1420-c. 1505), born and active (1454-1499) in Perugia.



suggests that this dreaded state may be in effect extremely pleasant!

We worked in the morning and then went down to have tea at Placci's and met the Oiettis.⁶⁹⁹ He is a very entertaining talker.

Then we went with Placci to Buonamici's, heard them play a duet by Rheinberger and some of Bach's Goldberg Variations.

[088] Tuesday, Mar. 5, 1907

Grey and cold.

Worked in rather a lazy desultory way, and Bernhard couldn't get to work at all. He is in despair over this new book.

Neith begged me to call for her at 3, instead of 3.30, which I did. Of course she wasn't ready, and at 3.15 she sent down a casual message to say she was nursing the baby and would be ready in "about ten minutes". When she came, she offered *no* apology. Of course were too late for little Boyce, who has jaundice, to see the doctor. She said she preferred to call on Mrs. Cobb to going with me to see Mrs. Hale, and we arranged that she should come back for me in half an hour. She "got to talking", and came in an *hour and a quarter*. This time she did vaguely apologize. This delay of course made her very late for feeding her baby. What an *awful* way to live!

Mr. McBride (painter, New York) and Mr. Ratcliff (architect, San Francisco) dined here. They were not interesting as we had hoped. They are merely travelling in the old Longfellow, 1860-70 style, for the wine, the local colour, the picturesqueness. They did not interest us.

[087] Wednesday, Mar. 6, 1907

Clearing. Colder.

Mr. Cannon came for me in his auto, and I took him down to Brauer's to see the Pietro di Domenico di Montepulciano which I rather hoped he would buy, it is such a lovely thing. however, I do not think he cared much for it. He and Brauer talked uneducated nonsense about Egyptian, Japanese and Persian art.

Mrs. Vollmer is evidently staying with him *sans chaperone*, a fact he clumsily endeavoured to conceal, but without success.

Houghton and Rosenheim called, and then Maud Cruttwell and Mrs. Peabody Rice (Lotta Farnham of the Villa Rosa) came to dine and spend the night. Mrs. Rice is making a desperate effort not to show her age, which is nearly 50! She succeeds pretty well. I asked her what she would rather be, attractive (to men) or interesting. Without hesitation she said attractive. I fancy au fond she thinks of little else.

[086] Thursday, Mar. 7, 1907

Windy. Clearer.

Chatted with Maud and Mrs. Rice. They think everybody grows worse as

⁶⁹⁹ Ugo Ojetti (Roma, 1871 – Fiesole, 1946), scrittore, critico d'arte, giornalista.



they get older, and say money is the one important thing. Maud told me of Lady Borthwick,⁷⁰⁰ whose daughters call her “Ostro”, from *inchiostro*, she is so like black ink. Gabrielle — a daughter — made a story of her going to heaven, flying up with Percy, her lap-dog. She went to call on the Virgin and entertained her with tales of her servants and their misdoings, and Gabrielle drew a picture of them sitting in the fields of Paradise hob-nobbing over a pot of tea, and the Virgin was saying, “Yes, even I, the Mother of God, have much ado to be served”. Lady Borthwick was invited to dine with God and was much pleased when she found she was to be taken out to dinner by St. Peter!

Burton came to take picture post-card of the Villa, and the Serristori just returned from Rome spent an hour telling us the latest gossip of that gay place, where they are all in debt, all in love with the wives or husbands of others, and all know it about each other, but think their own affairs are secret. From the outside, it seems an *incredible* existence, but I am not sure that ours leads to much more. But then I have really no notion what human life is *for* ... probably 0.

[089] Friday, Mar. 8, 1907

Morning walk in the woods. Delicious! Perfect day.

Princess Mary and Pru fat son Eric and his fat silent wife and Placci came to lunch. Princess Mary terribly excited over that *Dissociation of a Personality*. It is fine to be so mobile at her age, but sad to be so empty-headed that one can get so excited!

Mrs. McLean and her niece, the Mathers and Corradini came in the afternoon, but I had to go to bed with a headache. However, I got up and went with Neith and Bernhard to dine at the Gamberaia.

It came out that Neith loves her husband not in spite of but *because* of his unreasonableness and brutality and selfishness. Yes, and his dissipations. She thinks it is glorious and manly to get drunk with ruffians and fornicate with prostitutes, and she *admires* him when he comes home with a fierce headache, as cross as a bear. She despises reasonable men, good men, unselfish men; she thinks nothing is so fascinating as great unruly unreflecting Passions that drown reason and conscience and common sense. This is what she calls *Life*, and her husband embodies it for her, and she adores him for it. B.B. had his hour of triumph, for he has always told me this was true, but I *couldn't* believe it. He says most of the Contientental women he knows are exactly like that. He says he can watch them being attracted by him at first, and then violently repelled by his lack of brutality.

⁷⁰⁰ Gabrielle Margaret Ariana Borthwick, the eldest child of Cunninghame Borthwick, 19th Lord Borthwick (1813-1885).



[090] Saturday, Mar. 9, 1907

Beautiful day.

"Did" Bartolo di Fredi, Paolo di Giovanni Fei and Andrea Vanni — wondering all the time whether it was "worth while". Our early belief in the importance of the work has quite vanished, and we think we're two old idiots to go on with it!

An occupation of whose value we had *no* question was a walk after lunch in the woods — perfect temperature and light, and such beauty of form in the hills!

Soon after we got back, Ugo Ojetti and his wife came to call. He is rather amusing, and has evidently a real love for art.

Bernhard is reading Lange on the Emotions, and it has led him back to his old idea about Music as affecting the emotions through the vaso-motor system, through the circulation. As this is the seat of all feeling and emotion, music, which affects it so powerfully and directly, is the bottom art, so to speak, the art which most directly controls the *sources of emotion*. I do not think there is any aesthetic to be made out of this — it is too fundamental.

It is *awful* how I feel time, precious time, all we have, to be rushing away, and myself growing old, old!!

[091] Sunday, Mar. 10, 1907

Warm and beautiful.

"Did" Sassetta.

Bernhard wrote on the "field of vision" and we discussed it a good deal in relation to sculpture in the round. He inclines to think there is always one point of view from which the action is best comprehended.

Princess Mary came to lunch; she is a great dear, but I do not find the quality of her mind very interesting. She is too keen about spiritism and the next life and all those things.

B.B. went motoring with her, but they did not get to Monte Senario, as the motor broke down.

I took Mr. McBride and Mr. Ratcliff to Gamberaia, which looked most lovely.

Have begun Lange on *Les emotions*. B.B. has finished Sidgwick's *Memoirs*,⁷⁰¹ which he enjoyed immensely.

[092] Monday, Mar. 11, 1907

Did Francesco da Rimini and prepared various others.

Judge La Fevre of Colorado came to lunch, with his attractive daughter, a Bryn Mawr girl. She said women's suffrage works perfectly in Colorado. They always have a woman as the State Superintendent of Education, and education is vastly improved. Election day also is much decenter. He was

⁷⁰¹ p



going to the party caucus to decide on the Presidential candidate, and Roosevelt met him beforehand and asked him if he was for him. "No", said Le Fevre, "I'm for Fairbain." "Oh!" said Teddy, "then you won't do. I'll get your wife made delegate instead", and when the judge got back to Colorado he found they *had* appointed his wife!

Afterwards we went in to see Sargent's relief, and then B.B. called on Agnes Steffenburg and I on the Houghtons, and we met again at the Serritori's. She is reading Lafcadio Hearn.

Stopped for a moment to welcome Fafner who got back from Paris this afternoon.

[093] Tuesday, Mar. 12, 1907

Clear, cold, windy.

Did Perugino and prepared others.

Mrs. Peabody Rice came to lunch, and she and Bernhard had a walk. She says Maud Cruttwell is a sort of esolo-maniac *à rebours*, as it were, loathing men and adoring women.

While she was telling this to B.B. I was with this strange female looking at the frescoes in the Arte della Lana. I must say she always behaves with me as a quite normal person, though with a marked tendency to dwell on sex matter, which however get little encouragement from me, for I don't find them very interesting.

I read the Upton Letters (Benson)⁷⁰² and found them most sympathetic — delightful.

Bernhard is grappling with Bergson's *Données immédiates de la conscience*.⁷⁰³

To his great sorrow he has finished Julius Lange, whose book ends by saying that we have never attained in literature objectivation of character equal to what sculpture has attained in the objectivation of form, because no one has ever loved another person enough to make the detailed and complete study of them this would involve.

[094] Wednesday, Mar. 13, 1907

Snow on Pistolese and Vallombrosan mountains. Clear. Very cold.

Did Taddeo di Baroli.⁷⁰⁴ But Brauer came and took up all our morning. May it lead to some business!

He told us of a Villa just suitable for us, and in the afternoon, after going to see his medal of Cecilia Gonzaga (Pisanello) — a beauty! — we drove to see it — a most awful place in the midst of slums and factories! How could he — —!

We then drove round by Careggi and enjoyed the sparkling sunshine.

⁷⁰² ? Arthur Christopher Benson (1862-1925)

⁷⁰³ Henri Bergson (1859-1941), *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience*, 6th ed. (Paris, F. Alcan, 1908). **Biblioteca Berenson House BF622 .B49 1906**

⁷⁰⁴ Taddeo di Bartolo (c. 1362-1422).



Called at Labuchères, but they were out.

McCurdy came to call, full of the book on Carpaccio he is going to write.

My going to England is a great weight on our minds. It does break up things so awfully. But I feel as if I couldn't really enjoy anything after a certain time of absence from the children. It is like a thirst that little by little pushes to the front and crowds out all other (even pleasanter) experiences.

[095] Thursday, Mar. 14, 1907

Very cold. Grey.

Did Duccio and Segna.

Hutchins came in to lunch, and we had one of the "fundamental" talks he always stimulates. I am sorry to say with him it is always about sex, but at least one does say out frankly one's views. That is what makes him adorable, that he pulls your genuine view and feelings out of you.

Bernhard had a visit from the owner of the "Mino", who has consented to take it back. It is a lesson that has cost us a thousand francs, and we are well out of it!

Then he went to the Gamberaia for tea. He said Miss Blood was very nice.

I shopped.

Fisher Unwin has written to ask to see Ray's story again. I hope this means he will take it. I should love the child to have this fun. And it might confirm her vocation.

Bernhard finds Bergson *very* hard! But he is determined to keep on at it till he understands.

[096] Friday, Mar. 15, 1907

Clear but cold.

Bernhard explained his "ideal of life" to me this morning as being first of all aesthetic, secondly intellectual and thirdly erotic — this chiefly in an aesthetic and "ideated" form. He became himself and became aware of the kind of life he longed for when he was 4 years old, one day out in a field watching the wind ripple the ripe wheat.

I had a letter from Dr. Heath saying he would have to operate Karin's nose, so that settles it and I must go back.

Alban Head⁷⁰⁵ came to lunch and was much nicer than I ever expected him to be. I drove him down, and, after doing some errands, took him to call on the Houghtons.

I think there is a slight strain on there, owing to Mrs. Houghton's devotion to Cecil Pinsent. Edmund is a little jealous, and cross because it is so ridiculous to be jealous. Mrs. Houghton is perhaps not quite tactful. The boy is jolly and unconscious.

⁷⁰⁵ Mary's diary, Nov. 27, 1906



[097] Saturday, Mar. 16, 1907

Clear. Cold.

Did the Lorenzetti, but it is rather a mess and confusion. We get most awfully tired looking at the photographs.

I drove down in the afternoon and went with Houghton and bought a vast bed with green hangings.

Bernhard in the meantime had a walk with the Serristori, who came in and talked delightfully. We discussed what society might be like when private property was abolished and there were no more taboos about sex.

I read Hutchins' new book, *The Spirit of Labour*,⁷⁰⁶ very interesting, especially about the aristocracy among tramps who are called *leggs*, and reign by doing no work whatsoever, but sponging on the intermittently occupied tramps, whom they treat as dirt under their feet. They all hang together and form *culte* of Sodomites.

[098] Sunday, Mar. 17, 1907

Middling fair.

Somehow got nothing done but a long letter to Putnam about the illustrations of the new editions. He is maddening!

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch and B.B. had a walk with her, but he had almost too much of a headache to enjoy it.

The horrible Dr. Richter and Miss Taylor called on me — I do dislike them.

Mr. Cannon also came, but somehow was deadly, and I felt that all was over — not that there was anything much to *be* over, but I have tried to like him. But he is really too different, I can't. And yet I am sorry. He is a bore, poor man.

Mr. McCurdy came and Bernhard showed him all his Carpaccio photographs and notes, and gave him a good plan for his book on Carpaccio. I wonder if he will show any gratitude? If he doesn't display positive resentment, I shall count it lucky!

While he was here, I called on Neith, and found her quiet and depressed and depressing as usual.

[099] Monday, Mar. 18, 1907

Warmer. Fair.

Did Matteo da Gualdo.

Tired from not sleeping. Sorted notes for B.B.'s motor trip. He is in despair because he cannot seem to take hold of his subject — says he is like a badly ballasted ship, which lurches and careens with the ballast rolling all about inside her.

I went to town and did some errands.

Bernhard called on Benn and I called for him.

⁷⁰⁶ Hutchins Hapgood (1869-1944), *The spirit of labor* (New York: Duffield, 1907).



Herr Robert Eisler and Alban Head came to dine. Dr. Eisler is a hideous little Jew, very learned and active-minded.

[0100] Tuesday, Mar. 19, 1907

Scirocco. Misty.

“Car l’oubli es le commencement de bonheur, et celui qui a oublié une chose peut désormais vivre sans elle.” (*Mille Nuits*)

We did Lorenzo di San Severino the younger and I prepared Matteo di Giovanni.

Mrs. Ross called after lunch, and then Mrs. Vollmer and Miss Mary Vida Clark — both awfully nice. I am sorry not to see more of them. They seemed really congenial women.

Miss Blood called and told us how Mrs. Cobb has found consolation by being put into communication with her dead husband by a medium named Peters. He told all sorts of intimate details about poor Cobb, among others of a tuft of hair he had growing on his back, of which only his wife knew! this convinced her that Mr. Peters, the medium, was really in communication with her husband! It would be funny if it weren’t so despairing.

The Hapgoods came to dine. I think he is really a little sex-mad, but as B.B. says, it only makes him the more charming, for everybody loves him, *even* his wife, who pardons all his infidelities.

[0101] Wednesday, Mar. 20, 1907

Lovely day.

We lunched at the Serristoris, and afterwards called on the Le Fevres.

Mr. Hodder is dead, that brilliant fascinating man, adored by his wife. The first instinctive reaction we had was a *kind of envy*. And yet, why? We are happy.

In the evening Eisler came to dine. I was most dreadfully sleepy.

Bernhard isn’t at all well. The pain in the back of his head has got much worse. I do *bate* to leave him!

The Mathers called.

[0102] Thursday, Mar. 21, 1907

Fine but windy. Sunset glorious.

Packed.

Giovanni Visconti-Venosta came to lunch, and was intelligent and entertaining. I went to town to do last errands and came up to have tea with Alban Head. Then we three had a walk in the woods, and I called and said goodbye to Mrs. Ross.

Ray wrote that she was wondering about saying foolish things to everybody “almost intoxicated with happiness, though for no reason whatever.”

Fisher Unwin writes again asking for her manuscript and showing great



eagerness. how delicious to be so fond of another person that *their* success would give you more pleasure — oh much more! — than your own. This is to be fortunate in life. Except that you suffer from their unhappinesses.

[0103] Friday, Mar. 22, 1907

Glorious day.

Hotel Cavour, Milan

B.B. at I Tatti.

Finished my packing, and then we had a walk in the woods, and sat down and smoked, enjoying the view. What a beautiful place!

Hutchins came to lunch and to say goodbye. He did not seem happy. I suppose that silly idea he has in his head of an “unsatisfied temperament” (i.e. sex) is at the bottom of it. There are, I fancy very few people who couldn’t feel that way if they encouraged themselves to it.

I came on to Milan by the 3-10.15 train, and found pleasant letters from home.

Mrs. Rice came up to have tea with Bernhard and was “flirting around” when the Cooks were announced.

B.B. dined at the Gamberaia.

[0104] Saturday, Mar. 23, 1907

Milan. Train to Paris.

Cavenaghi took me to see various collections, Cicogna,⁷⁰⁷ Scotti,⁷⁰⁸ 2 del Maynos,⁷⁰⁹ etc.

We lunched together at Cova’s.

Dined with Don Guido, and took 11.15 train to Paris.

The Cooks dined with Bernhard, who spent the afternoon with the Serristori. She confessed that her religion was a belief in Progress, and was rather aghast when he told her that to him Progress was, like Immortality, a hope, not a belief.

[0105] Sunday, Mar. 24, 1907

Fine.

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Reached here at 2. Called on Reinach.

Had dinner with this disappointing Mrs. Sears and Willy Taylor, who has fallen in love with a sporting young American named Miss Bird.

Ned Warren has taken the Pollajuolo.

The Cooks and Alban lunched with Bernhard and he took them to the Gamberaia. Agnes dined with him.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte

⁷⁰⁷ Cicogna

⁷⁰⁸ Scotti

⁷⁰⁹ Luchino Del Mayno (1838-1911) è stato un generale e politico italiano.



Doch bleibt es immer dummer!

[0106] Monday, Mar. 25, 1907

Members Mandions, Victoria St., S.W.

Fine.

Crossed to London 12-7.5. Logan met me here and we dined together.

Bernhard had the Cooks and Thorolds to dine.

Horne called with Acton (!) in the afternoon and Corradini came later.

[0107] Tuesday, Mar. 26, 1907

London. Fog then fine.

Karin came up at 10, and we saw the doctor, had an oyster lunch, and supper at home, and then went to St. Paul's to hear the Bach Passion Music. It was fearfully crowded, and I did not dare to keep her long, nor was I able to enjoy the music much.

After I had settled her at Miss Leithead's I dropped in a big Suffrage meeting at Queen's Hall. Usual thing.

Bernhard received a call from Mr. Heseltine, and dined with the Hapgoods.

[0108] Wednesday, Mar. 27, 1907

Members Mansions, Fine.

Karin's operation came off at 9.30. It was in her nose, to enlarge the opening into the Eustachean Tube, so that her ear might drain better. It was not long, only 15 minutes.

Alys came up and stayed till after tea.

Bernhard lunched at the Serristoris with Prince Pio. The Serristori drove back and had tea with him. Mather came up for the night, and the Cooks and Kit Turner and the Kerr Lawsons to dine.

[0109] Thursday, Mar. 28, 1907

London. Fine.

Spent day with Karin, but had rather a headache (and an awful cold) and came away soon after tea.

Geoffrey Scott came in the evening, but I did not enjoy him at all. On the contrary. I am so sorry, too. I think the same was true of him.

[0110] Good Friday, Mar. 29, 1907

Members Mansions. Very fine.

The Mass at the Cathedral was not a success. I did not enjoy it a particle, and came away before the end.

Karin got up and had a visit from Maudie.

Bernhard writes that it was a glorious day. The Hapgoods brought Andrew Green to lunch, who talked interestingly of his life in India and China. B.B. and Mather walked up and had tea with the Morgans. Houghton and the Hapgoods came to dine.



Studying Fiorenzo di Lorenzo.

[0111] Saturday, Mar. 30, 1907

London. Fine.

Day with Karin.

Bernhard had Sargant and his brother, Mrs. Rice and Faf to dine. He lunched with Carman at La Doccia and had tea with Placci.

[0112] Easter Sunday, Mar. 31, 1907

Fine.

Heard Mass at the Cathedral. Palestrina and Byrd. Rest of day with Karin.

Baron Tucher and Placci lunched with Bernhard, who had tea at Piero Gerini's, and dined at Poggio.

[0113] Monday, Apr. 1, 1907

Fine.

Ray came up and spent the afternoon with us.

Emily came and took me to lunch at Pagani's.

Bernhard dined at Aunt Janet's. Raining.

[0114] Tuesday, Apr. 2, 1907

Court Place, Iffley, Oxford. Fine.

We met Mrs. Stewart at tailors, and she took us to blouse-makers. Busy morning.

Then we three, Ray, Karin and I, went to Iffley, where Grandma and Alys and Logan were waiting for us. The place looked lovely.

Bernhard went to see Brauer, and returned to give tea to the Keebles. Mr. Keeble is a biologist with an aesthetic interest in Science.

The Hapgoods, with Andrew Green and Miss Blood, came to dine.

[0115] Wednesday, Apr. 3, 1907

Oxford. Rainy.

Quiet day of stock-taking in clothes. Ray and Karin went sailing.

Dr. Wright called on Bernhard, bringing his nephew, Hagborg, the Librarian of the London Library.

The Pringsheims came to tea, and Hutchins dropped in after dinner.

[0116] Thursday, Apr. 4, 1907

London. Rain and sun.

Came up and went to doctor. He seems to give evasive answers to our questions. What is wrong? I feel *awfully* anxious. Shopped with Mrs. Stewart. Dined at Ship.

The Dowdeswells lunched with Bernhard, and the Serristori came for three hours. Pouring.

[0117] Friday, Apr. 5, 1907

Shopped with Mrs. Stewart, and got to the doctor at 1. He finds a piece of



bone causing a boil in Karin's ear — "exfoliation" it is called, and a *new operation* is necessary. Karin was as brave as an angel, but I was thoroughly shaken — really, for the first time in my life. They went to have a Turkish Bath, and Scott came to see me, finding me fearfully upset about Karin.

We went for a drive in Battersea Park, before his train. We spoke chiefly of "The Higher Sodomy", in which he is unduly interested — but nothing, he says, compared to Keynes. I gave him some middle-aged advice, which I daresay he won't dream of taking!

Bernhard started in a pouring rain, but found it clear at Orte, where Lady Sassoon and her daughter Sibyl were waiting for him. Visited Narni and Trevi, along the Val di Nera. Saw Arrone. Slept at Spoleto.

[0118] Court Place, Iffley, Saturday, Apr. 6, 1907

Rainy.

Saw doctor, who says he will operate Monday. Came here. Mr. Britten staying with us. Young Freemantle, that attractive, bright-eyed anarchist came to dine, and we spent the evening talking with him.

Bernhard reports drizzle at Spoleto, clearing up later. Visited La Bruna and Castel Ritaldi and Montefalco.

[0119] Iffley, Sunday, Apr. 7, 1907

Walked over with Alys to have luncheon with Bertie. He seemed tired, but said it would take four years more hard work to finish his book.

Some Ruskin College working-man came to tea, and Ray and Karin and Logan and Britten, with whom I sailed back.

Bernhard at Foligno. Lovely weather. The motor broke down at the top of the pass to Norcia. So they took the fortunately passing motor-bus to Spoleto, and the train to Foligno.

[0120] London, Monday, Apr. 8, 1907

The operation — at 2 — proved very serious. It took 1 3/4 hours. Fortunately I stayed in, and was there for the doctor to consult as to whether he should do the "radical". He said there was still a "sporting chance" for her hearing without it, but it would probably mean having to do it in the end. Of course I said to give her the chance.

But it is too awful.

Bernhard down to Assisi and then across to Perugia. He says Lady Sassoon gets nicer the more you are with her.

[0121] Tuesday, Apr. 9, 1907

London.

Karin dreadfully ill, and so sick with the chloroform. Ray came up to be with me in the flat.

Bernhard at Perugia. Saw exhibition and met its organizer, the Marchesa Torrelli.



[0122] Wednesday, Apr. 10, 1907

London.

Karin still chloroform-sick. Ray very sweet. Karin won't let me leave her a minute, and if I stir from her side she calls out, "Mother, where are you"

Today I faced losing her and somehow Tranquillity came. I loved her so much that I seemed to know that it is true that "Love is stronger than Death."

Bernhard reports pouring rain at Perugia. Kit Turner appeared in the gallery.

[0123] Thursday, Apr. 11, 1907

Karin still chloroform-sick, poor child.

Mouteney came and took Ray and me out to lunch. Ray thought him insufferable — he was, unless you thought hard of his hidden good qualities.

Bernhard returned to Florence with Lady Sassoon, by the motor, which was repaired. Stopped at Cortona and Arezzo and S. Giovanni.

[0124] Friday, Apr. 12, 1907

London.

Karin feeling much better.

Went with Ray to hear the Yeomen of the Guard.

Bernhard went to Uffizi with Lady Sassoon. They met Liechtenstein and Mme Narischkine. Lunched with Sassoons, and went afterwards to the Cenacolo di Foligno, etc.

Bullard and Winthrop called, stupefied with sight-seeing.

[0125] Saturday, Apr. 13, 1907

With Karin. A black day, for we see the doctor is dissatisfied, and we have a sinking feeling that the radical operation will have to be done after all. We can only hold hands and love each other. Karin is gloriously brave.

Neith and Grace dined with Bernhard.

In the morning he took Lady Sassoon to the Academy and Bargello, and they lunched at Mme Narischkine's.

The Serristori and Rembelinski came at 4.30.

[0126] Sunday, Apr. 14, 1907

London.

Situation unchanged.

Heard divine music at the Cathedral, which comforted me. Called on beautiful Mrs. Leigh Smith.

Bernhard took Lady Sassoon to churches and in the afternoon to the Boboli Gardens.

Agnes dined with him.



[0127] Monday, Apr. 15, 1907

Michael Field came up to lunch, and was very sweet to Karin.

Ray and I had a most amusing interview with Fisher Unwin about her novel.

Pitti with Lady Sassoon etc. Said goodbye in afternoon. "Our parting was less tender than a year ago, but we are I daresay the better friends for all that, which is what I prefer."

Bernhard went to Placci's at 4.30 and met Harry Cust⁷¹⁰ and his lady love, the Duchess of Rutland.⁷¹¹ Princess Mary came later. Mme Serristori.

Dined at Narischkine's where they all got bedulled.

[0128] Tuesday, Apr. 16, 1907

Oxford. Fine.

Alys came to be with Karin. I ran down to say goodbye to Mother.

Pouring at Florence.

Papafavas and Seregos to tea. Dined at Poggio.

[0129] Wednesday, Apr. 17, 1907

Came up from Oxford. Shopped.

[0130] Thursday, Apr. 18, 1907

With Karin. Called on Mrs. Head.

[0131] Friday, Apr. 19, 1907

Called on Father Brown. Mrs. Head called, dear old lady.

Bernhard called on Placci and they motored back with the Serristori and Rembelinski and stayed till 7. Hapgoods dined with him.

[0132] Saturday, Apr. 20, 1907

London.

Dressmaker's. Alys and I lunched together.

I went to Richmond and dined with Michael alone, as Field was ill.

Karin seemed discouragingly deaf. It is too awful. She got up for the first time.

[0133] Sunday, Apr. 21, 1907

London. Rain.

With Karin all day, except for Mass and a call on beautiful Mrs. Leigh Smith.

Dined with Heads. Dear old Mrs. Head talks too much, no one can get in a word. Mrs. Henley was there, rather commonplace.

Mme de Forest, Count Delamare and Rembielinski to lunch.

⁷¹⁰ Henry John 'Harry' Cockayne-Cust (1861-1917), a politician and editor who served as an MP for the Unionist Party.

⁷¹¹ Marion Margaret Violet Manners, Duchess of Rutland (née Lindsay; 1856-1937), an artist and noblewoman.



Tea at Serristori's with Duchess of Rutland.

[0134] Monday, Apr. 22, 1907

London. Fine.

Day with Karin. Had some neuralgia.

Geoffrey Scott came up to dine, in an unusually gay humour for him.

Mr. Britten came and had tea with us at the Nursing Home.

Called on Withers.

Bernhard had Ilchesters and Frank Harris to lunch.

[0135] Tuesday, Apr. 23, 1907

London. Fine.

Heard Mass at Cathedral — very lovely music. Called on Salting — old bore! — and saw his new Correggio.

Afternoon with darling Karin.

Started at 9 for Italy by the Swiss Express.

Cust and the Rutlands to lunch.

Algar, Hapgoods and Miss Blood to dine.

[0136] Wednesday, Apr. 24, 1907

Fine.

Switzerland-Italy.

All day in train. Too aching and weary to read.

It is awfully hard not to worry about Karin, but I simply mustn't break down, for every possible reason.

Mathers to lunch. Serristori and Rembelinski to tea. Agnes to dine.

[0137] Thursday, Apr. 25, 1907

Settignano. Fine.

Reached Florence at 6.30. Bernhard was waving from his window when I drove up to the Villa. It is nice to see him again.

Called on Alice Dike.

B.B. went to see Horne's new Benozzo. The Hapgoods and Houghtons and Mrs. Ross and Dr. Lindsay called.

We dined at Gamberaia with Hapgoods, Fabbri and the Countess Ludolf. They discussed "the nature of Art" after dinner, but I was so utterly sleepy that I put my head on a cushion and went to sleep.

[0138] Friday, Apr. 26, 1907

Settignano. Fine.

Settled household things.

Dr. Lindsay came to lunch, such an interesting, sympathetic man.

Called on Placci and Lucien and settled plans.

The Countess Serristori and M. Rembelinski came to tea. They were raging against the rotten state of modern society. B.B. said it was a sign of growing old, that young people would always find the world beautiful and



full of ideals.

Faf came in in the evening, and we had the very most intimate talk *à trois* on Sex (his one subject!) that I can imagine Anglo-Saxon people ever having. B.B. said it was very much like one he had had with Oscar Wilde 20 years ago!

[0139] Saturday, Apr. 27, 1907

Siena. Pouring.
Packed.

In spite of rain, we motored here, starting after tea. B.B. I called first on Mrs. Andrews, who of course was full of Mr. Davis' marvellous finds last winter in Egypt.

Lucien has a new motor, a Regnault, a perfect jewel.

We met Mr. Bullard and Mr. Winthrop at the hotel, and Christina Bremner came in to see me.

[0140] Sunday, Apr. 28, 1907

Hotel Quirinale, Rome. Pouring.

Left Siena at 8.30. Lunched at Acquapendente, having passed via San Quirico, almost all the way in the rain and against a fierce wind.

Road from Acquapendente to Montefiascone beautiful.

At Orvieto we saw a Benvenuto di Giovanni we never had seen before!

At *Bracciano we inspected the famous Antoniazio fresco, and decided it was a Peruzzi.

Vetralla looked interesting and Oriolo.

Campagna on that side disappointing.

Reached Rome at 7.30.

Dined with the **Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis** and the Austrian poet Kastner, a sweet-looking cripple, with a good deal of power as well in his face.

[0141] * Monday, Apr. 29, 1907

Hotel Aniene, Subiaco. Rain and sun. Cold.

Left Rome at 10. Saw Vicovaio and *Tempietto.

Lunched at Arsoli, where the Massimis [the family of prince Massimo?] have a castle and a lovely *Garden.

Saw Riofreddo and a *Church (S. Annunziata) filled with frescoes by Pietro di Domenico di Montepulciano!!

Lovely road to Subiaco. I felt very ill, and so did not go to the Sacro Spico and the Monastery, but went instead to bed with a hot bottle.

B.B. found it, however, one of the sights of Italy.

Explored the valley of the Licernza where Horace lived.

Tuesday, Apr. 30, 1907

Hotel della Posta, Capua. Fine but cold.

Left at 9, after seeing S. Francesco. Visited first Alatri with its pre-Roman



*Arx well preserved.

Then via Veroli to **Casamari, a Burgundian Gothic abbey, magnificent — originally the villa of Caius Marius.

Lunched at Isola, saw *Arpino (birthplace of Cicero), a splendidly composed town on a rock, and visited Monte Cassino. There I was seized with neuralgia and a sick headache and nausea and a fierce return of inflammation of the bladder, all at once, and the ride of two hours to Capua was torture. At what Placci called the “Bridge of Sighs” I had to get out to be sick. It was agony, and when I got here I simply fell onto the bed and lay for hours. When I was able to move, very pleasant letters from England consoled me.

**The road from Alatri to Véroli.

Wednesday, May 1, 1907

Albergo Villa di Roma, Benevento. Fine.

I was somewhat better. Saw Capua and Capua Vetere, with its

*Amphitheatre, and *St. Angelo in Formis and lunched at Caserta.

Came on here, but were delayed by repairs to the machine.

The country is very beautiful.

Thursday, May 2, 1907

*Albergo Filomena Saveno, Melfi. Fine.

Left Benevento fairly early, and went along a **beautiful mountain road to Lacedonia, where there was no inn. We bought some bread and oranges which we ate on the way to Melfi.

Passed under Melfi and went to Venosa where there are **ruins of a fine Norman Church begun by Robert de Guiscard.

Returned to Melfi stopping at Rapollo, nothing there. We met crowds of people in all sorts of costumes, returning from *feste*.

Melfi inn excellent, though noisy. Filomena cooks well.

Friday, May 3, 1907

Albergo Italia, Gravina. Glorious.

Saw Melfi. Passed through Rionero in Vulture and Atella and saw Castel di Lagopesole, **view, where the doctor and the priest entertained us.

Between Lagopesole to Pietragalla we lunched out of doors.

Went to **Accerenza (for view) and saw bust of Julian the Apostate.

Passed through Palazzo San Gervasio, by Spinazzola and came to *Gravina, a fascinating, Eastern-looking whitewashed town, with wonderful rock dwellings.

Awfully noisy hotel.

Saturday, May 4, 1907

Albergo Europa, Taranto. Glorious.

Left Gravina at 9. Saw Altamura with its picturesque Cathedral, and Matera.



Lunched on rocks.

Saw very Eastern-looking Massapra. Reached Taranto at 2. Had frightful quarrel with Museo *direttore* which ended peacefully. Saw town. Good inn.

Bertie Russell is standing for Parliament as a Women's Suffrage candidate. The first out-and-out one there has ever been!!! It is at Wimbledon, against Chaplin. He does it as a principle, and because he is sure not to get in. He loathes it, but thought he ought to.

Scott writes that he has decided to stay on at Oxford another year and specialize on Greek religion, and hope to get some place, ultimately, in the British School of Athens. This is a much better <idea>, I think, than trying to make himself into a practical architect.

Sunday, May 5, 1907

Albergo Patria, Lecce. Glorious.

We left Taranto early and passed through Manduria and the charming little town of Nardo with a **delicious XVII piazza, and then on to the extreme point of the heel of Italy, S. Maria de Leuca, where we looked across and saw the Acrocerannian Mountains, my first view of Greece! I shall never forget it.

Then we sped on in the golden sunshine and fresh sun breeze to *Otranto, and then on to Lecce.

Placci began to get disagreeable — he can be so horrid! — and B.B., who gets a neuralgia from Placci's constant stoppings to ask useless questions, lost his temper. Things were strained. But Placci certainly does get very trying at times.

[0148] Monday, May 6, 1907

Albergo Internazionale, Brindisi. Glorious.

Train to Faenza.

We had rather a disappointing morning in Lecce, which nevertheless is a most fascinating town. We drove miles towards the Baths of San Cataldo instead of five minutes to the Church, and Placci had a triumph about asking questions.

We ran out to see San Cesario (palace) and Cavallino, a castle, amusing, but not particularly worthwhile.

After lunch we came to Brindisi (40 km.) and saw S. Michele del Casale, and S. Benedetto, and then I took the train, leaving, I fear a rather strained situation between B.B and Placci.

[0149] Tuesday, May 7, 1907

Hotel Cavour, Bari. Settignano. Fine.

I reached Faenza at 9 and Florence at 12. Called at the Placci's to give them news of the party.

Karin and Emily and Dr. Heath arrived by the train de luxe, about 3, in high spirits. Dr. Giglioli called on Dr. Heath. We sat about chatting.



Bertie's meetings are too awful, filled with rowdies who won't let anyone be heard.

[0150] Wednesday, May 8, 1907

Home. Fine.

Went to Michelangelo Tombs with Dr. Heath and Academy. He pointed out Michelangelo's errors in anatomy, and was much pleased with himself. However, he really liked the Madonna.

The Hapgoods and Miss Blood came to tea and then we called on Mrs. Ross and Dr. Lindsay.

The Houghtons came to dine.

Bernhard and Placci and Lucien "did" the towns on the coast from Brindisi to Bari.

Alys had an egg thrown at her which hit her in the eye and broke. Fortunately it was not an inharmonious egg.

[0151] Ascension Day, Thursday, May 9, 1907

Fine.

We lunched with Mr. Cannon, taking Cecil Pinsent with us.

We had tea with the Peases and Mrs. and Miss Radford dined here.

Dr. Heath showed us his feet and arms and necks to elucidate Michelangelo's errors. We were intensely amused.

Bernhard saw Barletta and *Canosa and then ***S. Michele del Gargano.

[0152] Friday, May 10, 1907

Florence. Fine.

I took Dr. Heath to the Bargello. We looked at the Michelangelos and Donatello's St. John. More anatomical displays.

Called on Emertons. Sat under trees and chatted. Dr. Giglioli came. We dined with the Houghtons on their tower. It was very jolly and Dr. Heath became extremely convivial, with a rose behind his ear.

Bernhard at Foggia, **Troja, **Lucere, Campobasso.

[0153] Saturday, May 11, 1907

Fine.

Packed and made arrangements for journey.

Mr. Henry Hunt Clark, a pupil of Denman Ross', came to lunch, and afterwards **he and Karin had a swim in the Vincigliata lake.**

Mr. Cannon called. He said he had no one in Florence he cared for except myself. He was quite "adequate", and my "shingles" against him vanished.

Dear Dr. Lindsay came to dine, and that deliciously jolly young thing, Albert Spalding, who made friends with Karin. Karin has easy jolly manners and looks for the best in people.

[0154] Sunday, May 12, 1907

Fine.



The Houghtons and Pinsent and Alice Houghton came up and established themselves here. I was taken ill in the night with inflammation of the bladder and could not go with the Serristori as we had planned. I was awfully sorry, but still it was delicious here. Dr. Heath gave "first aid to the injured" at 5 a.m., and afterwards Giglioli came. He let me get up and lie out under the cypresses. Dr. Heath was very happy and important taking care of me, and began to succumb a little to the influence of Florence and May.

Mr. Radford and Margaret came to stay, and they all went over to the Gamberaia.

[0155] Monday, May 13, 1907

Enchantment.

All the young people swam and played about while we watched.

Dr. Giglioli and Dr. Heath had a consultation over me, and rather scared me about my general health.

Albert Spalding stayed to lunch — a delightful boy, *so* clever and talented.

[0156] Tuesday, May 14, 1907

Home. Enchantment.

Swimming. Preparations for party. Karin and the Houghtons gave a Flower Frolic from 9-11, to which people came in wreaths and fancy dress. I escaped to sit on the terrace at Mrs. Ross'.

Dr. Heath came over for me, wearing a laurel wreath, and feeling very happy with himself for having led the dancing and stirred people up.

Alice Houghton and Cecil Pinsent became engaged, after ten days' acquaintance.

Bertie Russell was defeated by over 6,000 majority. He said he would have committed suicide if he *had* got in!

[0157] Wednesday, May 15, 1907

Magic.

Swimming and youthful larks. They are delicious, all of them.

Hugh Morgan joined the party and promptly fell in love with Margaret.⁷¹² Everybody seems enchanted with everybody else — it is quite wonderful.

[0158] Thursday, May 16, 1907

Continued magic.

They swam in the afternoon, and I took Dr. Heath a drive up the river, which he greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Spalding came to tea.

We had a picnic dinner up in the woods with poetry and singing, and listened to the nightingales when we were coming down. Uncle Heath excelled himself in sentimental soup, which he afterwards told me were *à mon intention*! He is very comic.

⁷¹² p



Alice and Cecil are never out of each other's arms, but it is very sweet to see them.

[0159] Friday, May 17, 1907

Glorious.

The youngsters swimming in morning. Emily, May H., Mrs. Radford and I enjoying it *à la limite de dilatation*.

Dr. Heath went to see Mrs. Ross and also to the hospital.

They (the children) played leap-frog and cricked in their bathing-dresses. After lunch they motored, and they all dined out in the wood except Dr. H. and me. I felt tired. However, we sat up till 1, when they came in.

The Spalding *père et mère* came up to call.

Margaret (it's too bad of me to have seen it!) "Now for the human beings who are perhaps as beautiful in their way as the place they live in.

Mrs. Berenson is the most attractive, philosophic, harmonious, sympathetic woman I've seen. She is really wonderful. Mr. Houghton calls her a Fairy Godmother — she is. She keeps everybody happy, everybody orderly, and often slips a song or a piece of poetry into the frolic — which is lovely. She reads to us too.

Karin is splendid, as sympathetic and sensitive as anyone we know.

Then Miss Dawson is just splendid here, dancing and twiddling like the youngest of us. But you will wonder about "us" who have to be kept orderly, etc. Who are we?

We are a party of 6 counting Karin and me. Cecil Pinsent, Alice Houghton, a niece, who is a strong, wonderful sun-burnt creature like a Ceres, but really a nurse.

Albert Spalding, a real prodigy violinist with a public reputation and darting brown eyes, almost terribly quick and emotional.

And last but very near my heart Hugh Morgan, a *perfect* angel, a Bedalian, an architect, knowing the names of *our* architects, with a voice like Dick Rathbone's, blue eyes like David's, but above all a sweetness and fondness and sensitiveness, and though he is 22, the charm of a young boy. He loves me too, and makes me wreaths and is always dropping into my cup and plate, so that (this is rather terrifying to me) when Albert heard two of the party were engaged (Cecil and Alice, really) he thought it was Hugh and me!!!

[0160] Saturday, May 18, 1907

Home. Rainy.

The youngsters went in swimming, as usual. Rain came on, so they had



their picnic here, and afterwards Albert Spalding⁷¹³ played on the little piano, while I drove Dr. Heath to the station. He went at three. He had been perfectly killing in the morning when the young people were taking their coffee on the lawn, leaning out of his window in all stages of undress, with his head wrapped in a bath towel, singing comic songs and telling Irish stories. All the rich scent of the orange-blossoms drew out of him was a donkey song beginning "Josephus Orangeblossom is my name — I'm the darkest gen'man in the land!" Poor wooden, un-echoing Heathy! Yet we all ended by liking him, and were sorry when he went. The children gave him three rousing cheers when he left and he was really touched.

As for me, of course, **he did fall in love with me**, in his uncouth wooden way, and he felt a great Hero of Romance in hastening back to duty from Temptation!!

[0161] Whit Sunday (Pentecost),⁷¹⁴ May 19, 1907

Rainy.

Karin to her friend Betty Colfax: "You can't imagine what marvellous times I have been having out here. I can't realize it myself, only I know that there has been a spell thrown over the whole place for the past week. We have been a party of 6, living in our bathing-dresses beside the most wonderful green lake, 40 feet deep and as clear as crystal. All day long we wander about the woods making wreaths for one another and delighting in everything — the sunshine, the flowers, the cypresses. I do wish I could give you some idea of what it has all been like, but it is Magic, and I simply can't describe it. I cannot believe that it is really myself that has been doing all this — forgive me for being mad! But the atmosphere has dazed me. I shall wake up in a day or two and find myself a stupid creature with her hair just up, thinking commonplace thoughts about dresses and sights and things, but at present I am a wild non-human sort of creature with shaggy hair, scanty and ragged clothes revelling with fauns and satyrs."

Children swam. Karin and I dined with the Spaldings. The others came later, and Albert played.

Poor Karin was quite bowled over, and no wonder!

⁷¹³ Albert Spalding (1888-1953) was a violinist and composer. His mother, Marie Boardman, was a contralto and pianist. His father, James Walter Spalding, and uncle, Hall-of-Fame baseball pitcher [Albert Spalding](#), created the [A.G. Spalding](#) sporting goods company.

Spalding studied the violin privately in [New York City](#) and [Florence](#), and at the conservatories in [Paris](#) and [Bologna](#), where he graduated with honors when he was fourteen. Following his debut in Paris on June 6, 1906, he appeared successfully in [London](#) and [Vienna](#). His first American appearance as soloist came with the [New York Symphony](#) on November 8, 1908. A year later he soloed with the [Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra](#) when that orchestra toured the United States.

⁷¹⁴ Pentecost falls ten days after Ascension Day and seven weeks after Easter Sunday.



[0162] Monday, May 20, 1907

Fine.

Hotel Brufani, Perugia.

Came here and joined B.B., Placci, Lucien, Mme Serristori and Rembrelnsky at lunch.

Went to Exposition.

Very happy to see Bernhard again.

Margaret, Karin and Albert read Pater together.

[0163] Tuesday, May 21, 1907

Fine.

Exhibition in morning.

Motored to Todi in the afternoon, through avenues of acacia in bloom.

Discovered a Masolino in St. Fortunato at Todi!!

In the evening the Serristori gave her ideas of marriage, which she said were those held by most young girls in her rank — namely that marriage was a social necessity like putting up your hair and lengthening your skirts, and that anyone out of dozen *prétendants* would do as well as any other.

After marriage, if you were sensible, you found some *modus vivendi*, but were of course happier if your husband were away. I asked if the husbands were happier to be away, and she said yes, but they were so uneasy lest their wives should deceive them or else get “ideas of independence” that they could not be thoroughly happy.

[0164] Wednesday, May 22, 1907

Perugia. Fine.

Exhibition.

Took tea with the Marchese Torelli and the wife of the Sindaco.

Karin suddenly appeared, having motored over with the Houghtons and Alice and Cecil. She said things were getting rather too intense between her and Alberto, she was afraid of falling in love with him and afraid he would see it, so she ran off to try and divert her mind. Sensible child! She says being with him is like living under X rays, he is so penetrating and clever. He is undoubtedly a fascinating boy, and if I were Karin's age, I should be in love with him!

Alice and Cecil asked Edmund and Mary how far they might go before they were married — the sweet innocents.

[0165] Thursday, May 23, 1907

Home. Fine. Getting hot.

Finished the exhibition.

Came back to Florence. Hot journey.

Karin found herself much helped by the distraction of the trip and the change of interests. But she is wild to see Alberto again.

“Oh Mother said a little Fish



Pray is not that a Fly?
I am so hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."
"Sweet innocent," the Mother said,
A darting from her nook
"That horrid fly is there to hide
A still more horrid hook."
But round about the bait he played,
With many a longing look,
And softly to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a hook."
I will but take a little pluck,
Just one, oh yes, I will!"
He did, and to the fish-hook stuck
Right through his little gill.
And as he fait and fainter grew
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear Mother! had I minded you,
I should not now have died!"

[0166] Friday, May 24, 1907

Home. Hot.

Alberto came up to swim, but we could not have the use of the lake. He and Karin were both much embarrassed. He came again at 4. Karin put on her prettiest dress and a rose in her hair.

The Houghton party came, and stayed for a moonlight picnic on the lawn, while we had the Hapgoods to dinner inside. Neith was looking most lovely. She and B.B. sat holding each other's hands on the terrace, while we revelled in the garden, Alberto reciting to us and singing — a very talented boy! B.B. had too bad a neuralgia to enjoy himself.

I had a long talk with Mrs. Radford in the afternoon. This is her first holiday from 15 years close attendance upon a practically insane husband. Her life has been a martyrdom. And they have been poor as well!

Alice and Cecil asked the Houghtons 'how far they might go' while they were engaged.

[0167] Saturday, May 25, 1907

Hot.

Packed. Alberto came, and as we couldn't get to the lake, the three bathed as best they could in the little tad-poley pool of the stream. We watched them. "Youth playing at Innocence", I called it, for they seemed the merest infants, yet i know they are tremendously alive to emotion.

The party got off to Venice at 3. B.B. and I both slept awhile. The Serristori and Rembelinski came and were very pleasant. Bernhard and I spent the evening sitting in the moonlight, reciting poetry and talking. he is



awfully unhappy at having no clear conception of consciousness and Time and Space, and Memory and Will.

I mustn't forget the story of the school children who were told to draw what they would like to be — soldier, sailor, carpenter, queen or what not. The little girl drew nothing.

"Mary, why don't you draw what you want to be?"

"Please teacher, I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it!"

[0168] Trinity Sunday, May 26, 1907

Settignano. Fine.

Agnes came to lunch. She said a Polish friend of hers sent her two boys back to England to school after the holidays. As they were young and travelling alone, she telegraphed to the school to know if they had arrived. A wire came back in due course, and she opened it eagerly to find a blank. So her husband rushed round to the Telegraph office to ask what it meant.

"O yes, there had been a word, but the wire was *confuso* and they hadn't quite made it out. It was only a very little word, so they thought it best to send the envelope round without anything!"

"Why didn't you make them repeat the word from Paris?"

"*O sa, era tanto piccola la parola, poi avevano tanto da fare!*"

Placci called, and we sat out in the heavenly evening. After dinner we walked in the moonlight to Mrs. Ross'. Bernhard said, "It is so beautiful, it surely must mean something", but it seemed to me that our enjoyment of it, the wonderful fact that we are conscious of the beauty is really IT.

[0169] Monday, May 27, 1907

Fine.

Got off lots of letters. The doctor called and Mary Houghton and Pinsent, whose Father refuses to take his engagement seriously. Edmund (the angel) has gone over to Florence to give Karin a good time.

We dined with the Hapgoods and spent the evening in the garden at Gamberaia.

Miss Blood went to the Franciscan convent one day to take some money to the Mother Superior, who received it with an air of great satisfaction, and said, "I knew that would fetch him!" and dragged Miss Blood into the chapel to show her the statue of S. Antonio standing on his head. She said he had been placed so for three days in order to force him to bring some money to the Convent. She put him right side up again with an air as of triumphing over a naughty boy!

At the same convent, too, Miss Blood found they kept only hens, deeming it rather immoral to keep cocks!!

[0170] Tuesday, May 28, 1907

Fine.

Went to town, B.B. to see about his passport.



Mrs. Harter, looking miraculously young for a grandmother, called, bringing Mrs. Amos Lythe, whose cousin, Capt. Younghusband, the head of the Thibet Expedition, had read about me and seen my portrait in the *Life* of Walt Whitman, and wanted to know about me. The two books he carried with him into Thibet were *Leaves of Grass* and Dr. Bucke's *Cosmic Consciousness*. Perhaps he thought, from the smiling photograph, that I was the sort of person to attain that eternal gayety of spirit. I sometimes think I might, if only I could love people more, but they bore me so!

In the evening we went to see dear old Dr Wright and walked home in the most incredibly beautiful moonlight. Such beauty is *Life*.

[0171] Wednesday, May 29, 1907

Cloudy. Rain. Cooler.

Got to work in morning and after lunch.

Contessa Serristori and Rembelinski came, and then Cecil Pinsent with the motor, who book me over to see the Villa Loretina and see if it could be adapted to our uses. I think it could.

The Hapgoods, Algar and Dr. Giglioli came to dine, and afterwards Miss Blood. The Mathers and party took refuge here from a rainy picnic. One of the Mills girls is very pretty.

Alberto wrote to say he was going to Paris to play at a concert Fauré is giving of his own music. The boy regretted the swims, but the artist rejoiced. He said he would be back next week, and would come up at once.

I am reading the *Sons of Francis* (by A. Macdonell),⁷¹⁵ and want to keep always some Franciscan literature going, in the hope of learning to love people more.

[0172] Thursday, May 30, 1907

Settignano. Cooler. Rain but clearing later.

Began the Perugia article *sul serio*. Mrs. Morss and her sister Miss Reid came to tea, also Miss Brown of Wellesley. My! but they were dull!

Then Bernhard and I drove to the Loretino,⁷¹⁶ taking the doctor, and picking up Cecil, who came back to dine. He thinks the house could be made very comfortable.

Had ecstatic letters from Ray about the motor trip. Also letter from Kelly in Tokyo, and a rather pathetic sort of letter from Dr. Heath who "can't forget the Festa". Another from Geoffrey, who was so ill at Oxford that he thought he was going to "drift out to sea altogether". He has gone up into the Cotswolds.

⁷¹⁵ Anne Macdonell, *Sons of Francis* (London: Dent & New York: Putnam, 1902).

Biblioteca Berenson BX3655 .M2 1902

⁷¹⁶ Villa del Loretino, Sant'Andrea di Rovezzano.



[0173] Friday, May 31, 1907

Warm. Fine.

Had not slept, and so felt very tired, but tried to work — not very successfully — on the Perugian article.

Miss Jessie Morse (very Jewish looking) and Miss Constance Alexander came to lunch. The former sang Mozart beautifully; the latter was humorous and charming.

Soon after came the Serristori and Rembelinski bringing Baron von Steiner, who stayed 2 1/2 hours.

In the midst came Mr. Henry Hunt Clark, and then dear Denman Ross, who is quite an adorable character, but alas appeared in the character, last night, of a sententious bore. Then he adores that little set of men in Boston, Jo Smith, Chalfin, Pritchard, Potter — my goodness, it felt stuffy and *Boston* when he began to sing their praises. But *il raconte bien*, and he told us of Okakura's⁷¹⁷ tea ceremonies at Mrs. Gardner's, and of the buying of the Velasquez, in a very amusing way.

[0174] Saturday, June 1, 1907

Coolish. Cloudy.

Worked a little, but were disturbed by a letter from Glaenzer about the Van Dyck B.B. advised him to buy a year ago in Vienna. In the absence of documents, Glaenzer mixes it up with copies and replicas. Bernhard very generously wrote offering to take it off his hands, which would mean £2,000 that we could ill afford. however, I don't suppose it will come to that.

We were sitting down to the second batch of proofs when Roger Fry was announced. He looked most awfully tired, for he has been nursing poor Helen for six moths through an awful attack of mania, and is now rushing about Italy with Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Douglas and another lady in the biggest, heaviest, strangest, swiftest automobile ever built. Wherever they go, they have more than royal reception, and all the dealers in the town line the passages, *dona ferentes*. Mrs. Douglas, he says, has some appreciation of art, and so has Morgan in a personal, unaccountable, chancey way, but their chaperone has nothing but a gurgle, which she lets off at the sight of a picture the way the motor horn toots at sight of a cart.

The Italian courier is completely off his head with the monstrous glory of travelling with the great *Milionardo*, and jumps out when anything block the way, waving his arms and shouting, "Avanti! Avanti!" No one pays the least attention to him.

[0175] Sunday, June 2, 1907

Fine.

⁷¹⁷ Okakura Kakuzo



Karin suddenly returned, having had a splendid time in Venice. She slept till lunch time, and lunched in bed.

Denman Ross came to lunch, and his pupil Henry Clark. We all rested after lunch and then went to Gamberaia. It was looking lovely there. Origo was there, and said he would come to see us "with one whom we knew". He meant D'Annunzio.

Karin and B.B. and I walked home and had a quiet dinner.

[0176] Monday, June 3, 1907

Settignano. Cool. Fine.

Houghton and Cecil came to lunch, and took Karin and me in the motor to see the Villa Loretino, and also another, the Morelli across the river — also to call on the Brushes, who were out.

[0177] Tuesday, June 4, 1907

Cool. Fine.

Ray's 20th Birthday!!

Bernhard and I grappled with the Gargioli photographs and their awfully unsystematic catalogue.

Hutchins Hapgood came to lunch, great dear that he always is.

Poor Karin got quite deaf, but kept cheerful. She and I called on Mrs. Harter, and the Count of Turin came in, and was very jolly.

We all dined at Gamberaia, for Miss Blood's birthday. We dined on the terrace. It was beautiful, but rather cool.

[0178] Wednesday, June 5, 1907

Settignano. Cool. Fine.

Alberto came up to swim — awfully jolly. He and Karin played like two mud-larks. I even went in. It was delicious.

Dr. Eisler and a Mr. Bruce Porter of San Francisco came to lunch. B.B. drove them down, and called on Schlesinger and his brother-in-law Hofmannsthal, and then on the Serristori.

The Mathers called here, and Horne and Miss Alexander came to dine, and the Houghtons to call later.

Karin got *very* deaf, poor child, and did not come to dinner.

[0179] Thursday, June 6, 1907

Cool. Fine.

Worked — but oh! so little and so reluctantly! — on the Perugia article until Alberto came to swim. Poor Karin is still awfully deaf — can't help feeling discouraged, though she is tremendously plucky about it. I enjoyed the swim much more than before. Karin was awfully pleased that Alberto asked her to write to him.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Schlesinger came to tea, also a Miss Marwel (an admirer of B.B.) and Mr. De Prudnik, and, a little later, Papafava and his daughter and the Contessina Valmarana. It was a real *Götterdämmerung* of



tongues!

The Hapgoods came to dinner. He was again feeling very unwell, and fairly reeked of whiskey. Dr. Giglioli says it is that that is the matter — and the dangerous thing is he never gets *drunk*. That might frighten him. He was frightened though by a Vision of God he had had the night before. This Vision made its disapproval of his ways very clear to him.

[0180] Friday, June 7, 1907

Settignano. Cloudy. Cool.

Struggled with headache most of the day. Chatted with Miss Alexander, off and on, an original, charming, and — unusual phenomenon — *happy* person.

Alberto came at 3.30 bringing a girl friend of his, Miss Alexandrowski. She is only just 127, but she looks at least 27, with a large, solid, over-developed conventional figure and a heavy face. She plays beautifully, though, a real musician. Her mother is an adventuress who climbed into society by playing pander to the Princess Strozzi and the Russian consul, Halpert, and out Florence says she means to catch Alberto for this girl.

Karin and Alberto and I swam, and Miss Alexander and Miss Alexandrowski watched. We had tea at the lake. The Countess Serristori and Rembelinski called on B.B. and I came in for the end of their call.

The Houghtons came and took Karin and Miss A. out to dinner in the woods, and B.B. and I enjoyed our quiet dinner at home. **Karin's deafness suddenly went away**, and she was in gay spirits. I daresay she was pleased find Miss Alexandrowski so unattractive!

[0181] Saturday, June 8, 1907

Fine.

Poor Karin's deafness come on in the morning — made her dreadfully nervous and anxious.

I worked on the Perugia article.

Alberto came in the afternoon, and we three had a splendid swim, though he seemed in a somewhat gloomy and distraught mood. Karin says the preoccupation of her deafness is a blessing, for it keeps her from thinking too much of him. He is a fascinating boy! I think I feel his fascination for Karin more than she feels it for herself. I did not know that mothers could have these vicarious feelings so intensely. When he was late yesterday, I was as uncomfortable and miserable as if it were someone I cared for myself!

[0182] Sunday, June 9, 1907

Settignano. Warm. Fine.

An Albertian day. He brought his mother and grandmother up to see the swim, in which Cecil and Edmund also participated.

In the afternoon Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Schlesinger came.

B.B. was out walking with Agnes Steffenburg.



I took the Germans to tea with Mrs. Ross, and again met Alberto and a great crowd of old ladies.

Then we went on to the Gamberaia, where all the Steins were. Mrs. Stein is very lovable. She told B.B.'s fortune, predicting (very nice of her!) increasing health, wealth and fame. Karin rode over on horseback.

In the evening I took her in to the Spaldings to hear Alberto play — which he did divinely — César Franck and then Bach.

They had a dance afterwards. Karin enjoyed herself *à la limite de délectation*, for Alberto was tremendously devoted, in an eager, boyish way, and she also made an impression on a young Italian officer. She came home in radiant spirits and said, "*Au fond, la vie est bonne!*"

[0183] Monday, June 10, 1907

Fine. Warm.

Worked on Perugia article and corrected proofs. Bernhard motored with the Serristoris to Passignano.

Albert came up and we swam as usual and talked. He is an awfully nice boy. I wish I could think life would not drift him away out of sight.

Hutchins and Neith came in the evening, both dragged and worn out from getting drunk last night at a Bohemian dinner in town. It is really sad about him. Dr. Giglioli says he is absolutely ruining his health with drink. And he is so talented and so lovable.

We were most awfully upset to read in the papers that Dr. Eisler, who lunched here last Wednesday, had been arrested for stealing a Codex from the Library at Udine. He tried to kill himself in prison. We thought of going on to see if we could help him, but the next edition said he had confessed. It must have been a sudden attack of madness, for he is rich, and he was travelling at the expense of the Austrian Government and had a brilliant and learned career opening before him. They say he seems terribly excited — it must have been an attack of acute mania.

[0184] Tuesday, June 11, 1907

Fine. Warm.

Corrected proof all morning.

Swam in afternoon. Karin and Alberto got a rope and let themselves down into the ravine and swam in the stream.

Alberto stayed on to dinner, and he and Karin had a walk in the woods. She told me all about it. Whenever there was the slightest excuse for it, he took her hand to help her, and she was delighted, though it was quite the opposite of a help in climbing!

Mrs. Ross and the Jo Smiths and Denman Ross came to dine. Mrs. Ross was in great form.

[0185] Wednesday, June 12, 1907

Fine. Hot.



Ray and Ellie Rendel⁷¹⁸ arrived early in the morning, and that angel, Edmund, met them. They slept till 12. Bernhard and I corrected proof.

We all four drove to town and while Ray and Ellie were at the Accademia, Karin and I shopped and picked up Alberto. He was awfully nervous at the idea of meeting Ray, and remained very self-conscious, and, Karin thought, silly all the afternoon, although at the end he said, 'The agony had somewhat abated.'

We all went swimming, along with Mr. Clark and Mr. Chalfin who turned up. The latter stayed to dine — talked ceaselessly until 10.30. Ray and I thought he had softening of the brain! But B.B. was more lenient. He believes Potter to be the most remarkable man in the world — a religious enthusiast and a Voluptuary. He spends five days looking for just the right pocket-book, plans his food days ahead, drinks by himself bottle after bottle of just one chosen wine, and sleeps in some incredibly soft flannel!! What a picture

[0186] Thursday, June 13, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Rainy scirocco.

Swimming in morning, to which Alberto and Miss Alexander came.

B.B. and I lunched at Mme Narischkine's with D'Annunzio, Rembelinski, the Countess Apraxine⁷¹⁹ and the Marchesa Origo (who was a Duchessa Litta and ran off with the sculptor Origo).⁷²⁰ Dull lunch, and too much good food.

The Countess Serristori, Placci and Rembelinski came to tea and we had some very interesting talk about "atmosphere" in poetry.

[0187] Friday, June 14, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Hot.

Work and sightseeing in morning. Alberto came to swim, Miss Blood, bringing Basil,⁷²¹ and Leo Stein and his nephew. The party was incongruous and disastrous. I cruelly got Alberto to perform, mimicking "Salome" and giving a French recitation. It fell gloomily flat, as did my little piece about

⁷¹⁸ Ellie Rendel (1885-1942), granddaughter of Sir Richard Strachey, worked for the National Union of Women's Suffrage Society.

Jill Liddington, *Vanishing for the Vote: Suffrage, Citizenship and the Battle for the Census*

⁷¹⁹ La famille Apraksine ou Apraxine est une lignée de la noblesse russe qui s'illustra dans l'art militaire.

⁷²⁰ ? Clemente Origo (1855 – 1921), an Italian painter.

⁷²¹ Basil Sanderson (1894-1971), the son of Florence Blood's sister Maud, who had married Harold Arthur Sanderson, the general manager of the White Star Line.

In 1927 Basil Sanderson married Evelyn Constance Ismay (1897-1940), the daughter of shipowner J. Bruce Ismay, the managing director of the White Star Line. Sanderson was managing director of the Shaw Savill shipping line (1945-1959) and chairman (1947-1963). In 1960 he was raised to the peerage as Basil, First Baron Sanderson of Ayot, of Welwyn in the County of Hertford. See Pauline Matarasso, *A Voyage Closed and Done* (Norwich, 2005).



“The Cutting.” Even a game of “Pirates” resulted in disaster.

But we cheered up at dinner. The four Steins dined inside with us, and the Houghtons and girls on the lawn outside, and we joined forces upstairs after. Mrs. Stein told our hands — an unusual mixture of observation and truth and nonsense. But she is a genial, charming woman.

Ray was vastly interested.

[0188] Saturday, June 15, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie.

The youngsters swam as usual in morning, and discussed the dreariness of the afternoon before. Karin had a strange attack of low spirits, for she felt her excitement about Alberto was dying away.

B.B. and I motored to Figline with Hortense and Rembelinski, and had lunch there. Then with Umberto explored S. Pietro al Terreno⁷²² and Ripalta,⁷²³ finding interesting pictures at both places. We went also to Gropena⁷²⁴ and Monte Marciano.⁷²⁵ Got home at 7.45.

In the evening the girls and I went in to hear Alberto play. B._____ accompanied, and he had a cellist. They gave us Schubert's trio, then a Piano and Violin sonata of Beethoven (Op. 30) with a heavenly adagio, the 3rd movement of the 5th sonata of Bach for violin and piano (divine!), a Sicilian of Bach (solo) and a Mozart trio. It was delightful.

Ray was much, much moved, and told me she meant to be “musical” at last. She found out what it was all about.

[0189] Sunday, June 16, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Fine.

Alberto came up to swim at 10.30 and Miss Alexander to watch. The Houghtons brought Cecil — Miss White and we had a most jolly morning — one of our best best. Alberto and Miss Alexander stayed to lunch. The youngsters played Bridge till 4. Bernhard asked Miss Alexander to be our secretary next winter. It would be a great comfort!

Alberto and Karin walked to Gamberaia and we drove, after calling on Mrs. Ross. It was most beautiful there. Karin and Alberto drove back, also, together and had a tender parting.

She is so jolly, she tells me everything, even to her delight when he squeezed her hand at the adieu — though she thinks it is “a rotten thing to do.” Her “keenness” for Alberto somewhat revived.

[0190] Monday, June 17, 1907

Ray, Karin, Ellie. Hot. Fine.

Packed for Karin. The girls went to the Pitti and San Lorenzo — drove

⁷²² località Brollo,

⁷²³ ? Ripalta

⁷²⁴ ? Gropena

⁷²⁵ Montemarciano, just west of Loro Ciuffenna, province of Arezzo.



Alberto up. We had a grand swim, and a tender parting with Alberto, who is really an awfully interesting, delightful Boy.

We four went to dine in the Houghtons' tower taking with us a young painter cousin of Ellie's who has turned up, **Duncan Grant**.⁷²⁶ It was very beautiful on the town.

Bernhard dined with the Steins, who told him that Neith was desperately in love with him! They saw it Sunday week, when Mrs. Stein was telling B.B.'s character from his hand. They are people who are above all interested in character, and as they have good minds they arrive at a closeness of observation — especially Gertrude — that we know nothing of.

[0191] Tuesday, June 18, 1907

Ray, Ellie. Thunderstorm. Steaming hot.

The girls went down to town in the morning, while I was resting from having seen Karin off at 5.50 — which meant getting up at 4! Miss Erichsen took her. I miss the jolly talkative creature dreadfully. She tells me so much. Ellie preserves an unbroken silence, and Ray is mostly with her.

We swam in the afternoon with Cecil and Duncan Grant. The Contessa Ludolf came upon us as we were sitting about the tea-table in wild costumes, and B.B. joined us there later.

Mrs. Ross came to dine, looking magnificent in a dress her grandmother wore in 1837. The girls, or Ray at any rate — for Ellie said nothing — delighted in her.

U⁷²⁷ [0192] Wednesday, June 19, 1907

Ray, Ellie. Warm.

Neith writes, "I have seen nothing beautiful since I left Italy except a certain mountain peak lost in the mist and touched by the sun, like the spirit brooding over the great deep — an uncivilized spirit as rude and solypsistical [*sic*] as a German philosopher. ... You two live in my thoughts and my affection, a part of the enormous charm I found in Italy — and if I'm to be entombed in the Middle West for the rest of my life, at least I can dream of Italy and you."

And Hutch "I rejoice, too, as deeply as Neith, in Italy, in you, in Florence with its Old and New Beauty — for it has a new beauty, not in its monuments, to be sure, but in the contemplative, tolerant spirit of its (foreign) people. It is the only place I know where the beset people enjoy

⁷²⁶ Duncan James Corrowr Grant (21 January 1885 – 8 May 1978) was a British painter and designer of textiles, pottery, theatre sets and costumes. He was a member of the Bloomsbury group.

Although Grant had always been actively homosexual, a relationship with Vanessa Bell (Vanessa Stephen, Virginia Wolfe's sister) blossomed, which was both creative and personal, and he eventually moved in with her and her two sons by her husband Clive Bell.

⁷²⁷ The significance of this symbol is not clear.



themselves. In other parts of the world enjoyment is given over to the "low" classes, as a compensation for their lowness."

Girls saw sights.

We swam with Basil, Cecil and Duncan Grant. The Serristori, Placci and Rembelinski came to tea at the Lake.

B.B. defined real history-writing as "Romance that no document could impugn."

[0193] Thursday, June 20, 1907

Hot.

Finished my tiresome article for the *Gazette*. B.B. finished his on Girolamo di Giovanni da Camerino.

He went to town to see Horne.

I watched the girls swim. They went in without bathing-dresses.

Finished *St Francis and his Companions* (Macdonell).

[0194] Friday, June 21, 1907

Ray and Ellie.

Packed. The Contessa Gravina and her nice naval son came to have tea at the lake, and the girls swam and Stein and Pinsent and Duncan Grant and Basil.

All the Steins came to dine, and the Houghtons afterwards. They spoke much of Miss Blood, whose hand Mrs. Stein had read. She predicted something like her becoming mistress of the Gamberaia and a love affair within a year!

[0195] Saturday, June 22, 1907

Ray and Ellie.

Typewrote Bernhard's article on Girolamo di Giovanni.

Swam in the afternoon with the usual party. Delicious!

The Countess Serristori and Rembelinski came to dine and stayed till midnight, each so eager to talk about their own development and history they would scarcely listen to each other!

[0196] Sunday, June 23, 1907

Settignano. Hot.

Packed till 10.30, and then went to the Lake, joined by Stein family, Grant and the two Miss Ewbanks, Houghton, Pinsent and a Mr. Emerson (friend of Pinsent). Most delicious swim! B.B. came and we all had lunch there.

I have got to like the Steins.

Mrs. Stein took a walk with B.B. and warned him very seriously about Neither, who, she says, is madly in love with him. She says Fafner⁷²⁸ is half crazy with drink, his wild life, and might grow quite crazy with jealousy. It sounds very wild and unreal.

⁷²⁸ A nickname for Hutchins Hapgood; afterwards, Hutch.



Houghton motored us all up to the Gamberaia and then back to Poggio, where I left Ray and Ellie with Aunt Janet.

Miss Alexander came to dine.

[0197] Monday, June 24, 1907

Palace Hotel, Milan. Not too hot.

Packed. Came here. I left behind all the money I had arranged for the trip!

Read D'Annunzio's short stories, *San Pantaleone*,⁷²⁹ ecc.

[0198] Tuesday, June 25, 1907

Hotel Monte Generoso bei Lugano.⁷³⁰ Cool. Beautiful.

Went to Cavenaghi's, and then saw Rodolfo Sessa's⁷³¹ collection and the Bagati Valsecchi's.

Bernhard came to the awful conclusion that the famous Alvise Vivarini, about whom he wrote so much in his *Lotto*, is really by Giovanni Bellini — — !!!!

Saw Poldi collection in afternoon, and to Cantoni's⁷³² and Grandi's.⁷³³ At the latter place we bought a Dosso portrait for 10,000 lire. Fine thing.

Don Guido, harassed and polite, came to see us off

We got here at 8 — a lovely place, but a rather primitive hotel.

[0199] Wednesday, June 26, 1907

Fine.

Walked a little.

Read James' *Pragmatism*,⁷³⁴ Anatole France.

Wrote.

The hotel is not very good, but the air is enchanting.

Ray started yesterday with the Houghtons. Ellie and Cecil on the motor.

Karin at Christ Church Ball danced till 5 and was rapturously happy.

[0200] Thursday, June 27, 1907

Monte Generoso. Fine.

Walked morning and afternoon. Made out lists for new book to be sent to.

⁷²⁹ Una raccolta di novelle: Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), *San Pantaleone* (Firenze: G. Barbèra, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ4803 .S2 1886**

⁷³⁰ Train from Capolago, Switzerland.

⁷³¹ La Palazzina Sessa è un edificio storico sito in via Lodovico Ariosto nel centro di Milano. Fu costruito nel fra il 1900 e il 1906 per la famiglia del nobile Rodolfo Sessa.

⁷³² Achille Cantoni; Carl, p. 28.

Il Cotonificio Cantoni è stata un'azienda tessile attiva fra il 1828 ed il 2004. È stata per lungo tempo la maggiore società cotoniera italiana.

⁷³³ Antonio and Carlo Grandi; Carl, p. 9, col. 3; index, p. 817.

⁷³⁴ William James (1842-1910), *Pragmatism: A new name for some old ways of thinking: Popular lectures on philosophy* (London & New York: Longmans, Green, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson House B945.J23 P73 1907**



[0201] Friday, June 28, 1907

Fine. Rain at night.

Walked morning to 'Perras' and afternoon to Kuhn Hotel, last part of way desperately tiring.

Talked with a Miss Osborne who was a Gilchrist scholar at Newnham and took a first in history, and how lives very precariously as a journalist.

Made out insurance list.

[0202] Saturday, June 29, 1907

Monte Generoso. Fine, then storm.

Walked in morning. Guido came up in the afternoon and we talked in a bedulling sort of way.

[0203] Sunday, June 30, 1907

Hotel Euler, Bâle. Rain.

Lugano to Bâle. Travelling is awful!!

[0204] Monday, July 1, 1907

Cold. Rain.

Bâle to London, arriving at midnight.

Read William James' *Pragmatism* on the way, and Reinach's *Cultes et mythes*.

[0205] 2 Morpeth Terrace, Tuesday, July 2, 1907

Cold. Grey.

Unpacked. Called on Dr. Heath, had a Turkish bath.

B.B. saw Mrs. Leslie, who was warm and cordial, and Lady Sassoon who was the reverse, all undone and distracted with her social gaities.

Alys spent the morning with me, and Emily came to lunch.

[0206] Wednesday, July 3, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace. Cold. Rain.

Music in Cathedral. Various shoppings and calls.

Saw Dr. Heath at 4, but did not like him at all, somehow.

[0207] Thursday, July 4, 1907

Cold. Dull.

Bernhard went to Windsor with Mme Lambert, and returned to lunch at the Sassoons.

I shopped, had my bath, heard the music at Mass, and called on Emily and her Mother.

We both feel astray and lonely and desolate. One often does in first getting to a town.

[0208] Friday, July 5, 1907

Cold but sunny.



Copseham, Esher.⁷³⁵

Bernhard and I went to call on Dr. Heath and then to the National Gallery.

Geoffrey came to lunch, and we talked of *The Golden Bough*. Then he and I went to the Cathedral, and then to the National Gallery where we looked at Piero della Francesca, Paolo Uccello, and met the Holroyds.

Bernhard and I came here by a 5.20 train. Marny seems very natural and sweet and unaffected. She is going to have another baby. Ferdinand Schiller came to dine, and an awful Miss De Lona to spend the night.

Cook is sublimely self-satisfied.

[0209] Saturday, July 6, 1907

Court Place <Oxford>. Cold, dull.

Came up from Cook's and found G.S. here. Geoffrey and I went to mass for the music and then, as he was feeling ill, to drive in Battersea Park.

Bernhard lunched with Bobby Ross and met the young man, Garrett, who may possibly be our secretary. Liked him.

After lunch here, and a talk about the irrelevancy of analyzing one's physical states apropos of art, we went to the National Gallery and greatly enjoyed the Venetians — so much so that Scott missed his train, and I had to cut my Bath short.

Bernhard and I came here, and found poor Karin deaf, and mother not at all well, but Grace enchanting, so cheerful and sympathetic!

[0210] Sunday, July 7, 1907

Court Place. Some sunshine.

Chatted, lunched at Alys'. Talked with Mother about religion, had a walk.

[0211] Monday, July 8, 1907

London. Cold. Some rain.

Miss first train, but came up at 11.

Bernhard went with Mrs. Crawshay to the Duke of Sutherland's to see the pictures which he has sold to **Duveen**.

But before that we went with Dr. Heath to see the Elgin marbles. It was most interesting that he found them absolutely correct — the best things, that is, but not the Caryatid. I had rather hoped the Greeks would have improved on nature!

Heath gave me tea at the Viennese shop, and drove me to my Turkish Bath.

We had a ghastly dinner at the Gutekunst's, Mrs. <G.> flirting away in the same silly fashion as of yore, and B.B. acting the clown, to get on with her. Roger was there; he is in despair about Helen, who is as bad as ever.

Letter from Geoffrey saying he had really enjoyed the pictures, especially

⁷³⁵ Copseham, Esher, Surrey. Just south of Hampton Court.



the Bellini *Agony in Garden*.

[0212] 2 Morpeth Terrace, London, Tuesday, July 9, 1907

Cold. Rainy-ish.

Ray and Ellie arrived at 7.30, full of the horror of Mrs. Houghton as a travelling companion, and as a woman *überhaupt*. One hardly realizes, without some such experience, what it is to be "not a lady".

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Caufield, Lady Algy Gordon Lennox⁷³⁶ and Mr. Hichens. He called on Lady Sassoon.

Ray and I saw Fisher Unwin and signed the contract for her novel, which is to come out in October. We called on Mrs. Fisher Unwin and also saw Dicky Sanderson who seems a nice boy.

Shopped.

Had a Turkish Bath in afternoon.

[0213] Wednesday, July 10, 1907

Downpour.

Went to National Gallery with Ray and saw Sir Charles Holroyd.⁷³⁷ Also met Mrs. Sherrill.

Ray and I shopped.

Bernhard lunched with the Harry Custs.

We met again at Lady Sassoon's, who gave a very badly managed tea for the Berouettes.

Burke came to dine, but we had a rather dull evening.

[0214] 2 Morpeth Terrace, <London,> Thursday, July 11, 1907

Fine.

We went to Wernher's and Benson's things and I had my Bath.

Trevy and Roger and Geoffrey came to lunch; it was pleasant.

Bernhard went with Roger to his show and bought one of his pastels. Says he has improved immensely.

Scott and I went for a few minutes to the National Gallery and looked at the Botticellis. Then we drove down and saw the dear little church of St. Mildred's and Shelley's and Mary's signatures, for they were married there.

In the evening he and I went for a few minutes to the Queen's Hall to hear a Beethoven concerto, and afterwards talked with B.B., who likes Geoffrey, I hope. I am really fond of him. He is never stupid.

⁷³⁶ Major Lord Bernard Charles Gordon-Lennox, third son of the Duke of Richmond, who was born on May 1, 1878, was killed in action on November 10, 1914.

⁷³⁷ Sir Charles Holroyd (9 April 1861 – 17 November 1917) was an English artist and curator. He was Keeper of the Tate from 1897 to 1906, and Director of the National Gallery from 1906 to 1916. He met his wife, the artist Fannie Fetherstonhaugh Macpherson, in Rome and they married in 1891.



[0215] Friday, July 12, 1907

Fine.

Bernhard saw various dealers.

Scott and I heard a Palestrina Mass. He went to the dentist's, and I shopped, met at National Gallery and saw some Florentine things.

Bernhard went to Turnor's, and we, after some debate, went to Hampton Court. It was very pretty. Scott had last been there with his mother, when she was nervously broken-down — in fact, almost crazy. Her first breakdown came when he was born. I wonder what a child feels to have been the cause of such a thing? Nothing, I suppose. Scott said his father had given him two tremendous lecture-warnings, one on the subject of Women and the other on Anglicanism! What perspicacity!

The gallery was closed, but I managed to get in, and persuaded the man to take down the Giorgione for us. It is hung in a horrible light, with a glass over it. Poor thing, it is a fearful ruin, smeared with repaint. But it remains somehow radiant.

We talked a little in the evening, but were both tired and went early to bed.

[0216] Saturday, July 13, 1907

Iffley. Fine then rain.

Bernhard saw the Watts Chapel, and went over to Copseham.

I took Scott to see Benson's Circe and then to the Titians at Bridgewater House. The fat female nudes caused him such horror that he almost couldn't enjoy the pictures, but he ended by really appreciating them. He went to the dentist and I had my bath, which left me rather tired. We talked after lunch, chiefly about his hypothetical career, and about women, whom he abhors. I wonder if he utterly forgets I am one?

He returned to Shoreham, and I came here, and found poor Karin deaf. Mother and I had a good cry over it all, which didn't do a bit of good. I was awake all night with the misery of it.

[0217] Sunday, July 14, 1907

Iffley. Misty.

Talked with Mother and Grace in the morning and steam-launched to Abingdon in the afternoon. Ray tried her powers at Palmistry and announced that Grace was "Morose, fiery and coarse"!

Bernhard saw Dickinson and the Schillers and had plenty of good talk.

[0218] Monday, July 15, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace. <London> Hot. Fine.

Came up and went with Karin to Dr. Heath's. She says we must have the final operation at once. Karin and I were terribly upset, and so was dear Mary, who is very sweet and nice to Karin. I simply *bated* Heath when he went on and on boasting of his new operation and how superior it was to the old one, *Karin's*. What a tactless, jointed wooden doll he is. I must say I



loathe him.

Grace and Bonté and her husband Percival Elgood⁷³⁸ came to lunch. He is the soldier type, but very nice. Bonté is much in love.

Ray went off to Cambridge, and I met Mary and Karin and called on Mrs. Rendel, and then had my bath.

Grace and I dined together, and talked all evening. She is a dear!

I did not go to sleep till 4 a.m.

[0219] Tuesday, July 16, 1907

Hot. Fine.

Went to Heath's. Again he boasted of his operation, and I broke down and cried, and said I was so afraid Karin was going to be deaf. Even then he said triumphantly, "Now you see how poor the old method was, and what a glorious discovery I have made!" I could have killed him, really. And all the time he thinks he is in love with me, and keeps saying I am the only person he has ever cared about in his life. Ugh, what an awful person.

I lunched with the Kerr-Lawsons and Mr. Davis. Lawson promised to do a design for the cover of Karin's book.⁷³⁹

Houghton came and had tea with me. he said Ellie was "very silent".

I had dinner with Karin and Mary, and then they went off to Karin's first lip-reading lesson. Poor child!

[0220] Wednesday, July 17, 1907

Morpeth Terrace.

Saw Dr. Heath.

B.B. got to Turnor's, Panton Hall.⁷⁴⁰

B.B. motored to Brocklesby⁷⁴¹ to lunch with the Yarboroughs. Country beautiful.

[0221] Thursday, July 18, 1907

Karin had another operation.

B.B. saw *Southwell Minster and *Hardwick Hall, and had tea at another Elizabethan house, Barlborough.

[0222] Friday, July 19, 1907

London.

Karin rallying splendidly. Her glorious vitality makes it all the sadder that she should be maimed. I cannot think of it without weeping.

⁷³⁸ Bonté Amos Elgood (1870-1960). Her husband Percival Elgood (born 1863) was educated at Marlborough and Sandhurst.

⁷³⁹ A mistake for 'Ray's book'?

⁷⁴⁰ Built around 1720. Demolished 1964. Panton Hall, Wragby, the seat of Edmund Turnor (1838-1903), who had married Lady Mary Katherine Gordon (1840-1930), the daughter of the Marquis of Huntly.

⁷⁴¹ Brocklesby is a village in the [West Lindsey district](#) of [Lincolnshire](#).



B.B. saw Haddon Hall⁷⁴² and *Wentworth Woodhouse⁷⁴³ and Nostell Priory⁷⁴⁴ decorated by Adams.

[0223] Saturday, July 20, 1907

Oxford. Britten.

Dr. Heath cut the scar out of my hand under chloroform. I went to Oxford with Bernhard, whom I met at Paddington but I was awfully sick and miserable.

B.B. saw Castle Howard, etc.

[0224] Sunday, July 21, 1907

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[0225] Monday, July 22, 1907

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[0226] Tuesday, July 23, 1907

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[0227] Wednesday, July 24, 1907

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[0228] Thursday, July 25, 1907

Morpeth Terrace.

Simply dead with cold and anxiety about Karin.

[0229] Friday, July 26, 1907

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[0230] Saturday, July 27, 1907

Oxford. Fine.

Bernhard went to Hampton Court with Mrs. Crawshay. I called on Heath and had my hand dressed, and then had a Turkish bath. My cold is awful, and I couldn't enjoy the river, and, hardly, the sight of the youngsters swimming.

Agnes Conway has come for the week-end, an unusually nice girl, Ray's friend.

[231] Sunday, July 28, 1907

Rainy.

In bed all day, reading trashy novels.

⁷⁴² **Haddon Hall** on the [River Wye](#) at [Bakewell, Derbyshire](#), one of the seats of the [Duke of Rutland](#).

⁷⁴³ **Wentworth Woodhouse** in the village of [Wentworth](#), near [Rotherham](#) in [South Yorkshire](#), is the largest private house in the United Kingdom.

⁷⁴⁴ **Nostell Priory**, a [Palladian](#) house located in [Nostell](#), near [Crofton](#) close to [Wakefield, West Yorkshire](#).



Bernhard called on the Prices and Markbys.

[0232] Monday, July 29, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace. Fine.

Came up from Oxford. Called on Heath. Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Leslie and Muriel Wilson. Kelly called on me — he looked awfully nice, and was charming. I had my bath, while Bernhard called on Otto Gutekunst.

The Rothensteins came to dine and stayed till 12. He, having begun with the sheer art of Degas, is now inclined, in the reaction, to set a very high value on Illustration and to thus admire Renoir rather extravagantly for this “paganism”.

They told us a lot, too, about poor Roger and Helen — about Hauptmann, who is their intimate friend. He was married, rather young, to a rich woman very much older, and then came the inevitable slender Bohemian slip of a girl. He fled from the temptation and went to America with his wife, but it was too much for him, so he came back to the *Amie*, and lived with her, and had a child. But his Puritan conscience has suffered awfully. Finally the wife has divorced him, and he has married the other, who is really not worth much. The children of the first marriage remain friendly with him. He is very lovable.

[0233] Tuesday, July 30, 1907

Rainy.

Called on Heath and found him quite knocked up, unable to do Karin's operation today. It is too dreary waiting!

Karin came up. It was too late to hinder her. We went to the Acoustician place (2^o Bucklersbury)⁷⁴⁵ and found out what was the matter with her machine.

Bernhard lunched with Harry Cust and called on Mrs. Crawshay.

[0234] Wednesday, July 31, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Karin had another operation, at 2.30. A light one, but it was awful to see the dear child go under chloroform again.

[0235] Thursday, Aug. 1, 1907

Bernhard got off at 11.

I called for Karin and took her to Heath and then brought her here. She felt pretty weak.

I went to bed, feeling an absolute wreck.

[0236] Friday, Aug. 2, 1907

Court Place.

⁷⁴⁵ Bucklersbury, a small road between Victoria Street and Walbrook in the City of London



Came down and went to bed and stayed there resting.

The Maitlands, Hugh Morgan and Cecil Pinsent came to stay and frolic.

Bernhard arrived at St. Moritz. He called on Lady Sassoon and sat there saying to himself, "I'm wasting my time! I'm wasting my time" — yet *liked* to sit there.

[0237] Saturday, Aug. 3, 1907

Bernhard saw lots of friends, Serristori, Dora di Rudini, Prince Doria, etc.

[0238] Sunday, Aug. 4, 1907

Court Place.

Heske and Maitland Radford, Hugh Morgan, Cecil Pinsent, Great doings on the part of all the youngsters.

I stayed in bed and read and rested.

Bernhard (at St. Moritz) spend day with Lamberts and Sassoons.

[0239] Monday, Aug. 5, 1907

Charles Strong (Rockefeller's son-in-law) called on Bernhard.

He walked with the ever delightful and always satisfactory Countess Serristori.

[0240] Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Came up with Mary and Karin. Saw Heath.

Karin in great pain with her swollen glands. She had to have constant hot fomentations.

Bernhard (St. Moritz) heard some Wagner, Tristan, "drawing the hidden-most soul out of me and dashing it upon the merciless chasm."

[0241] Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1907

Karin still in pain.

Saw Heath.

Relapsed, all of us, into our hospital ward condition.

Bernhard had a walk with Strong, and met Gladys, the radiant.

[0242] Thursday, Aug. 8, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Mary work up ill. She and Karin went to the country. Saw Heath.

I had a delightful letter from Mr. Cannon, saying my letter had helped him more than anything else.

I decided to really take myself in hand and not go all to pieces, as i have been doing. Something — what, I wonder? — came to help my resolution and smooth out all the mental tangles. *Dona nobis pacem* was my prayer, and it was answered.

Bernhard (St. Moritz) lunched with Gladys and her mother and Doria. They are all very much annoyed with Lord Brooke for throwing Gladys over



at the bidding of the King, and silly Gladys is determined to get hold of His Majesty and swing him round. Bernhard said the result of their long tête-à-tête was to leave her with the impression that though he loved her dearly, he didn't believe a word she said!

[0243] Friday, Aug. 9, 1907

Court Place. Fine.

Had a Turkish Bath and came here.

Bernhard went with Gladys, Mr. Baldwin and Doria to the Roseg Glacier. B.B. found it ravishing to be with Gladys, though he never lost his conviction that she was lying and that she didn't care a bit about him.

[0244] Saturday, Aug. 10, 1907

Court Place. Fine.

Did nothing all day except rest and read novels, and go launching on the river.

Gladys put Bernhard off, and left him plan-less. She walked with Brauer.

[0240] Saturday, Aug. 11, 1907

Glaenger came down to see the Dosso portrait. We met him in the launch. He says Roger Fry is suffering very much from "swelled head", and gives his opinion recklessly on things he really does not know about.

Bernhard dines with the Untermeyers and then watched a cotillon.

[0246] Monday, Aug. 12, 1907

London.

Came up and saw Dr. Heath.

Scott came to lunch. He has almost decided to go back to the idea of being an architect. Getting a second in the schools makes it improbable he could get a fellowship.

Bernhard had a word with "Deborah"⁷⁴⁶ and ended it with the Serristori.

Drove in the afternoon to Fex⁷⁴⁷ to see Florence Blood. He dined with Mrs. J. J. Astor and sat by Lady Sassoon who was "intolerable".

[0247] Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1907

Took Scott to lunch with Cecil to discuss **architectural possibilities**. Cecil (being just engaged) treated it all very lightly, as if one's profession were a very irrelevant, secondary sort of matter, and Geoffrey's one idea was to find out how many holidays there were!

Dressmaker, etc., in afternoon.

Scott and Keynes came to dine, and Scott got very faint and ill. He isn't fit to do any work.

⁷⁴⁶ Baronne Lambert.

⁷⁴⁷ Sils Maria.



A darling letter from Bernhard, who has become reconciled to Gladys. She is the one radiant miracle.

Bernhard also drove to Maloja and back with Strong and Schiller; enjoyed their philosophic talk.

Dance at hotel, but Prince Pio and Hortense went up to his room to talk.

[0248] Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace, London.

Karin and Ray and Ray's friend, Margaret Jones, came up, and we met at Dr. Heath's. They went to the theatre in the evening.

Bernhard walked with the Rothschild crowd, and then drove with Dora di Rudini to Fex.

[0249] Thursday, Aug. 15, 1907

Rain.

Dr. Heath's again. I felt ill and had a quiet day.

Christopher Heath called in the evening about the insurance.

Bernhard walked with Lady Sassoon in the morning and in the afternoon with the Untermeyers, and had a long talk with Prince Koudashaff⁷⁴⁸ in the evening, after dining with Placci and the Henraux.

[0250] Friday, Aug. 16, 1907

Court Place.

Fine.

Keynes came to lunch. We all liked him. Then we came down. The others met us in the launch.

Dora drove Bernhard to see Gladys, who was most affectionate and flattering. He drove back with Mme Greffulhe.⁷⁴⁹ Dined with the Rudinis.

[0251] Saturday, Aug. 17, 1907

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton.

Quiet day. Karin went to the Radford's and Maitland brought her home very late.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton arrived.

Morris Amos and his sister-in-law came to tea.

Bernhard had a walk with Lady Sassoon who seemed changed for the better. He lunched with the Untermeyers. Mrs. Untermeyer told a story of Eames Nordica and Melba. Eames said she could not marry a man without

⁷⁴⁸

⁷⁴⁹ Marie Anatole Louise Élisabeth, **Countess Greffulhe** (née de Riquet de Caraman-Chimay; 1860-1952) was a French socialite, known as a renowned beauty and queen of the salons of the Faubourg Saint-Germain in Paris

Élisabeth was born in Paris, the daughter of Joseph de Riquet de Caraman, 18th Prince de Chimay (1836-1892) and his wife, Marie de Montesquiou-Fezensac (1834-1884). The Countess entertained a necessarily unrequited love for her cousin, the exquisite aesthete **Count Robert de Montesquiou**.



telling him her whole past. Nordica exclaimed "What courage" and Melba "What a mummy!"

Took tea with Serristoris, etc., who were waiting for Gladys. Pio dined with him.

[0252] Sunday, Aug. 18, 1907

Court Place. Sunshine. Showers and cold.

Houghtons.

Sailing, etc.

I stayed in bed. Finished the *Voyage of the Discovery*.⁷⁵⁰ I was awfully amused at reading of the Emperor Penguins, whose eggs get so often frozen that they have few chicks in comparison to the number of old birds. Those old birds, fathers as well as mothers, are passionately eager to sit on the young birds and and fight so for the privilege that they often the little ones to pieces! The chicks are forced to take refuge from their eager parents under overhanging blocks of ice!! Moral?

Bernhard walked with **Lambert, Lady Sassoon** and the Ronalds. At 3.30 he went with Carlo to the Schillers, and found it "a great relief to escape to people whose minds" worked with his own.

Dickinson and Roger came in. Strong came to dine with him.

[0253] Monday, Aug. 19, 1907

Fine and rain.

2 Houghtons, 3 Radfords.

Grace and I motored with the Houghtons. Saw Stanton Harcourt.

Karin went up to see Dr. Heath. The young people seem very gay and jolly together. They went out for a moonlight sail.

Bernhard dined with Mme O'Connor and then talked to Gladys and saw some *tableaux vivants*.

At 11 the band drove to the Fexthal and had lunch. He met Dr. Pozzi, "a famous gynaecologist, lover and charmer".

[0254] Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1907

Court Place. Sun, rain, cold.

2 Houghtons, 3 Radfords, Ellie and Dick Rendel.

The youngsters very jolly and happy. Houghton motored Grace and Logan and me to Ewelme,⁷⁵¹ a *most* picturesque place, and also Dorchester,⁷⁵² with an interesting church.

B.B. and Carlo had the Rudinis and Roffredo to dine, and they went to a hop afterwards.

⁷⁵⁰ Robert Falcon Scott (1868-1912), *The voyage of the Discovery* (1907).

⁷⁵¹ Ewelme, a village in the Chiltern Hills in South Oxfordshire, 4 km north-east of Wallingford; population 1,048. The toponym is derived from 'Ae-whylme', Old English for 'waters whelming'.

⁷⁵² Dorchester on Thames.



He lunched with Gladys and had 7 hours talk with her. "At her best she beats even the Serristori at an all round talk."

[0255] Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Dull. Cold.

Same party.

I came up rather late, to dentist.

Strong called for B.B. and they drove to the Rosegg and lunched and walked back. Strong regards religion as a deplorable weakness. Tea with Mme Greffulhe and Matilde Serao, etc.

Dined with **Sassoons and Lamberts**.

[0256] Thursday, Aug. 22, 1907

2 Morpeth Terrace.

Scott came in a very jolly mood. We went to the National Gallery and looked at Michelangelo and Tura. In the evening we went to Iolanthe, which was very amusing.

Bernhard corrected *North Italian* proofs and had a walk with **Lambert and Lady Sassoon**.

[0257] Friday, Aug. 23, 1907

Iffley.

Came back and joined the jolly party here. Houghton met me at the station.

B.B. went with Carlo to Sils to see Kreisler.

Lunched with Robilants, Bengham and Mme Yturi.

Walked with **Lamberts**.

Watched ball at Kul__. Dined with Mrs. Lawrence.

[0258] Saturday, Aug. 24, 1907

Iffley.

2 Houghtons, 3 Radfords, 2 Rendels, 2 Pophams.

Houghton motored us up to Boars' Hill to see if the Sttydeo there would do, but it seemed too bad.

We had a dance in the evening, which the young people appeared greatly to enjoy.

Tremendous romps at B.B.'s hotel.

[0259] Sunday, Aug. 25, 1907

Iffley. Same party minus Pophams.

Houghton motored Logan and Grace and me to Burford, Bibury, Fairford, Kelmscott and Dorchester⁷⁵³ — all fascinating places.

B.B. lunched with the usual band, and had tea with Mme Greffulhe.

⁷⁵³ Dorchester on Thames?



[0260] Monday, Aug. 26, 1907

Iffley.

Karin and I went up to see Dr. Heath, who wouldn't give us any definite plans. The party left.

B.B. walked with Mme de Fenelon and went to tea with Placci, Gladys, Matilde, Mme Greffulhe. Read *Shaving of Shagpat*,⁷⁵⁴ "by far the most delightful three hours I have spent at St. Moritz."

Walked with Lady Sassoon. Walked with Serristori, "the one and only who never leaves a bad taste in my mouth".

[0261] Tuesday, Aug. 27, 1907

Iffley.

Thoroughly quiet day.

Bernhard dined with Lady Sassoon and Dora di Rudini, and had a long talk with Mme Robillant.

[0262] Wednesday, Aug. 28, 1907

Iffley.

Bernhard and Placci were driven by Prince Doria to Sils to lunch with Gladys and her mother.

He had a walk with Lady Sassoon in the morning.

[0263] Thursday, Aug. 29, 1907

Iffley.

Went up with Karin and saw the last of Heath, who is going to take a Rest Cure at Deal. He advised us to go to Harrogate⁷⁵⁵ for Karin's health.

Bernhard drove with Dora di Rudini to the Bernina Hospice and had lunch, and then walked to Alp Gran.

[0264] Friday, Aug. 30, 1907

Grand Hotel, Harrogate.

Spent the day getting here from Oxford by means of cross-country trains that did not connect. Ray and Karin with me.

The Robillants and Dora dined with Bernhard and Carlo. B.B. lunched with Brauer and met Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Weismann, and then had a walk with the Serristori. He dined with the Ronalds, Mrs. Edgar and the Curtises.

[0265] Saturday, Aug. 31, 1907

Explored the town and had a bath.

Bernhard lunched with the Princesse Lynar (*née* Parsons of Columbus,

⁷⁵⁴ George Meredith, *The Shaving of Shagpat: An Arabian Entertainment*, a fantasy novel published by Chapman and Hall in 1856,

⁷⁵⁵ Its heritage as a fashionable spa resort continues in the Montpellier Quarter with the Royal Pump Room Museum, documenting the importance of local mineral springs. Nearby is the restored, Moorish-style Turkish Baths & Health Spa. To the west, leafy Valley Gardens features the art deco Sun Pavilion.



Ohio),⁷⁵⁶ the Trabias and Placci. At 3.30 the Shillers came to tea.
Placci and he dined with Dora to meet the Birrels.

[0266] Grand Hotel, Harrogate, Sunday, Sept. 1, 1907
With Ray and Karin. Fine.

We walked to some picturesque rocks.

Bernhard left St. Moritz. Carmen Gandona⁷⁵⁷ travelled in the same train.

⁷⁵⁶ Amelia (May) Parsons (Columbus, Ohio 14-6-1850 - Berlin 8-10-1920), married 16 May 1871 to Prince Ernst Manderup Alexander zu Lynar of Prussia

⁷⁵⁷ Carmen Cardona?



Bernhard in North France, Sept. 2-16, 1907,
with Aline Sassoon and Lucie Lambert,
then with Mary

[0267] Monday, Sept. 2, 1907

Pouring.

Quiet day with bath.

Bernhard reached Paris and went to **Laversine**,⁷⁵⁸ and then went with Lady Sassoon⁷⁵⁹ and Mme Lambert⁷⁶⁰ to Rouen for the night, motoring. They saw Les Andelys⁷⁶¹ and Château Gaillard⁷⁶² also Gisors.⁷⁶³

[0268] Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1907

Fine.

Grand Hotel, Harrogate, with Ray and Karin.

Took a motor bus to Ripon and Studley Royal and saw Fountains Abbey, which is a perfect gem.

Karin said she found she could always bear her deafness at the moment; it was looking ahead that made it intolerable. So she felt if she could only have to live in the moment and take her actual sensations as ultimates for the time being, she would get along very well.

[0269] Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1907

We took the boring motor and steam-launch excursion to York, but came home by train completely worn out.

[0270] Thursday, Sept. 5, 1907

Grand Hotel, Harrogate.

Quiet day with bath.

Bernhard revisited Caen, saw Balleroy⁷⁶⁴ and Courtaine.⁷⁶⁵

[0271] Friday, Sept. 6, 1907

Iffley.

Came back from Harrogate and did a little shopping on the way here.

Ray spent the night at Manchester with her friend Elsie Collier.

⁷⁵⁸ Le Château de Laversine, in the commune of Saint-Maximin (Oise), once a castle, was acquired in 1874 by Baron Gustave de Rothschild, the father of Lady Aline Sassoon and baronne Zöe Lucie 'Deborah' Lambert and their brother Robert.

⁷⁵⁹ Aline Caroline de Rothschild, Lady Sassoon (1867 - Paris, **July 28, 1909**), wife of Sir Albert Edward Sassoon (1856-1912) and daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild

⁷⁶⁰ Zoé Lucie Betty ('Deborah') de Rothschild (1863-1916), Aline's sister, wife of Baron Léon de Lambert (1865-1909).

⁷⁶¹ Eure, Haute-Normandie.

⁷⁶² Château Gaillard

⁷⁶³ Vexin normand, Normandie.

⁷⁶⁴ in the Calvados department in Normandy

⁷⁶⁵ Courtaine, Remoiville — near the Belgian border.



B.B. saw St. Michel and Avranché. Admiral du Perray⁷⁶⁶ showed them St. Malo. They slept at Dinard, and had Porte Riche,⁷⁶⁷ the playwright, to dine.

[0272] Saturday, Sept. 7, 1907

Iffley.

Alice Houghton, Cecil and Jerry Pinsent.

Quiet family days.

Bernhard slept at Morlaix.⁷⁶⁸

[0273] Sunday, Sept. 8, 1907

Bernhard motoring through the heart of Brittany and slept at Quimper.

[0274] Monday, Sept. 9, 1907

Iffley. Fine.

Alice and Cecil, Jerry.

Quiet pleasant day.

[0275] Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1907

Fine.

Mother and Ray and Alice and I motored to see some houses, Milton House⁷⁶⁹ and Kingston Lisle Park⁷⁷⁰ in especial, neither of them suitable, though both most beautiful.

Bernhard with his friends went by steamer along the coast of Morbihan,⁷⁷¹ and then by motor to Nantes.

[0276] Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1907

Iffley.

B.B. at **La Chute** near Tours.

Ray and I spent the day in town, partly at the dentist's.

I gave Lucy Perkins lunch, and we had quite a talk. Her head is still full of Pritchard, but she no longer regards him as an inspired being, but as a rather prickly and by no means omniscient man.

Bernhard visited Angers and at last saw the Museum⁷⁷² there. No Italians.

[0277] Thursday, Sept. 12, 1907⁷⁷³

Fine.

⁷⁶⁶ ? Admiral du Perray

⁷⁶⁷ ? Porte Riche

⁷⁶⁸ in the département du Finistère, Bretagne

⁷⁶⁹ Perhaps Milton Hill, Abingdon?

⁷⁷⁰ Kingston Lisle Park is a Grade II* listed Georgian country house and estate in Kingston Lisle, near Wantage, in the Vale of White Horse district of Oxfordshire.

⁷⁷¹ a department in Brittany

⁷⁷² The Musée des beaux-arts d'Angers is located in the Logis Barrault in place Saint-Éloi near the historic city of Angers.

⁷⁷³ with a postcard of Château de la Chute, Chanceaux-sur-Choisille (I.-et-L.); see previous entry.



Packed all morning.

In the afternoon Logan and Grace and Mother and I motored to see Wormsley,⁷⁷⁴ a lovely place near Stokenchurch.⁷⁷⁵ It proved too big and too damp for us to dream of.

[0278] Hotel St. James <Paris>, Friday, Sept. 13, 1907

Crossed to Paris.

Bernhard motored from **La Chute** to various châteaux.

Douglas Ainslée⁷⁷⁶ was with me in the train, on his way to join Gladys in Venice. Fancy that siren, that marvel, consorting with such an egregious ass! He told me quite gravely that he meant to leave his flat in Mount St. because he felt it was no longer propitious to his "Creative Impulse".

It was perfectly awful tearing myself away from Iffley. I never had such a pang. We all nearly cried.

[0279] Saturday, Sept. 14, 1907

La Chute, Chanceaux-sur-Choisille, près Tours.

Fine.

Came by train to Tours and was met by Lucien's motor.

Lunched at L'Univers and then motored to see various places, Pressigny,⁷⁷⁷ Preuilly,⁷⁷⁸ La Haye Descartes,⁷⁷⁹ etc.

All the party here went out to dine, so Bernhard and I dined alone.

Bernhard said that he found falling in love hadn't anything necessarily to do with a desire for physical intimacy — quite often that would never be thought of if there wasn't a convention to that effect. But alas so few people have any other kind of intimacy to give but that. They are too self-absorbed, too dishonest, too unconscious of any real inner life. Of course a spiritual, even an intellectual intimacy is far more interesting, but these require character and brains.

[0280] Sunday, Sept. 15, 1907

La Chute, Grey.

We motored with Lucien to Laynes,⁷⁸⁰ Ussé,⁷⁸¹ and Villancy⁷⁸² (three

⁷⁷⁴ Wormsley Park is a 2,500-acre estate and 18th century country house between Stokenchurch and Watlington in the Chiltern Hills of Buckinghamshire.

⁷⁷⁵ On the London Road (A40).

⁷⁷⁶ ?

⁷⁷⁷ Pressigny

⁷⁷⁸ Preuilly-sur-Claise is a commune in the Indre-et-Loire department

⁷⁷⁹ Descartes is a commune in the Indre-et-Loire department, renamed 'La Haye-Descartes' in 1802 in his honour, and then renamed again to Descartes in 1967.

⁷⁸⁰ Laines?

⁷⁸¹ The Château d'Ussé is located in the commune of Rigny-Ussé in the Indre-et-Loire département.

⁷⁸² ?



interesting châteaux) in the morning.

Lunched at Tours.

Motored by ourselves to Chaumont⁷⁸³ and Chambord⁷⁸⁴ in the afternoon, and got back to dine very tired.

We talked a little about “functional line”, and both felt a renewed desire to get to work again.

Where does this belong?



⁷⁸³ The Château de Chaumont is a castle in Chaumont-sur-Loire, Loir-et-Cher.

⁷⁸⁴ The royal Château de Chambord at Chambord, Loir-et-Cher.



[0281] Monday, Sept. 16, 1907

Fine.

Motored by ourselves in Lucien's motor to *Le Mans and found some Italian pictures in the Museum, and greatly enjoyed the Cathedral.

We talked more of work, but Bernhard says he now feels that no one cares for conclusions, but only for finding things out for themselves. I said it was a pity to lose one's faith in WORK and THOUGHT as absolute things, and he said the trouble with us was the New England bringing up to "hitch your wagon to a star", and then when the star is extinguished one has *nothing*. No affection however intense will quite take the place of that fallen star!

[0282] Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1907

Paris.

[0283] Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1907

Paris.

Went to Luxembourg.

Hutchins dined with us.

[0284] Thursday, Sept. 19, 1907

Paris.

Saw the glorious Van Dyck lady with stars and pink parasol from the Cataneo collection of Genoa. Knoedler is asking a hundred thousand pounds for it!

Hutchins lunched with us, and he and I drove to look for a patent ear-drum for Karin. He was dreadfully indiscreet and told me Algar had been in love with me, but thought I had firmly but kindly turned him down. I was utterly unaware of the whole thing.

[0285] Friday, Sept. 20, 1907

Paris.

Lunched with the Sherrills. Called on Reinach.

Dined with Steins, who spent the evening giving Bernhard a very unflattering portrait of his character! They turn out to be frightfully self-conscious and touchy.

[0286] Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907

Train to Milan.

B.B. at La Petite Trianon with Elsie de Wolf and Bessie Marbury. Miss Morgan, Harry Melville, Cosmo Gordon also staying there, and a young playwright, Fr. de Croiset⁷⁸⁵ to dine.

⁷⁸⁵ de Croisset



[0287] Sunday, Sept. 22, 1907

Bologna (Italia).

B.B. at Versailles.

Geoffrey Scott came onto my train at Baveno.⁷⁸⁶ We lunched at the Cavour, saw the court of the Hospital, several churches and the Cathedral, and came on to Bologna.

B.B. saw Henry Adams, Herivieux, Lady Anglesey, Miss Norris, Miss Brooks, Mme de Ste-Croix.

Dined at Reservoir with Senator Warren of Wyoming.

[0288] Monday, Sept. 23, 1907

I Tatti. Scott. Fine.

B.B. at Versailles.

Took Scott to Ferrara. Saw a few things, including the horribly renovated Collegio di Spagna, and came on here, arriving by moonlight, very late. Scott was nearly dead with backache.

B.B. walked in park and went to tea with the von Andrés. Bevel Beauvoir turns out to be Bosdari,⁷⁸⁷ as I suspected at Chicago!

[0289] Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1907

Fine. Hot.

Scott, Miss Alexander.

B.B. at Versailles.

Scott was nearly dead with fatigue and back-ache. Could only lie about all day. Miss Alexander came up at tea time. She seems very much crushed, as if something awful had happened to her this summer.

B.B. and Elsie called on Nohac⁷⁸⁸ and had tea with Mrs. Brooks. She turns out to be the American lady who promised Lord Archibald Douglas and his wife £2,000 if they would show her all the worst haunts of vice in Europe. On the strength of this, he invested in a fearfully expensive white fur coat. She was not satisfied, though, with what they showed her, and refused to pay up, and he was left much in debt to the furrier!

[0290] I Tatti, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Miss Alexander.

Began work with Miss Alexander. *Boring!!*

The Triulzi came up and it was awful getting into housekeeping harness again.

⁷⁸⁶ In front of Isola Bella on Lago Maggiore.

⁷⁸⁷

Mons. de *Beauvoir* was a great friend of mine, not a "French Aristocrat" at all, but an Italian, born in French Canada. His real name was *Bosdari*.

⁷⁸⁸ Pierre Girault de Nohac (15 December 1859, Ambert – 31 January 1936, Paris), known as Pierre de Nohac, was a French historian, art historian and poet.



Scott still ill, not able really to dress.

B.B. returned to Paris, after having lunched at Marly with a Mme Willy Blumenthal. He sat between Lady Anglesey and a **Mrs. Sassoon**. Called on Sardou and Stroganoff.

He dined with Reinachs and Ricci.

[0291] Thursday, Sept. 26, 1907

Same <guests>.

B.B. at Laversine.

Got Triulzi's mother to give Italian lessons to my two guests.

Began reading La Vita Nuova with Scott and Mme Feretti. He is still nearly prostrate. I drove up with Constance to see the Priore about his getting lodgings there. Dr. Giglioli came.

Mrs. Ross and Dr. Lindsay came to dine.

Melville lunched with B.B. and went to Laversine with him. The Whites (Ambassador) came by same train. A big shooting party on — 30 at table.

[0292] Friday, Sept. 27, 1907

I Tatti. Fine.

Maud Cruttwell, Scott, Miss Alexander.

Took Scott to Academy. Enjoyed the *Primavera*.

Maud came up. She powders her nose and perfumes her person and wears her hair frizzed low on her forehead. It is something ghastly. She looks positively improper.

She informed Scott at once that she was a Sapphist, and the conversation ran entirely on those lines. Maud has thrown off all restraint!

Un jour entre les jours for weather.

Bernhard left Laversine with Melville.

Called on Mrs. Brooks to see her portraits.

Lucien took him to Mersch's. He lunched at Reinach's and met the Frazers (*Golden Bough*).

Tea with Duveen⁷⁸⁹ at Ritz.

Dined with Sally Stein.

[0293] Saturday, Sept. 28, 1907

Scirocco. Pouring.

Same <guests>.

I was taken ill with diarrhoea and sickness.

Conversation as before. Maud simply beyond the bounds!

We went to see Mrs. Ross' "Vintage" — one dreary man in a bowler hat dreading down the grape for ten minutes!

Maud worked on Donatello and we all looked at the photographs of his

⁷⁸⁹ The first meeting with Duveen recorded in Mary's diaries? See entry for July 8, 1907.



work.

B.B. lunched with Glaenger and started in train for Champéry.

[0294] Sunday, Sept. 29, 1907

Scirocco.

Maud Cruttwell, Scott, Miss Alexander.

I was rather ill all day. I think the others drove.

B.B. arrived at Champéry and found the Hapgoods and Thorolds. Count de Kelory⁷⁹⁰ is also there.

Neith said the reason they couldn't come back was that Miss Blood had fallen desperately in love with Hutchins — simply persecuted him, even wanting to run off with him! What a strange world! Poor Florence Blood.

[0295] Monday, Sept. 30, 1907

Scirocco. Rain.

Scott, Miss Alexander.

Maud went.

Scott and I had tea at Villa Doccia and saw a marvellous sunset. Coming home it was very cold, and I got a chill.

Bernhard came down to Milan with Mansourov. Guido met him at Gallarate in the motor and brought him to Gazzada.

[0296] Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1907

I Tatti.

Storms. Scirocco. Thermometer 70°

Scott was taken ill with my complaint and had to go to bed. I settled Miss Alexander in her lodgings at the Canonica.

She really is a bore, and although I meant to have her stay as “chaperone” (ridiculous as it was), I really could not.

Scott hated her, and she talked incessantly and bored us to death. Poor thing, though, she certainly has had some trouble.

Went to see Mrs. Ross.

B.B. at Gazzada.

[0297] Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1907

Pouring.

Scott in bed. I made him look at the Botticelli drawings. The doctor came to see him.

Bernhard lunched in Milan with the Serristori and went to the Brera. Dined with Guido.

[0298] Thursday, Oct. 3, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott.

⁷⁹⁰ ?



Scott in bed. I made him look at Leonardo. He appreciates things awfully but is so tired and slack he has almost no initiative of his own.

B.B. at Milan.

[0299] Friday, Oct. 4, 1907

B.B. at Nervi.

[0300] Saturday, Oct. 5, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott.

I took Scott to the Uffizi. He was rather better. But the Venus quite failed, to our disgust. We thoroughly enjoyed the Annunciation of Simone Martini.

B.B. at Nervi.

[0301] Sunday, Oct. 6, 1907

I Tatti.

Rainy.

Scott.

Went to Gamberaia and walked home.

B.B. arrived for dinner.

[0302] Monday, Oct. 7, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott.

Took Scott to Pitti. Mrs. Ross came to dine.

[0303] Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Rothenstein arrived at 7.30. He and Scott and I drove down and got the materials for the portrait.

[0304] Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Scott and Rothenstein to Academy. Rothenstein not very satisfactory to see things with.

[0305] Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein, Maud Cruttwell.

Maud came up. B.B. and Rothenstein dined with Mrs. Ross, so we had her to ourselves. Scott meant to dress up as a Spanish lady, but our courage failed us. Maud is *too* gross.

[0306] Friday, Oct. 11, 1907

Fine.



Scott, Rothenstein.

A fearfully sad letter from poor **Karin, who got quite deaf when she went up to Newnham**. I was upset, horribly, and cried all day.

Placci and Buonamici and Albert and his mother spent the afternoon.

[0307] Saturday, Oct. 12, 1907

Scott, Rothenstein.

Telegram from Karin that she was better.

We went to lunch with the Brocklebanks and afterwards B.B. and Rothenstein went to San Miniato.

I took Scott to the doctor and we came out by tram. He was indescribably cross and disagreeable.

[0308] Sunday, Oct. 13, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Agnes came to lunch. We went to the Gamberaia.

[0309] Monday, Oct. 14, 1907

Took Scott and Rothenstein to Bargello.

Princess Mary and her party came to tea.

[0310] Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1907

I Tatti.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Took Scott and Rothenstein to Pitti.

[0311] Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1907

Sir Charles Holroyd to lunch.

Miss Blood came to dine.

[0312] Thursday, Oct. 17, 1907

Scott, Rothenstein.

The Labouchères, Princess Mary, Count Balen, and Prince and Princess Eric came to lunch. It was difficult and tiring.

[0313] Friday, Oct. 18, 1907

Scott and Rothenstein lunched in town with Holroyd.

Houghton told a good story of Howells' taking a ring to be mended at a shop in the Borgo San Jacopo. When he came back for it, they said he had never had it. So he went to one or two other shops nearby, thinking he might have left it there. No one had it, so he went back to the first place. By that time they had found it, and they had it ready for him.

He then asked them why they didn't have the system of giving people receipts or checks for the things they left for repair.

They held up their hands in horror. "Signore!" they said, "You don't realize that sometimes we have as many as 200 *oggetti* a day left for repair.



Suppose we gave a receipt for each one — *che confusione!*”

[0314] Saturday, Oct. 19, 1907

Sir Charles and Lady Holroyd came to lunch. Mrs. Houghton and Pinsent came to dinner. We sat out in the moonlight. They were boring.

[0315] Sunday, Oct. 20, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Rizi Visconti Venosta came to lunch, very life-diminishing.

We all went to the Gamberaia, where there were all sorts of people.

Scott, Rothenstein and I dined on the Houghtons' tower, with Pinsent and the Howells. Somehow we were all bored.

[0316] Monday, Oct. 21, 1907

Fine.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Drove Scott and Rothenstein round by Poggio and Settignano — lovely — getting back rather late to tea with the Clinton Brocks.

We all dined with Mrs. Ross, and afterwards sat out.

[0317] Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1907

Fine.

Mather came to lunch. Scott, Rothenstein and I drove over and called upon Gordon Craig. Strange, unconventional, promiscuous household — all free love and flies.

We liked Craig's etchings, however, and found him handsome and attractive, though rather apostolic.

[0318] Wednesday, Oct. 23, 1907

Scott, Rothenstein.

Placci came to lunch and sat for a drawing.

[0319] Thursday, Oct. 24, 1907

Took Scott in morning to see things, but he had a frightful headache and so we drove in the Cascine.

[0320] Friday, Oct. 25, 1907

Rainy.

Scott, Rothenstein.

We drove over and had lunch with the Labouchère. Scott and I went to a dreary tea at Maud Cruttwell's.

Looked at photographs in evening.

[0321] Saturday, Oct. 26, 1907

Unsettled.

Worked in morning. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Brock came to lunch.



I started with Scott to see things, but he said he preferred driving, so we went out towards Bagni a Ripoli, and got that view of the Duomo, and ended up with tea with Mrs. Houghton. Scott in good temper — strange to say!

[0322] Sunday, Oct. 27, 1907

Rainy.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Placci came up to be drawn.

Took a drive with Scott and Rothenstein, while B.B. and Placci walked.

Looked at photographs in evening — early Sienese.

Miss Ellen Key came to tea — also Hendrick Andersen and his sister-in-law, who was Miss Cushing.

Sir Charles and Lady Holroyd called.

[0323] Monday, Oct. 28, 1907

Rainy.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Drove Scott and Rothenstein to town.

Scott and I went to see the Perugino fresco and came home in the rain.

B.B. joined us and we went to call on Mrs. Ross.

Looked at Mantegnas in the evening.

[0324] Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1907

Rain.

Scott, Rothenstein.

Worked and talked in morning.

After lunch drove Scott to town and called for Maud Cruttwell and we all went to the Mathers for tea. It was excessively boring, but Maud got the journalistic information she wanted.

Scott was so depressed by Mather's talk of journalism that he would not say a word all the way home, but treated me to one of his worst moods. I was at first very angry, and then felt awfully sorry for him.

Bernard posed in the morning, and then had a walk with Rothenstein.

[0325] Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1907

Torrents of rain.

Rothenstein.

Scott got wild over his packing in the morning. I drove him down in a hail-storm and saw him off at 3. How he hated to go! And I to have him go, for besides caring extraordinarily much for him as a person, I do love having a young creature around to do things for and to make happy and spoil! But it is over — and now "to fresh woods and pastures new".

I called on Mrs. McLean who reported the Platonoff as drunk, and Matilde in despair.

Emily had a serious operation this morning for tumour on the womb. She



wrote me a lovely letter, which made me weep as I came up. How I hope all has gone well with my beloved fellow Foozler!⁷⁹¹

Bernhard posed.

[0326] Thursday, Oct. 31, 1907

Fair, warm.

Rothenstein.

Turned Scott's room into a study for Constance and myself. Got *very* tired. B.B. posed for portrait.

Mr. Acton came to lunch, and took us all three motoring to see Villas — two for sale, above Careggi, with fine views, but too contadino-beset.

We also saw Villa Corsi (on the Prato road),⁷⁹² a fine baroque *jeu d'esprit*, very brilliant, very absurd. What was fine was a little round stone basin of water with a tiny fountain in it, like a spring, and two stone dolphins coiled on the edges.

Karin's letter reports better hearing.

[0327] Friday, Nov. 1, 1907

Rainy.

Rothenstein.

Dreyfus came to lunch. Boring.

We all three went to call on Gordon Craig, who was less surrounded by Free Love than before, and was genial and boyish and rather charming. B.B. thought his etchings chiefly *fumisterie*, which made Rothenstein furious. Rothenstein is very touchy.

[0328] Saturday, Nov. 2, 1907

Grey. Scirocco.

Rothenstein.

Worked.

Drove with Rothenstein to see things. He poured out some of his grievances against Bernhard, which are many. He is always on the watch for slights, but otherwise a nice sensible fellow, who has used his good brains enough to arrive at wise pragmatic conclusions, and not enough to go on and upset them, as is the habit of others, more congenial to me. His interests are not a bit intellectual, but moral — values of life, not of thought. I daresay he is right.

[0329] Sunday, Nov. 3, 1907

Grey.

Rothenstein.

⁷⁹¹ To do or deal with poorly or clumsily; to bungle. [Perhaps from German dialectal *fuseln*, to work poorly or slowly.]

⁷⁹² Villa Corsi Salviati è una delle più belle ville nei dintorni di Firenze, situata nel comune di Sesto Fiorentino in via Gramsci 462.



Worked.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch.

B.B. and Rothenstein went over to see Miss Blood and the Princess. I went to bed with a headache.

[0330] Monday, Nov. 4, 1907

Clearing up.

Rothenstein.

Bernhard and Rothenstein went to Santa Maria Novella and were joined by Gordon Craig. Rothenstein stayed down to lunch.

I called for Maud Cruttwell at 3.30, and we went up to the Villa Curonia,⁷⁹³ the Dodges'. They've spent a million on making it hideous. She is an oriental sort of creature — though American — lazy and luxury loving, and fortunately rich. She seems an ordinary sort of person.

[0331] Tuesday, Nov. 5, 1907

Fine.

Rothenstein, Neith.

Neith Hapgood arrived at 8 o'clock. They have had a quarrel with the Thorolds which she qualifies as "Cyclopean". It arose from Hutchins' overfrankness in daring to criticize Theresa, and Theresa's jealousy of Neith, and Algar's cowardly lies, pretending to Theresa that he cared nothing for Neith, while to Neith (in private) he showed himself very devoted. Theresa is a great bully and he says he only saves his skin by deception, and has been found out only once or twice.

I drove down with Rothenstein and Miss Alexander, whom everybody finds a raging bore, poor thing. She is pretty stupid over the work, too; but it is clear to me that her thoughts are elsewhere — something awful has happened to her.

Rothenstein and I went to see Mrs. Ross.

We had a jolly talk in the evening. Neith looked very pretty.

I forgot that the Mathers came to lunch. Noe of us knew who were the candidates in today's New York election!!

[0332] Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1907

Coldish. Fine.

Neith Hapgood.

Rothenstein and I hung his picture on the stairs. He is much pleased with it, thinks it the finest portrait he ever did, finds it "noble", and so forth. We really don't know what to think. The quality of paint is so ugly and messy and the figure so badly placed as space. But the interpretation is good.

That young man Garrett, who is going in for art criticism, came to lunch. Green and fresh from Cambridge, very ignorant, but I daresay a nice boy.

⁷⁹³ The fifteenth-century Medici palace Villa Curonia at Arcetri, overlooking the city.



Mrs. Harvey called.

Gordon Craig came to dine, wild and enthusiastic, but rather charming and very genial. He liked B.B., I could see, and dear old B.B., in spite of feeling ill, was quite delightful. They spoke much of art that should be unrepresentative and impersonal, like architecture and the beset music. He spoke of his Cubes in high Pythagorean strain.

I saw Rothenstein off at 12. He has left a pleasant memory, I got to like him more after Scott left, having more attention to devote to him.

[0333] Thursday, Nov. 7, 1907

Colder. Clouding up.

Neith.

Scott writes, "It is extraordinary these much-looked-forward-to five weeks should be over. I haven't half thanked you for them. It is a real fact that the three most delightful times of my life, have been our motor-trip, that first ten days at Haslemere, and this visit."

Neith and Bernhard drove to the Tree, and I went with Constance, to see the Cilla Michelangelo, as most dreary affair, ruined by English bad taste and Italian stuffiness. It was very depressing.

Bernhard and I rather wrangled all day, under cover of an abstract discussion of marriage. If only I could tell quite the truth! But one can't.

We don't really like Rothenstein's portrait at all. But we didn't really expect to, only B.B. thought it was rather silly of him never to do anything for modern art, and he liked Rothenstein. We did not expect, though, to have him treat us like dirt under his feet for not "doing" anything, on the strength of such a miserable piece of work as this. But all artists, like all husbands, are alike! We like *him*, though.

[0334] Friday, Nov. 8, 1907

Fine. Warmer.

Neith. Gordon Craig.

Worked over Nic. da Foligno morning.

Drove Miss Alexander in and went to call on Flora Priestley. Miss Alexander told me her trouble, not meaning to, but she *had* to speak of it. A man about 35, a writer, adorer of Italy, was very devoted to her, wrote her sentimental letters, which she *said* embarrassed her. She got a *very* warm one in the summer, and the, two weeks later, another from which she understood (though he did not say it out) that he had got engaged to a friend of hers. It is curious, but I had already diagnosed *precisely this*.

I drove Gordon Craig up, and Miss Blood came to dine. He was eloquent but vague on the subject of Cubes, and the "children of Cubes, Screens". Said he had written to the Duse to urge her to give up the immoral acting she does and come over to him. As a concession to her, he would allow her a sort of half way thing — the "interpretation" of the Song of Solomon. Various draped and veiled figures were to stand in front of many screens,



em—dging the potential morals of the poem, and the Duse was to come in and recite the poem, rousing to life each Mood that was appropriate, while the screens and cubes open<ed> and closed and went down and up in sympathy. He thinks [0335] it had better be recited in Latin, as the next best thing to not being recited at all. The Duse was to wear various masks appropriate to the sentiments. He was vague, but dear and winning. Perhaps Florence Blood will get over her passion for Hutchins by falling in love with him. He is most attractive.

[0335] Saturday, Nov. 9, 1907

Pouring. Cleared a little.

Neith.

Worked over Matteo da Gualdo, etc.

Went to bed with headache. Bernhard went down to see the Countess d'Orsay, and Neith and I chatted a little after tea. She hates Miss Blood for having tried to make Hutchins fall in love with her — a quite primitive savage hatred of jealousy. She thinks Miss Blood is hopelessly in love with Egisto Fabbri and simply took on Hutch⁷⁹⁴ as a distraction, and got deeper in than she meant, her pride becoming desperately involved. Finally he told her he was in love with his wife, but she said if only she could get him to go off alone with her, she knew she could make him care for her. By way of winning his love, she spent the last month making scenes, having dropped all pretence at interest in his interests. She said he loved to humiliate her and wound her pride and all the rest. Goodness, if she knew Neith knew, and me!

Acton writes that if we made Lord Westbury an offer *now*, we might get this house!

[0336] Sunday, Nov. 10, 1907

Warm. Clear.

Neith Hapgood.

Wrote to Mr. Cannon in the morning to see if he could help us raise the money to buy this house.

Wrote various letters about Ray's novel. B.B. worked over the Early Umbrians.

The Houghtons called and Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. She has an Egyptian princess named Mediha on her hands and can't think how to amuse her!

Mrs. Coit and her daughter called, and then Mr. and Mrs. Dodge and Miss Boothwick.

Then I went to see Mrs. Ross, who is ill, and B.B. and Neith went to the Gamberaia.

⁷⁹⁴ 'Hutch', a new (less affectionate?) nickname for Hutchins Hapgood, previously 'Fafnir' (1893-1894) or 'Fafner' (1895-1900).



The poison has evidently “taken” and Miss Blood is wild to see more of Craig and have him there!! Neith accused B.B. of not knowing how to make love — a symptomatic accusation.

Ray sent me her paper about a picture not wanting to tell a story or paint a moral. “So far from degrading Art by my view, I think I do the reverse. I take pictures away from the sphere of literature and thought, which is one of compromise and confusions, into a sphere as clear and exquisite as mathematics, but one far more tangible and beautiful.”

B.B. said I was to write on his tomb, “Here lies one who in life fell between all the stools.”

Further gruesome details about Miss Blood!

[0337] Monday, Nov. 11, 1907

Heavy. Rainy.

Neith.

Went with B.B. to see the frescoes at Santa Maria Novella which are being cleaned by Fiscali.

We picked up Neith and went to the Labouchères. They told us all about Gordon Craig’s father, the architect Godwin. He “invented” a lot of the things that are the absolute commonplaces of today. He was the first man to pain his door green, and the small boys used to throw mud at it, because it was clear the man must be crazy who would have a green door! He added to this enormity by having as a door-knocker a brass lizard, and at this people came miles to jeer! He was also the first to use terracotta colour for decoration — a most unhappy “invention” this. He and Ellen Terry (then Mrs. Kelly) were living together with their two children at St. Albans, when she said, one day, she was going up to see her mother, and would stay a few days with her if her mother was willing to receive her. The days lengthened into a week, and then he saw in the paper an announcement that she was going to appear in a play.

He went to the theatre, but she refused to see him, and wrote saying she would never see him again. She said he might keep the children or send them to her, as he liked. He was so utterly in love with her that he fell very ill for nearly a year. [0338] At the end of his illness, he went one day to the Academy, alone, before it opened. He felt himself followed by an intangible black shadow, whom at last he caught by turning round quickly. It was Ellen Terry all in black, with a heavy veil which she raised, saying in hollow tones, “Won’t you speak to me”. “Always mystery!” he said, enraged beyond himself. “I don’t want ever to see you again.”

Afterwards he married and was very happy with the lady who became (after Godwin’s death) Mrs. Whistler.

One day — this Labby’s tale — he sent for Ellen Terry and said he wanted to see the children. “You can’t,” she said, “for I have told them you are dead, and they go out to Kensal Green every Saturday and plant flowers on your grave.”



“Hang it all! but they’re my children.”

“Well, if you must know, as a matter of fact, they’re *not*.”

And then she told him one was the child of an actor, and the other of a clever Scotch editor he had had to stay with them, whose talent she thought worth perpetuating! But the Labourchères agreed this was bluff, for Craig is just like Godwin over again.

[0338] Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1907

Neith.

Nothing important today.

Work and a visit to town with Miss Alexander while B.B. and Neith had a walk.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatton came to dine.

[0339] Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1907

Warm. Sunny.

Neith.

Desperate searchings after some last papers.

Worked.

Miss Ume Tsuda and her sister Yona Tsuda Suto, two Japanese young women who have a school in Tokio, came to lunch. Very interesting, thoughtful, intelligent people.

Maud Cruttwell brought up her Egyptian Princess to tea, and Miss Blood came in to meet her. Neith hates Miss Blood and would not come down, and Miss Blood was very nervous.

Tonight Neith got a letter from her husband saying he had had a despairing letter from Miss Blood complaining of Neith’s coldness and suspecting he had told her (as he had!) and begging her to be nicer, so as to dispel that idea. But Neith wants her to suffer — she is quite simple and savage about it.

Agnes came to dinner and was very nice.

[0340] Thursday, Nov. 14, 1907

Wonderful day.

Neith.

Did Bartolammeo della Gatta in morning. Miss Priestly and Miss Sibyl Childers came to lunch, and were very amusing. Had a long walk with Neith and B.B. and then called on Mrs. Ross.

Neith is still vindictive about Miss Blood and *wants* to make her suffer. She described the first scene, when the lady tore off all her clothes and appeared in an unattractive nudity. “Let it be a warning to us, Mary,” said Neith, “always to keep on at least a chemise!” Miss Blood pretended that in spite of half a dozen or so rather serious amorous adventures (as Don Quixote would say) she had never “really loved” until she met Hutchins. Poor thing. I wonder what she feels now?



[0341] Friday, Nov. 15, 1907

Wonderful day.

Neith.

Mr. Schwill of Chicago (Professor of History) and Count Cabry and "Bogey" Harris came to lunch. Cabry said very profoundly, "An Englishman will tell you what he thinks, not what he feels, while an Italian will tell what he feels but never what he thinks!"

Miss Blood came and we drove over to see Gordon Craig's so-called theatre. There were many flies but no free-lovers this time, unless you count Mrs. Carr, who does the cooking for the band. We saw the "Isidora Duncan" portfolio, which has some lovely things in it. The theatre wouldn't work very well. The gauze was untransparent through being crumpled, and the acetylene light did nothing but smell like the old scratch. Miss Blood and I were seized with a *fou rire*,⁷⁹⁵ and had to creep out and extinguish it behind some bushes.

Craig tried to flirt with Neith and begged her "to come over alone some afternoon." His technique is less subtle than I imagined, for he said, in a whisper, when she took some cake, "What a dear little pair of white gloves!"

[0342] Saturday, Nov. 16, 1907

Fine.

Neith.

Bernhard worked in rage and despair over the Cotignola family. Our notes were imperfect and very mixed.

"Mrs." Heiroth, a very pretty Russian lady, came to lunch. She is living with this painter, Heiroth, whom she adores, but who treats her very badly. She is delighted now, though, that she is to have a baby — possibly she wants him to marry her. She is extremely pretty.

We drove her down, and went to call at the Villa Curonia, on the Dodges.

In the evening we all went to dine at the Gamberaia. The Princess looked very distinguished in black-velvet and lace. Neith *hates* Miss Blood.

Ray says Karin's new instrument enables her to hear just like anyone else. If *only* this lasts!!

[0343] Sunday, Nov. 17, 1907

Colder. Cloudy.

Neith.

Did Santi and Palmezzano.

Gordon Craig and Rizi Visconti-Venosta⁷⁹⁶ came to lunch.

I drove Craig and Neith to the Gamberaia and the others walked. Miss

⁷⁹⁵ Uncontrollable laughter.

⁷⁹⁶ ? Maria Luisa Alfieri di Sostegno ? her son



Priestly and her nieces and Countess Ludorf⁷⁹⁷ were there. Miss Blood seemed to take a great fancy to Gordon Craig, and he more or less responded. I said to Neith, “Ça marche!” and I am afraid Miss Blood heard me.

Neith and I walked home, and sat out in the moonlight and heard Craig discourse of his schemes for 12 theatres in various capitals, with 12 peripatetic companies to play a month in each, scenery to be furnished each theatre by a central bureau. He forgot the language difficulty, and all his friends who are going to help in it are so old. Ellen Terry, Sara Bernhardt, Mme Duse, — Coquelin and so on! Wild dreamer.

The Houghtons and Garrett came to dine, but I had got a cold on my liver and had to go to bed. Mrs. H. came and gave me some soothing massage.

[0344] Monday, Nov. 18, 1907

Clear. Cold.

Neith.

Miss Alexander ill, but we worked all morning.

In the afternoon I took the Japanese ladies to the Uffizi, but they were no longer naïve, they were too much Baedekerized and “cultured”.

I had tea with pretty Mrs. Heiroth.

Houghton told a good story of a little Jew boy brought up in a society where the richer people got, the more they had their portraits and their wives' portraits painted, and by more and more famous people.

He went to the Louvre once, and when he came back he said to his mother, “That Christ family must have been awfully rich.” “Why, my dear?” “Why, Mother, because they had all the artists paint their portraits!”

[0345] Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1907

Fine. Colder.

Neith.

Miss Alexander still ill.

Bernhard worked on Pier dei Franceschi.

After lunch we sat out in the sun.

Marilli came, and we talked with him of buying this house.

Sir George and Lady Trevelyan called and stayed a long time. He is the very essence of “Cambridge”, all the queer, crumpled, jerky ways of the whole lot, especially Keynes.

B.B. and Neith had a long walk. I walked up to see Miss Alexander who has a liver attack.

⁷⁹⁷ Egisto Fabbri's sister, contessa Ernestina Fabbri von Ludolf (c. 1863-1941), wife of conte Uberto von Ludolf, who was the mother of Tecla von Ludolf (1897-1985). Tecla married Filippo Giovan Pietro Caffarelli (1891-1975). They are the parents of Drusilla Caffarelli Gucci, the current owner of Bagazzano and the collection of Cezannes.



The Houghtons called.

In the evening we had quite a time over a letter of B.B.'s he wouldn't let us see, because, he said, it was about Neith. As it was *to* Lady Sassoon, Neith was most awfully hurt. B.B. made a very lame, masculine defence, pretending it was only compliments to Neith. I daresay it was an intimate letter, telling her all sorts of things, such as you do write sometimes to people who don't know and never will know the "parties".

[0346] Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1907

I Tatti.

Dull.

Neith went at 3. She fell in love with Bernhard when she first met him, and she *simply adores* him! Every word the Steins said was true. He finds her very charming and sweet, and would perhaps have enjoyed making love to her, but for knowing how Hutchins would hate it. This deterred him, but I fancy if it hadn't been that, it would have been something else, for he is weighed down with a sense of responsibility in these matters.

I went to see Aunt Janet, who is ill in bed again.

[0347] Thursday, Nov. 21, 1907

Fine.

Villa Donoratico, chez Conte Serristori.

Castagneto Marittimo, Maremma.

[0348] Friday, Nov. 22, 1907

Fine.

Donoratico, Maremma.

Walked in morning together, and in afternoon with Countess and the children in the "Macchia".

Lovely soft country, like Sicily or Greece.

[0349] Saturday, Nov. 23, 1907

Fine.

Walked — explored a "macchia" on the hill.

In afternoon a long walk with all the family.

[0350] Sunday, Nov. 24, 1907

Fairish.

Villa Donoratico (Serristori), Castagneto Carducci.

Walked together in morning, Bernhard with Contessa and I with the delicious children in the afternoon. We met a swineherd tending his pigs and blowing a sea-shell to call them home.

Dado is a *delightful* child.

[0351] Monday, Nov. 25, 1907

I Tatti.



Fine.

Left Donoratico at 9 and got to Pisa for lunch. We saw three new Benozzos and two new Taddeo di Bartolis — the inexhaustible richness of these Italian towns!! Saw also the miserable collection of rubbish in Palazzo Agostini.

Got home for dinner, and found Bernhard's *North Italian Painters* and Ray's *The World at Eighteen*,⁷⁹⁸ but somehow felt flat and discouraged and grey and unhappy.

But a nice telegram from Mr. Cannon saying he would lend us £6,000 on our stock securities, cheered us up.

[0352] Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1907

Cold. Rain.

Massage.

Answered the various letters that had accumulated.

Went at 3 to Papini and offered 140,000 francs for this house and the two *poderi*. He said he would transmit the offer to Lord Westbury. Full of hope.

Began Gilbert Murray's *Rise of the Greek Epic*,⁷⁹⁹ of which Logan writes: "I find it very irritating, full of interesting things, but scrappy and confused and fanatical. One doesn't mind the things he says in talk, because his voice means the opposite of what he says, but his ideas in unmitigated print won't do at all. He really hates poetry and Homer and indeed all art. Like William James in intellectual matters, Gilbert Murray is in art the delightful and genial, and at the same time, the dark and dangerous enemy."

[0353] Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1907

Mist.

Massage.

Lunched with the Fabbris.

[0354] Thursday, Nov. 28, 1907

I Tatti.

Cloudy. Warmer.

Work. Massage.

Lina came to stay with Aunt Janet, and she and Aubrey dined here.

[0355] Friday, Nov. 29, 1907

Warmer. Then 70°

Massage. Walk.

Called on Mrs. Ross and Lina.

⁷⁹⁸ Ray Strachey,

Not at I Tatti or Widener.

⁷⁹⁹ Gilbert Murray (1866-1957), *The Rise of the Greek Epic* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson PA3105 .M85 1907**



[0356] Saturday, Nov. 30, 1907

I Tatti.

Dull.

Massage. Walk.

Lina came in in the morning, looking very beautiful in a large green hat. The darling little boy was with her, who gave Bernhard a "Bears' Hug".

[0357] Sunday, Dec. 1, 1907

Rainy.

Work.

Craig and Mrs. Carr came to lunch. He very vague and enthusiastic, and rather faun-like and winning. But so vague, it would be misery to have anything to do with him. They went to the Gamberaia while B.B. and I had a walk. When they came back, they had some more tea, and ate (we both thought) for dinner as well. Mrs. Carr told me they hadn't a penny left, none of them!

[0358] Monday, Dec. 2, 1907

Warm.

Worked.

Gronau came to lunch.

I drove him to town and was nearly at the Villa Curonia when the Dodge's motor appeared with Miss Fletcher and Miss Clark, who took me in, and came here to tea. Rembelinski was also here.

A good story is of a card-player and gambler whom a priest was trying to convert. He was explaining to him the mysteries of the Faith. The Gambler was especially troubled about God's omnipotence. The priest went on about the "First Cause", and "The All", and so on, and at last, in a tone of devout enquiry the convert asked, "What would God take the ace of trumps with?"

[0359] Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1907

Steady rain.

Algar Thorold.

The Mathers came to lunch, but not much was said or done. I went to town on various errands.

Algar is very entertaining, speaking chiefly of Sodomy. He has known all the High Priests. He says that J. Addington Symonds met Oscar in Italy, who gave him a letter of introduction for Ricketts and Shannon. Symonds rushes there at once from his train, and suggests business, to the intense horror of the two respectable artists. Furious and red, behind his shaggy beard, Symonds stammers out, "But don't you —? aren't you? I thought you were friends of Oscar!"

[0360] Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1907

Rainy.

Algar.



Worked.

Another Symonds tale of how he and the Master of Balliol (Jowett) found themselves in a brougham driving together to the funeral of a Balliol celebrated man, soon after there had been a great row in the College about the deplorable tastes of some of the boys.

Said Symonds, "Master, it is too bad. People have grown so suspicious that I can scarcely ask a boy to tea, much less to stay all night. Why, who knows what they mightn't say about you and me, taking this long drive shut up together?!"

"I think you're a very nasty man", said the Master, and relapsed into a silence unbroken for the rest of the drive.

Brauer came to see B.B. to tell him that, after all, the Metropolitan Museum have refused to take the Turas — a loss of £1,500 for us, alas!

[0361] Thursday, Dec. 5, 1907

Rainy.

Algar.

Worked.

Mr. J. H. Breck came to lunch, a feeble, unimportant pupil of Denman Ross.

Craig sent up his etchings, asking B.B. to write a preface. We had to take them 400 francs. B.B. does not particularly like them.

[0362] Friday, Dec. 6, 1907

Steady warm rain.

Algar Thorold.

Worked. Pintoricchio.

Bernhard and Algar went to town, and I walked in the rain to the Gamberaia and back to see Miss Blood's sister, Mrs. Saunders.⁸⁰⁰

Algar and I sat up and talked of the Hapgoods. He of course doesn't tell how he tried to make underhand love to Neith, while assuring his wife that it was she who made all the advances and that he was more than indifferent! But then neither did Neith tell us that she had told Algar about Miss Blood —!!

Hutchins, Algar says, really fell very much in love with Theresa, but not she with him. In fact, the last part of the time, she utterly refused to have a single *tête à tête* walk or talk with him.

And "such is life", where people are silly enough and *désœuvré* enough to keep playing at love. I cannot think it a pursuit much more amusing than it is profitable, but it amuses me to hear about it.

[0363] Saturday, Dec. 7, 1907

Heavy and warm.

⁸⁰⁰ Nancy Saunders Toy (1860-1941) is mentioned in the Neith Boyce Index.



Algar Thorold.

Mrs. V. Heiroth

Worked. Perugino and School.

M. et Mme Maurice Denis came to lunch, and were very amusing with anecdotes of Forain and Bernard, *le père de l'impressionnisme — un monstre qui a sorti de ses entrailles mais que le père a renié.*

Algar and I drove to his house and got a book he wanted, and I walked back, while he drove into town to fetch Mme Heiroth, that beautiful Russian woman we knew through Neith.

I found Mrs. Carr here, sent by Gordon Craig (a caddish thing to do) to tell me they are all *sous le son*, and urge me to make a Florentine syndicate for running G.C. His German backer has given out, and he can't pay any of the people he has decoyed into his service. He is the most irresponsible and the vaguest man alive — with something of the charm of a faun, too, or of Denys l'Auxerrois, but of course hopelessly unpractical and inevitably sinking to the sordid.

[0364] Sunday, Dec. 8, 1907

Cloudy. Warm.

Algar Thorold, Mrs. von Heiroth

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. We all went to the Gamberaia, Bernhard and I walking there and back. The Maurice Denys *et famille* were there.

We talked of "Subject No 1" in the evening after the Houghtons had gone. Mrs. H. is so enchanting when she says something very "grown up", for she has a delicate, flower-like face, with exquisite pure lines and a dove-like expression. She is most exquisitely a lady. Poor dear! Agnes says she is quite sure her "husband" doesn't mean ever to come back to her, especially now when she is going to have a baby. And she hasn't any money at all.

Bernhard said that Craig's mind was "cotton wool with occasional flashes of lighting". In a perfect society he would be supported by the state for the sake of those flashes, which may, sometime, reveal something.

[0365] Monday, Dec. 9, 1907

Cloudy. Hot.

Mrs. von Heiroth.

Worked all morning. B.B. on Raphael.

Walked after lunch. Mrs. H. grows more and more charming, and Algar's susceptible heart is kindled. He had to go away to stay with his friend Mellor and he hated to go. He told me an epigram of Oscar Wilde's about Arthur Symonds: "An Egoist without an Ego."

Bernhard said that it was Herbert Horne who introduced him to Oscar, and that Oscar came to see him the next day⁸⁰¹ and said, "Couldn't

⁸⁰¹ *Sunset and Twilight*, p. 10: 'On the morning of its publication Oscar Wilde came to my room in North Street, Westminster, and handed me a copy ...'



you find anything better to introduce you?" He loathed Horne. Perhaps he would loathe him less now, if all reports be true!

[0366] Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1907

Rainy.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Massage. Work.

A very jolly day talking of "amour gout" and "amour passion". Algar has never had anything but the former. Horne was coming to dinner, but it rained pitilessly.

[0367] Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1907

Damp.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Massage. Work.

B.B. and I went on a picnic to Bagazzano with Fabbri.

Day of chat and flirtation between Algar and the pretty lady. We left her alone and went to dine with the Labouchères.

Dora⁸⁰² was looking marvellously beautiful. Algar complimented her on it, "*La virginité me va!*" she said. (Her husband is notoriously tired of her, and has taken several mistresses openly.) She said if Carlo de Rudini could get the Egyptian brick works to succeed, he would stay with her; if not, they would have a separation. She didn't much care which. "He is far too old for me" was perhaps the most significant thing she said.

Mrs. Labouchère refused to have anything whatever to do with Gordon Craig. She said his mother had lost £18,000 over one of his experiments.

[0368] Thursday, Dec. 12, 1907

I Tatti. Rainy. Thunderstorm.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Work. Massage. Raphael.

Very jolly day of chat. Algar is most entertaining, and so is the pretty lady. We made her take down her lovely long honey-coloured hair.

The Huttons came to dine in the evening.

I called on Mrs. Ross.

Bernhard went to town and called on Placci, who was just arriving, and on Countess Serristori.

Mr. Breck called brining a picture which he was loath to admit as a forgery, though we saw it at a glance.

[0369] Friday, Dec. 13, 1907

I Tatti. Clear but showery.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

Massage. Work. B.B. began the Sieneese.

⁸⁰² Dora Labouchère, wife of Carlo di Rudini.



Algar and Mme. H. and I drove to La Fontanella. I walked home, and they drove.

Miss Blood came to tea, looking 100 years old, and rather crusty and hateful. We all felt it.

Mme H. put on my Empire dress, and looked so lovely with her bare shoulders that B.B. and Algar in self-defence talked theology the whole evening. I went to bed early with a headache.

Algar said that one day he was in the tram and a woman threw herself out of window and was killed directly in view of the tram. Everybody shrieked and exclaimed except a young Franciscan who without one second's hesitation gave her extreme unction through the tramcar window.

B.B. called on Mrs. Ross and brought back the appalling news that she means to come and be his secretary!!

[0370] Saturday, Dec. 14, 1907

I Tatti. Rain.

Algar, Mme von Heiroth.

Well ——!! This house is ours at last. The *fattore* came today to tell us that Lord Westbury has accepted our offer of £135,000 plus the "*stima*", of cattle, horses, *arnesi*, etc., which comes to another £5,000. This settles a long-standing anxiety, for it was so awful to think of being turned out at the end of our term, in May 1909.

Marilli came after luncheon to tell us, and later we drove to town, did some errands and called on Placci.

The servants got up a little "*festa*" in the evening with endless candles and flowers in the dining room. I think they are all pleased.

We had an amusing talk in the evening. B.B. said he always liked to keep a cool head, *tête frappée*, calves' head frappée, he added. Mme von Hieroth invented a new word, "abnormous".

I forgot that "un certo 'Orne" came to dine.

Finished Murray's *Rise of the Greek Epic*.

[0371] Sunday, Dec. 15, 1907

I Tatti. Very warm. Beautiful.

Algar, Mme v. Heiroth.

It was absurdly pleasant to wake up in *our own* house. Everything seemed more delightful, and I was very happy until the post came, bringing a letter from Alys, who had gone with Karin and Dr. Heath to consult another specialist, Dr. Jenkins, who gave the worst account of her left ear, "the new ear" we have hoped so much from. He seemed to think it could never hear again, and, worse than that, that there was tuberculosis of the bone. This cast me down so utterly that I have wanted all day just to take Karin in my arms and die, both of us, before she suffers more.

I thought I should go out alone, but I decided to stay and receive Gordon Craig and his friend Carr, and Placci, who all came to lunch.



Placci tried to interview Craig, but of course without result, as well get a running stream to explain its course. *C'est un fou enfermé* was Placci's verdict when Craig had bid us an embittered farewell, embittered by his being forced to see we did not mean to devote our lives and fortunes to him.

Mr. Morgan and Mr. ___ Knight called, la Baronne de Favrot and Miss Maedongal.

Bernhard dined with Mme Narischkine, and we three had an amusing talk. It is two a.m. but I am afraid to go to bed for haunting thoughts of darling Karin.

[0372] Monday, Dec. 16, 1907

Gloriously fine.

Algar.

I feel perfectly cast down about poor Karin, and hardly know how I shall be able to meet her and help her bear her trouble. Well, I must.

Dora De Rudini came to lunch, fearfully well dressed, and looking pretty, but like a cocotte, and her manners and talk were scarcely those of a lady. She had a walk with B.B. and told him she hadn't a shred of love left for her husband, and that she now considered him *stupid* — the last straw. But she means to stick by him as long as he will let her, and then, if he insists on a separation, she will get a divorce.

I called on Mrs. Ross and then drove to town with Algar and Mme von Heiroth.

In the evening we talked, Lagar telling us incredible tales of the "abnormous" tastes and practices of his acquaintances. He says that when the Duchess Massari was about to be married, she asked her sister, Checcina [Francesca?] D'Orsay,⁸⁰³ what it was all about, and the Count and Countess D'Orsay thereon gave her tableau vivant in the drawing-room.

He spoke of Charlie Inglefield, who as a gentle man and a professional as well, who used to have half of both houses at his teas in Baker St. till he was advised by a friend in authority to leave the country. He is now in Milan — is that why Pritchard is there?

[0373] Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1907

Glorious.

Algar.

Bernhard went in to attend his Commission on the frescoes at Santa Maria Novella, and visited the Carmine and Pitti.

⁸⁰³ contessa Francesca d'Orsay Villarosa

la quale sposò in seconde nozze Massimiliano Grimaud Conte d'Orsay. Fu **una donna di grande fascino** e punto di riferimento per la ricca società dell'epoca, scrittrice e autrice di teatro.

Francesca Notarbartolo de Villarosa dei principi de Furnari (Palermo 1873, Florence 1938), Comtesse d'Orsay, a girl friend of D'Annunzio

<https://www.deartibus.it/drupal/content/ritratto-della-contessa-dorsay>



He had lunch with the Serristori, and talked with Rembielinski about Karin. R. says that local tuberculosis is not hard to cure, and that it is not inherited. What she has might happen to anyone. But if her hearing goes, I wonder if she will care to live. I shouldn't. Poor, poor child. But I must get a different, brave frame of mind before tomorrow.

Mather came to lunch, and then I walked alone to Fiesole and called on Miss Paterson. Bernhard called on Miss Priestley and had a walk with her.

Algar goes on telling us strange tales of our friends and acquaintances. There is a man in the Borgo de' Pinti called Pasquale, who provides boys — Enfants Jésus — for the Brotherhood, and Horne is commonly reported to have three a week from the Pasquale establishment. Algar says Horne's favourite artistic discourse is about whether Leonardo was or wasn't.

Algar has fallen in love with Mme von Heiroth, and is earnestly praying (?) her husband may not return for awhile.

Karin arrives [0374] Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1907
[blank]

[blank] [0375] Thursday, Dec. 19, 1907

[blank] [0376] Friday, Dec. 20, 1907

[blank] [0377] Saturday, Dec. 21, 1907

[0378] Sunday, Dec. 22, 1907
Very dull.
Karin. Algar.

[0379] Monday, Dec. 23, 1907
Warm. Heavy.
Karin, Algar.

Mr. and Mrs. Childers (Molly Osgood) lunched here, but in the morning Karin and I had been with Alberto and Miss Brown to the Medici Tombs, S. Lorenzo and S. Spirito.

The Countess Serristori and Rembielinski came to tea, and Karin had the Coits and Keltons and played Demon.

We spoke of *Adolphe*, which B.B. and I have been re-reading. The Countess Serristori felt that it was leaving all the essential to omit all reference to their physical love. She couldn't see that that is so much the same always, that it can be taken for granted, and that the psychological interest must be elsewhere, where there is more chance of difference. She was awfully amused with Ray's *World at 18* too, which also left out all definite reference to sexuality.



B.B. and I called on Mrs. Ross.

[0380] Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1907

Rainy.

Karin, Algar.

We went to the Uffizi with Alberto⁸⁰⁴ and Miss Brown and Louba.

Karin motored awhile first with Edmund.

We had tea together at Doney's, and then drove Mme v. Heiroth back here to spend her Christmas eve.

Bernhard, Algar and Placci went to see M. Denis' pictures. Placci came back to tea, and insisted on my praising his new book of automobile sketches.

[0381] Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1907

Heavy,

Karin, Algar.

Bernhard felt very ill, with another boil coming on. Miss Hutchinson, a good, dreary, be-dulling Newnham don, came to lunch, and stayed till 4.

Karin felt ill with a boil on her leg, and lay down.

Nelly Erichsen called.

Mme von H. was pretty, flirtatious, amusing, but we all felt she was desperately unhappy.

We drove her down at 7, and Karin and I went to dine at the Spaldings, and Algar at the Labouchères, leaving B.B. to rice and eggs alone here.

Alberto played a Bach sonata (f minor) divine, and some fascinating old variations.

[0382] Thursday, Dec. 26, 1907

Heavy and rainy.

Karin, Algar.

Went to Academy with Algar and Miss Brown. The doctor came when we got back and saw Karin's boil, and found it was an abscess.

B.B. also has a boil, and neither of the poor things can sit normally on their chairs.

Bernhard remarked, "Our fathers have eaten sour grapes and their children are set on edge."

Algar and Karin and I played Cutthroat Bridge in evening and discussed Free Will.

[0383] Friday, Dec. 27, 1907

Rainy.

Karin, 3 Coits, 2 Keltons

Poor Karin turns out to have a serious abscess in her groin. Dr. Giglioli came just as Alberto and Irene Brown arrived, and he hurt her awfully

⁸⁰⁴ Albert Spalding.



dressing it. She had to cry, and _____ to come down red-eyes, but was very plucky. They guessed Botticellis (true _____ false) all wrong, and were much amused. Then the Coits came and played Demon. They stayed to dinner and all night.

Bernhard dined with Agnes Steffenburg, and Algar with Mme v. Heiroth. He *is* selfish! He talked to me a long time this morning of his "hopes", and how hard it would be to deceive Theresa, who has become very skillful in finding out his "affaires". He even suggested having a false "affaire", to put her off the track ... and was unpleasantly hauled up when I said that was deliberately planning to give her pain. I do not think Mascha will have him, unless in desperation at being deserted.

[0384] Saturday, Dec. 28, 1907

Damp.
Karin, Algar.
Karin laid up.

[0385] Sunday, Dec. 29, 1907

Damp.
Karin, Algar.
Karin laid up.
Alberto and family came to call.

[0386] Monday, Dec. 30, 1907

Damp.
Karin, Algar.
Karin laid up.
Acton and Placci came to lunch.
Aunt Janet called.

[0387] Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1907

Warm. Damp.
Algar.
Caught a fearful cold.
Dora de Rudini to lunch.
Karin spent night at Coits, after lunching with Houghtons.

[0388-0389] Memoranda

List of people to whom we sent the *North Italians*:

[0390-0393 BLANK]



[0394 list of names mostly in alphabetical order,
some indicated with an *]

Bonté Amos
Miss Blood
Christina Bremner
Burke
Cagnola

[1907 0395 list of names mostly in alphabetical order]

H. Andersen
Alfred Benn
Britten
The Cooks
M. Cruttwell
N. Erichsen
G. Ellis
E. Fabbri
Dr. Heath
Lucien Henraux
Albert Henraux
H. Horne
Kerr-Lawsons
Eva. McLaren
Em. Moør
Mrs. Nickerson
S. Nordhoff
The Nowers
Obrist
Lucy Perkins
The Perrys
March Phillipps
Papafava
Robertson
The Robinsons
Rotherstein
Mrs. Sears
Lady Henry Somerset
D. Tovey
Wallas
The Spragues
Count Papafava



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B.B.'s Ladyloves!

Lady Sassoon⁸⁰⁵
Baronne Lambert
Contessa Serristori
Agnes Steffenburg
Donna Laura Gropallo
Ethel Harrison
Mrs. Crawshay
Mrs. J. Leslie

[0396-0397 BLANK]

[0398-0399 1908 calendar]

[0400] Christmas presents

Servants £25
Postino 10
Capo Posta 10
Contadino 10
Lattaio 5
Poggio Gherardi 5
Macellaio 3
Pane 3
Carbone 3
Maria 10
Beppina 2
Priest 0

Triulzi

Mar. 1 to March 1st
Mar. 21 to April 1st
April 25 to May 1
May 19 to June 1

[0401]

Damiano (coachman)
£50 a month

Gino (gardener)
£80 a month

[0402]

Cook Agostino Sabbatini
£60 a month

⁸⁰⁵ Note the order, first Aline, then Lucie.



Nunziata £35 a month

[0403]

Roberto Giannini £60 a month

Beppa £30 a month



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[0404] binding



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Diary 12, 1908

Walker's No. 9 Desk Diary for 1908 (Leap Year)

[005]

Mary Whitall Berenson, I Tatti, Settignano, Florence

[007]

Walker's No. 9 Desk Diary for 1908 (Leap Year)

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma
Las! le temps ____, mais nous nous en allons.

[008-009 some dates crossed out]

[023] Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1908

I Tatti, Settignano, Florence.

Warm. Rain.

Algar Thorold, Karin

My cold was so bad that I stayed in bed all day. Karin being at the Coits, I was not needed.

The Signora Triulzi came up and helped me pay the wages, bills, etc. This was hard to bear, as I felt so terribly disinclined for the machinery of life. But it had to be done, and it was, in fact, soon over.

Edmund and Mary Houghton came to say it was too muddy to take Karin back to England by motor. It has been raining nearly seven weeks! I am sorry. I wanted the child to have that pleasure.

I read five sensational novels. I forget their names, and the dull day slipped away. I felt really very ill, with the cold sliding down heavily on my chest.

Bernhard spent the afternoon seeing Herbert Horne's new acquisitions, and talking with the Serristoris and Rembielinski.

Karin came home at 7, full of the fun she had had with the Coits.

[024] Thursday, Jan. 2, 1908

Warm. Sunshine at last!

Karin, Algar.

Got up and worked on the Sieneese painters.

Mrs. Spalding and Albert, her mother and niece came to lunch, and stayed till 3, when Mr. Acton and Lady Inniskillen called. I like Mrs. Spalding. The young people went for a walk by the lake. When the youngsters came back, we looked at Botticelli's Dante drawings and some true and false Leonardos.



My cold was very bad all day.

[025] Friday, Jan. 3, 1908

Cold, brilliant.

Karin.

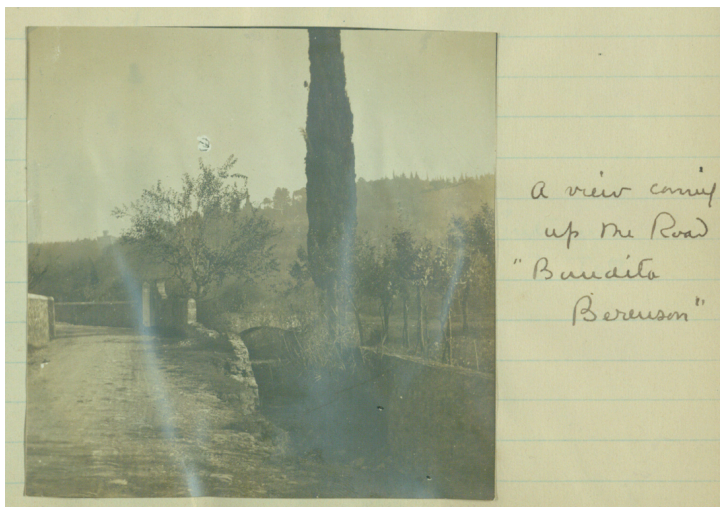
Played cutthroat with Algar and Karin. Went to town.

Algar went to the Masons.

I had a letter from Mme. von Heiroth saying she hadn't seen "Mr. Thorold", but hoped to do so before he went to Careggi. We know from him that he has seen her every day!! However, it is quite right of people to try to conceal their love-affairs. It is natural instinct and respect for society.

A view coming up the Road "Bandita Berenson"

[written next to a photo of the bridge to the parking lot]



[026] Saturday, Jan. 4, 1908

Cold. Brilliant.

Karin. Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Went to town in quest for a companion for Karin's journey home. Met the young people in the Uffizi.

Walked with Karin in the woods. She is a very entertaining creature.

The Nowerses arrived for dinner. They seem so *good* after Algar. I like it.

[027] Sunday, Jan. 5, 1908

Cold. Clear.

Karin, Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Mrs. Spalding with Alberto and Irene came for us in the motor and we went to Prato. It was all very beautiful. We motored to Poggio a Caiano and



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the Peacock Garden, and were home by 4.30.

In the evening Karin and I went down to hear Alberto play, which he did gloriously. Beethoven 7th sonata for piano and violin, Corelli, Mozart, and Brahms' concerto in G major. He is really a genius!

Entrance I Tatti [with photo pasted down]

[028] Monday, Jan. 6, 1908

Very cold. Clear.

Karin, Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Karin and I went down and shopped. I left her at the Houghtons, who decided to escort her to Paris. They motored her up.

Gronau came to lunch. Mrs. Ross after, and just as she was leaving, Conte Gamba with Poggi and Giglioli. They stayed through all the beautiful sunshine when I was wild to go out and walk and enjoy it. They went late and B.B. and I had a walk. It was beautiful in the twilight.

Karin and I went to the Duomo with Irene and Alberto.

[029] Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1908

Karin, Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Very cold. Clear.

Tried to work, but had dressmaker and endless interviews.

Drove to town and got ticket for Karin.

Went with her and Alberto and his cousin to Pitti (Everything looked horrid!) and then motored up to Gordon Craig's. He kindly gave us a sight of his "Theatre", and was very nice.

We all walked down together, and we four had tea at Doney's.

Karin said Alberto was very hard to talk to, but she made allowances for his hopelessly unconversational milieu. She is very understanding in her judgment of people.

Chatted with Nowerses in evening.

[030] Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Snow. Rain.

Packed for Karin in morning. Drove her down to train. She said, nestling into her furs in a luxurious manner, "I am a real young lady now, aren't I, Mother?" She is a great dear, anyhow — so gifted for life, so likeable, so sympathetic, so observant and truthful.

Came home and worked, after too many days away from my daily stodge.

Bernhard dined with Agnes Steffenburg, and I had a pleasant, quiet evening with Mr. & Mrs. Nowers. Nice people! They told me about their friend Walter Jekyll who has gone to live by himself, eating nothing but fruit, inland in Jamaica, and they read me a charming letter from him. He never comes home. He likes the climate and the solitude. Yet a man most gifted for society.



[031] Thursday, Jan. 9, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Spring-like again. Fine.

Worked in morning in spite of Constance Alexander's chatter. I think she is losing her wits, poor thing. It was a ghastly mistake having her, but I can hardly blame her for anything, as she is clearly fighting with nervous depression, and perhaps another person would be broken down.

We walked to and from Gamberaia with the Nowers, and had tea with Florence Blood.

Bernhard and I aren't on quite satisfactory terms at present. Marriage is so difficult! It seems so flat to be merely friendly and devoted, after romance, that one accepts it with indignation and bitterness — at least I think that is Bernhard's feeling, although he allows and encourages himself to indulge in **the most romantic feelings towards Aline Sassoon**. I must have the courage to talk it all out with him, for it is a pity to go on with unsaid dissatisfaction and grievances. He wants me to be more devoted than I *can* be.

[032] Friday, Jan. 10, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Warm rain.

Mr. Nowers is ill in bed, so they cannot go away. They are so good. I love to have them here.

Risi Visconti Venosta came to lunch, full of the young man's despair about "what to do". He can't find anything that seems worthwhile devoting himself to.

B.B. called on Palcci and I called on Maud and Mme von Heiroth. Von Heiroth is on his way back after all. She improved the shining hour by lunching with Algar.

Horne came to dinner.

[033] Saturday, Jan. 11, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Bright, cold, very windy.

I had a headache all day, and couldn't enjoy a thing. I stodged over work. We have begun the Florentines.

Bernhard called on Benn, who is writing a primer of Greek philosophy.

We read Bertie's capital article in the Albany on pragmatism.

Lo Studio del Signore [caption of photo of Bernhard's study pasted down]

[034] Sunday, Jan. 12, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Bright, cold, windy.

We walked in the morning after letters came, and surveyed with



complacency the the limits of our domain, wishing, however, that they were even larger! Bernhard would like to buy the whole woods!

Nelly Erichsen came to lunch, and stayed till 4 talking about her book on Pisa, for which I gave her the picture notes.

Then Prince Liechtenstein and Mme Narischkine came. We talked about the reintroduction of slavery into Hungary!

[035] Monday, Jan. 13, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Cold, clear.

Gronau came to lunch. Aunt Janet called. I walked alone while Bernhard received a call from Mr. Jackson (of the consul's office). He then joined me and we walked further.

Placci was waiting when we got back, full of his reconciliation to Miss Paget.

In the evening we went in to the Spaldings and heard Alberto and Oswald play a wonderful thing of Bach's and then a sonata by Mozart which was quite divine. Albert also played an andante and fuge (___) of Bach's. What enjoyment!

San Martino a Mensola [caption of photo of the church]

[036] Tuesday, Jan. 14, 1908

Grand Hotel, Siena. Cold and clear.

We came over by a morning train. Perkins met us, and we went to various churches in the afternoon.

It was very cold at night.

[037] Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1908

[no scan of Jan. 15 page - only Burton postcard]

[038] Thursday, Jan. 16, 1908

Grand Hotel, Siena.

A little warmer. Clear then cloudy.

Churches etc. in the morning with Perkins. Met Mr. Breck, and all four drove in afternoon to Poggio Ciupi⁸⁰⁶ to see more ruined frescoes, and to S. Colomba⁸⁰⁷ ditto. Perkins seems fairly well — sane enough, and is a nice person to go about seeing things with, as he has an eye and cares for things. We have been very careful to touch on nothing personal.

Mme von Heiroth's "husband" has come back. Algar writes asking me to arrange to have him meet them, *chez nous*, which, for some reason, horrified B.B.!

⁸⁰⁶ Chiesa di San Lorenzo, strada di Riciano, Colle Ciupi.

⁸⁰⁷ località Santa Colomba, west of Siena, south of Colle Ciupi.



[039] Friday, Jan. 17, 1908

I Tatti. Cold white fog.

We had a most exciting morning in the gallery, discovering endless Feis and Pellegrinos. We had *never* been carefully through the early Sienese before!

After lunch B.B. bought a Vecchietta crucifix for 300 lire + 5 to Perkins, who is desperately hard up.

Came home. Had quite a talk to clear up our difficulties, and got on well.

[040] Saturday, Jan. 18, 1908

Cold white fog.

Algar.

Worked.

Called on Serristori in afternoon and had a pleasant talk.

Algar, as lazy, charming and irresponsible as ever. He says he has made love for all he was worth to Mme Von Heiroth, and he thinks he has produced an impression. She writes that she is *not* happy, now von Heiroth has returned, and 'will tell him all when they meet', but he is not to call, as Heiroth is jealous and suspicious and cross.

Algar says what will he do if the lady suddenly appears ready to crown his wishes and says, "Where shall we go?" For little Algar has no idea of giving up any of his comforts for love. He finds her charming and so attractive that he *has* to run the risks, but he says she is very "feather headed". I never knew anyone so thoroughly selfish in such an affair as he, though I daresay it's common enough.

But as I have known loves, their ferocious selfishness is tempered with exquisite *élans* of devotion and self-sacrifice — and he bears all that out, the best part.

Altogether, I somehow despise Algar, though I am not sure I am justified in it.

[041] ~~Sunday, Jan. 19, 1908~~

Cold mist.

This is Monday. ☞

In bed all day with heavy cold. Bernhard working on Giotto, with revolutionary results!!

I read Sherrill's book on stained glass⁸⁰⁸ and some of Lord Acton's Historical Papers⁸⁰⁹ — a lot of French Poetry and finished alas! the darling

⁸⁰⁸ Charles Hitchcock Sherrill (1867-1936), *Stained glass tours in France* (New York: J. Lane company, 1908). **Biblioteca Berenson NK5349 .A285 1908**

⁸⁰⁹ John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, first baron Acton (1834-1902), *Historical essays and studies*, ed. John Figgis and Reginald Vere Laurence (London: Macmillan, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson House D210 .A26 1907 [Shelved as C.LXIV.2.]**



Abbé Huc.⁸¹⁰

Placci came to lunch with Bernhard, and they had a walk. He has got over his honeymoon with Vernon Lee.

[042] ~~Monday, Jan. 20, 1908~~

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold mist.

Agnes came to lunch. Alberto and his cousin came at 4 to look at photographs, bringing a still more gushing American lady, Mmiss Pomeroy.

Mather came to say goodbye before going to Sicily. He is thinking of taking the mastership of the Worcester Art Museum.

I felt awfully ill with a cold coming.

Mr. Cannon wrote that if we had left Florence, he would have sold La Doccia! He must care a good deal. How sad and funny that he can give no sign when one sees him!

[043] Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Worked.

Walked with Bernhard in the woods.

Cold worse.

Read lots of novels lent me by Miss Blood.

[044] Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1908

I Tatti.

Walked in woods. Coming back B.B. found the Countess Serristori in the garden and Father Green of Isleworth and Mr. & Mrs. Pott of Fiesole called upon me.

My cold got worse.

I am terribly worried about poor Mother who suffers continuous pain and discomfort from her bladder trouble. She wants to die, and though the breaking of that tie is perhaps the worst of all, I should rather have her die than suffer. After all, how long I've had her.

Bernhard has come to some revolutionary views about Giotto, but he is clearly right, though no one will be able to follow, as it is a question of an especially trained eye and you don't get that except by *training*, and who goes in for that?

[045] Thursday, Jan. 23, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

⁸¹⁰ Huc?



In the house all day. Cold awful, feeling like devil. What a life! I suffering here, Mother in such pain far away, Karin anxious, poor child, about her ear — what is it all for?

I read *Valerie Upton*⁸¹¹ a good bad-novel.

[046] Friday, Jan. 24, 1908

Windy. Clear.

Worked. B.B. on Orcagna.

I felt ill, but stodged on. Didn't go out.

Bernhard had tea with Benn who told him that Vernon Lee and Miss Wimbush had got a sudden violent enthusiasm for Hutchins' *Spirit of Labour*, on account of the sexual promiscuity therein described! I think that is a man's interpretation.

[047] Saturday, Jan. 25, 1908

Fine.

Worked. Did not go out on account of my cold, but Alberto and Irene Brown came up to see me, both nice and young. Mrs. Ross came, and Mr & Mrs. Lee Knight. Miss Blood came to dine.

B.B. got into a fearful rage because I could not find a number of *L'Arte* he wanted. He was intensely disagreeable the whole of lunch and Miss Alexander was nearly crying. Directly he went out (at 2) we went to his desk and found it in his drawer.

When he came back from tea at Placci's with the Serristori and Corradini, I told him, and he *blamed me for that*, said it was because I hadn't put away the magazines, that he had hastily poked in into the drawer when we went to Siena. I got it out and found it had an article he had asked for on a man he was working at. I lost my temper at this — he had made the day so hateful and inharmonious! — and he rushed out and said he was going to dine in town and never come back.

Perhaps when he thinks he will understand how I feel when he loses his temper, which is about ten times a week.

⁸¹¹ Anne Douglas Sedgwick (1873-1935), *Valerie Upton* (London: Nelson). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR6037.E34 V35**



Bernhard, Mary and Lady Sassoon

[048] Sunday, Jan. 26, 1908

Glorious.

Worked. Lorenzo Monaco.

Drove up to Fiesole and called on Mr. & Mrs. Pott, and walked back over the Caves recalling old times. More or less made up, but we each have grudges and grievances, and what is perhaps the difficulty in the way of full and complete reconciliation, dreams elsewhere.

I read a letter from B.B. to Aline Sassoon (a wrong thing to do, but I wanted so to believe him, and yet couldn't, by instinct, somehow, yet I hoped the letter would be less devoted than the old one), and he said he had thought and dreamed of no one else while he was at Siena, that she must never doubt him, that he was "tuo, tuo *solo*"⁸¹² and so on.

I cannot truthfully say I *could* write like that to anyone, because I am really fonder of Bernhard than anyone else, and Scott, the only male human being I feel much drawn to, is too young. The idea of love of that sort with him is inconceivable, but still I am awfully fond of him and do think about him a great deal. And dreams and preoccupations tell. We are both of [049] us keeping back something — probably very sensibly. But that something is a refuge, and makes it less necessary for us to be full companions. I can't say I am half as fond of Geoffrey as of Bernhard or Ray or Karin, but still, there it is, a certain element of peculiar interest which these others have only in absence — for of them all I dream in absence.

Literature has nothing but contempt and scorn for old women growing fond of boys, and one reason I do not tell Bernhard about it is because he at once uses these hackneyed forms upon me, and they hurt and disgust me. I could quite as well make fun of his devotion to **the brainless fashionable lady**,⁸¹³ but I don't, for I am sure to him it doesn't come under that obvious category. It is life and sweetness to him. And when we talk of her, and he runs her down, as he often does, I always say, "Well, she is very winning and very sweet."

[049] Monday, Jan. 27, 1908

Misty

Today we went to see the Thorolds and found Algar oppressed with domesticity — his wife ill, the boy ailing, and everything going wrong.

[050] Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1908

I Tatti. Warm. Misty.

Worked School Lorenzo Monaco.

The Countess d'Orsay came to lunch. She talked steadily for three hours,

⁸¹² Printed by Samuels (who didn't know Italian), *Legend*, p. 49, as: 'too, too solo'

⁸¹³ Lady Sassoon.



sometimes rather amusingly. I drove her to town, and did some errands, and actually paid two calls, on Mrs. Harvey and the Custs!

Bernhard and I rather made up, although he told me awful lies about his having nearly forgotten **Lady Sassoon**, and being too busy to dream of her, etc., etc. But if he wants to keep that side of himself quite secret, he is right to try to do it, and I shall not interfere. One does want one's dreams, unless one is *quite sure* of sympathy, and he is too conventional in certain ways, and has too silly and stereotyped a view of women to realize that if he were frank and open I should absolutely sympathize with him — and even envy him!!

[051] Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1908

I Tatti. Warm. Rain

Giovanni dal Ponte

Drove Miss Alexander to town. She is waking up a bit, for she asked me what subject she should specialize upon. I suggested the whole Franciscan cycle in all of literature.

The Serristori had tea here, and Cust called — a prompt return!

[052] Thursday, Jan. 30, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm.

Rosello di Jacopo Franco.

Alberto came early and I showed him some Giotto's. Then Placci and Lady Isabel Margesson came. We talked a lunch of Colour and Music and Albert was in rapture.

Bernhard and I walked with Placci, and then I called on Mrs. Ross and Nelly Erichsen.

When I got home I found **Giovanni Visconti-Venosta**⁸¹⁴ and the Countess D'Orsay telling B.B. about the grand dinner the Serristori's gave for the Koudaschieffs, and forgot to ask the Koudaschieffs!

Mme von Heiroth and her prospective husband came to dine, and we were very much interested in him as a type of Russian *illuminato* very familiar in Russian literature. He is very earnest and enthusiastic and bursting with half-grasped ideas. But a genius, good person, on a very different plane from the pretty frivolous lady. They are going to get married, on account of the coming baby. He says he is going to try the experiment of the usual responsibilities, but he is not sure a Higher Call will not entice him to Solitude.

[053] Friday, Jan. 31, 1908

I Tatti.

⁸¹⁴ The son of Giovanni Visconti-Venosta (1831-1906) ?

Giovanni Visconti Venosta, marchese di Cavour (1887-1947), the son of Emilio Visconti Venosta and Maria Luisa Alfieri di Sostegno Visconti Venosta ?



Bicci di Lorenzo.

Poor beloved Karin has another attack of deafness. It breaks me all up.

We went out to the Actons to lunch. Lady Enniskillen was the other guest, to whom B.B. talked, leaving the Actons to me. Consequently he enjoyed it, and I was restive and unhappy.

We went to see some frescoes by Bicci di Lorenzo, and then B.B. called on Miss Blood and Princess Ghyka, and found the latter most unusually charming and intelligent.

Neith writes that Miss Blood has sent them — in spite of their refusals — her portrait of Hutch, which is to be consigned to the wood-shed.

The Signora Triulzi came up this morning and we paid the monthly bills, etc.

[054] Saturday, Feb. 1, 1908

I Tatti.

Neri di Bicci.

Gronau came to lunch. I called on Miss Handley (organist), who was out; on Miss Jones (voice produced), who was in and rather nice in an unspeakable American way, and on Mrs. Spalding and Miss Hutchinson, who were both out.

Did some errands.

Came home to find a letter from Karin full of rage and fury against Jerry Pinsent, who is in love with her. She is pleased to be reassured as to her “attractiveness”, but she loathes him, as I fear most people do at the approach of unreturnable love.

Ray writes greatly excited about what makes a good novel — apropos of my finding *Valerie Upton* not good.

[055] Sunday, Feb. 2, 1908

I Tatti.

Snow and wind.

Agnes Steffenburg and Kitty Margesson came to lunch. I took the latter to Mrs. Ross, where Lady Isabel met us.

Then I joined Bernhard at the Herons, where we passed a very bedulled hour trying to talk unknown tongues with dubious Hungarian and vulgar Italian “artists”.

[056] Monday, Feb. 3, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold. Clear.

Fra Angelico.

Worked. Walked — a long walk. Went down to hear Alberto in the evening. He played with Herr Lilienkrohn and Osvald two trios by Schubert and one by Beethoven.

I am not at all satisfied with the way things are. If I could make my *greatest*



happiness here and in my life with Bernhard, as well as having it what it is, the enduring, underlying thing, of course it would make a great difference. I feel this to be normal life, and happy, in its way, and full of interest. But I should hate to give up all hope of *Ausflügen*⁸¹⁵ from time to time, excursions into a new land of youth, such as I had last May and this autumn. B.B. violently resents these outbursts of mine, partly through jealousy and wounded self-esteem but chiefly because he thinks it is a destructive system for me to live on. And to some extent he is right. The quiet routine of unexciting life [057] is spoiled to some extent by the reflection that if I had things my own way, and the people I like to see about me, it would be such joy. But then as I know Mother can't be here, and the children, and even Geoffrey, don't want to be, and as I like (on the whole) living here, I really don't bother much about it. Still there is something amiss with my attitude. **I think if I had another child, I should be quite satisfied**, really. But nothing would induce Bernhard to have one!!

[057] Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1908

I Tatti.

Worked on Benozzo today.

Robert Cust and his American wife came to lunch. She wasn't as awful as we expected. Then we drove down to San Maroc, and then to a Santa Conversazione with Alberto at Placci's, where we talked about colour and drawing. Alberto said he liked it, but I think young enthusiasm lent it charm.

[058] Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold. Clear.

Went to Academy and Santa Croce with Bernhard. Had the von Heiroths and Algar to lunch. Went with Lady Isabel and Kitty to the Uffizi. They were puzzling over what Ray could have meant when she said "Pictures aren't meant to tell a story or paint a moral", for they couldn't look at them any other way! I do wonder how much they took in of what I said!

I called on Gordon Craig for a few minutes, and then on my old maid, Leonide, who has a marvellous little daughter of *two* who insists on learning to read!

As Bernhard and I are *foncièrement* fonder of each other than of anyone else in the world we can't stay estranged long, and especially when he is ill, I am all tenderness to him. He is suffering from some mysterious complaint today, and feels wretched.

Have been reading Ronsard's⁸¹⁶ poetry.

⁸¹⁵ excursions

⁸¹⁶ Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585), *Les chefs-d'oeuvre lyriques de Pierre de Ronsard et de son école*, ed. Auguste Dorchain, 3rd ed. (Paris : A. Perche, 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ1674.A5 D6 1907 [Shelved as SAL.VII.1.]**



[059] Thursday, Feb. 6, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold. Clear.

Giusto d'Andrea, Z. Macchiavelli.

Went to lace-maker to consult her about buying some lace, and she explained to me the difference between the *filo a mano* and the *filo a piombino*.

Miss Jessie Handley (Prof. Barrett's niece), and her friend, Miss Valintine, came to lunch — pleasant, unimportant, good-natured, uninteresting.

Then I went with Miss Blood to call on the Morgans, the Lee Knights and the Thorolds.

Johnson wrote that he would take the Turas for £1,400.

[060] Friday, Feb. 7, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine. Warmer.

Masolino, Masaccio.

Worked. Walked from 3-4.30. Worked again.

It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed it in spite of Bernhard's having an unruly liver and my having caught a fresh cold.

I am trying to think over all the hard things he said and see what truth there is in them, instead of instantly flaring up in self-defence. As he says, it is impossible for two people to live together without having endless things stored up against each other for good and evil, and sometimes, with special irritation, the evil comes up more vividly, and sometimes the good.

Read Hookham Frere's translation of *The Birds*⁸¹⁷ and his Life.

[061] Saturday, Feb. 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Warmer. Misty.

Miss Flora Priestley.

We walked round our estate with the Fattore and Ragioniere all morning. It was rather fun. We saw our cows and oxen and horses and *contadini* and their houses etc. and decided to dig some trenches for vines!

I went to town for some shopping, and Placci came to walk with Bernhard. He was awfully dense, and could not understand the simplest things.

Mrs. Spalding and Albert came to tea, and we had a little talk, which was, however, interrupted by Flora Priestley. She stayed on, and we have been gossiping all the evening.

[062] Sunday, Feb. 9, 1908

I Tatti.

⁸¹⁷ Aristophanes, *A metrical version of the Acharnians, The Knights and The Birds*, trans. John Hookham Frere (London & New York: Routledge, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson PA3877 .A2 1886**



Warmer. Slight mist.

Miss Priestley.

I went all over the place with the Triulzi, the Contadini and the Ingegniere and Fattore, to plan our improvements. Interesting but very tiring.

B.B. worked on Paolo Uccello. He and Flora Priestley walked to Gamberaia and had tea, I called on Mrs. Ross.

Karin is having trouble with her ear, and we are all coming to the conclusion that the damp climate of Cambridge is bad for her. I do not quite know what to do.

Algar and Lady Enniskillen came to dine. Algar had seen Mme von Heiroth, who said that "he" was very *difficile*. He told me that when he and his nice cousin Nora Labouchère were staying with his Aunt and Uncle for Christmas and having a little flirtation (as in Algar's invariable way), Mrs. Labby set her maid to watch their bedroom doors all night!! Well, I suppose experience justifies her in that view.

Placci was amused to meet again Mme Alexandrowski, who vanished from Florentine Society the moment the Princess Strozzi ceased to need her as a go-between. She used to meet Halpert at the Alexandrowski's house.

[063] Monday, Feb. 10, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm. Fine.

Miss Priestley left. She is agreeable to be with — nice manners and humour and charm.

Letters from home decided me to urge Karin to leave Newnham at once. It does not suit her health. Poor dear, it is a daily up-hill fight. I simply *must not* think of anything but her courage.

We walked in the woods for more than an hour. It was delicious.

Is there no one in all Florence I care to see? It is perfectly deadly of me to love so few people, to be interested in so few. I know it is my fault, but I do not know the remedy. I like to see Alberto, whom we went down to hear play in the evening. But it is partly because he recalls a happy time and Karin.

But we had an amusing evening with the Spaldings, with all those tabby-cats from American pensions, and sweet Kitty Margesson with her horribly sentimental friend, Miss MacCleod. They played that divine thing by Bach, with the violin in great organ chords.

Then Placci and Osvald and Lilienkrohn came, and they gave the usual Beethoven trio and a Schubert one. They seemed very "pretty" after Bach, — much lower plane — a whole world of difference.

[064] Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1908

Castagno.

Glorious day.

Uccello, Domenico Veneziano.



Worked. Walked in woods. Kitty Margesson and her friend came to call. It was not easy to keep off rocks of sentimentality. She is awful. Poor Kitty. But I daresay she is kind.

B.B. is reading Goethe's *Italienische Reise*,⁸¹⁸ and finds Goethe much interested in S. Filippo Neri. A young Roman swell wanted to join his brotherhood, and as a last test the Saint proposed to him to walk about Rome with a fox's tail pinned to his coat — quite like an initiation into the "Dicky" at Harvard! [see message of 15/07/2016]

[065] Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1908

Glorious.

Alessio Baldovinelli.

Worked. Went to Uffizi and renamed several scores of pictures.

B.B. called on Agnes and I shopped.

We met at Placci's with Alberto and had rather a scrappy Santa Conversazione, interrupted by Adelaide and Placci's various notes and telephone calls. Arranged for a quieter one here next week.

B.B. told me that it is a credited and credible theory that what destroyed the ancient civilizations was nothing but malaria — Mosquitoes stronger than Man!

[066] Thursday, Feb. 13, 1908

Glorious.

"Carrand Master".⁸¹⁹

Worked. Discovered that a puzzling little picture in the Louvre was by Giovanni Francesco da Rimini, and wrote an article for the *Rassegna* about it.

Bernhard and I called on Miss MacLeod and Kitty Margesson, then on the Burne Murdocks, who are living most squalidly in an enormous old convent-villa, and then on Miss Priestley to hear her niece play, which she did very well, the Mendelssohn Variations and some Chopin, having the usual *Litchitzki*⁸²⁰ defect of neglecting the classics.

Then we ordered the dinner for Sunday at Doney's, and found a copy of

⁸¹⁸ CHECK Does this edition contain the German text:

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), *The auto-biography of Goethe : Truth and poetry: from my own life*, 2 vol. (London : H. G. Bohn, 1848-____).

Bohn's standard library. **Biblioteca Berenson House PT2027.A8 O8 1848**

⁸¹⁹ Italian Pictures (1932), p. 341-342: 'Master of the Carrand Triptych (Giovanni di Francesco)' at the Bargello.

⁸²⁰



*La Grande Grèce*⁸²¹ at Loescher's,⁸²² to our surprise and delight!

[067] Friday, Feb. 14, 1908

Fine.

44 years old!

It is absurd to be so old, when one doesn't feel it. But I suppose no one does. I mean to try to *enjoy growing old* ... an effort, but it is silly to rebel against the inevitable.

I passed my day suffering from a headache, which became fearfully intense and sent me to bed dinner-less.

Algar, Miss Erichsen, Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Boardman, Albert and a French-American painter, Haushalter,⁸²³ came to tea.

Myself 26 years old [caption for photograph]

[068] Saturday, Feb. 15, 1908

Mist and rain.

Pollajuolo.

Worked.

Called on the Butties and on the Labouchères.

Encouraging letters from Karin.

[069] Sunday, Feb. 16, 1908

Well, we got the von Heiroths married! We felt cross and hated going down, but in the end we enjoyed it!

The service was beautiful, but it was amusing to see Algar solemnly holding the crown over Heiroth's head and knowing that in her heart all he was thinking was how soon he would be able to plant horns there! She looked sweetly pretty, and I could not wonder at Algar.

B.B. and I were the Father and Mother, and Algar, Calderoni, Tutino and Herr Corwegh (a German studying Donatello)⁸²⁴ were the Witnesses.

We all went to lunch at Doney's, and it was quite pleasant.

They were rather apologetic for doing such a conventional, bourgeois thing, but assured everyone they meant to get a divorce when the baby was born!

We gave them a Wedding Breakfast at Doney's, which was not unpleasant, and then we drove up to the Gamberaia and heard Miss Oliphant play Schumann and Chopin. Met a Philadelphia singer Mr. Meigs there.

⁸²¹ François Lenormant (1837-1883), *La grande Grèce : Paysage et histoire*, 2nd ed., 3 vol. (Paris: Levy, 1881-1884). **Biblioteca Berenson House DF77 .L46 1881 [Shelved as SAL.V.3.]**

⁸²² Dopo la morte di **Loescher** (1892), l'attività torinese venne proseguita dalla vedova; la sede fiorentina fu ceduta al tedesco Bernhard **Seeber** e la libreria romana venne rilevata da Max **Bretschneider** e Walter Regenber.

⁸²³ George M. Haushalter (1862-1943).

⁸²⁴ Robert Corwegh, *Donatello's Sängerkanzel im Dom zu Florenz* (Berlin: Cassirer, 1909).



Nice to get home and read Ronsard in bed!

[070] Monday, Feb. 17, 1908

Fair-ish.

Verrocchio, etc.

I went to a concert — Oswald, Grieg, Schubert (“Die Farenellen”) and then called on the Haushalter, Miss Collier and Mrs. Buttles — the first two out and the last in bed and so on to Aunt Janet’s where I heard the sad news of Caterina Kerr Lawson’s break-down.

Read some more of Horne’s *Botticelli* — full of excellent appreciation exquisitely written, and lots of dull, dull pedantry!

Bernhard has finished reading the *Italianische Reise* and is now reading a book about Rome and Goethe. He is Goethe-mad, and has been for years.

He is also taking up — Physiology!!

[071] Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1908

Rain, cleared, mist.

Botticini.

Good morning of work. Alberto and Placci came to lunch and we had a couple of hours’ *Santa Conversazione* on Music, in which Alberto delighted us all with the clearness and decision of his mind, and me especially — oh very much! — by showing that he had really understood what I tried to tell him in the galleries and was using the method for his own art. He spoke delightfully of the melodies that suggested their own harmonies as functional line suggests the inevitable modelling.

But all this analogy between painting and music is on the wrong track, I fear.

Miss Alexander stayed in and said just the wrong things. When they cited the song on the boat at the beginning of *Tristan and Isolde* as a noble, harmony-suggesting melody, she whispered to me with an ecstatic look, “Did you ever hear anything so *hungry*?”

Later Schlesinger called and Giovanni Visconti-Venosta.

Albert seems to me to have taken a real intellectual start from knowing B.B.’s aesthetics. He has a shy adoration for Bernhard that is very pretty.

[072] Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1908

Very warm.

Credi, etc.

Worked.

Drove to Thorolds, had tea and walked back.

Algar came part way with us to rage against von Heiroth, who seems to be in the way of his little schemes!

Scott writes describing his life “without a daily paper, without a calendar, without a clock, with a watch I never wind up, without variety, and (just now) without engagements. I prefer it like that! Only the lapse of time will



be judged by instinct and will vary with the amount of mental incident that has taken place. As it is, I get up in the morning, go to school, or perhaps don't, eat, see a few friends, read a little, talk to Murray or play chess with him, and go to bed. When some one tells me it is Saturday I go home for the week end."

I simply *cannot imagine* it!!

[073] Thursday, Feb. 20, 1908

(Let furnace go out.) Fine. Warm.

Worked.

Calderoni came to lunch. He upheld the view that English women are much more preoccupied with love making and even sensuality than English men. He says that he and his Italian friends when they go to England have the most extraordinary adventures thrust upon them. Algar (who looks like a Southerner) says the same.

B.B. spoke of Guglielmo Ferrero⁸²⁵ who "picks his conclusions before they are ripe."

We went down to a reception at the Spaldings — a comic and horrible affair, where they played more dull music by Saint-Saens and Lilienkrohn, and a nice rondeau for piano and violin by Schubert.

Placci was there enjoying the joke hugely — all these old women with grey hair and portentous busts, the sweeping of American pensions. Poor Albert, what a milieu!

It was delicious driving home, so warm and clear, and B.B. so nice. All our estrangement has somehow faded away, and we are happy together. He really is a great dear. There is no one I am *half* so fond of.

[074] Friday, Feb. 21, 1908

Warm. Fine.

Fra Filippo.

Worked.

Went to Schumann concert and did not enjoy it much, though music always sets one's brain going. Alberto confessed the *Dichterlieder*⁸²⁶ were "not very musical"

Had tea with Placci. He quoted one of Mrs. Moore's famous *balivernes*,⁸²⁷ her description of the ceremony where the Pope washed the feet of the poor men, "J'ai vu le Pope qui avec une grande pompe a donné un lavement à douze pauvres prêtres."

Tired. One does get so tired. This winter I feel I am growing old.

⁸²⁵ Guglielmo Ferrero (1871-1942), an historian, journalist and novelist, author of the *Greatness and Decline of Rome*.

⁸²⁶ Die *Dichterliebe* ist ein Zyklus von 16 Liedern des Komponisten Robert Schumann, der mit seinem Opus 48 einen Höhepunkt des romantischen Kunstlieds schuf.

⁸²⁷ nonsense.



[075] Saturday, Feb. 22, 1908

Scirocco. Warm.

School of Filippo.

Quiet day of work, with a long walk over the hills. Saw no one except Dr. Giglioli, Miss Alexander and our *fattore*, **Carlo Marilli**.

Am reading a most interesting life of David,⁸²⁸ who offers a close parallel to Mantegna.

[076] Sunday, Feb. 23, 1908

No furnace. Warm. Fine.

Spent morning discussing alterations and improvement with Ingegniere, Ragioniere, Fattore and Signor Triulzi.

Nelly Erichsen came to lunch, and afterwards Miss Collier and Miss Hutchinson to call, and Mr. & Mrs. Haushalter and Sybil Childers.

B.B. and I had a little walk and called on Mrs. Ross.

Poor Caterina Kerr-Lawson has inflammation of the optic nerve and is threatened with blindness! How awful.

Bernhard said that just as the study of physiology leads to right diet and exercise, etc., so the study of psychology should lead to morals and aesthetics in practise.

Logan sent me some very pretty sonnets he has written, which are all but poetry! But one is so exacting for that art.

Read life of Ingres.⁸²⁹

[077] Monday, Feb. 24, 1908

Warm. Pour. Thunderstorm. No furnace.

"Compagno",⁸³⁰ etc.

Worked, but towards noon felt burning at waist and feared another attack of Shingles. I hope not! But I felt very queer the rest of the day, and now, going to bed, I feel queerer still. Our bodies can be troublesome!

The tram strike is still on.

These are the book-plates Craig designed for Ray and Karin. [caption for the book-plates which are pasted in]

[078] Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1908

Worked together very pleasantly (for once!) on Botticelli.

Lady Kitty Somerset came to lunch, a very stupid young woman who thinks she has a peculiar faculty for "getting at the the inside" of clever

⁸²⁸ Perhaps? W.H. James Weale (1832-1917), *Gerard David, painter and illuminator* (London: Seeley & New York: Macmillan, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson ND673.D3 W4 1895**

⁸²⁹ Perhaps? Jules Momméja, *Ingres, biographie critique* (Paris, H. Laurens, 1903). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit ND553.I54 M66 1900**

⁸³⁰ Mary Berenson, 'Compagno di Pesellino et quelques peintures de l'école' parts 1-2, *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, ser. 3, 26 (1901), p. 18-34, 333-343.



men, and so spends her life rushing about trying to meet them. The method is to ask lots of questions and not listen to the answers!

Bernhard drove her back to Fiesole and called on Benn, who told him that Winkelmann was a notorious Sodomite and was killed by one of his minions.

Alberto and Placci came to dine. Placci was at his best, most amusing. We talked of Music after dinner.

Alberto is very intelligent. He brought B.B. a present of the novel *Jean-Christophe*⁸³¹ which I began to read.

[079] Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1908

Glorious weather.

Worked together over Botticelli school.

It is such a blessing not to have Miss Alexander! She thinks she can't come when the trams are not running (20 minutes walk!) and we are only too glad to have her stay away.

We had a beautiful walk, and then the Heiroths came to tea bringing two of their friends, M. Kettner (a painter) and M. Doebler, a fat, nice poet, who has written a poem of 33,000 verses, which he can't get published — naturally.

The von Heitroths stayed to dine, and Algar came, but it was all spoiled by von Heiroth, who would talk of occultism, mysticism and his "ideas", which were all old commonplaces to us. Although we like him — for he inspires confidence — we do find him an awful bore.

Bernhard got terribly cross over the confusion in one of his cupboards, which he blamed me for, but quite wrongly, for I have never gone there except with him. But he nagged on and on and on and was most uncomfortable.

[080] Thursday, Feb. 27, 1908

Colder. Fine.

Sellajo.

Bernhard was still nagging on about that cupboard, hinting that I had dragged out the photographs in a state of abnormal excitement to show them to Scott and had neglected to put them away. My conscience was perfectly clear, but when he went on to attribute to the same cause a confusion I had made four or five years ago between Amico di Sandro and Alunno, and wouldn't be pacified, I got dreadfully angry and left the room. How he does ruin beautiful days! And yet he says he wants harmony. And he expects me to be loving and devoted, but you cannot like living with a nagging bad-tempered person — *while* he is that. Fortunately Bernhard isn't

⁸³¹ Perhaps? Romain Rolland (1866-1944), *Jean-Christophe à Paris*, 3 vol. (Paris: P. Ollendorff, 1908-1909). **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2635.O5 J4 1908 [Shelved as SAL.II.6.]**



always or even generally so.

Kenworthy-Browne and his niece came to lunch and Mr. & Mrs. Nowers. I drove the Nowerses down after lunch, and called on Lady Enniskillen, who had the glorious company of Acton and Balfour!

B.B. received a call from Mrs. Brocklebank and from Nobili.

[081] Friday, Feb. 28, 1908

Much colder. Fine.

Filippini.

Bernhard in a better humour, so everything seemed pleasanter.

I went to town and to the Uffizi with Miss Collier (whom I liked), and then to tea with the Nowerses and Miss Dildred Davy, and then to call on the Butties, who have all been very ill.

Read that interesting little book about malaria as the cause of the decay of the Greek and Roman civilizations.⁸³²

Finished *Jean Christophe*. I do not care overwhelmingly for it.

[082] Saturday, Feb. 29, 1908

Cloudy. Showery with wind.

Paid wages, etc., and did a little work.

Drove down and had tea with Placci and Prezzolini, both wild about Jean Christophe.

Svetchine (Sec. Legation at Constantinople - Russian) came in, full of extravagant admiration for a picture by Pier Francesco Fiorentino at San Gemignano!

Read over our contract in evening.

[083] Sunday, Mar. 1, 1908

Lovely day.

Worked.

Bernhard finished the Raffaellinos, and I printed Amico and School, and Filippino and School, and Sellajo.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch. She says Mrs. Cobb went to old Mrs. Riddell, the Baroness von Hutter's mother, and said, "I think you *ought to know* that everyone is talking of your daughter and saying she has lovers." The poor old lady has been perfectly miserable ever since. Her daughter is away in Japan. We have always loathed Mrs. Cobb, but never before had any definite reason.

B.B. and Agnes had a walk, and then joined me at Mrs. Ross'. Theresa called on me. She is very anxious about Algar's laziness — said he hoped he would work when he was with us. I didn't tell her that he told me he knew he shouldn't do a stroke of work while he was in love with Mascha von

⁸³² Perhaps an earlier edition of William Henry Samuel Jones (1876-1963), *Malaria: A neglected factor in the history of Greece and Rome* (Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes, 1920).



Heiroth!

I am getting positively bored with *Jean Christophe*. It is remarkable how people praise that book.

[084] Monday, Mar. 2, 1908

Cold. Rain. Snow on Monte Ceceri.

Miss Alexander decided to come back, and her chattering nearly drove me wild! She says she can't think of anything but Stornelli ... it is obvious she can't think of anything that has to do with her work! But enough.

Mrs. Benn and Miss Collier came to lunch – very pleasant. I drove them home, and was going to Algar's, but the weather was too nasty. I came back and had a walk with B.B., but felt too ill to enjoy it.

Returned and finished printing Garbo and Carli and wrote some _____.

[photo of dog on parapet (of Gamberaia?) pasted down]

[085] Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1908

Snow on Incontro. Thunder storm.

B.B. furious with Ghirlandajo and School. He complains of headache, sleeplessness and sciatica. He *loves* work, but it always makes him ill.

Miss Alexander put me in a hole today by asking in her plaintive drawl, "Do you think you will be glad to have had me this year?" Of course I lied. Suppose I had told her we should be glad to pay double *not* to have her!!

Lady Enniskillen and Sir Thomas Dick Lander⁸³³ came to call. Decidedly she affects the company of the "Brotherhood", for I met Balfour at her house the other day.

Then old Sokolowski of Cracow came bringing Prince Czartoryski.⁸³⁴ There is a perfect magic to me about those great Polish names. He was a nice old man and seemed to care for pictures. M. Sokolowski said he would get up an Exposition in Cracow, and we should tour about and pull all the Italian pictures out of the old castles. What fun it would be!

It was pouring too hard to have the usual fine festival for "l'ultimo giorno di Carnevale", but Bernhard and I had a walk in the rain.

[086] Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1908

Varying.

Logan.

The Nowers and Miss Davey came to lunch. I drove them in and met Logan, who comes from the snows of England. He says that the nice, blue-eyed Tolstoian young poet, Freemantle, read Nietzsche last year and felt himself such an *Übermensch* that when he met a music-hall singer whom he

⁸³³ ?

⁸³⁴ See the entry for July 7, 1906. The Czartoryski collection in the National Museum in Krakow includes 593 artworks, most notably Leonardo's "Lady With an Ermine" (1489-1490) and Rembrandt's "Landscape With the Good Samaritan" (1638).



liked, he took her off to Naples, à la Shelley and Mary. They lost their trunks on the way, and were turned out of several hotels because they would kiss each other, and would throw things out of their windows onto people's heads. Then they heard of a revolt in Algiers and bought knives and went there, and gradually drifted on to Seville, where he tried to earn money by giving lessons (he got one pupil) and she by singing for a management that went bankrupt. So they came home, and his brother offered him money if he would leave her — and he had to, and is now in Munich. He came and told Logan, and explained in a grand way, that all this was but preliminary to his Great Scheme — namely to found a company of Strolling Troubadours! In the meantime he borrowed £5.

[087] Thursday, Mar. 5, 1908

Warm. Fine. Rain.

Logan.

Went over “the place” with Logan, planning the garden and improvements.

Miss Fletcher came to lunch. She told us the history of Mrs. Forbes-Morse, who was married to a German officer, and was dreadfully sad at having no children. Presently Mr. Forbes-Morse intervened and she told her husband there was going to be a child, and that to “save her face” he mustn't divorce her for two years, for which favour she would give him half her fortune and all the family portraits. He consented on condition he got all the family portraits. This was duly carried out, the baby dying in the meantime, but then she found she could not get on with Morse. Finally they lived in two apartments in the same house, he being prohibited from smoking on her side, she from writing poetry on his. When he died, she published a book of effusive poems *à mon bien-aimé*, in which she said she hoped to present him with rosy infants and could only give him pale poems. She is **now** travelling and having “amorous adventures” here and there, while Miss Paget is waiting for her at Maiano.

[088] Friday, Mar. 6, 1908

Damp.

Logan.

Worked.

Prezzolini came to lunch. He is almost too young to talk with. His head is full of ideas like art being only the expression of the artist's personality, and that genius can't be kept under. He would not admit that a Genius could accidentally die. Such platitudes appear to be nourishing to some minds, they are held with such extraordinary fervour. But they are dreadfully boring.

Logan and I drove over to the Thorolds, where we found the von Heiroths. Algar was full of an “Elizir of Youth” which a friend of his believes in. Logan and I almost believed in it!



Logan says that everybody, even the Trevys, turned against Miss Weisse when Donald Tovey⁸³⁵ was not allowed to come to Oxford. She tore over to Berlin when Joachim⁸³⁶ was dying, and of course no one wanted her, Joachim least of all, and it ended in a fearful squabble, the details of which Logan had promised not to repeat. But they all felt that unless Miss Weisse dies, Tovey is finished. What a tragedy.

[089] Saturday, Mar. 7, 1908

Rainy.

Logan, Miss Collier.

Worked.

Gronau came to lunch.

I called on the von Heiroths — he *is* a bore! — and then brought Miss Collier up here. She is a great dear, and I like her especially for her affection for Ray.

Bernhard is reading with the greatest delight Justi's *Winckelmann*.⁸³⁷

We are trying to persuade Logan to write about Rome in the SVIII century. What a delightful subject!

Dear me, it stirs me all up to talk about Ray. How can I live so much of my life without seeing her? What a beastly thing distance is.

[090] Sunday, Mar. 8, 1908

Rain. Clearing.

Logan.

Worked. B.B. finished Pier di Cosimo, etc.

After lunch I drove with Miss Collier and Logan to the Gamberaia.

B.B. was in to see Prince and Princess Marcel Czartoryski,⁸³⁸ who motored up.

Logan and I walked home.

Algar and Theresa came to dine, and were amusing and pleasant.

[with photo of Gamberaia]

[091] Monday, Mar. 9, 1908

Warm. Glorious.

Logan. Perkins.

Logan lunched with the Dodges and Miss Fletcher, and I met him at Villa

⁸³⁵ Sir Donald Francis Tovey (17 July 1875 – 10 July 1940) was a British musical analyst, musicologist, writer on music, composer, conductor and pianist.

⁸³⁶ Joseph Joachim (28 June 1831 – **15 August 1907**) was a Hungarian violinist, conductor, composer and teacher. A close collaborator of Brahms, he is widely regarded as one of the most significant violinists of the 19th century.

⁸³⁷ 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.]**

⁸³⁸ Prince Czartoryski, Duc de Klewan and de Zukow (30 May 1841, Vienne - 25 November 1909, Lausanne).



Imperiale and drove with him to call on Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who showed us some of his collection of book-plates, which I found very interesting.

Mr. Fowler came in, and then Frau von Grunelius from Frankfort.

Left cards on the Brocklebanks, and called at the Spaldings. Alberto received us, and was very amusing, and awfully nice.

Returned to find Perkins here, poor nervous ship-wrecked being.

Our only nephew, Ralph Perry, Rachel's son 1 1/4 years old. [caption for photo of Ralph and Rachel]

[092] Tuesday, Mar. 10, 1908

Rain. Clearing.

Perkins.

Signed the contract for this place and paid the money, 139,000 francs — 5,000 for the cattle and *arnesi*, etc. and nearly 6,000 for the registration fees, etc. It comes to **six thousand pounds**, which we have borrowed at 6% £3,500 a year, as against £80 we used to pay for rent. It is a big increase. Of course the place brings us something, but then we have taxes and improvements. I think it is a clear £200 more a year to spend. But anyhow we now own the place!

Worked but felt perfect despair because the Vienna Catalogue⁸³⁹ has gone astray with all our notes!

Called on Miss Priestly, and then on Miss Kelly, sweet-voiced creature.

[093] Wednesday, Mar. 11, 1908

[photo of Albert Spalding]

[094] Thursday, Mar. 12, 1908

Fine.

Logan.

I put that picture of dear Alberto in yesterday. He came up at the same time with Miss Kelly and took us all to the Gamberaia, where we saw the most glorious storm. afterwards it was almost too beautiful. Alberto enjoyed it *à la limité de dilatation*.

Miss Kelly stayed on to dine, and we all liked her awfully.

Today Bernhard had his first *adunanza* at the Palazzo Vecchio. He is on the Art Commission, and the new *sindaco*, a socialist, is terribly keen on making Florence an ideal city. They "sat" for two hours, and Bernhard

[095] Friday, Mar. 13, 1908

[blank]

839



[096] Saturday, Mar. 14, 1908

Train to Paris

[097] Sunday, Mar. 15, 1908

Paris.

Arrived at 2.20. Billy called. He was awfully nice. Hutchins came and took me out to St. Cloud, where they're living, to dine.

[098] Monday, Mar. 16, 1908

London.

Crossed from Paris. Had a Turkish bath.

Scott came and we dined at Dieudonné's. He was in good spirits, and perfectly enchanted at the idea of travelling with **young Cannon**.

[099] Tuesday, Mar. 17, 1908

Iffley.

Karin came and we met Mrs. Stewart and shopped, and went to Iffley at 4.55. Mother seemed not at all well. I gave an oyster lunch to Karin and Helen and Scott and Keynes and Cecil Pinsent.

Bernhard went to Rome, leaving Logan at I Tatti. He fell into the arms of **Rembielinski**, Pio, the Serristoris, D'Annunzio, Liechtenstein, etc. at the Grand Hotel.

Note that the entries made in Iffley are brief.

[0100] Wednesday, Mar. 18, 1908

Iffley.

Ray arrived.

[0101] Thursday, Mar. 19, 1908

Iffley.

[0102] Friday, Mar. 20, 1908

Iffley.

Walked into Oxford with Ray and Karin.

[0103] Saturday, Mar. 21, 1908

Iffley.

Walked into Oxford with Ray and Karin and out again, along tow-path. Visited Christ Church library.

[0104] Sunday, Mar. 22, 1908

Fierce Rain.

Iffley.

Walked over to Bagley Wood and had lunch with Alys and Bertie. Gilbert Murray came in the afternoon. Karin walked over and came back with me.



[0105] Monday, Mar. 23, 1908

London.

Ray and I came up to town to shop.

[0106] Tuesday, Mar. 24, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Emily.

Janet Dodge gave some delicious music in her (my) flat: Couperin. Scott came. He took me first to see his rooms where he lives with his friend Murray Hicks. We also looked into the Cathedral.

Emily came to the music too, and she and I came down together, meeting Ray at the train.

[0107] Wednesday, Mar. 25, 1908

Iffley.

Cold. Rainy.

Emily.

Quiet day with Emily who is still far from well.

[0108] Thursday, Mar. 26, 1908

Iffley.

Emily.

Quiet nice day chatting with Emily and Grandma. The girls always come in my bed in the morning. It is delightful.

[0109] Friday, Mar. 27, 1908

London.

Went up to town with Ray. Shopped, saw her off to Rickettswood.⁸⁴⁰

Scott and I called on Rothersteins. They have a really lovely house. Mrs. R. has just had her fourth baby.

Scott and I dined at Pagani's⁸⁴¹ and talked at my flat till nearly midnight. He hopes his parents will permit him to go to Italy to travel with Cannon's son.

[0110] Saturday, Mar. 28, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Christina and Mr. Britten.

National Gallery.

Shopped. Lunched with Scott at Pagani's.

Just caught train here, with Britten and Christina.

⁸⁴⁰ Ricketts Wood, near Horley, just north of Gatwick.

⁸⁴¹ Great Portland Street, Fitzrovia, London.



[0111] Sunday, Mar. 29, 1908

Iffley.

Cold, some rain.

Mr. Britten.

Walked over to Alys' in the afternoon.

[0112] Monday, Mar. 30, 1908

Iffley.

Rain.

Mr. Britten, Christina Bremner.

Mr. Britten left his purse and so missed his train, and he and Christina decided to stay on.

Had a walk in afternoon.

[0113] Tuesday, Mar. 31, 1908

Iffley.

Damp.

Karin and Helen Gardner got off in the morning and I had a quiet day with Mother, which I much enjoyed.

[0114] Wednesday, Apr. 1, 1908

Iffley.

Quiet but very delightful day with Mother.

[0115] Thursday, Apr. 2, 1908

London.

Stayed with Mother till 4 and then came up.

I went with Geoffrey in the evening to hear the Bach Mass in B minor at the Albert Hall — 1,000 voices. It was very grand.

[0116] Friday, Apr. 3, 1908

London.

Endless shopping. Karin and Ray came up to the flat. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Geoffrey's parents, came to tea. I think it passed off quite well. Mrs. Scott is sweet and kind and good but very discursive!

In the evening we all dined at Pagani's and enjoyed it quite well. Ray and Karin looked very nice in new dresses. The two boys stayed on at the flat till midnight. On the whole, it was a successful reunion of our jolly old motor-party.

[0117] Saturday, Apr. 4, 1908

Paris with Scott.

Ray and Karin came to see us off at Victoria. It was *awful* parting with them.

The crossing was rough, and I suffered from "deferred sea-sickness" all night.



The train was late and Neith and Hutch were waiting for us. We all went to dine at the Lapérouse, and Hutch gave us a lot of jaw about Topic No. I. Then they insisted on our going to a Café, where we sat very drearily until midnight, when they took the train for St. Cloud, and we went — oh so weary and sick! — to bed. Hutch was a great dear, all the same.

[0118] Sunday, Apr. 5, 1908

Paris with Scott.

Went to the Louvre. Met Hamilton Field⁸⁴² there. He had crossed with the Cannons, and liked Harry. Scott's spirits rose.

I lunched with the Reinachs, who spent the time quarrelling about the telephone.

Scott came at 2 and Reinach took us to see an unimportant private collection, and then to *Les Indépendants*. What horrors!

Then, after a turn in the Bois, we called on the Fields, and then went to St. Cloud and had dinner with Neith and Hutch. Boyce⁸⁴³ was very sweet. Nothing very interesting was said. Got home at 11, rather tired. I felt very ill.

[0119] Monday, Apr. 6, 1908

Paris to Milan with Scott.

Got the plasmon biscuits and our sleeping car tickets, and then went to the Louvre, which we had to ourselves. I was suddenly taken very unwell, which quite upset my mind, and I confused hours and lunched (at the Lapérouse) an hour too soon. Really it's a curse to be a woman!

The train was very comfortable. There was no one else in it and the porter gave us a huge salon to ourselves, fortunately divisible in two for sleeping.

We felt we were accumulating police court evidence, but on the principle of the tipsy Irishman who showed with glee a return ticket and said, "And *I'm not coming back!*"

[0120] Tuesday, Apr. 7, 1908

I Tatti.

Scott.

We reached Milan at 7.20. I was frightfully unwell and did not know how to get on, but somehow pulled through. We went for half an hour to the Duomo. We both slept most of the way to Pistoia. Crossed the Appenines in the rain, but the sun came out for our arrival.

Bernhard was at his Committee, and did not get back till after Algar had arrived. We had amusing talk at dinner. Algar is awfully keen on the Elixir "El Zair".

⁸⁴² Hamilton Easter Field (1873–1922) was an American artist, art patron, connoisseur, and teacher, as well as critic, publisher, and dealer.

⁸⁴³ Neith Boyce Hutchins (1872–1951), a novelist and playwright. She married Hutchins Hapgood on June 22, 1899. A founder of the Provincetown Players.



[0121] Wednesday, Apr. 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Scott.

Lunched at Placci's with Salvemini and Schlumberger.

Bernhard went to Brauer's and I picked Scott up at the Uffizi.

Chatted in evening.

[photo of the *grotta* and retaining wall at Gamberaia]

[0122] Thursday, Apr. 9, 1908

Scott.

Alberto and Houghton came up to lunch, and Alberto played Bach *divinely*.

The Cannons came in, and a little later, to fetch Alberto, his father and a Mr. MacMillan — a brutish looking American millionaire.

I believe Mr. Spalding is paying heavily for this American tour of Alberto's, on which he is supposed to get \$600 a night! They are evidently determined to advertize the boy. What a shame it is not to let him get any education first, to have so little chance of development.

Miss Elizabeth Sergeant,⁸⁴⁴ a friend of Florence's, came to dine. Rather pretty, rather nice, not very important.

Algar and Douglas Ainslie came to call. Ainslie is an intolerable bore, and the most conceited man I know.

Young Henry Cannon seems very nice. He is reserved, but smiles sympathetically, and has nice blue eyes that meet yours readily.

[0123] Friday, Apr. 10, 1908

Fine.

Frau von Grunelius came to lunch.

I left early to meet Rukhmambai, and then met Scott and Harry Cannon at the Uffizi. **They let me stay for an hour after it was closed, and Scott with me. It was delightful!**

Then we called for Maud, who was enchanted to see again the young man's "decadent and austere face." **She said that Lesbianism was unknown in the Turkish harems of the Princesses she visited.** She was rather nice, and we sat up till nearly midnight talking.

[0124] Saturday, Apr. 11, 1908

Scott.

Placci with his friend Count Seebach, the *Hofintendant* of the Dresden Theatre and Opera, came to lunch, also Horne and Alberto.

Alberto played us Bach after lunch — gloriously.

The Cannons came in, *père et fils*.

⁸⁴⁴ Perhaps Mary wrote 'Sargeant'?



Salvemini came to dine. He is somehow the dearest, severest intellect I know.

[0125] Sunday, Apr. 12, 1908

Fine.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

Count Lanckoronski came to lunch and talked steadily but not unpleasantly for 3 1/2 hours.

Rukhmabai arrived, with her gentle voice and ways, and the silent impressiveness of her character.

The Marquands of Princeton called, and then Cannon in his motor, weighed down (as usual) with Miss Jones & Co.

We all went to the Gamberaia, which was looking very lovely. But the company was *molto peso*.

In the evening Rukhmabai and Scott and I went down to hear Alberto play — one of those deadly receptions so dear to his mama's heart. Scott was horripilated at the whole atmosphere. Rukhmabai was wonderful in the midst of that company of overdressed ladies. And she so simply said afterwards, "How grand it was! What a splendid house! How beautifully the ladies were dressed."

Albert played Mozart and Schubert. Scott got perfectly furious with me for objecting to the Schubert. I was rather pedantic and heavy.

[0126] Monday, Apr. 13, 1908

Rain.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

We went to Cannons' to lunch, Rukhmabai and I by tram and Scott and B.B. walking.

Heavy lunch, weighted down by commonplace, fat Miss Jones and her totally deaf aunt, Mrs. Caley. Cannon asked me what he should give Scott and we settled on all expenses from London and ten pounds a week. Scott was awfully pleased when I told him. His first earned money! How well I remember mine — 10/6 for an article on the Marches in *The Woman's*



World.⁸⁴⁵

We talked with Rukhmabai all evening.

O but I forgot. The Serristori and Placci came, and Frau von Grunelius. Rukhmabai was charming with them — so simple and sincere.

[0127] Tuesday, Apr. 14, 1908

Cool damp.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

Chatted with dear Rukhmabai.

Geoffrey went down to lunch with Houghton, where I picked him up and took him to call on Maud. Then we went to the Thorolds, and I ordered the famous Elixir. What is there should be something in it? But I can't believe it. It would be wonderful to *feel young* again, without losing one's experience. I can hardly imagine it.

Pastor,⁸⁴⁶ the Viennese historian, came to dine. Scott and I sat up talking awhile. He has so few foibles and youthfulnesses it is rather a comfort to find he does like talking about himself!

Bernhard had a sitting of his Committee. It was mostly fine speeches.

[0128] Wednesday, Apr. 15, 1908

I Tatti.

Glorious day.

Scott.

Chatted with Rukhmabai and Scott in the morning. Rukhmabai's friends, the missionaries, came up after lunch and stayed and stayed — very boring. Finally they went, and alas Rukhmabai with them.

Then came Alberto, and he and Geoffrey and I drove to Settignano and walked up to the Bagazzano and had tea — such a glorious day, and such views! I sowed the seed in Alberto's mind about getting out of his horrible

⁸⁴⁵ A mistake for *The Woman's Herald*, published from 1891 to 1893.

See the entry in Mary's diary for 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*."

The Woman's Signal was a weekly British feminist magazine from 1894 to 1899, edited by Lady Henry Somerset, Annie Holdsworth and Florence Fenwick-Miller. Although primarily a temperance paper, it dealt with several feminist issues including fair wages.

It began life as *The Women's Penny Paper* (1888-1890), edited by Helena B. Temple (Henrietta Müller), later becoming *The Woman's Herald* (1891-1893).

In 1892, Mrs Frank Morrison became editor, followed by **Christina Bremner**, then by **Lady Henry Somerset** in 1893. It was bought out by Lady Henry and renamed *The Woman's Signal*. Florence Fenwick-Miller bought the paper in 1895 and was the editor and sole proprietor until its demise in 1899.

⁸⁴⁶ Ludwig von Pastor (1854-1928), *The history of the popes, from the close of the Middle Ages* (London: P. Kegan, Trench, Trübner, 1894-). **Biblioteca Berenson BX955 .P35 1894**



family life and spending a year in Oxford. He will think of it a good deal.

When we came back we sat in the garden and watched the golden moon slowly creep around the cypresses, lighting up the garden in an extraordinary way.

In the evening we talked a good deal of our different ways of taking human relations. B.B. and Scott only really want enough of a person to set them dreaming. I am sure it is partly that they have very little energy. Actuality is too tiring.

After Bernhard went to bed, Geoffrey got from me notes of all we have done since London, and also of our motor trip two years ago — just two years.

[0129] Thursday, Apr. 16, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Cloudy.

Geoffrey went at 8, Cannon's motor coming for him. I *loved* having him, but there is also a pleasure in the freedom now, not to be preoccupied, to have leisure to attend to all sorts of little things that are perhaps dull in themselves, but which become positively annoying if they *aren't* attended to. And when Scott is here, as I know it can't be for long, and as I do so intensely enjoy talking with him, I do put everything else aside — and then small, boring things accumulate into a positive swarm of gnats. Still I hate to have him go. I wish he were always here — then I could take him in a more commonplace way.

Mrs. Spalding, very much over-dressed, came to tea bringing her still more over-dressed Mother and sister-in-law, and that brutal Mr. MacMillan.

Corradini also came to call.

[0130] Friday, Apr. 17, 1908

Scirocco. Rain. Clearing.

Went down in the morning to sign for mortgage for Brauer's loan of 50000 francs.

Called on Agnes, who is ill in bed.

"G. Face" — Balfour Gardiner, the composer, and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Austen came to lunch and stayed till 4.

Walked in woods.

The von Heiroths came to dine. Good story of a painter who was dying, to whom the priest said, "*Vous allez voir Dieu le père face à face.*" "*Mais comment? Toujours en face? Jamais in profil?*"



Also another tale of the Princess Radziwill ("Bichetti")⁸⁴⁷ who was observed to be very sad at a dinner. Some one asked her why she looked so downcast. "*Que voulez-vous? J'étais placée entre un homme impuissant et un pédéraste!*"

[0131] Saturday, Apr. 18, 1908

Rainy.

Miss Priestley and Col. Burn Murdoch came to lunch.

Florence Blood came, in spite of the rain, and drove me over to La Doccia where Sachem⁸⁴⁸ Cannon⁸⁴⁹ and Miss Jones were as boring as usual. They have the gift of taking hold of everything by the least significant aspect.

[photo of bowling green at Gamberaia with dog on the grass]

[0132] <Easter Sunday> Sunday, Apr. 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Pouring.

Horrible day. Miss Sergeant came to lunch, but I really can't see much in her, in spite of Florence Reynolds' affection for her. I have tried. I took her to call on Aunt Janet.

Algar and Theresa and Douglas Ainslie came to dine. Algar was entirely charming. I warned him that von Heiroth was up to his little game of momentary discretion, and would certainly desert the pretty lady if anything happened and he found it out. Algar said that was just what he feared.

⁸⁴⁷ Bichetti?

Perhaps la princesse Radziwill, née Louise Blanc (1854-1911)

Léon Radziwill (1880-1927) Son père est le prince Constantin Radziwill (1850-1920) et sa mère **la princesse Radziwill, née Louise Blanc (1854-1911)**, richissime héritière de Marie Blanc, veuve de François Blanc, fondateur de la Société des bains de mer et du Cercle des étrangers de Monte-Carlo décédé en 1877.

⁸⁴⁸

⁸⁴⁹ Sachem? A name for an Indian chief?

Henry White Cannon (1850-1934), a banker and Comptroller of the Currency from 1884 to 1886, later president of **the Chase National Bank** of New York where he was elected chairman of the board in 1904.

Cannon evidently married Miss Anna Maxwell <Myrtie> Jones in 1930 at the age of 79.

See *Prominent Families of New York* (1897), p. 96:

His father, George Bliss Cannon

When barely twenty-one years of age, he successfully organized a National Bank in Stillwater, Minn., and became its president.

In 1892 he was one of the U.S. representatives to the International Monetary Conference held at Brussels, Belgium.

In 1879, Mr. Cannon married Jennie O. Curtis, daughter of Gould J. Curtis, a prominent member of the Minnesota bar and a native of Madison County, N. Y.

Their two sons, George C. Cannon, born in 1882, and Henry White Cannon, Jr., born in 1887.

the Metropolitan Museum of Art



We're both reading Anatole France's *Jeanne d'Arc*.⁸⁵⁰

[0133] Monday, Apr. 20, 1908

I Tatti.

Very cold.

M. J. Rendall

Miss Alexander returned, having done very little in the month, but extremely garrulous about the doings at the Priore's. She has not asked me a thing about Mother or the Children or anything I did in England, although she overwhelmed me with details (not all of them unhumorous, I must say in her favour) about the Priore and his servants and the priests.

What an *anful* person she is, though! We *have* been sold in getting her. 160 pounds absolutely thrown away, plus endless boredom and nuisance.

The Marquands came to lunch, and Gronau. It was awfully dull. I called on various people in the afternoon — all out — and came back to find the Serristori and Dedo⁸⁵¹ — dear little chap!

Rendall (second master of Winchester) came to dine and sleep, and Miss Blood to dine.

We spoke (guardedly) of falling in love with boys, which he is evidently much inclined to — *en toute honneur*, I suppose, but very absorbingly. He adores Raymond Asquith, among others.

[0134] Tuesday, Apr. 21, 1908

SNOW!!

Mr. Rendall, Perkins.

Houghton, Garrett and Mrs. Andrews came to lunch. Mrs. Andrews told a good darkey story of a young nigger who was keeping company with a young negress and one day he met her walking down the street with another nigger whose arm was round her waist. He marched up furious and said, "Amanda, tell dat dere nigger to take his arm off round yo' waist."

"Tell him yo'self," she replied scornfully, "de gen'l'man ain a puffick stranger to me."

I called for Mr. Cannon, but the snow prevented our expedition, so he came here for tea. He is afflicted with long-winded aphasia, poor man.

⁸⁵⁰ Anatole France (1844-1924), *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1908).

Biblioteca Berenson DC103 .F7 1908

⁸⁵¹ La contessa Hortense Serristori nata Hortense de la Gândara y Plazaola (1871-1960) sposò in giovane età il conte fiorentino Umberto Serristori (Figline Valdarno).

Stabilita la propria residenza principale a Firenze, fu nominata dama di palazzo della regina Elena d'Italiae per questa ragione soggiornò per lunghi periodi nella capitale.

In virtù della posizione occupata in seno alla corte di Roma, la contessa Serristori fu per tutta la vita a contatto con i più illustri esponenti della società e della cultura dell'Europa della prima metà del XX secolo.

Ebbe due figli dal conte Serristori: Sofia, che sposò il conte Bossi-Pucci, e **Dedo**, morto tragicamente durante la prima guerra mondiale.



Later, I went to the Gamberaia and met Mr. Rendall and we watched a snow-storm and a tragic sunset, and walked home in the rain. Rendall is not really interesting, though he seems as if he ought to be.

Perkins came for the night.

[0135] Wednesday, Apr. 22, 1908

Cold but charming.

Perkins.

Mrs. Flower, Benn and Corweh came to lunch. Dull.

Miss Alexander and I called on Mrs. Stuart and her father, Mr. MacMillan at Rovezzano.

Placci was here when I returned, making plans for the Sicilian trip.

The Lawsons called. B.B. and I dined at Aunt Janet's with the Markbys.

Karin's Ball was tonight. I hope it went off well, and that she could hear.

[0136] Thursday, Apr. 23, 1908

Cold. Clearing.

Really did some work in morning. Miss Alexander worse than useless. She can't even catalogue the books. She comes at 10, chatters all she can, hangs round with guests after lunch till 3 and goes home. She has been an unmitigated failure.

The Erreras (Brussels) came to lunch, he intelligent and pleasant, she too awful for words, the daughter nice. They stayed and stayed.

Kenworthy-Browns called.

The Serristori and

Rembielinski came early and stayed late. I got awfully tired. He said that Mrs. Spalding's intimate friend, Mme Alexandrowski, was a cocotte from Odessa (she looks it!), who was *entretenu* for some years by a Milanese draper. She was at one time Halpert's mistress, and when he began his liaison with the princess Strozzi,⁸⁵² he brought her here to keep a *maison de rendezvous* for them. It is amusing to think of her being now *nichée* among all those silly rich blind Americans. For us, of course, her mere appearance sufficed.

Mrs. Ripley and her daughter called.

Quiet evening.

[0137] Friday, Apr. 24, 1908

Cold. Clearing.

Actually worked in morning a little, and grappled much with household matters.

⁸⁵² Karol Ludwik Halpert 1873–1931

Alexandrowski

... mother remained wholly unreconciled to the marriage despite the presence in London of her sister, Mme. de **Halpert, formerly Princess Strozzi**, who had ...

Zofia Branicka Halpert (1871-1935), ex-wife of Strozzi



Placci brought Mme. de Cossé-Brissac and her mother and Schlumberger to tea. They were very pleasant.

We dined with Miss Blood and the beautiful Princess.

Bernhard said he didn't want Scott here when he came back, as his presence distracted me from my work. I am awfully sorry. There are so few people I care about, **and I am fond of Scott**. And goodness me, what do a few lists more or less type-written amount to compared to what keeps life going, which is one's affection for people?

Bernhard doesn't need to see the people he loves (or thinks he loves), but I do, otherwise it all fades into commonplace. And I care for so few. Yet of course Bernhard is my first care, and I don't want to make him uncomfortable. But I am awfully sorry he is so selfish about it. If I saw he cared for anyone, I shouldn't mind a bit having "the regular order of life" somewhat upset. Besides, **he is planning motor trips with Miss Blood and the Serristori**, which are far more distracting than my talks with Scott. But then that is *his*, so of course it seems perfect to him. As for me, I am rather bored with so much Serristori and Rembielinski.

[0138] Saturday, Apr. 25, 1908

Cold. Heavy rain.

Got Venetian photographs in order.

Bernhard went to call on Mrs. Cooper Hewitt and beautiful Mrs. Edward Thomas. Mrs. Cooper Hewitt went to the gallery with him, in spite of having an awful asthma.

Cannon called on me, very affectionate, but afflicted with long-winded aphasia as usual. He stayed till 5.30 and then Britten arrived from Venice.

Heavy snow in England!

[0139] Sunday, Apr. 26, 1908

Windy. Cold. Clear.

Somehow did nothing. Took Britten to Gamberaia where I had a most dull conversation with Mrs. Acton.

The Serristori, Rembielinski, Baron Sturum, Mme. de Cossé-Brissac, her mother and Schlumberger called here.

Went with Britten to this concert. Alberto played divinely. Pugno is splendid.

[concert program pasted down]

[0140] Monday, Apr. 27, 1908

Cold. Dull.

Worked.

Drove to town. Signed proema for Ammanati.

Called on pretty Mrs. Edward Thomas, then on beautiful Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt who was ill with bronchitis, and then on Agnes, in bed.

Got home hardly in time to dress for dinner. Mrs. and Miss Ripley, Mr.



Robinson (a tall, very nice, very young American) and Algar came to dine. They stayed late.

Awfully nice letter from Geoffrey about Paestum. He and Harry⁸⁵³ are getting on splendidly.

[concert program of Spalding and Pugno pasted down]

⁸⁵³ 'Harry', Henry White Cannon, Jr., born in 1887.



The Trip to Naples and Sicily, April 28-June 8, 1908

[0141] Tuesday, Apr. 28, 1908

Fine day at last.

Packed and settled accounts.

Alberto, Pugno and Mrs. Spalding came to lunch, also Mr. Trent, Prof. of Literature at Columbia. Pugno was most entertaining with tales of Kings and Emperors. He and Ysaye played to the Spanish Court, and the Queen Mother made a sign to her son to go up and be polite to them. So he asked Pugno what was the cross he wore. "From the Sultan." "What Sultan?"

"*Enfin le Sultan — de Constantinople.*" "Ah."

Then, turning to Ysaye, "*Est-ce longtemps que vous jouez ça?*"

"*Majesté, nous jouons ça toute notre vie.*"

Afterwards we called with Miss Blood on Cannon but were all depressed by old Pres. White, the biggest bore alive, I think, though a good, nice man otherwise.

In the evening we went to Alberto's second concert,⁸⁵⁴ but did not stay for the Franck. The Mozart was utterly divine! He played (Pugno) a Liszt and a Chopin encore, rotten both.

[0142] Wednesday, Apr. 29, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples.⁸⁵⁵

Fine.

Left at 11.50, Alberto, his Mother, Pugno and Bimboni travelling by the same train. Alberto said he was thinking seriously of Oxford.

Gladys met us at Rome and talked for an hour on the platform. She was radiant, astonishing, super- or sub-human. Alberto was utterly enchanted, exactly as Ray was. He said it enlarged his conception of human nature, that it was enough to have seen her once, to know that she existed. He said he would like to play and play in the vain but fascinating attempt to become a cause in the chain of movements or emotions that made up her life. And he got out his violin and did play for hours on the train, so I vicariously benefited! He fully understood, nice boy, what is meant by amour art, that delicious "third category".

We reached here on time, and were met by a luxurious motor.

I found a letter from Alys, saying she is to have an operation for a lump in her breast. I felt very anxious.

[0143] Thursday, Apr. 30, 1908

Heavenly.

La Floridiana.

Went to the Museum. Great disappointment — the "antiques" were only

⁸⁵⁴ An arrow points to the concert program pasted down on the previous page

⁸⁵⁵ Where Mrs. Harrison lives? See ed. Hadley, p. 344, 352, 357, 373, 395.



too obviously dull copies, and the pictures seemed very uninteresting. B.B. is wild to *approfondir* the local Neapolitan school!

In the afternoon we went to Alberto's concert. He and Pugno both played delightfully.

Conte Castel Maurigi⁸⁵⁶ came with us. He is Ethel Harrison's "latest", a handsome young cavalry officer. She was very frank with B.B. about it, and asked if we "minded" his coming along to Paestum. Why should we? She is free and rich and likes having lovers.

[space left for a photograph which apparently was not pasted down]

[0144] XX⁸⁵⁷ Friday, May 1, 1908

Hotel de Londres, La Cava.

Glorious.

A terrible motor-ride of 4 hours, over impossible, dusty and jolting roads, till at noon a wheel gave out, and we had lunch in a divinely flowered field near Paestum. What air, what mountains — and what a lunch!

Ethel played with Castel Maurigi's hair, and they exchanged glances every now and then which clearly meant "Tonight —!!"

We had 3 1/2 hours at the Temples. The one to Poseidon is a marvellous transfiguration of Common Sense, and you feel as if nothing more were needed in the universe by plain, reasonable Weight and Support. Oh yes, and colour too, and light.

We watched the shadows coming, and the rooks,⁸⁵⁸ and then came back to this most comfortable hotel to dine and sleep (?). We had the discretion to be tired, and went to bed early. As I was unwell and racked with pain from the awful road, I was very glad to do so.

[0145] Saturday, May 2, 1908

La Floridiana.

Glorious.

Un jour entre les jours!

Bernhard and I drove to Corpo di Cava, while the others took a doubtless well-earned morning sleep.

Then we motored to Amalfi, where we had lunch, and then on to Sorrento, where we arrived at the Hotel Tramontano just as Major Davis (Ethel's father) got there with his yacht, the Nausicaa. We had tea, and then the divinest yacht-ride back to Naples, watching Vesuvius turn from a sinister monster into a glowing amethyst.

[0146] Sunday, May 3, 1908

La Floridiana.

⁸⁵⁶ ?

⁸⁵⁷ What is the meaning of the 'XX'? An indication of a great day?

⁸⁵⁸ The rook (*Corvus frugilegus*) is a member of the family Corvidae in the passerine order of birds.



Glorious.

Bernhard and I were driven down to the Museo with Ethel's Maltese ponies, and we studied the Neapolitan school!

A Mr. Fraser came to lunch and told about a Mr. Beavan who was crazy on 3 points, dancing-pumps, the Royal family and Religion. He would always introduce dancing-pumps into no matter how short a conversation, and generally the other subjects as well. For instance, he went for a drive with Fraser and an Egyptian Judge and began, "Do you wear a fez?"

"Yes, on state occasions I have to."

"At Court balls also?"

"Yes."

"And what do you wear on your feet?" ...

"With bows or buckles?" the invariable question, followed by an offer to send him a pair from a fashionable boot maker with whom he had a standing account!

In the afternoon B.B. and I went to see Donna Nora Ruffo, who told us all about her quarrel with Ethel. She was very frank and simple, and charmingly ladylike, though she said what *No* English girl could possibly have brought herself to say, that she had had the misfortune to fall desperately in love with a married man!!

[0147] Monday, May 4, 1908

We had an early lunch (Bernhard went to the Museo with Nora Ruffo), and went in the yacht round Ischia. Too beautiful for words.

The Duke and Duchess Riario Sforza came to dinner. It seemed very dull, but Ethel said it was witty and brilliant for Naples! She herself is not a person who cares for conversation. She cares really for nothing but love-making. Of course she had Castel Maurigi to dine, and we left him with her. He looks very handsome.

[0148] Tuesday, May 5, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine.

Castel Maurigi came to "see Churches", i.e., to sit in them holding Ethel's hand, while Bernhard and I took notes on the pictures. We saw Santa Maria Nuova, the Incoronata, S. Pietro Martire, S. Marcellino (fine cloister), and SS. Severino e Sosio.

The Princess Candriano came to call, very pretty and amusing, looking much younger since the separation from her husband.

Then Ethel and B.B. and I motored up to Camaldoli and walked down by a beautiful path through the woods. Ethel said she was "studying" how to have another baby (which is what she cares for almost as much as having lovers). Unfortunately her husband, in waiving a divorce for a separation, put in the clause that there were to be no more children. It seems a pity, as she is so healthy and rich and so longs to have them!



[0149] Wednesday, May 6, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine but scirocco.

Saw S. Gennaro dei Poveri in morning, also S. Filippo Neri and the Duomo.

In the afternoon motored to Licola (the Royal Hunting Preserve) along absolutely *the most marvellous* avenue of umbrella pines ever imagined! Passed the Lake of Avernus coming back.

The roads about Naples are horrible, so dusty and full of jolts.

I have read a most silly biography of Lady Hamilton by an idiot called Jeaffreson.⁸⁵⁹

[0150] Thursday, May 7, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine.

Saw churches with Ethel in morning. She was amused by a 12-page letter from Castel Maurigi,⁸⁶⁰ whom she had seen the day before, and was to see again in the afternoon.

How enthusiastic youth it!" she said, rather mockingly. Then she confessed that she had never had a *sentiment* in her life, and burnt all the love-letters she received without the slightest compunction. She likes to get them, as they flatter her vanity, and her one point of vanity is to be sexually attractive. I do not think she cares at all for her children, once babyhood is passed. The only emotions she has are erotic. Yet she is so frank and natural, one likes her.

In the afternoon Nora Ruffo took us to see churches — Monteoliveto and San Gregorio degli Armeni, a rococo convent church, with its old finery untouched, all the gilding mellowed to a delicious richness — one of the most soothing meeting places, as colour, I ever was in.

Curiously, both she and I were feeling very seasick, and I was seized with nausea and diarrhoea when I got back — poisoned by some shellfish we had at lunch.

[0151] Friday, May 8, 1908

Train to Messina

Fine.

I was in bed all day with my "poisoning". I felt horribly weak and headachey and packing was torture. However, I got it done by bits, and we left by the 7.20 train with Placci. The night was horrible.

Bernhard took Placci, the Princess Candriano to the gallery and returned

⁸⁵⁹ John Cordy Jeaffreson (1831-1901), *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson* (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1888).

⁸⁶⁰ ? Giovanni Maurigi, 5° Marchese di Castel Maurigi (scritto anche Castel Maurigi), Barone delle Chiuse (Palermo, 1843-1919)

His son: Giovanni? Carlo?



to lunch with her, Ethel joining them. The Princess said privately that she was delighted to have that chance of rendering hospitality to Ethel without involving any Neapolitans, for Ethel (partly on account of her liaison with the Duca d'Aosta) is no more a *persona grata* in Neapolitan society. Bernhard was shocked, for Ethel had told him that the Princess Candriano was her best friend!

[0152] Hotel San Domenico, Taormina, Saturday, May 9, 1908

Messina. Taormina, Hotel San Domenico.

Glorious.

Arrived at Messina at 9, met by Salvemini. Fresh, lovely day.

We found Messina a very sympathetic town. San Gregorio is in a glorious position, and some of the palatial architecture, especially the Monte di Pietà, was very fine.

After lunch I rested for two hours and then we went up to a military station, over 1,000 m. high, from which we saw Calabria on one side, and Etna and the Lipari islands on the other. It was *most beautiful*.

At 6 we started with Albert Henraux in his motor — **with unpuncturable tyres!** — for Taormina, riding through orange groves of overpowering fragrance. Salvemini came with us, and the luggage followed in Lucien's motor, Lucien being still in Paris for his exhibition of drawings.

We arrived here at 9.

Baroness French was here, and we chatted a little in the evening.

[0153] Sunday, May 10, 1908

Motoring trip.

Taormina.

Heavenly.

What a place! What weather! What roses and orange blossoms! One understands what was originally meant by poets (Provençal and in Court of Frederick of Sicily, and copied ever since by Northern poets!) singing of May. This is it, here in the South, where May flings a rich veil of flowers over even the rocks.

Bernhard and I went to lunch with "the most noted Bugger in England", the Hon. Bertie Stopford.⁸⁶¹ Placci had an attack of virtue and wouldn't let Albert⁸⁶² go, and so couldn't go himself.

But he was all ears, when we returned, and full of obscene insinuations about "Don Pedrù", the little boy, brown as a berry, who follows Stopford

⁸⁶¹ Albert Henry Stopford (1860-1939), known as 'Bertie', was a dealer specialising in Fabergé and Cartier and diplomatic courier; he was an intimate of the Romanovs. He rescued the jewels of Grand Duchess Vladimir the Elder during the Russian Revolution. Within months of his return to London in 1917 he was embroiled in a homosexual scandal (caught in Hyde Park) and a trial at the Old Bailey. He served in Wormwood Scrubs in 1918/1919.

⁸⁶² Albert Henraux



everywhere like a dog, and also about Stopford's fat, decadent looking stockbroker friend, Mr. Weylin, who is staying with him.

Placci has chosen **Sodomy** as the "Light motive" of conversation on this trip, and he finds many amusing things to say about it. Stopford solemnly assured B.B. there was no such thing at Taormina except with Germans! Why is it known as "*il vizio inglese*"?

We saw the sunset from the Greek Theatre.

[0154] Monday, May 11, 1908

Motor Trip.

Hotel Belvedere, Castrogiovanni.

Perfect.

Left at 8.

Mistook Acireale for Catania, but couldn't make Baedeker fit. Saw Cyclops, and Catania, passed Misterbianco and Licodia, Paternò and Aderico (Norman tower and rococo convent), and entered a *most beautiful* Theocritan valley, leading up to Regalbuto, with a perfectly horrible road for the motor. Fortunately, Albert has the new unpuncturable tyres.

Passed Agira, which looks too lovely from the other side, and Leonforte, and climbed up here. From the hotel there is the most heavenly view of Etna and range upon range of mountains and hills, and a most romantic grey town, Calacibetta, in the foreground. We are nearly 3,000 feet up. It is a most lovely place!

Placci and I both felt ill with diarrhoea, and I had an awful night, but at least it got me up to see the sunrise, which was glorious.

The say seems like 100 years, so crammed full of beauty and interest. This was the ancient Enna, the centre of the Demeter cult.

[0155] Tuesday, May 12, 1908

Motor Trip.

Grand Hotel, Syracuse

Left at 8. A lovely slide down to the Lago Perguso, where Pluto carried off Proserpina. Thence through flowery meadows to Piazza Armerina, and by a duller road to Calagirone. From there to Vizzini, where we wasted hours trying to see an Antonio da Saliba which is apparently no longer there.

Thence to Militello, where we found a profile by Laurana (in S. Giovanni) and a fine carved portal of his school (S. N. Vetere).

At Scordia we took the wrong turn and got onto a perfectly awful path (it was no more) around the Lago di Lentini. This took us hours, so that we had to rush through Lentini and Carlentini, and reached here only at 9. It is an *awfully* noisy hotel, just opposite the place of embarkation, and they are shipping building stones to Genoa!

[0156] Wednesday, May 13, 1908

Motor Tour.



Grand Hotel, Siracusa.

Perfect.

Saw the town, Lucien arrived.

Motored to the Scala Greca, then to **Euryalos, and then to the ***Greek Theatre. Too delightful.

It is the best trip we ever had.

[an article pasted down]

[0157] Thursday, May 14, 1908

Motor Tour.

Albergo della Stella, Modica.

Perfect. Scirocco begins.

Went up the Anapus — a perfect se ___, for they had cut *all* the papyrus, and we were broiled in a dull ditch! But we laughed heartily.

In the afternoon we motored to Modica, stopping at Noto to see the Laurana in the Chiesa del Crocifisso and the Gagini in S. Chiara. Noto is a fine late XVII town.

The inn at Modica is *awful*, noisy, dirty and with incredibly slow service. Bernhard fainted dead away with noise and heat and fatigue at dinner, and afterwards was very sick.

The Marchese Tedeschi, a young man of 27, father of four children, sent us a bottle of wine 61 years old and came to see us.

Fleas awful!

[0158] Friday, May 15, 1908

Motoring Tour.

Hotel des Temples, Girgenti.

Scirocco.

Motored in great heat through Ragusa, Corniso, Vittoria, Terranova, Licata and Palme here. The inn (Trinacria) at Terranova was excellent, but the prices the most exorbitant we ever encountered. They tried to charge us 76 f. for the luncheon, and we could only get it down to 63!

The view between Ragusa and Corniso was *glorious*, and also after Palme, approaching Girgenti. It is the only way to approach this town.

We had lemonade in the Temple. Albert's tyre was spoiled by the *awful* road.

Alys is doing well after her operation.

I kept Bernhard alive during the day by pouring lavender water down his spine. It is a splendid thing for coolness.

It is useless to speak of those Temples. We enjoyed them unforgettably.

[0159] Saturday, May 16, 1908

Motoring Tour.

Scirocco.

Saw Girgenti in morning.



A little boy with beautiful eyes, who winked at the men in a very provocative way, followed us everywhere. We called him "Pasqualuccio" after Augustus Hare's little shepherd boy at the Temples. Hare was what Placci calls an "Archi-bugger".

Went to the Temples after tea. The scirocco suddenly cleared away. The moonrise was most beautiful.

[0160] Sunday, May 17, 1908

Albergo Bixio, Castelvetro.

Very hot.

Started at 8.30 and saw Sciacca, with a very interesting Madonna by Laurana, very wicked looking, and some Gagini.

Got to Selinunte for tea, and had gorgeous sunset and view. I felt rather sick, and must have had a *coup de soleil*, for it was frightfully hot, and we did not lunch till 2.

[0161] Monday, May 18, 1908

Grand Hotel, Trapani.

Cooler.

Got to Mazzara and saw a most amusing church heavily decorated with reliefs. A small boy in the crowd had an absolutely Greek profile, with those eyes set in that marvellous way. It was too wonderful!

We had lunch at Marsala and saw the town and the harbour. Some tombs by Dom. Gagini.⁸⁶³ Then we went to Salemi and saw a very romantic St. Julian by *Dom. Gagini — a fascinating and romantic figure.

The road from Salemi to Calatafimi was delicious — actually shaded in parts, a thing extremely rare in Sicily.

Tea and sunset at Segesta —!

The Garibaldi monument looks exactly like the remains of some cult of Phallic Worship.

[0162] Tuesday, May 19, 1908

Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Cooler.

Saw the Madonna di Trapani, a fine Dom. Gagini dressed from head to foot in a garment woven of offerings of jewels — rings, pins, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, watches, etc. Saw also the Museo which Conte Pepoli is putting in order.

Went up Monte S. Giuliano — fine view. Coast-line marvellous.

Motored through Castellammare (superb view descending from it) to Alcamo, where we found nothing, and then here, arriving late.

Ray's Tripos began today. She reports herself calm and resigned.

⁸⁶³ Domenico Gagini (Bissone, c. 1425–30 - Palermo, 29–30 September 1492) was a Swiss-Italian sculptor who was active in Northern as well as Southern Italy.



[0163] Wednesday, May 20, 1908

Palermo.

Fine.

Saw Museo. Telegraphed to Ray.

Saw Baron Chiaramonte Bordonaro's collection in the afternoon, had tea there and then drove along the Marina, and then called on Lina,⁸⁶⁴ with whom we had lunched at the restaurant Parigi, Palazzo Rudini, Quattro Canti della Città.

Wrote letters and talked all evening about Sodomy. The Henraux boys see nothing but low vice in it, ditto Placci, really.

[0164] Thursday, May 21, 1908

Motoring Trip, Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Not too hot. Fine.

Saw the Capella Palatina, the Duomo, and St. Salvatore and the Chiesa del Cancelliere in morning.

Went to lunch with Trabias. Their great palace on the Marina seems to me the most ideal dwelling place I have *ever* seen — such large cool rooms, such flower-grown terraces, such a view! About 12 men servants received us, and the luncheon was very grand. The Princess is a very charming woman but B.B. says she has been miserably unhappy with her husband, who has treated her quite brutally.

The Poetess, Mme. de Noailles was there — *un vrai type* — but full of interesting talk, and rather vital. But she was awful when she began to recite her own poems.

Then we went to Monreale by tram, the Prince coming in his motor to see how we liked it.

In the evening Lina and Aubrey Waterfield came to dine, and Signor Petri to call.

Awfully tired.

[0165] Friday, May 22, 1908

Motoring Trip, Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Fine. Dusty.

Started at 8.30 and motored to Termini, which we explored. Then on to Cefalù with its fine Norman Cathedral, an Antonello portrait in the Liceo, and endless Fleas. We were all scratching and catching.

Then we motored to Castelbuono and saw some dismal Antonio da Salibas,⁸⁶⁵ and then tried to find the "Primeval forest of cork trees", but did not succeed. We doubt if it exists! Then we came back, part of the time by

⁸⁶⁴ Lina Waterfield?

⁸⁶⁵ Antonio de Saliba, also Antonello de Saliba, (c.1466-c.1535) was an Italian painter. Born around 1466, Antonello de Saliba was the son of Giovanni Resaliba, carver of Maltese origins and whose brother was Antonello da Messina.



the beautiful road of the “Targa Florio”⁸⁶⁶ and partly by the glorious coast. We were dreadfully tired.

I am not sure I should advise most people to do this. They would have to have real enthusiasm to support the boring parts. But I am glad *we* did it.

[0166] Saturday, May 23, 1908

Grand Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Horrible scirocco.

The most awful day! A stifling furnace. We saw Churches, La Gangia, S. Francesco etc. etc., and then went to have lunch with Miss Giuseppe Whitaker. It was deadly as no one really thought of anything else but how soon they could get away and get off their unbearable clothes!

Bernhard however “resisted” and went to the Museo with Salinas,⁸⁶⁷ who says that now that he is Director of Belle Arti in Sicily his whole time is taken up trying to get a government grant to put W.C.’s at Girgenti, Segesta, Selinunte, etc.!

Later we motored to S. M. Gesù and the “Castel del Mare Dolce”, and then up to the Garibaldi monument whence we got a glorious view of Palermo and the plain.

[0167] Sunday, May 24, 1908

Grand Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Rain! a miracle at this season.

Very cool — a refreshing contrast.

Saw churches, including the one of the “Sicilian Vespers”.

Called on Trábias.

[blue ink begins to be used here]

[0168] Monday, May 25, 1908

Motor Trip.

Albergo Progresso, Nicosia

Fine.

We left Palermo rather gladly at 8.30. Our first real stop was Polizzi Generosa. The **road after Cerua was perfect, and very, very beautiful, up and up to over 3,000 feet.

At Polizzi a remarkable Flemish picture, but awful “*picciotti*” (small boys).

The next places were Petralia Soltana e Soprana, then past romantic-looking Gangi to Troina where two little choir boys dressed in red looked at us out of an old tower. Nothing to see there, and a fearful climb. Road superb.

⁸⁶⁶ The Targa Florio was an open road endurance automobile race held in the mountains of Sicily near Palermo. Founded in 1906, it was the oldest sports car racing event, part of the World Sportscar Championship between 1955 and 1973.

⁸⁶⁷ Solinas?



We passed strange-looking *Sperlinga, full of Trogloditi dwellings, and came to still stranger *Nicosia, build on pocky peaks like Le Puy, but more of them and more inhabited. Views superb, and hotel fairly good, kept by "Donna Luisa."

[0169] Tuesday, May 26, 1908

Motor Trip.
Hotel Trinacria, Messina.
Fine.

Left Nicosia early and went along a good road with fine views. Wheel gave out opposite Etna and Bronte.

When we went on we "connoshed" a white, intensely English-looking sort of manor house as Maniace,⁸⁶⁸ which it was.

Placci and I had great sport over an imaginary Lady Susan Hatfield⁸⁶⁹ who paid a visit to Alec Hood⁸⁷⁰ there. Quite like an English country-house party, with that clever novelist, Mr. Hichens,⁸⁷¹ and a Mr. Stopford,⁸⁷² who has a villa at Taormina. Dear Alec was so nice with the boys in the neighbourhood. He taught them to take baths, and even scrubbed them himself. He took her to have a picnic, tea, with Scotch scones, just like home, and the agent's son, such a handsome lad came, and Alec said, you must conform to the customs of the country, and he kissed him. And he has such a good-looking gardener named Pasquale, and another boy as servant who serves sometimes in the army, and Alec makes him put on his uniform and come to tea. He has had photographs taken of some of the boys, who are really like Greek statues, to send to Ronald Gower,⁸⁷³ his great friend, who does sculpture, you know, and begged him to send him photographs of the best models he could find. The boys all seem so happy and so fond of Alec, it is a real pleasure. Alec is very religious too, though a little too High Church for Lady [0168] Susan. He even keeps a couple of

⁸⁶⁸ Maniaci is located about 130 km east of Palermo and about 45 km northwest of Catania. On Bronte and the Castello di Maniace, see Andrew Edwards & Suzanne Edwards, *Sicily: A Literary Guide for Travellers* (London: 2014), p. 132-137.

The Duchy of Bronte was given to Admiral Nelson in 1799 by Ferdinand III. The name 'Bronte' was adopted by the Brontë sisters.

Alexander Hood inhabited Castello Maniace; he hobnobbed with the literati in Taormina, wrote *Sicilian Studies* and was a friend of William Sharp (aka Fiona Macleod). From 1901 until his death in 1905 Sharp spent a great deal of time with Alec Hood.

⁸⁶⁹ Lady Susan Hatfield? An imaginary name?

⁸⁷⁰ Alex Hood lived until 1937 and met D. H. Lawrence.

⁸⁷¹ Hichens

⁸⁷² Albert Henry Stopford (1860-1939). See the entry for

⁸⁷³ Lord Ronald Gower (1845-1916), was a Scottish Liberal politician, sculptor and writer. Gower, who never married, was well known among the homosexual community of the time. Oscar Wilde's story *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.* has been interpreted as a comment on Gower's social circle, and Gower is generally identified as the model for Lord Henry Wotton in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.



candles burning in front of a picture of St. Sebastian, by the quaint painter Sodóma. Etc. etc. We had great fun with Lady Susan.

Visited Randazzo (only St. Martino to see) and then came over a beautiful
**Pass to Milazzo, and over *another to Messina.

[0170] XX Wednesday, May 27, 1908

Motor Trip.

Palazzo del Marchese di S. Caterina, Diego di Francia, Monteleone Calabria.

Cool. Fine.

**A glorious day!! We left Messina by the 7.20 boat and came to S. Giovanni and took train to Reggio, where we saw a little Antonello in the Museo. Albert had to leave us for his military service. Lucien joined us at Reggio, and we motored round the toe of Italy to Gerace, across innumerable "fiumare" with no bridges. We sometimes had to go through the water on donkeys while the lightened motor rushed it. Once the road was so broken-down that Pierre had to mend it before his motor could go on. But the views were superb!

And after Gerace to Polisthena and on to Monteleone we motored through great forests of olives growing as high as elms, a **fairy landscape imagined by Corot and Gainsborough.

We came to this palazzo where the agent, Signor Genovese, received us and gave us a gorgeous dinner. The second son has just died at S. Domenico, and everything points to his having been assassinated. **They think it was a priest who tried to seduce him**, and then arranged what looked like a suicide. The priest in the neighbouring town of Mileto was poisoned this morning in the chalice and also the acolyte, who tasted the wine after him.

[0171] Ascension Day, Thursday, May 28, 1908

Motor Trip.

Signor Achille Fazzari's, Ferdinanda, Stilo (Str. Monasterace)

Rain.

Motored to Serra San Bruno, on a lovely mountain pass. Going on, the Fazzari motor met us, with the son, Spartaco. He took Placci, and in spite of the rain, we all went to Stilo and saw the early Greek churchlet on the mountain side. It was heavenly to be rid of Placci, whose incessant loud chatter drives us nearly wild. He yells out all the things that pass through his head, all the idle speculations, all the commonplace reflections, that most people keep to themselves. One of the enchantments of motoring is the long hours of reverie with a constantly unrolling panorama of beautiful scenery, but Placci won't let you have a minute of it!

Then we came here, a great big establishment, with 40 rooms always ready for guests, and all the modern conveniences, including a first-rate "Monsù" (cook). Old Fazzari was Garibaldi's intimate friend, and lived 5



years at Caprera with him. He is a perfect specimen of a hospitable old patriarch, and talks like the Mille Nuits. He always speaks of Liberty, and is of course a frightful domestic tyrant!

[0172] Friday, May 29, 1908

Hotel Brezia, Catanzaro. (A horrible hotel, with exorbitant prices.)

Glorious.

Left after lunch with great regret after 3 hours talk from old Fazzari chiefly about Garibaldi's love affairs! Mrs. Collins, Giuseppina Raimondi, Battistina, and la Balia Francesca, who became his third wife. We saw Garibaldi's journal, where he put down the temperature and barometric markings every day, the sowing of potatoes, the ____ of calves, and the taking of cities and winning of battles in brief notes. On the evening of the victory at Dijon he wrote to his wife that they had seen the backs of the bravest enemies they had ever encountered; that it was a season of exceptional cold all over Europe, and she must see that the calves are kept warm; that in passing through Marseilles he had seen some nice toys, and she must tell Manlii and Clelia that he would buy them one each on his way back.

We motored through lovely scenery, great chestnut woods, after the immense beach-forest in which Ferdinanda is situated, and through Squillace, a miserable little village, saw the ruins of Roscelletto and came here, where a friend of Fazzari's met us and showed us the Museum and Church. I had an attack of nausea, etc.

[black ink begins to be used here]

[0173] Saturday, May 30, 1908

Albergo Vetere, Cosenza.

Hot.

A very hot morning, but gradually we climbed up the Sila Grande, and after crossing the highest part of the Pass (about 6,000 feet), we came into the most lovely scenery, like the best of Switzerland, but with wider outlooks. "Very beautiful, but not original."

The motor began to go badly, owing to poor benzina, bought at that wretched Catanzaro. The part of our road before the Sila was very desolate, like Africa, Placci said, bare mud mounds and scrub-grown earth-heaps, rising to mountains almost.

The descent to Cosenza was very steep, but beautiful. Still, on another trip, I should leave out Catanzaro and this, if necessary.

Placci's continual chatter is *very* wearing, and we are certainly working up to a quarrel!

We passed through Santa Severina (Castle and Baptistry) and San Giovanni in Fiore, where the women wore a very pretty costume, with this hair in two turned-up braids hanging on their temples.



[0174] Sunday, May 31, 1908

Motor Tour.

Fine.

Albergo Vetere, Casenza (good hotel, though primitive)

Saw the few sights, Cathedral and rivers where Alaric was buried.

Wrote letters. Started late as usual on account of Pierre, who <is> almost as unpunctual as Placci.

Went up the *Pass to Paola — very lovely.

Then through Bisignano to Aciri only to find that the road to Rossano through Longobucco wasn't finished, and the one through Corigliano was broken. So we had to come back here, sending a wire to Giuseppe, who was waiting for us at Rossano. They say the Longobucco road is very beautiful.

[clipping from *The Daily Telegraph*, May 26, 1908, on Rothenstein's "Portrait of Bernhard Berenson", 'a critic and art-historian of great and well-deserved fame']

[0175] Monday, June 1, 1908

Motor Tour.

Albergo Sirino, Lagonegro.

Fine.

Left at 8.30. Our first stop was Terranova. From S. Francesco the ***view over the plain of Sibari watered by the Coscile and the Crati was too beautiful to be believed — quiet, classic, perfect — worth all the journey.

Placci alas did his best to spoil it, fighting with B.B. who was admirable. It ended up with Placci's saying very rudely, "*Tu es le maître de l'auto: tu vas ou tu veux, je dois être très reconnaissant que tu mi permets de t'accompagner*" — the sort of thing no well-bred person could say. Lucien grew as black as thunder.

We stopped a moment at Spezzano Albanese, but the language and costume was better at *Lungro. Then we came through Castelvillari over the *pass to Lagonegro, a beautiful road, beautiful!

[0176] Tuesday, June 2, 1908

Motor Trip.

Albergo Lombardo, Potenza, Basilicata.

Placci apologized very nicely, and peace reigns again!

We left Lagonegro fairly early and came down a lovely mountain road to Padula where we spent hours strolling in the spacious cloisters of the Convento di S. Lorenzo, once the home of 40 rich monks, each with his gib suite of apartment, w.c., garden, open air bath, etc. — the ideal of leisurely, cultivated, spacious life. We revelled in it. It is not a "monument nazionale", but I think we are the first strangers to visit it since Lenormand.⁸⁷⁴

We came on through Áteba - Brienza to Marsico Nuova, over a pass where an army of caterpillars had eaten bare every oak-tree. No road on, so

⁸⁷⁴ ? Henri-René Lenormand (1882-1951).



we had to come back to Brienza. But the motor broke down, and we had two hours of the **most beautiful view of the valley of the Agri, with Marsico Nuova in the foreground, a perfect view! Passed through Tito and reached here about 8.

I found a letter from Scott saying his father died on the 27th and he was leaving at once for England. He was of course very much upset, but I think in giving him his freedom it will be an advantage to him, and perhaps the same for them all, for his father seems to have been one of those good tyrants, whom you can't resent.

[0177] Wednesday, June 3, 1908

Motor Trip.

Potenza.

Very hot.

Did not get off till after 10, and motored past Vaglio and Trecarico and Grassano and Gropolo to a wretched village called Miglionico, where, in the SS. Crocefisso is a fine polyptych by Cima da Conegliano.

We did not take lunch, thinking to get it there, and in fact there was an albergo and ristorante indicated in the Touring Guide. The albergatore received us, took us up some inconceivably dirty stairs and through a bedroom with a half-naked man dressing on the bed, through a vacant school-room into a large smelly bed-room where a man with his head bound up was lying in bed. *This* was to be our dining-room!

We fled to the picture, and afterwards, about 3, made a meal of biscuits and oranges and some frightful cheese Placci bought, by the roadside. The *pneu* which already at Palermo was reported moribund held out by Santa Caoucharuchio's aid, till we were returning and in the shade of an oak forest. It has been really *miraculous*!! We got back at our usual time 8.15.

The people here say "Qua si" "Qua no" (Signor). At Siracusa they said always "Scenza di" (Eachunza).

We asked a boy what a ribbon he wore meant. "Dioozcim all' Ciumo" Dioziamo all'Ecce Homo".

[0178] Thursday, June 4, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples,

Hot.

Ray's Twenty-first Birthday!!

Meant to stop at 7, but a cameriera would not let us have benzine, because we had gone to the *other* hotel.

At last, after a fight, got off at 8. This made us late, and we had only a minute at Eboli to see some pictures in the Sacristy of S. Francesco, before we caught the 12.10 train here. Our road was horrible, even after we joined the Strada Nazionale at Auletta, full of cracked stones, with grass growing over them in places. The only town we passed was Picerna, very picturesque.



Lord Grimthorpe,⁸⁷⁵ who has a Villa at Ravello, **and visits Alex Hood (!)**, was in the train. A silly man, very English.

Arrived here, and found a telegram from Ray saying “safely through” (her Tripos).

Had welcome baths and tea and chat on the terrace. Of course Castel Maurigi was there. He was the only one who even appeared to take any interest in our adventures! Ethel is a great hand at killing conversation or even chatter. The evening was — long.

[0179] Friday, June 5, 1908

Fine.

*Went in yacht round Capri. Most beautiful.

[photo of an elegant room in Palazzo Serristori pasted down]

[0180] Saturday, June 6, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples

Fine.

Lazy. Did nothing. Placci and Maurigi and Lucien and Lady Algy Gordon Lennox⁸⁷⁶ to tea.

Finzi to dine.

[0181] Sunday, June 7, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples.

Scirocco.

Dreadful day.

Stayed in bed till 12.

⁸⁷⁵ Ernest William Beckett, 2nd Baron Grimthorpe (25 November 1856 – 29 April 1917), born Ernest William Beckett-Denison, was a banker and Conservative politician who sat in the House of Commons from 1885 until 1905 when he inherited the Grimthorpe peerage.

Beckett is believed to have been the father of Violet Trefusis (1894–1972), whose mother, Alice Keppel was a mistress of King Edward VII.

In a recent biographical study, Michael Holroyd describes Beckett as ‘a man of swiftly changing enthusiasms ... a dilettante, philanderer, gambler and opportunist. He changed his name, his career, his interests and his mistresses quite regularly.’

In 1904, Beckett bought a ruined farmhouse outside Ravello. He transformed it into a fortified palace with towers, battlements and a mixture of Arabic, Venetian and Gothic details, and called it **Villa Cimbrone**. Between the house and the cliff edge he built a garden, high above the Gulf of Salerno. The garden is an eccentric mixture of formal, English rose beds, Moorish tea houses, picturesque grottoes and classical temples.

⁸⁷⁶ Frances Harriet Greville, Duchess of Richmond (1824-1887), married the Earl of March (later the 6th Duke of Richmond and 1st of Gordon) in 1843. They had four sons, Charles (later the 7th Duke), **Lord Algernon (‘Algy’) Gordon Lennox**, Lord Francis Gordon Lennox, Lord Walter Gordon Lennox and two daughters, Caroline and Florence.



Castel Maurigi came to lunch, and he and Ethel had the afternoon to themselves till 5.

Mrs. Daniel says she⁸⁷⁷ has broken her father all up by taking this new lover, who is a handsome, insignificant youth. The Duca d'Aosta of course rather added lustre, and Finzi, being a distinguished man, was borne, but no one will stand this boy, and she has been cut by *tout Naples*. She is furious and rages and waps, but won't change her behaviour. Major Davis is compounded of pride, and feels the slights keenly. Seen closely, it is a wretched household. All the servants are frightfully discontented too, and have come begging us to get them other situations. So much for my fast perishing idea of "living for pleasure"!

[0182] Monday, June 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Travelled up from Naples to Florence 8.40-8.25. Placci was with us.

Nora Ruffo met us at the Roman *gare*, and we had a little chat. I think she has been in love with B.B., and still is a little.

⁸⁷⁷ Ethel Davis Harrison



I Tatti

[0183] Tuesday, June 9, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Massage 7.30-8.15.

Unpacked, etc. Went to town and called on Maud Cruttwell and bought some of her furniture, and called on Mascha von Heiroth who is in the Maternità with her ten days old baby named Algar!

Rembielinski was here when I came back, sitting under the trees talking with Bernhard.

Dr. Giglioli came. Called also on Houghtons. Felt something queer in the air. Cecil and Alice are there.

[0184] Wednesday, June 10, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Letters etc. morning.

Houghton and three girls, including Alice, came to call, Mrs. Houghton remaining at home with Cecil. It seems unfortunately clear that she is in love with Cecil, although he is engaged to Alice,⁸⁷⁸ but I suppose they will “muddle along somehow”, thus obeying the one immutable Law!

Mr. MacMillin and his daughter Mrs. Stuart and a Mrs. Woolly also called.

In the evening we dined with Cannon, who had the ubiquitous (and dull) Miss Jones, nice Pauline Goldmarck and Herbert Horne. It was not interesting.

B.B. had a happy inspiration. Cannon had some special champagne opened of the “Coronation” mark, he said, only he pronounced it *à l'Américaine*.

“What does Cornation mean?” asked B.B. from the other end of the table. Everyone combined to suppress him, and perhaps Cannon didn’t hear. Miss Goldmarck had a *fou rire* for 5 minutes!

[0185] Thursday, June 11, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Spent morning discussing building, drainage, etc. with the architect, the ragioniere, the fattore and the Triulzi. Paid bills.

Both of us feeling frightfully tired.

Mrs. Ross with Dr. Lindsay and Ch. Lacaita⁸⁷⁹ came to dine.

[0186] Friday, June 12, 1908

I Tatti.

⁸⁷⁸ Mrs. Houghton in love with Cecil, her daughter Alice’s boy friend.

⁸⁷⁹ Charles Carmichael Lacaita (1853-1933) was a botanist and Liberal politician.



Fine.

Massage.

Did Naples notes — very complicated.

Slept after lunch.

Cannon called to say goodbye — very dull.

Dined at Gamberaia with the Countess Serristori and Placci. It was wonderfully beautiful, but we all seemed to me very banal.

[photo of the parterre at the Gamberaia]

[0187] Saturday, June 13, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Ray and Karin are marching in the Suffrage Procession in London, and tonight Ray goes to Amsterdam with Mrs. Fawcett, and Karin returns to Cambridge for a Masonic Ball.

Finished Naples.

Slept 1/2 hour.

The Serristori and Rembielinski called 4-7 on B.B., but I went to town and did errands and ended up by calling on Livingstone Davis and his wife, newly married Bostonians.

I called at Houghtons to say we were going swimming tomorrow, and found that Mrs. H. had taken Cecil Pinsent off by herself for a week's motoring, leaving Alice and Houghton. It is clear that she is in love with Cecil — Ray and Ellie noticed it last year, but she is certainly wrong in not accepting facts, and causing all this pain to Alice. I have seen it coming for a long time, but refused to look, for it seemed too monstrous, and I have found Mrs. H. generally fine in big things, detestable as she is in small ones. I am afraid Alice is very unhappy over it, as she came out to be with Cecil.

[0188] Sunday, June 14, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

They gave us the key of the Lake at last. Agnes and I went to swim and Edmund and Alice came also. They said they hoped Mary and Cecil would return today. The water was delicious!

Slept in afternoon, and did some type-writing of Florentine lists left undone.

Leo and Gertrude Stein came to dine. He has become a Fletcherite (chewer), and he spared us no detail of the effect on stomach and intestines. We missed the genial spirit of Sally Stein, and were all rather dull. Gertrude Stein, though she lives in Paris and (in a way) talks French, is reading Balzac in translation. They talked about the love-affairs of Paris models, and I was



filled with an infinite (and unwarranted) disgust.

[0189] Monday, June 15, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Swam with Agnes in morning with nothing on.

The Houghtons came later, Mary looking, I must say, better than I have ever seen her. Being in love is certainly a beautifier.

Dr. Oswald Sirèn and Gronau came to lunch. Sirèn spent six months at Point Loma in California, under Mrs. Tingley,⁸⁸⁰ who is known as “The Purple Mother”. He is her disciple, but he gave us no clear account of what it was all about. But that was partly our fault, for we are “animositous and ridiculizing”, and also he speaks English very “stiffly”, as he said.

The Countess Serristori and Rembielinski came in the afternoon, also Placci. It seemed more than I could bear — these hours of continual talk.

[0190] Tuesday, June 16, 1908

Rain. Storm.

Worked.

Dined with Aunt Janet and Dr. Lindsay but in the afternoon Rizi Visconti Venosta came, the Livingston Davises and the Papafavas.

[0191] Wednesday, June 17, 1908

Fine.

Miss Giles.

Bathed with Agnes and Houghton party.

Went to town at 4.30 (Benn called) and called on von Heiroths. I found Mascha very miserable, and her husband, as usual, a sad bore.

Shopped.

Left cards on Marchesa di Francia, whose house we stayed in at Monteleone.

Called for Ellen Giles who has been two years in Sardinia and can speak of nothing else — and scarcely of that, poor thing, as her nerves have all gone to pieces.

The Kerr Lawsons came to dine.

[0192] Thursday, June 18, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm.

Bathed with Agnes and Miss Giles. The Lawsons came afterwards, and then

⁸⁸⁰ Katherine Augusta Westcott Tingley (born July 6, 1847, Newbury, Massachusetts; died July 11, 1929, Visingsö, Sweden) was a social worker and prominent Theosophist. She was the leader, after W. Q. Judge, of the American Section of the Theosophical Society. She founded and led the Theosophical community Lomaland in Point Loma, California (near San Diego).



the Houghton party, Alice left at home, Edmund and Miss Ellis walking, and Mary and Cecil motoring alone.

Finished typing Index of Places for Florentines.

In the evening the Serristoris, Rembielinski and the Contessa D'Orsay came to dine, and Placci and his brother and Lucien afterwards. They spent 3 1/2 hours speaking evil of the late Prince Strozzi (Checchina D'Orsay's lover), of Montesquiou, of the Princesse Murat, la Duchesse de Rohan and others. I found it, somehow, *dégoûtant*!

Ammanati came and we settled the electric lights.

[0193] Friday, June 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Scirocco.

Bathed with Agnes in morning.

Johnson cabled that he would take the Sodoma and the Costa Madonnas at £500 each. What luck!

Did considerable work.

Countess Ludolf came to call. She deplored her brother's little villa, Bagazzano, being so near the Gamberaia and said two proverbs apropos of it: "*Dal Bagazzano si vede Gamberaia. Iddio fa due persone, l'Amore fa un paio*"⁸⁸¹ and "*Chi pecora si fa, il lupo la mangia*."⁸⁸²

She evidently thinks Florence Blood as bad as Stephanie.⁸⁸³

The doctor came, and then Theresa Thorold to dine. Algar, it seems, is flourishing on the Elixir, "El Sair", and streams of black roll off him with each application! She said that Dora and Carlo di Rudini were *au pire*.

Miss Blood and the lovely Princess came in the evening.

[0194] Saturday, June 20, 1908

I Tatti.

Rain then fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Settled electric lamp-stands, etc. Worked.

Sirèn came and talked lots of rot about "Black Magic", Reincarnation. Mme. Blavatski etc. — the usual affair. He is a disciple of "The Purple Mother" (Mrs. Tingley) at Point Loma, California.

Houghtons came in morning.

I went to town and called on Ady Placci, Mrs. MacLean (out) and Mascha. Did some errands. Agnes came up with me.

Mrs. Ross came to dine. She said Ray's name stood very high in the Tripos

⁸⁸¹ From Bagazzano you can see the Gamberaia. God made two persons, but Love makes a couple.

⁸⁸² Chi si fa vedere o si comporta da pecora (debole) viene mangiato (schiacciato e travolto) da chi è più prepotente.

⁸⁸³ Stephanie was Egisto Fabbri's model and girl friend in Paris.



list!!!

Mrs. Cornell said that, being interested in Natural History, she asked boy to bring her a certain kind of snake, alive. The next day he brought it in a bottle, but it seemed dead when she took it out. The boy protested he had put it in alive. She smelt the bottle, and there was a strong odour of brandy, and she said, "Well, he must be drunk." "Does he see men?" asked the boy!

[0195] Sunday, June 21, 1908

I Tatti.

Showery — hot.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Swam with Agnes, Miss Giles, Mrs. Cornell and Dorothy Rose and Miss Stein (oh how fat!). Afterwards Stein and von Heiroth went in. We all had lunch at the lake.

The Marchese Antinori called, and talked delightfully about his month in the Canadian forest. He also said that at the time of the recent Wall St. crisis all the bankers etc. came to meet Pierpont Morgan. They began *discorsi* of an eloquent and moving description, but he silenced them and said, "No speeches! Let each of you write on a slip of paper what he will contribute and hand them to me", and he went to his desk and played Patience until the sums were written down. He added them up, and then tore up all the paper, and said, "If each of you will contribute twice as much as he has put down and sign a paper to that effect — no speeches! — we shall pull through: otherwise not", and went back to his Patience. They did it.

It turns out that Ray's "Equal to 80" means that she was almost at the tail, there being only 83 men!

[0196] Monday, June 22, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool and Rainy.

Torrini came from Siena, and we spent the morning wrangling about the binding of our books and magazines. Very tiring.

I went to town.

B.B. received the Countess Serristori and Rembielinski, the latter of whom told us of a short story he had read somewhere the point of which was the following: Unexpected meeting of young man and woman at a hotel in a watering place, who had been *amis d'enfance* — touching, *attendrissants souvenirs*, she very pleased and friendly. He "*bien naturellement*" (as R. said!!), having a room next to hers, looked through the key-hole to see her at her toilette. But she hung something over the key-hole. Fury of man that she could have thought him capable of such a *bassesse*. "*A d'autres, oui, mais à elle, l'amie d'enfance, quel idée elle a du se former de moi, quelle injustice!*"

We dined with Labouchères. Mrs. L. is trying her El Zair. She said Carlo di Rudinì was the most beastly and unkind husband ever invented. He is carried up dead drunk every night at the Grand Hotel. Dora has made 8



thousand pounds of debts on her own account.

[0197] Tuesday, June 23, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Some rain.

Don Guido Cagnola.

Packed 2 trunks.

Went to town about the exportation of the Sodoma which they don't want to let pass.

Got back in time to give last instructions to Ammanati, while B.B. was talking to Don Guido, who ran down from Milan to see us. He seemed more cheerful, but was as much of a damper to conversation as ever. It was very noticeable when Florence Blood came to dine. However, she liked him immensely.

[0198] Wednesday, June 24, 1908

I Tatti.

Misty. Scirocco.

Last things.

Called on Mrs. Ross and said goodbye.

The Princess and Miss Blood came in their motor and took us down to see the Cupola illuminated in honour of S. Giovanni. It was wonderfully beautiful, looking surprisingly transparent, like a jewel, flaming with thousands of flickering little oil lamps. They threaten electricity for next year, but that will destroy this weird glimmering, glow-worm effect.

[0199] Thursday, June 25, 1908

Fair.

Train to Paris (Simplon).

Packing etc. Adieu to servants.

Damiano quite ill with chagrin at not being kept on, but he is *too* awful a driver. He ruins the mouths and knees of every horse!

The person I felt sorriest of all to say goodbye to was Agnes. What a pull a nurse or masseuse has in gaining one's affections!

I read *La Vaisseau des Caresses* which Jules Bois⁸⁸⁴ (the author) sent to B.B.

[0200] St. James Hotel, Paris, Friday, June 26, 1908

Fine.

Met Mrs. Baldwin in the train, who told us about a lie a minute. This made conversation very fatiguing. She said Gladys meant to marry a young Austrian philosopher, Kaiserling,⁸⁸⁵ *sous le sou*. It seems improbable. The plans were so vague as to permit of her telling us she was going to spend

⁸⁸⁴ Jules Bois (1871-1943), *Le Vaisseau des Caresses* (Paris: Charpentier, 1908).

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⁸⁸⁵



July in St. Moritz, in Norway, in Therapia and in Paris. Ouf — !

The cherubic-looking young Duveen⁸⁸⁶ met B.B. at the Railway to urge him to undertake the catalogue of Widener's pictures. Fairfax Murray wants to do it, and no wonder, as he and Agnew have dumped most of their rubbish on him!

At 5 Mr. Joseph Widener came to talk with B.B. about this very thing. He seemed an agreeable young man.

M. St. André also called.

We went to dine at Versailles with Elsie de Wolff and Bessie Marbury and Miss Pierpont Morgan — very pleasant, as usual.

Mr. Munsey⁸⁸⁷ was there — founder of six deadly magazines and four newspapers — an eminently successful and depressing man. His secretary, young Crowninshield⁸⁸⁸ was a friend of B.B.'s boyhood. They brought us back in their motor.

[0201] <Paris> Saturday, June 27, 1908

Called on Brauer and Duveen and lunched with Glaenger.

Then we went to Baron Lazzarini's and found that the Botticelli portrait Venturi published really was Botticelli!! A great pleasure.

B.B. then called on Mme Lambert,⁸⁸⁹ who at once attacked him for going to his friends at Versailles, people of the worst reputation (Lesbian), who have seduced Miss Pierpont Morgan, and into whose house no decent person enters, etc. Odd from her, whose reputation as a Lesbian is notorious!

Then he called on Widener, who has the whole first floor of the Bristol Hotel (Place Vendôme), and had 1 1/2 <hour> chat, and liked him.

We dined with the Sherrills, who were most embarrassing in their flatteries. Mr. Sherrill talks real American idiom. "When he came to, he didn't: etc. He admires Roosevelt immensely, especially for not standing again. Roosevelt is going to Africa to shoot big game, and *Collier's Weekly* is going to pay him \$20,000 for articles on what he shoots. That is the "American Cincinnatus."

[0202] Sunday, June 28, 1908

Hotel St. James, Paris.

⁸⁸⁶ For Bernhard's first meeting with Duveen, see the entry for Sept. 27, 1907.

⁸⁸⁷ Frank Andrew Munsey (1854-1925), a newspaper and magazine publisher and author.

⁸⁸⁸ Francis Welch Crowninshield (1872-1947) a journalist and art and theatre critic, hired by his friend Condé Nast to edit *Vanity Fair*; in 21 years, it became a pre-eminent literary journal. Born in Paris to a well-known Boston Brahmin family. His father Frederic Crowninshield (1845-1918) was director of the American Academy in Rome for two years.

⁸⁸⁹ Seven years younger than Bernhard: where might they have met? Perhaps in Rome?



Fine. Hot.

Noah bu et devient tendre

Et puis il fut son gendre

— one of Reinach's chaste quotations.

Went to Art Dec. and then Louvre, where we met John Robertson — nice man!

Billy Taylor came to lunch, and later went with us to have tea at Elsie's at Versailles. He was looking thin and handsome, and his speech has improved. He has been ferociously in love with a girl of 20 named Bird, from Boston. She refused him and he was really ill for months, and thought he would die. Now he is doggedly waiting for her to come round. He has really taken it very hard.

We dined with Reinach, who had the unfortunate idea of asking Mr. & Mrs. Jastrow, and then spending the time reading us XVII <century> lewd rhymes upon the Court, etc., which they certainly could not understand, and we didn't want to.

He is writing a book to be called *Orpheus*, companion to his *Apollo*, with the History of Religions. It ought to be very good.

[0203] Monday, June 29, 1908

Fine.

I lunched with Glaenzer and B.B. with Mme Lambert and Mrs. Rowland. He called on Mme de Luche and dined with St. André and Cardman. I called on Mrs. Baldwin, but did not see Gladys, who is ill with gastric fever. Dined alone.

William James said, "When you climb on a man's back, refrain from the temptation to spit on his head!"

[0204] Tuesday, June 30, 1908

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Heavy and hot.

Shopped a little.

Bernhard went to Duveen's. They were most flattering, and if 1/10 of what they say is true, a future of affluence lies before us! **They said they would never touch an Italian picture but on his advice, and would give him 10% of their profits on sales!**

We lunched with Mrs. Baldwin at the Ritz, a frightfully simple lunch for which she paid 54 francs!

Bernhard called on Mrs. Peabody Rice, who was not at home.

We went to Montesquiou's house (95⁰ rue Charles Lafitte, Neuilly) and saw *the most beautiful* interior we ever saw. The only false note was the modern pictures, Boldini etc.

M. is clearly in love with Bernhard, he could not keep his hands off him.

We had tea with Mrs. Ripley and Crowninshield at the Pré Catalan, and dines with lovable, boring Reinach.



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[0205] Wednesday, July 1, 1908

Members' Mansions, London.

Fine.

Crossed. Karin met us at Charing Cross and we found Ray at the flat. Ray left at midnight for her Suffrage caravanning trip with her five College friends. She had a white blouse with "Votes for Women" embroidered on it.

Here is a little thing she wrote:

Hector

ὥς οἱ ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἑκτορος ἵπποδαμοιο

"And thus they accomplished the burial of Hector, tamer of horses"

With a sigh of relief he shut the book. There! that was over he wouldn't have to search through his Lexicon again till after the holidays — and that was a long way off.

So he felt glad, and rushed out of the house just for the pleasure of rushing.

Next day his tutor went away on his holiday. The boy danced a solitary _____pipe behind a haystack.

And yet he couldn't get out of his head, "Hector, tamer of horses". The phrase came back again and again, *Ἑκτορος ἵπποδαμοιο*. What a jolly old boy he must have been, that far off chap — *δῖος* they called him and *θρασύς*. What a shame to drag him about by the heels. What a pity to have to burn him up! *Ἑκτορ ἵπποδαμος!* and yet he was dead and buried. Poor [0206] wretched boys had to puzzle over his story, and old fogeys said he was mythical, whatever that might be. Yes, he was dead and gone, with the horses he had tamed; it wasn't any use bothering about him. He must have been a nice chap though, for they made such a fuss over his death, his father rolling in the mud and all!

Sometimes he murmured to himself, "Alfred, tamer of horses", but it didn't go so well as Hector.

And no one could understand why the boy tried so often, that summer, to teach his pony tricks.

[0206] Thursday, July 2, 1908

Iffley.

Fine. Hot.

Shopped. Mrs. Campbell called and showed me how to use Elzair. Came here. Swam. Talked with Grace and Mother.

Bernhard went to the B.F.A. and met Roger, and to South Kensington. He lunched with Mrs. Harrison and dined and went to the Opera to hear *Carmen* with Lady Sassoon.

[0207] Friday, July 3, 1908

Court Place.

Fine.

Went swimming.



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Walked over with Grace and dined at Alys' with George Moore⁸⁹⁰ and Santayana.

Bernhard lunched with — Humphrey Ward!

[0208] Saturday, July 4, 1908

Court Place.

Rain. Damp.

Emily, Britten.

Bernhard came down to lunch, and Emily afterwards.

The Rowlands (Philo.) came to tea.

Britten came later. He told a story to cap one of the festa at Paola of the local saint, where to an accompaniment of clanging church bells the populace shouts, "*Evviva San Francesco da Paola!*"⁸⁹¹ *Abbassa San Francesco d'Assisi!*"

This story was of a priest heading a pilgrimage and praying, "*Notre Dame de Lourdes, priez pour nous! Notre Dame de Loreto,*" etc., etc., till at last he worked himself up into a frenzy and struck his beard and cried, "*Toutes les Notre Dames, priez pour nous!*"

[0209] Sunday, July 5, 1908

Court Place.

Grey.

Emily, Britten.

Swam. Chatted and laughed. Bernhard and I walked over to dine with Alys and Bertie and George Moore and Margery Strachey.⁸⁹²

[0210] Monday, July 6, 1908

Court Place.

Grey.

Swam.

Talked.

Bernhard came up to town and dined with the Sassoons.

[0211] Tuesday, July 7, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Cool. Fine.

Swam.

Emily and I came up together.

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Hewitt.

⁸⁹⁰ George Edward Moore (1873–1958), the philosopher

⁸⁹¹ Francesco da Paola (Paola, 27 marzo 1416 – Tours, 2 aprile 1507) è stato un religioso italiano, proclamato santo da papa Leone X il 4 maggio 1519.

⁸⁹² ? Margery Strachey (1882–1964), the sister of Lytton and James Strachey.



[0212] Wednesday, July 8, 1908

[blank]

[0213] Thursday, July 9, 1908

[blank]

[0214] Friday, July 10, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Came up late from Oxford, after a quiet day, sitting and sewing and chatting with Grandma and Grace.

Dined with Gutekunsts, who made us look at a terrible album of Caruso's sketches and listen to his voice on the gramophone.

[0214] Saturday, July 11, 1908

Copseham Esher.⁸⁹³

Fine.

Went to B.F.A. to see the exhibition of Miniatures. Scott joined me there.

B.B. hurried off to Duveen's, and then to lunch at the Sassoons where he met at last Rinaldo Hahn,⁸⁹⁴ whom he liked.

Scott and I went to South Kensington and had lunch there, and got awfully tired.

Then Bernhard and I came here. Cook has improved, and Marnie would be quite charming if she didn't bang on the piano nearly all the time, making talk almost impossible.

She told a good story of two tramps about to enter a house, but holding back because of a fierce dog. No.1 said, "Go along! Don't mind the dog. You know their bark is always worse than their bite." No. 2 "Yes. You know it, and I know it, but the question is whether the dog knows it."

[0216] Sunday, July 12, 1908

Copseham Esher.

Fine then Rain.

Marnie banged on the piano all day, and made it difficult to talk, but still we did have some interesting chat with Dickinson and Schiller.

Bernhard said the real Pragmatic hymn was the type of the one an astonished congregation to whom Beecham's had given a free set of hymn-books, found themselves singing: "Glory be to God, our King! Beecham's Pills⁸⁹⁵ are just the Thing!"

⁸⁹³ Copseham (Place) was located in the Settlement of Esher, a suburb of London, just west of Epsom. Cook's collection was housed in 125-foot long gallery in Doughty House, a large house on Richmond Hill in Richmond.

⁸⁹⁴ Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947), born in Venezuela, composer, conductor, music critic, theatre director, and salon singer. His portrait by Baronne Lucie 'Deborah' Lambert (1907).

⁸⁹⁵ Beecham's Pills were a laxative first marketed around 1842 by Thomas Beecham.



[0217] Monday, July 13, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Came up with the Cooks.

Lunched at Monds.

Bernhard did various social things.

I had tea with Mrs. Stewart.

Bernhard dined with Mrs. Cooper Hewitt at the Ritz, and was nearly massacred by the music.

Keynes came and dined with me, rejoicing in having thrown up the India Office to devote himself to Cambridge and poverty.

[0218] Tuesday, July 14, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Cool. Rain.

Shopped and shopped and shopped with Mrs. Stewart.

Bernhard took Robert de Rothschild⁸⁹⁶ to the National Gallery with Holroyd, and lunched with Mrs. Leslie.

We dined with the Rothensteins and a Mr. and Mrs. Bell,⁸⁹⁷ young and nice, he paradoxical, and she earnest and good — a daughter of Leslie Stephen.

[0219] Wednesday, July 15, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Cool — a little Rain.

I went down to lunch at Darent Hulme,⁸⁹⁸ where Geoffrey lives, and talked with his mother and met two of his sisters. The country is very lovely, and the place has most wonderful views.

Bernhard lunched with Lady Sassoon and went to Bridgewater House⁸⁹⁹ with a Captain — ?

Jack Burke came to dine. We are fond of him, but he has let himself gradually sink down and down to a very middle-class man of business.

[0220] Thursday, July 16, 1908

Iffley.

I came down here.

⁸⁹⁶ Robert de Rothschild was born in 1880 in Paris. His father, Baron Gustave de Rothschild was a banker. He was the brother of Aline Sassoon and Lucie 'Deborah' Lambert.

⁸⁹⁷ Vanessa Stephen (Virginia Woolf's sister) had married Clive Bell in 1907. Mary could not have known at this time that her daughters Ray and Karin would eventually marry into the Bloomsbury Group.

⁸⁹⁸ In Shoreham, southeast of London.

⁸⁹⁹ Located at 14 Cleveland Row, just north of St. James's Palace, facing onto Green Park.



[0221] Friday, July 17, 1908

Iffley.

Bernhard came down. Lovely weather.

[0222] Saturday, July 18, 1908

Iffley.

Fine Weather.

Algar Thorold, Janet Dodge.

Mr. Conybeare⁹⁰⁰ came out to tea to meet B.B.

[0223] Sunday, July 19, 1908

Iffley.

Algar and Bernhard went over to Bagley Wood to lunch.

[0224] Monday, July 20, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Bernhard went to Kit Turner's in Yorkshire.

[0225] Tuesday, July 21, 1908

Went to see "Lady Frederick"⁹⁰¹ which was very amusing.

[0226] Wednesday, July 22, 1908

Took Scott to have tea with the Rothensteins. Frank Darwin⁹⁰² and his nice frumpy daughter were there. We all went to see Isadora Duncan in the evening.

Lady Ottiline and Logan were there, and Logan introduced Scott to Lady Ottiline and they made great friends.

[0227] Thursday, July 23, 1908

Members' Mansions <London>

Gave luncheon at Dieudonné's to Algar and R. Ross and Scott. It went off very well.

[0228] Friday, July 24, 1908

[blank]

[0229] Saturday, July 25, 1908

Iffley.

Came down for the night.

⁹⁰⁰ ? Perhaps Frederick Cornwallis Conybeare, FBA (1856-1924) was a British orientalist, Fellow of University College, Oxford, and Professor of Theology at the University of Oxford.

⁹⁰¹

⁹⁰² Sir Francis 'Frank' Darwin (1848-1925), was a son of Charles Darwin. His daughter Frances Crofts Darwin (1886-1960) was a poet who married the poet Francis Cornford and became known as Frances Cornford.



[0230] Sunday, July 26, 1908

[blank]

[0231] Monday, July 27, 1908

[blank]

[0232] Tuesday, July 28, 1908

[blank]

[0233] Wednesday, July 29, 1908

[blank]

[0234] Thursday, July 30, 1908

[blank]

[0235] Friday, July 31, 1908

[blank]

[0236] Saturday, Aug. 1, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Trevy, M. Strachey,⁹⁰³ the Milhollands,⁹⁰⁴ Billy,⁹⁰⁵ Rukhmabai.

Chatting and loafing.

We motored to Ewelme⁹⁰⁶ and Dorchester⁹⁰⁷ and Newington,⁹⁰⁸ Logan, Trevy, B.B. and Rukhmabai and myself. Very pleasant

[0237] Sunday, Aug. 2, 1908

Iffley.

Warm.

Trevy read us the first part of his *Sisyphus*.⁹⁰⁹

The Elgoods came to tea and to swim.

Lovely weather!

[0238] Monday, Aug. 3, 1908

Iffley.

⁹⁰³ Margery Strachey?

⁹⁰⁴ Perhaps John Elmer and Jean (Torrey) Milholland, the parents of Inez Milholland Boissevain (1886-1916) was a suffragist, labor lawyer, correspondent, and public speaker who influenced the women's movement in America.

⁹⁰⁵ Billy Taylor.

⁹⁰⁶ Ewelme is a village in the Chiltern Hills in South Oxfordshire, 4 km north-east of Wallingford.

⁹⁰⁷ Dorchester on Thames is a village about 5 km northwest of Wallingford and 13 km southeast of Oxford.

⁹⁰⁸ Newington is a village in South Oxfordshire, about 7 km north of Wallingford.

⁹⁰⁹ Robert Calverley Trevelyan (1872-1951), *Sisyphus: An Operatic Fable* (London: Longmans, Green, 1908). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR6039.R48 S50 1908 [Shelved as R.S.I.4.]**



Fine warm weather.

Trevy, Marjorie Strachey, Billy, Rukhmabai.

Loafed and talked.

Trevy finished reading his *Sisyphus*.

[0239] Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1908

Iffley.

Fine warm weather.

Trevy, Marjorie Strachey, Billy, Rukhmabai.

Trevy left.

Went in to see galleries with Sirèn⁹¹⁰ and Billy.

Sirèn came to lunch and dinner.

We swam and looked at photographs and talked with Sirèn about “The Purple Mother” whose disciple he is.

[0240] Wednesday, Aug. 5, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Went up with Karin and Bernhard, saw Dr. Heath.

Bernhard packed.

Hamilton Field called.

[0241] Thursday, Aug. 6, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Bernhard left at 11. I did hate to have him go. I am really fonder of him every year of my life.

I did various errands, and then picked up G.S. and carried him off to lunch with Mrs. Perkins, Roger, and Mr. Kent at South Kensington. We then went to a meeting on “The Use of Museums” at which Roger and I both spoke. But it was dreary, and Scott and I escaped and went to the Zoo, and saw the baby chimpanzee and orangoutangs who nestled in our arms. Sat up rather late talking.

Dr. Heath has sent in a bill for £290. I shall try to pay him £250. It seems awfully much when poor Karin is left deaf.

[0242] Friday, Aug. 7, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

2 Keynes, M. Strachey, Scott, Billy.

Brought Scott down by the 1.45. Were met by Karin and Keynes.

Came back by launch. They played “Bleeding Grab” in the evening, and

⁹¹⁰ Osvald Sirèn (1879-), *Giottino und seine Stellung in der gleichzeitigen florentinischen Malerei* (Leipzig, Klinkhardt & Biermann, 1908). **Biblioteca Berenson ND623.G59 S5 1908**



we looked over *The Germ*,⁹¹¹ which Bain is trying to persuade me to buy at £23.

[0243] Saturday, Aug. 8, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

2 Keynes, M. Strachey, Scott, Billy.

We all went in to Oxford in the morning and saw the Christ Church gallery. Billy's sole interest is now technique, and this makes him (to me) very dull. He is heavy and self-absorbed. Karin and Mary like him though.

Games and jollity fill up the time

[0244] Sunday, Aug. 9, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Maynard and Margaret Keynes, Scott, Margery Strachey.

Worked a little on Index.

Young people all very jolly.

[0245] Monday, Aug. 10, 1908

Iffley.

Showers. Fine.

Maynard and Margaret Keynes, Scott, Margery Strachey

Went in to Oxford by launch.

Shopped and hired a piano.

Drove out with Grace and Scott.

The whole party motored in afternoon to see Dorchester and Ewelme.

In evening we all went to see the melodrama "The Destroyer of Men", most frightfully amusing.

Some of them (Ray, Karin, Scott and Babe) went to swim by moonlight, though it was turned very cold.

St. Moritz: Bernhard had McIlwait to lunch, and had a walk with Mrs. Hewitt and called on the Wonders, and dined with Mrs. Platt.

[0246] Tuesday, Aug. 11, 1908

Members' Mansions.

Lovely but cool.

Worked a little on Index.

Came up to town with Scott and Billy, who rather made friends.

Motored to Virginia Water by moonlight.

St. Moritz: Bernhard spent morning with Matilda Seroo and then called on Mrs. Thomson, and then went to the Hotel Suisse and found the

⁹¹¹ *The Germ, Thoughts towards nature in art and literature* (1850) was established by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to disseminate their ideas. Only four issues were published (January-April 1850).



Hofmannsthal, Contessa Serristori, Placci and Gladys.

Tea on Meierei with these and Nostitz⁹¹² from Weimar.

[0247] Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1908

London.

Fine day.

Met Logan and Bryson Burroughs at Roger Fry and Scott at lunch at Dieudonné's, and we all motored to Dulwich and saw the pictures. The best is the Rubens lady in green and blue. A fine portrait of himself by Reynolds, some good Gainsboroughs, two Watteaus, etc.

Dined with Houghtons, Scott and Cecil. Mrs. H. has dyed her hair. She is rather awful. Got on rather sadly with Scott.

St. Moritz: Bernhard had a picnic at Sils with Montesquiou, Serao, Carlo, Gabriac,⁹¹³ etc.

[0248] Thursday, Aug. 13, 1908

Court Place, Iffley.

Cold.

Volney Dyer, Marjorie Strachey.

Called on Ross and saw his portrait of Oscar Wilde.

Took Scott to see Holland House.

Came back here.

[0249] Friday, Aug. 14, 1908

[blank]

[0250] Saturday, Aug. 15, 1908

[blank]

[0251] Sunday, Aug. 16, 1908

[blank]

[0252] Monday, Aug. 17, 1908

[blank]

[0253] Tuesday, Aug. 18, 1908

[blank]

[0254] Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1908

[blank]

⁹¹² Helene von Nostitz (Berlino, 18 novembre 1878 – Bassenheim, 17 luglio 1944) è stata una scrittrice a pianista. I suoi ricevimenti, dapprima a **Weimar (1908-1910)** e poi negli anni '20 del XX secolo a Berlino in Maassenstrasse (quartiere di Schöneberg) e in Goethestrasse a Zehlendorf, furono luogo d'incontro di importanti esponenti della cultura del tempo.

Friend of Rodin and Rilke.

⁹¹³ ? Gabriac.



[0255] Thursday, Aug. 20, 1908

[blank]

[0256] Friday, Aug. 21, 1908

Iffley.

Kelly, Billy, Miss Cox, Miss Bakewell, Miss Boyce.

Kelly played.

Tom Morton and his idiot child Polly came for the day. He was handsome and nice, but he confessed to me that he felt like a finished man and looked forward to spending the rest of his days with Polly as his only companion. He said he could speak to no one so freely as to me, as I had been so much his wife's friend. He feels a mental weakness in himself that makes him afraid to go on with the practice of medicine, in which, however, he had done so brilliantly as to make everyone expect great things of him.

Neith's sister, Faith Boyce, came for the night. Kelly played us the Schumann, *Etudes symphoniques*, the *Appassionata*, some Bach (a partita) and some things of his own.

[0257] Saturday, Aug. 22, 1908

Rain. Fine.

Kelly went, thinking of nothing else but Christian Science to the last.

Miss Boyce and I talked for hours, and I found it boring but supportable.

Miss Bakewell came for the day.

[0258] Sunday, Aug. 23, 1908

[blank]

[0259] Monday, Aug. 24, 1908

[blank]

[0260] Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1908

[blank]

[0261] Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1908

[blank]

[0262] Thursday, Aug. 27, 1908

Gave dinner to Kelly, Tom Spring-Rice, Scott and Bobby Trevy at Dieudonné's,⁹¹⁴ and we all went in Kelly's motor to Queen's Hall to hear "G. Face's"⁹¹⁵ Symphony (Balfour Gardiner).⁹¹⁶ It was alas boring, but the Debussy *L'Après midi d'un Faune* was quite enchanting.

⁹¹⁴ For Dieudonné's and Pagani's, see Newnham-Davis, *The Gourmet's Guide to London*, p. 241-____.

⁹¹⁵ Face is the name of the conductor?

⁹¹⁶ Henry Balfour Gardiner (1877-1950) was a musician, composer, and teacher.



[0263] Friday, Aug. 28, 1908

Give notice of non-renewal of Kingshott lease.

[0264] Saturday, Aug. 29, 1908

[blank]

[0265] Sunday, Aug. 30, 1908

[blank]

[0266] Monday, Aug. 31, 1908

[blank]

[0267] Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1908

London.

I went to see Mounteney. It was *too awful*. He has been paralyzed, and lives in agony, and *so changed*. I do not see how he can live. His face haunts me.

[0268] Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1908

[blank]

[0269] Thursday, Sept. 3, 1908

[blank]

[0270] Friday, Sept. 4, 1908

[blank]

[0271] Saturday, Sept. 5, 1908

[blank]

[0272] Sunday, Sept. 6, 1908

Court Place.

Called on Saidie⁹¹⁷ and brought her out to tea. She seemed much nicer, once the horror of her appearance was got over.

[0273] Monday, Sept. 7, 1908

Court Place.

Last shopping. An awful day.

[0274] Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1908

Court Place, Iffley.

Packing.

[0275] Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1908

Boat to Harwich.

Awful night.

⁹¹⁷ Evalyne Hunter Nordhoff's sister.



Packed all morning. It was awful to say goodbye to Grandma.

[0276] Thursday, Sept. 10, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

Grace with Mary and Harold, I with Ray and Karin and Ellie Rendel

Reached Antwerp two hours late and had an awful struggle to get the trunks over in time. In fact, the steamer waited awhile for them. We started at 12.10.

[0277] Friday, Sept. 11, 1908

Awful.

[0278] Saturday, Sept. 12, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

[0279] Sunday, Sept. 13, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

[0280] Monday, Sept. 14, 1908

Storm.

S.S. Marquette.

[0281] Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1908

Storm.

S.S. Marquette.

[0282] Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

[0283] Thursday, Sept. 17, 1908

Storm.

[0284] Friday, Sept. 18, 1908

Storm.

S.S. Marquette.

Grace, Mary, Harold, Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

[0285] Saturday, Sept. 19, 1908

[blank]

[0286] Sunday, Sept. 20, 1908

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

S.S. Marquette. Horrible.

[0287] Monday, Sept. 21, 1908

Vendome, Boston.

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

Got in at one. Customs 2 1/4 hours. Awful.

Came here. Ate too much.



[0288] Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1908

Vendome, Boston.

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

[0289] Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1908

New York.

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

Lunched with Mrs. Gardner who told us that Mrs. Chadbourne had let her things in without telling her as a pleasant surprise.⁹¹⁸ It was Mr. Chadburne who told, wishing to make it unpleasant for his wife. Mrs. Gardner had to pay \$71,000 fine, and her things are confiscated. She is liable to \$150,000 more and imprisonment.

We came by the 4 train here and kind Mr. Cannon was waiting on the platform to drive us to the hotel. He came in and paid a long call, when we refused to go to supper.

[0290] Thursday, Sept. 24, 1908

New York.

Called on Florence.

Grace and Mary came to lunch.

Shopped and called on Putnam's.

Went to Grace's to tea to see Sarah Harlan and Bessie Taylor but was awfully sea-sick.

However, I was better by 7 and we all were taken by Cannon to dine at Delmonico's — but very good strange food: clams, chicken gumbo, bass, broiled turkey, ice cream.

He came in and stayed, till we were nearly *dead*.

[0291] Friday, Sept. 25, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Wrote letters. Lunched with Bessie Taylor, all of us, even Ray! I spent the afternoon with Florence, while the girls went out in her motor. She is a *dear*.

Mr. Cannon took us to have a Fish Dinner at Burns', and then to the Hippodrome. When we came back, we were all so uncomfortable that we took warm water and salt and got rid of the Crab à la Burns that lay heavy on our chests!

Mr. Cannon was really friendly, and almost as affectionate as in his letters. Generally he is so stiff and Sachem-like.

[0292] Saturday, Sept. 26, 1908

Germantown.

Packed. Came here. It is worse even than I remembered. Aunty Lill is deafer and dottier and more hypocritical and requires more lies than she

⁹¹⁸ Samuels, *Legend*, p. 64.



used to, although it was horrible enough five years ago. Alban is really very kind and good.

[0293] Sunday, Sept. 27, 1908

Germantown.

Fine.

Ray and I went with Aunt Lill to Quaker Meeting, where I used to go so often 27 years ago, chiefly in the hope of seeing Walter Cope, but sometimes with a sort of religious mystic ecstasy. Everyone looked *good* but hopelessly narrow and uneducated and provincial.

In the afternoon Aunt Lill drove me to West Laurel Hill and made me shed crocodile's tears over the graves of all my relations. She is *too* awful. My language gives out.

[0294] Monday, Sept. 28, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Rainy ____.

Left Germantown as early as we decently could, half crazy with the atmosphere Aunt Lill creates.

Came here. Carey gave us lunch, and we unpacked.

I dined with them (the Deanery⁹¹⁹ is full of workmen, so I cannot stay there), and Ray came in to discuss her courses.

Carey was so positive about the superior value of a life of culture that she got Ray to give up her Mathematics and Engineering and take Greek and French and "English" instead!

[0295] Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Fine. Cooler.

Setting the girls in and arranging their classes.

Lunched with Carey, dined in hall.

[0296] Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Divine weather.

Still grappling with rooms. There seems to be no one to consult, no one to take care of one. All the departing girls have left their things, and no one knows what to do with them. It is a strange, unexpected chaos.

Lunched with Carey and Ellie came over to talk about her courses, but showed so clearly her utter contempt for Bryn Mawr ways, and the system taught here, and seemed so cross and ungracious that Carey and Miss Garrett were perfectly disgusted with her. Even Ray said that she deplored Ellie's behaviour and saw how inevitable it was that Carey must think her disagreeable and unpliant.

⁹¹⁹ Destroyed in 1968.



[0297] Thursday, Oct. 1, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Divine weather.

Shopped at Wanamaker's with Ray and Ellie, the latter most cross and furious and *black*. She exudes a black "aura", if anyone ever did! Karin and Mary⁹²⁰ are very angry with her. They say I have behaved like an angel to her, and indeed I have tried, for Ray's sake. But she is the most ungracious, selfish, self-absorbed, unresponsive being I ever came across — except Janet Dodge! She is making Ray quite miserable, and she sticks to her all the time. Ray, of course, has no chance to make any other friends.

Karin is getting on splendidly, and enjoys everything and everybody.

[0298] Friday, Oct. 2, 1908

[blank]

[0299] Saturday, Oct. 3, 1908

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[0300] Sunday, Oct. 4, 1908

[blank]

[0301] Monday, Oct. 5, 1908

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[0302] Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1908

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[0303] Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1908

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[0304] Thursday, Oct. 8, 1908

[blank]

[0305] Friday, Oct. 9, 1908

[blank]

[0306] Saturday, Oct. 10, 1908

[blank]

[0307] Sunday, Oct. 11, 1908

Lilac leaves from Walt Whitman's "door yard".

Grace and I motored in Mr. Cannon's motor to Huntington⁹²¹ and had lunch with Mrs. Vollmer and her bedulling sister, on a farm they are running.

We had tea with Mrs. Bacon at Sunken Meadow.

⁹²⁰ The daughter of Grace Worthington?

⁹²¹ southwest of Harrisburg.



[0308] Monday, Oct. 12, 1908

[blank]

[0309] Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1908

[blank]

[0310] Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1908

[blank]

[0311] Thursday, Oct. 15, 1908

The Sprague's, 810 West Ferry St., Buffalo.

Came here with Grace and Ray and Karin. Ray has gone to stay with Ellie at the hotel where all the women delegates are assembled.

[0312] Friday, Oct. 16, 1908

Buffalo.

Saw over Pierce's motor factory.⁹²²

[0313] Saturday, Oct. 17, 1908

Buffalo.

Fine.

Saw over Larkin's Soap Factory, where remarkable provisions are made to ensure the comfort and improvement of the employees. They have an Educator, a Systematizer, a Welfare-Worker, a Y.M.C.A. lady, a nurse, etc. It was weird to see sons of girls with tubes in their ears type-writing from distant phonographs, which they turn on slowly.

Lunched at the XIX Century Club with College representatives.

Went to Art Museum and to tea with Mrs. Norton.

College meeting in evening at which Ray spoke.

Karin and I were amused at the comments — "She looks so sweet, it doesn't matter what she says." "No *wonder* the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates form suffrage societies" etc. Ray would have been *furious*.

She spoke fairly well, and had a great ovation, being forced to get up and bow.

Carey was pleased. *Her* speech was really very impressive.

[0314] Sunday, Oct. 18, 1908

Glorious.

Train from Buffalo to New York, 9.21 p.m.

We spent the day at Niagara, where the kind Spragues took the whole lot of us, Mary and Ray and Ellie as well as Grace and Karin and me, in two motors.

⁹²² Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company was an automobile manufacturer based in Buffalo, New York, which was active from 1901 to 1938.

Although best known for its expensive luxury cars, Pierce-Arrow also manufactured commercial trucks, fire trucks, camp trailers, motorcycles, and bicycles.



Ellie informed us on the way that if there was 'anything she loathed it was Women's Congresses.'

Ray said that the Rev. Anna Shaw had asked them to go West with her and see the women vote in Colorado. I encouraged her to accept, and so did Carey. Ellie decided to give up her scholarship and go with her.

[0315] Monday, Oct. 19, 1908

Grace's.

Fine.

8 a.m. Reached here pretty tired. Rested most of the day, after seeing Karin off, having bought her a dress.

Poor Mr. Cannon is quite ill and cannot leave the house.

[0316] Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1908

New York.

Grace's.

Ray writes "The die is cast, and Miss Shaw will take us with her. We start on Saturday from here and go first to Detroit I think ... I have been deluged with requests to speak. Today I went to the High School here — a magnificent building with 1,600 girls and boys. I was asked to speak to the girls' debating society, and it was very successful. I am to go and speak to the whole school tomorrow morning, and also to all the employees of Larkin's Soap Factory!! Then on Thursday Ellie and I go to Rochester, where we are put up by Mrs. Garnett and have two meetings, coming back on Friday and leaving on Saturday with the Rev. Anna. It is really *very* exciting, and very delightful — though you may find this hard to believe, Ma."

I lunched with Lucy and Bryson at the Museum. It was only too easy to see he was in love with her.

Called on Bessie Taylor. Lucy came to tea. She is very airy and irresponsible.

[0317] Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1908

New York.

Grace's.

Spent day with Edith Burroughs in their house in Flushing. After fencing several hours, she began to speak of Lucy with hatred and bitterness. Her whole position seemed to me violent, unreasoning, embroiled. I tried to play Family Straightener. She made me promise I would tell Lucy nothing. She did not want to have Lucy posing to Bryson as martyr to a jealous wife.

Grace and I talked it over later. She is a delicious companion.

I met Florence and had tea with her. She wrote to Ray about Ellie.

[0318] Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908

New York.

Grace's.



Warm. Fine.

Wrote letters. Packed. Telephoned. Lunched with Grace.

Went to Bank in Wall St.

Shopped at Altman's.

Grace and I went out to dine with Mr. Halsey, one of the Directors of the Stock Exchange, and owner of a marvellous collection of early American furniture, silver, china, etc. He was very dull. If it had not been for Bryson I should have cried with ennui. Bryson is deliciously subtle and sympathetic.

Cannon was there, affectionate and platitudinous. He looked very ill. It was his first outing.

I had just sent off a long letter to Edith telling her to meet Lucy's charm with greater charm, etc. I wondered how much Bryson thought I knew.

Mouteney Jephson died.

[0319] Friday, Oct. 23, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Warm. Rainy.

Wrote to Algar, Mother, the children.

Went to Museum and saw Lucy and delivered my mind. She was almost as full of hatred to Edith as Edith was to her. She said she meant to see less and less of Bryson. But she was somehow not satisfactory. You couldn't bring her to a point.

Lunched with Mrs. Sherrill, whose American voice and ceaseless talk alas makes me uncomfortable. I wish I could like people.

Established myself here to wait for Bernhard.

Miss "Mysta Leonna Jones"⁹²³ called. I wish I liked her as much as I admire her.

Edith telephoned loving thanks for my letter.

I went down to the dock to meet Bernhard, whose boat, La Provence, was to come in at 7.30. It arrived at 9.30 and we sat cursing the Customs till 12.15!

It was nice to have a rational person to talk to again!!!

[0320] Saturday, Oct. 24, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Went to Museum to see Bryson, who at once telephoned for Lucy to lunch.

Cannon came and bedulled us for a couple of hours, poor man.

Bernhard called to see Florence's massage doctor, who promises a cure.

We called on Grace and on Bessie and Frank Taylor, whom we persuaded to allow Billy another two years at the Beaux Arts to complete his architectural course.

⁹²³ ? Miss Myrtie Jones of Cleveland.



We dined with Bessie Marbury at the Colony Club. B.B. uses tremendous adjectives about her, but it must be partly because she really adores him, for she did not seem to me interesting, though she is kind and energetic and free-minded. But she is not educated enough to avoid very dull *lieux communs*, which seem to her new truths.

[0321] Sunday, Oct. 25, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Spent the day at the Burroughs' at Flushing. Edith told me the whole truth, which culminated in her having to get an illegal operation performed on Lucy, and nurse her through the miscarriage that followed. Lucy, she says, took about \$4,000 from Bryson this last year. It is too ghastly, as he is a poor man. Edith doesn't know what to do. Unfortunately she has never loved Bryson physically, and never can — which is some excuse for him. But for Lucy to take his money —! I cannot see any solution for them, unless Lucy goes away, and even then they won't be happy. It is heart breaking.

We dined with Florence and Jim Reynolds — very pleasant.

[0322] Monday, Oct. 26, 1908

Dorchester.

Engaged rooms at the Webster for January.

Bernhard called on the Duveens who are scared blue over a bust they sold Widener as a Verrocchio, which B.B. thinks may be a fake. They want Widener to send it back to them. All the dealers are quaking at the idea of Bernhard's doing Widener's Catalogue.

We took the Knickerbocker Express at 1 and arrived in Boston at 6. Abe met us, and took us out here in a taxi-cab. It is more comfortable than we could have hoped.

Ray is having a gay time in Chicago.

[0323] Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1908

Dorchester.

Spent a quite quiet day, unpacking, chatting, etc.

Bernhard felt very ill.

Rachel and Ralph came to dinner.

[0324] Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1908

Dorchester

We came in to engage rooms and Isabella joined us and we talked for two hours.

They were ill-advised enough to go out to hear Dr. Bigelow lecture on Buddhism, but the dullest, most primeval sort of lecture. It nearly killed us!

We had a glimpse of the Fogg Museum beforehand and met Joseph Breck.



[0325] Thursday, Oct. 29, 1908

Dorchester,
Rain.

Bernhard and Ralph Perry went to a lecture by Barrett Wendell.

I went to Rachel's and played with her jolly baby. We had lunch there. I came home feeling very ill with a cold.

Bernhard called on Miss Norton.

[0326] Friday, Oct. 30, 1908

Boston.
Rain. Cold.
Dorchester.

I am fighting a cold. Bernhard went to the Art Museum with Isabella Gardner and gave her lunch at the Somerset.

Miss Hal, Mrs. Hooker and Miss Whitney came to tea. They had all aged fearfully in these five critical years. I daresay they were thinking the same of me!

Reading Anatole France's latest, *L'Ile des pingouins*.

[0327] Saturday, Oct. 31, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.
48. Cold. Clear.

Corrected proofs and then went to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Adams at the Old House, Quincy. A Miss Law and a Mr. Abbott of Wellesley were there. Agreeable people.

We then came here and unpacked. Mrs. Gardner called.

[0326] Ray writes from Boone, Iowa. Such an incredible day! Such people! I can't tell you how wild and western and amusing they are. no description could possibly reach its wonders and strangeness. From the moment when we got out of the train at Boone, we were in a new world, surrounded with friendly, energetic and intensely funny people, who took us by the arm, joked us, [0327] kissed us, sprung speeches upon us and generally behaved in an incredibly unexpected way. We were rushed into a carriage and driven to a house fairly creeping with delegates and rocking with laughter, and loud exclamations. We hastened into our evening clothes and were rushed off to a YMCA reception where we were suddenly called upon to speak, and were forbidden to mention politics! ... Then followed a tremendous reception feature with ice-cream. Today we got up prepared for surprises, and we have had 'em. ... I can't tell you what fun it all is! I simply love the West and these Westerners. This is the most amusing small town in the State of Iowa I am sure."

[0328] All Saints, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.
Fine. Cold.



I have a bad cold and so stayed in all day.

Mrs. Benson called and Joseph Breck and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ives Gilman.

Bernhard went with Isabella to the High Mass in the cast-iron Gothic Cathedral, lunched with her and saw the procession of 45,000 black-coated Catholic men walk by. I saw them too, from my window. What a heaven for this "new" country, all that mass of old superstition and usage!

He called on the Wendells.

[0329] Monday, Nov. 2, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Fine. Ice on Pond.

Corrected proofs.

Ralph Curtis called and carried us off to lunch with him and Mrs. Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lowell. He is the Astronomer who believes that Mars is inhabited.

Bernhard went to the Library and read the art magazines, and then called on the Gays.

[0330] Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Jessie (Morse) Berenson took me to a concert where I heard Debussy. Jardin or something on the piano and liked it very much.

We lunched with her and her husband at the Touraine.

Bernhard pain some calls and i had my hair treated by Gersumky, who promises to make it grow again as of yore. These promises to aging parvus!!

[0331] Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Lunched at the Hales. Old Edward Everett was in splendid form, full of interest in everything. Grand old figure.

Dined at Dorchester.

[0332] Thursday, Nov. 5, 1908

Willowbrook Cottage, Beverly.

Came here by the 12.30 train. John Tyler met us. Old Mrs. Tyler looking very well.

We motored to Salem in the afternoon and saw all the Hawthorne places, etc. Chestnut St. is still lovely. Charles was very amusing in the evening, telling about lawyers and their ways. One firm of three divides their work in this way: Mr. A. thinks of the campaign. Mr. B plans how to carry it out. Mr. C. tells them how far they can go without being put into jail.

[0333] Friday, Nov. 6, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Came up from Beverly in the train de luxe with Charles Tyler, who is really



great fun.

Met Mrs. Gardner and went to the house of Mrs. B.B.

Perkins (by Jamaica Pond), who took us to see the Millets at Quincy Shaw's. Wonderful pictures!

I felt ill and went to bed, but Bernhard went to Cambridge and lunched with the Perrys, had tea with Breck and Post, and went to William James' lecture.

Dr. March came twice to see me, but said nothing much was the matter.

[0334] Saturday, Nov. 7, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Rachel Perry came to lunch, and then she and I went to Gersumky's.

When I came back I went with Bernhard to call on the Curtises. Ralph Curtis called Isabella Was-a-Bella — rather cruel!

We dined at the Brandegees⁹²⁴ with Isabella, Prof. Morgan and Sen. and Mrs. Lodge. Lovely luxurious house and nice host. The amiable hostess looked very canaille, in spite of her pretty dress. The portrait by Sargent was too awful. Also the sham XVIII English pictures on her walls. Still it was so luxurious and *comme-il-faut* that we enjoyed it. They sent us home in their motor.

Miss Hale and the Livingston Davis called.

[0335] Sunday, Nov. 8, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

We lunched with Miss Robins, Santayana and a Miss Hartshour. Santayana was delightful — a most amusing and sympathetic man to talk to. B.B. was fearfully bored by Miss R. because he could overhear scraps of our fascinating talk.

The Nelson Gays of Rome called.

Bernhard dined at Dorchester and I grappled with my speech.

[0336] Monday, Nov. 9, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Mrs. Gardner came to lunch, and went out with me to Rachel's, where I gave a lecture her friends on "American Art Collections." About 80 "squaws" came.

Mrs. Longyear⁹²⁵ sent her motor for us at 6.30, which took us to their

⁹²⁴ The Brandegee Estate is an historic estate at 280 Newton Street in [Brookline](#) and [Boston, Massachusetts](#). Developed at the turn of the 20th century, it is one of the largest essentially intact estate properties in either community. It was developed by Mary (Pratt) Sprague, a direct descendant of Joseph Weld, one of Boston's first settlers, and is noted for its large Renaissance Revival mansion (designed by [Little, Brown & Moore](#)), and landscaping by [Charles A. Platt](#).

⁹²⁵ Mary Beecher Longyear (1851-1931). Now the Longyear Museum, 1125 Boylston St, Chestnut Hill.



palace at Brookline, where we dined. She has evolved a remarkable system of housekeeping, which consists in having every servant's duties set down in writing.

The daughters were nice, except Abby, who sings well but is somehow detestable. She is going to be married soon and live in Marquette with *one servant*, in spite of her father's millions and millions!

[0337] Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

I lunched with poor Salome Warren, whose husband is dead, and who is growing deaf.

Called on James', Miss Norton, Mrs. Gilman, etc.

Bernhard spent the morning with Isabella and lunched with her.

The Kneisel Quartet⁹²⁶ played in her music room at 8. Among other things they gave a dull concert of Courtlandt Palmer's, who played it, and was very pleased, as were also his mother and sister.

[0338] Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1908

Rabbi Fleischer and Rachel came to lunch.

Rachel came with me to the Dana House School, where, to please Miss Alexander, I gave the girls a talk on Sicily.

We dined with Helen Hopekirk and her husband, such nice people. They take a very despairing view of the Burroughs situation. They say Edith doesn't even yet know her own mind.

Helen played to us on the new harpsichord Mr. Dolmetsch has just given her.

Bernhard called on Mrs. C. B. Perkins in the afternoon.

[0339] Thursday, Nov. 12, 1908

Isabella met us at the Museum at 10.30, and we saw the Greek Throne, which was probably a Tomb.

We lunched with the Brandegees, who came for us in their motor. Mrs. Thayer, a beautiful woman, was there and brought us back in her motor to receive calls from the Crams (delightful people), the Livingston Davis', and Mr. and Mrs. Gale.

We dined with Mrs. Gilman at Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were there. She was a Miss de Bunsen, daughter of <her> father's friend.⁹²⁷ He is lecturing on Napoleon at the Johns Hopkins.

[0340] Friday, Nov. 13, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

⁹²⁶ The Kneisel Quartet was a string quartet musical ensemble established in Boston, in the U.S. state of Massachusetts in 1885. It existed until 1917, and in its time became recognised as the leading string quartet in the United States.

⁹²⁷ Sir Maurice William Ernest de Bunsen, 1st Baronet (1852-1932), a diplomat.



Went to William James lecture. I paid some calls first, and then to tea with Santayana. He said that at a dinner party at C. E. Norton's the man on the other side of his lady failed to appear. They ask her whom she would choose out of all the world to fill the vacant place. She said *Goethe*, and then Norton said, "I scarcely think so, my dear Mrs. X. Goethe was hardly a Gentleman!"

We dined with the Dolmetsches, who were wild to talk London gossip. He is working for Chickerings,⁹²⁸ who have given him *carte blanche* to make old instruments. He is very happy. They have three of the loveliest babies. She is a sister of Sir Harry Johnston.⁹²⁹

[0341] Saturday, Nov. 14, 1908

The Plymouth, Northampton.

Senda and Mr. and Mrs. McCallum met us at Springfield with a motor, and took us to the Country Club for lunch, and the motored us to Northampton, very beautiful.

Senda gave us a dinner with Professors and a large reception. I enjoyed meeting my old Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Stoddard.

[0342] Sunday, Nov. 15, 1908

Northampton.

The McCallums motored us to Amherst in the snow. It was beautiful. Had tea with them, and dinner with the Professor of Art, rather a nice man. He said he saw a house building which looked very nice and he went up and asked who the architect was. "Oh, we've only built it so far. A man is coming down next week from Boston to put on the Architecture."

[0343] Monday, Nov. 16, 1908

Boston.

Bernhard lunched with Judge Grant at the Tavern Club.

I lunched with Mrs. Hooper at the James'. Mrs. James was disgustingly bitter and venomous about Alfred Hodder and Mary Gwinn.⁹³⁰ I do think her attitude is *inexcusable*.

We dined with Arthur Berenson's family in law, the Morses, terrible anthropological people, who think of money and eating and the Family.

⁹²⁸ Chickering & Sons was an American piano manufacturer located in Boston, known for producing award-winning instruments of superb quality

⁹²⁹ Sir Henry 'Harry' Hamilton Johnston GCMG KCB (12 June 1858 – 31 July 1927), was a British explorer, botanist, linguist and colonial administrator, one of the key players in the "Scramble for Africa" that occurred at the end of the 19th century.

⁹³⁰ The relationship between Mary Gwinn and Carey Thomas deteriorated as Thomas began an intimate friendship with Mary Garrett, who had long rejected Thomas' interest. Thomas' relationship with the two women was already strained when Gwinn shifted her affection to Alfred Hodder, a fellow Professor of English at Bryn Mawr College. In the summer of 1904, Gwinn and Hodder married and Gwinn left the Deanery and Bryn Mawr to live with her new husband in New York.



[0344] Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston

Went with Miss Morgan, Bessie and Elsie to Fenway Court and saw the pictures. Lots of jolly talk.

Dined with Mr. Swift, who had Isabella and Mr. and Mrs. John Gray.

B.B. wrote to Miss Fairfax: ... "this rather womanless town. Of course there is a great abundance of females, and they are very distinguished, very cultured and imposing. But they seem to have carefully rid themselves of all feminine charm. I have noted but one faintest smouldering of something else.

We dined with a bachelor friend, no longer young. There was a very talkative lady, but something in the air made me remark to Mary afterwards that if we were not in sacred, puritanical Boston, but in wicked Europe, I should have believed that my bachelor friend and the talkative lady were, or rather had been, lovers. Mary was naughty enough to assure me she had no doubt they were. I feel a sort of *tendresse* for them, as the only human couple in Boston. Of course human nature, particularly man's part of it, must out, here as elsewhere. I understand that the *cocotte* flourishes in this sacred city. But here she too becomes, nay is a Bostonian. She is very cultured, very musical, and for all I know very philanthropic. Boston has the glory of reviving the Greek *hetaira*."

[0345] Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1908

24 Greenough Place, Newport.

Proctor came to lunch, and of course Isabella brought him and took him away. She hardly lets him stir without her!

I went over to Newport and spent the night with my old friend Sophy Buffum,⁹³¹ who remembers simply everything of our youth with a detail and vividness that shows how empty her life has been since. Her husband has grown very deaf.

Bernhard dined with Ralph and Prof. James and Mr. Holt at the Perrys.

[0346] Thursday, Nov. 19, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Came up from Newport and paid innumerable calls. Bernhard lunched with Clayton Johns. We met at Miss Hopkinson's at tea, and she gave us a reception.

We dined with those delicious people, the Crams. She is so pretty and charming. He is what they call in England "quite mad", a frightful High Churchman and wild gothic enthusiast and Renaissance hater. It was great fun.

Albert wrote saying he would not go to Oxford.

⁹³¹ See entry for Oct. 10, 1903.



[0347] Friday, Nov. 20, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Sargent came to see me at 11, earlier Miss Moffat came, chattering unchanged.

Bernnhard lunched with Dr. Marks and met that interesting Dr. Prince of the "Dissociated Personalities" studies.

I lunched at Miss Yerzas', very dull.

We consoled ourselves with dining again at the dear Wilsons. They had in a pretty red-haired woman to sing.

I forget to say we had tea with the Peannains. Their son is engaged to Brush's daughter.

[0348] Saturday, Nov. 21, 1908

<Somerset Hotel, Boston.>

We spent the morning exploring old Boston houses with Mr. Appleton and his sister. Some of them were lovely.

We lunched with the Curtises who had the Brandegees, and had one of those tea-and-dinner visits to Dorchester which are so tiring. But this was alleviated for me by taking Ralph off to a Symphony Concert, where we heard only the Fifth Beethoven symphony.

[0349] Sunday, Nov. 22, 1908

<Somerset Hotel, Boston.>

A most delightful lunch at Fenway Court, with the Morton Princes and Santayana. Dr. Morton Prince told us about a new and more satisfactory case.

After lunch Senda and Ralph Curtis turned up. We went on to a crowded noisy tea at the Wendels, and had supper at the James' *en famille*.

I mustn't forget Prof. James' lecture to the Heptorian Club⁹³² of Ladies!

Also the different Presidents at the Gate of Heaven, Washington modest, Lincoln painfully humble, so conscious of having made lots of mistakes, and then a resounding Rat-tat-tat and a loud voice, "Tell God it's ME" from Roosevelt.

[0350] Monday, Nov. 23, 1908

Called to see a Gagini.

Lunched with Mrs. George Gardner and Isabella. I spoke of Henry Adams' *Education*⁹³³ which William James lent me, and said how interesting it was, but that I didn't dare to tell the name of the lender. Isabella promptly said, "I keep the copy he gave me under lock and key. No one even gets a

⁹³² Anna Piper was chosen president of the Heptorian Club of Somerville, at its formation in 1894, and still held the position in 1899. It is a Ladies' Club of 850 members.

⁹³³ Henry Adams (1838-1918), *The Education of Henry Adams* (Washington, D.C., 1907). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections E175.5 .A17 1907 L**



glimpse of it.” We all knew, somehow that she *hadn’t* a copy!

Tea with Joseph Breck, and then I went on and had tea with Mr. Ole Bull⁹³⁴ and met Miss Alice Longfellow.

[0351] Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1908

Went again to Fenway Court and got complete notes of the pictures — at last!

Mrs. Gardner and I paid many calls in Cambridge in a motor — Fairchilds, Scofields, Miss Longfellow, Toys, Alleyn,⁹³⁵ Gilmans, James, Miss Norton and goodness knows who.

We dined with the Sullivans who had Mr. and Miss Blake and the Barrett Wendels. The latter talked to me a great deal about Logan.

[0352] Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1908

We lunched with the Percival Lowells, who had the Bowlkers.

Called on the Morton Princes, Summers, etc.

Had tea with a Mrs. Bradley and young Hopkinson came in.

Dined with the Fiske Warrens, Isabella the Beazleys and various other people. I like Mrs. Fiske somehow.

[0353] Thursday, Nov. 26, 1908

Thanksgiving.

Packed.

It was awful. Had our farewell tea-and-dinner at Dorchester. Karin came in in the morning and went with me (later than Bernhard) to Dorchester. She is staying with the Perrys.

[0354] Friday, Nov. 27, 1908

c/o Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt,

Tuxedo Park <New York>

Arrived here at Tuxedo Park about 5.30 and were made very comfortable in Mrs. Hewitt’s cosy house.

Mr. and Mrs. Tams came to dine.

[0355] Saturday, Nov. 28, 1908

c/o Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt,

Tuxedo Park <New York>

Had a long drive and saw the architectural glories of the place! Heavens!

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold arrived for lunch and were very pleasant. They are also staying here.

Dined with Chambers. He has just been defeated as Governor for New York.

⁹³⁴ The Norwegian violin virtuoso Ole Bull.

⁹³⁵ ?



[0356] Sunday, Nov. 29, 1908

c/o Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt,
Tuxedo Park <New York>

Motored to lunch with Dr. Prince, Prof. of Hebrew at Columbia.

Tea with Hewitts at Ringwood. The "Hewitt girls" are too queer for words, especially Sally Hewitt.

Young Robinson and the Tams came to dine.

[0357] Monday, Nov. 30, 1908

The Webster, New York.

Got to town about 2.30.

We dined at Bessie's and Elsie's, a largish party, Mrs. Dana Gibson, Dr. Elliott Gregory, Mr. Kent, Cotney, Mr. Frank Martin, Miss Pierpont Morgan, and Mrs Wolcott beside whom B.B. was placed to his infinite despair.

We then went on to see "The Blue Mouse" a play adapted by Clyde Fitch, and so fearfully vulgar that we got home in absolute despair and gloom.

[0358] Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1908

The Webster, New York.

Went up to the Museum and lunched with Bryson and **the inevitable Lucy Perkins.**⁹³⁶

Called on Florence Reynolds and told her an awful gloom over that play.

Dined with Reynolds.

[0359] Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1908

The Webster, New York.

Lunched with the Griswolds and Mr. Gregory at the Plaza.

Called on Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Perry Belmont,⁹³⁷ etc.

Grace and Mr. Cannon to dine.

⁹³⁶ Lucy Olcott, the wife of F. Mason Perkins.

⁹³⁷ Perry Belmont (1851-1947) was an American politician and diplomat.



Bryn Mawr

[0360] Thursday, Dec. 3, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Came to Bryn Mawr. Found Ellie still gloomy and oppressive, but Ray calm and Karin jolly.

[0361] Friday, Dec. 4, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons'.

Gave my first lecture, with slides, on "Art Study".

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders to dine.

[0362] Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons'.

[0363] Sunday, Dec. 6, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons'.

Mr. and Mrs. Da Laguna to dine. He very remarkable.

[0364] Monday, Dec. 7, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons'.

[0365] Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons'.

[0366] Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

B.B. went to Johnsons'.

I worked on my lecture.

[0367] Thursday, Dec. 10, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Gave my second lecture on "Art Values", rather a good one.

[0368] Friday, Dec. 11, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

[0369] Saturday, Dec. 12, 1908

Elkins Park.

[0370] Sunday, Dec. 12, 1908

Lynwoode Hall, Elkins Park.



[0371] Monday, Dec. 14, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

[0372] Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons in morning.

Lunched with Mrs. Kirkbride and Dr. and Mrs. Anderson (he a brain specialist at work in Wistin Institute).

Came in again with Carey to dine with Mr. Johnson.

[0373] Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Ill in bed.

B.B. went to Johnsons'.

Miss King came to see me. It was delicious having Ray and Karin dropping in and out all day.

[0374] Thursday, Dec. 17, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

B.B. at Johnsons' in morning.

I stayed in bed.

[0375] Friday, Dec. 18, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Rain.

Went in with Miss MacMahon to Johnsons'. We took our last notes.

[0376] Saturday, Dec. 19, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Cousins' Reunion.

I gave my third lecture to ten of Karin's friends.

[0377] Sunday, Dec. 20, 1908

Washington - Germantown

Packed. Bernhard went to Washington.

Karin and I came to suffer at Aunty Lill's.



Washington, D.C.

[0378] Monday, Dec. 21, 1908

New Willard Hotel, Washington.

Bernhard called on that awful German Jew dealer Mr. Fischer, who at once telephoned to the White House to know when Mr. Roosevelt [sic] would see them! There is a naive simplicity about society here which reminds one of a necklace on the body of a naked savage!

B.B. lunched with Henry Adams.

I shopped, went to Bryn Mawr and packed my hat bag, and came here in a *roasting* car that gave me a terrible headache.

[0379] Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1908

New Willard Hotel, Washington.

Saw the St. Gaudeus exhibit — didn't care much for it. He over-uses drapery in sculpture as Andrea did in painting, only it's real drapery, in stone, and futile and ugly.

Lunched with Henry Adams. There was a heavy snow-storm, so we stayed in the reset of the day.

[0380] Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Had an interview with our country's chief (and chief sight), this morning. Mr. Fischer took us to the President's Cabinet, where many senators and admirals, *coiffés ou homme de génie*, were waiting. Presently Roosevelt pushed open the folding doors and came in. He shook us warmly by the hand

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Berrington. No, Mr. Fischer, the name of Berrington needs no introduction. His fame is world wide. Delighted to meet Mrs. Berrington too", and chatted in a jolly way for exactly five minutes.

We then went to the Congressional Library and lunched with Mr. Parsons and looked at prints. Then we called on Mrs. Converse and Mrs. Boit and ended up with supper at the Hales. Edward Everett Hale⁹³⁸ said he considered the *invention of matches* the most important thing that had happened since 1830.

[0381] Thursday, Dec. 24, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Corrected proof.

Lunched with Henry Adams. Had a pleasant, pessimistic talk.

Called in afternoon on Mrs. Stickney, the Lodges, Mrs. Slater and Comtesse de Martel of the French Embassy.

⁹³⁸ Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), Unitarian minister, author and historian.



Miss Lea⁹³⁹ called.

Arthur and Jessie Berenson are here, and we dined with them. He always says the wrong thing. They are both hopeless.

[0382] Friday, Dec. 25, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

It seems useless to try to recapture all these lost days, but I will make an effort.

We went over to Baltimore today to have lunch with the Harry Thomases, and to see Mary Gwinn Hoddere, who is living still entirely in the St. Alfred legend. Ray and Karin were there.

There was also a Christmas Tree at Margaret Carey's, with more relations and relations of relations.

[0383] Saturday, Dec. 26, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Called on a Mr. Archibald Hopkins to see some rotten pictures.

Went to Corcoran Gallery to see Exhibition of American Art.

The game is up! We're in for colour photography. I think our stock of Visual Imagery is entirely smashed.

Lunched with Henry Adams and a Mr. Munroe Ferguson, M.P. An Irish painter, Mr. Barrett, came in later.

Dined with the Fischers — it was *awful* though the dinner was good.

[0384] Sunday, Dec. 27, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Corrected proof.

Mrs. Converse and Mrs. Harlow called in a motor and took us to the Chevy Chase Country Club to lunch, quite a party — a nice Miss Parker who studies painting in Boston, and Mr. Huntington Jackson engaged to Miss Converse, who drove me home through the pretty park. He spoke of a house we passed as “an odd line of architecture”, and of an apartment house so flimsily built that you could hear the man in the next flat change his mind!

Bernhard and I called on Mrs. Slater, who wasn't receiving (though she had asked us!), and walked on to see the perry Belmont monstrous mansion.

Dined at Mr. Parson's, a most awfully pleasant dinner, though we didn't like her. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Aldis from Chicago were *charming*, and Mr. Putnam of the Congressional Library came in afterwards.

I forgot to take off my overshoes!

⁹³⁹ Henry Charles Lea (1825-1909), historian, civic reformer, and political activist. Lea was born and lived in Philadelphia and is buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery. He had three sons and a daughter, Anna Lea (1855-1927).



[0385] Monday, Dec. 28, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

A most lovely day.

Called on Mrs. Rae and saw her pictures.

Then met Mr. Barrett and the Aldises at the Corcoran Gallery and railed against the pictures. Mr. Barrett took us to see Mr. Ralph Johnson's house, and had an *assonant* lunch at the de Martels!

Paid various calls in the afternoon, and dined with the Lees, charming Catholic people. I sat by nice Dr. Lee. Mrs. Randolph was there, who played the piano, Chopin of course. It is a *crime*.

[0386] Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Rainy.

Nice lazy morning, but wrote about 100 letters.

Went to lunch at Senator Lodge's. His sons are interesting. One has just written a long poem called *Herakles*.⁹⁴⁰

They lent us Henry Adams' novel (1880) called *Democracy*,⁹⁴¹ which he denies having written. It is not good.

Paid calls on Mrs. Fischer, and Mrs. Parsons,⁹⁴² and met Nellie Hale who took me to call on that Miss Aldis we met at the Parsons'. She was out.

Called on Mrs. Cameron, whom B.B. doesn't like.

Dined with the Stickneys. Sat by Rear Admiral Capps. Bernhard had a Mrs. Harlan, whose husband told me of a Cashier who knew from people's signatures just how they were in health and spirits. A Mr. Acland was there, very pleasant.

[0387] Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Went to see the North American Indian Totem Poles at the Smithsonian.

Lunched with Henry Adams, who was very pessimistic about the future. Miss Margaretta MacVeagh⁹⁴³ was there.

I went to the Library to get my *List of Italian Pictures Worth Seeing* copyrighted.

I also saw Mr. Putnam and told him if they wanted to employ some one to work up their collection of Italian photographs I knew the person (Geoffrey Scott). **B.B. doesn't want him to be working on it this Spring,**

⁹⁴⁰ George Cabot Lodge (1873-1909), *Herakles* (Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1908).

⁹⁴¹ Evidently Mary did not return the book; perhaps the Lodges did not want it back?

Henry Adams (1838-1918), *Democracy: An American novel* (New York: Holt, 1908).

Biblioteca Berenson House PS1004.A4 D46 1908 [Shelved as R.S.I.2.] No copy at Harvard.

⁹⁴² Not to be confused with Lucy Olcott Parsons.

⁹⁴³ Margaretta Cameron MacVeagh.



when we're so busy, but maybe he wouldn't mind later. Anyway the Library doesn't want it just yet.

We dined with the John Boits. Mr. and Mrs. Thoron was there. It was very pleasant.

[0388] Thursday, Dec. 31, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Heavenly weather.

Packed.

Went again to the Smithsonian. We were petrified to behold in the Ethnological section, beside Papuan sacrificial gongs and other relics of savage religions, an erection labelled

"Catholic Altar. This altar formerly belonged to a Roman Catholic church in Hildesheim. It is constructed in a mixture of Gothic, Renaissance and Rococo styles, and probably dates from the XVII century. The lower painting represents the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; the upper, St. John the Evangelist, holding the chalice of the Lord's Supper. No. 207743."

Near it was a glass case with a partition, on one side of which hung the vestments of Dancing Dervishes, and on the other side the habits of Dominican, Franciscan and Carthusian Friars !!!

Nellie Hale and her brother, the teacher at Union College, Schenectady, lunched with us.

We called on the Leas, Converses, Lodges and Stickneys.

Dined alone.



[0389-0392] Memoranda

Achille Fassari's account of Garibaldi's marriages, May 1908

Garibaldi's marriage to La Raimondi.⁹⁴⁴ First a beautiful young woman on a spirited horse, having dashed

Received a guest by Conte Raimondi at his beautiful villa on Lake of Como near Cadenabbia.⁹⁴⁵

⁹⁴⁴ Giuseppina Raimondi (Fino Mornasco, 17 marzo 1841 – Birago, 27 aprile 1918) fu la figlia naturale, riconosciuta ma non legittimata, del marchese Giorgio Raimondi Mantica Odescalchi e la seconda moglie di Giuseppe Garibaldi, ripudiata al termine della cerimonia nuziale per un presunto tradimento.

villa dei Raimondi a Fino Mornasco.

Villa Raimondi, Via Raimondi, 54 Vertemate con Minoprio

⁹⁴⁵

Cernobbio, v. situé a l'embouchure du torrent Breggia, qui descend du val Muggia ; le palais Odescalchi, aujourd'hui **Raimondi** , enfin Borgo Vico. —Adolphe Laurent JOANNE, *Itinéraire descriptif et historique de la Suisse* (Paris, 1841), p. 564.



Diary 13, Jan. 1-12, 1909

a notebook with unruled pages
last entry on Jan. 12, 1909

[05] January 1st 1909⁹⁴⁶

[07] Hotel Webster, 40 W. 45th St., N.Y.,
<Friday> Jan. 1, 1909

Lovely day.

We left Washington at 10, and spent the whole day with Mary Gwinn Hodder, listening to her endless flow of talk in justification of her dead husband, who, in the opinion of everyone but herself, was a thoroughly bad lot. She says he was a reincarnation of Christ, speaks of him as St. Alfred, said he was a real Knight of the Round Table, and all the rest. It is almost incredible, yet it persuades you while you hear it, and he certainly was devoted to her, which is altogether in his favour.

We came on here by the 5-9.30 train, and I read this marvellous [08] sentence in Collier's Weekly, probably written by Norman Hapgood, as it was in an editorial, "Whatever is good and valuable to mankind begins, indeed, in the realm of ideas and plans, but must necessarily descend and terminate in better houses, better food, better clothing, better machinery, better methods of manufacture and distribution, better modes of transportation and communication. It all terminates in the commodities actions of common everyday life."

Hurrah for America!! What a fascinating civilization this must produce.

[09] <Hotel Webster, New York> Saturday, Jan. 2, 1909

We lunched with Bessie Marbury and Elsie de Wolfe. Bessie was talking about two young men from California who have come to New York to seek their fortunes. One came before the other, and explained that he had got a position as art editor for a paper, but that his friend, Anthony wasn't engaged on anything, but meant to be a write of plays.

"Anthony has money, *but you mustn't let that prejudice you against him*, Miss Marbury!" the boy explained with great insistence.

She used several amusing expressions about getting Roosevelt to speak at the Colony Club. Said he was "gun shy" of New York (like a dog once shot in hunting) and that he had "cold feet" about New York.

Before lunch Rachel Perry had been [010] to see us and Florence Reynolds with Ray, who is staying with her.

Bernhard went into that Talking Shop, Duveen's. They said no one in America had the influence Bernhard has on the sale of pictures!

⁹⁴⁶ entries made in a notebook, not in a diary



Ray and Karin came and we all went to the Fields' to see New York from Brooklyn Heights. Karin came back to go with a friend to the Hippodrome, but the rest of us stayed on to dinner, though B.B. and I were in agony with indigestion, and I had a beastly cold coming on. Ray watched us with cynical young eyes.

She wrote to me the other day, "They ask me why I believe in Suffrage? I find it hard to answer, oddly enough, and I am searching in my head for a formula. The reasons I pour forth from the platform are not my reasons [011] for believing in it. I am not a democrat, nor do I think Women's Suffrage will bring many material changes: one or two slightly better things, perhaps. Nor do I think that I shall be any better off: in fact, all I can find to say is that i am angry at not being able to vote if I want to, and that I think the vote is a sort of peg onto which a lot of useful morals can be hung so that the agitation is better than the having of the vote. These reasons seem pallid for an enthusiast, and I must get them better expressed before I can set anything on fire with them."

[012 - writing with an Italic nib]

<Hotel Webster, New York> Sunday, Jan. 3, 1909

Ray and Florence came, and Mrs. Norman Hapgood called. Bernhard went to spend the day and night at Mrs. Cooper Hewitt's at Tuxedo.

My cold was awful, but I took Ray to tea to Bessie's to meet Anne Morgan. They all seemed very wild and rushing and savage, but Ray enjoyed it.

Karin spent the evening and night with me, and we had a long talk. She says she means to go in for the study of Philosophy, it interests her more than anything else. She is very able, but who can say is she is also profound?

[013] <Hotel Webster, New York> Monday, Jan. 4, 1909

Cold still ghastly.

Hutchins Hapgood came, Ray, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Fabbri, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley.

We dined with the Alexanders, and had a general and most sympathetic curse at all the painters and sculptors of this country.

At 9.45, however, Mrs. Alexander brought the talk round to her husband's work, and we had to look at photographs etc. and admire.

It was like the man who was taken round an Insane Asylum by a very clear, witty person, who laughed at all the poor deluded people, and pointed out their crazy fancies. The man thought he must be the doctor, he was so clear and clever. Finally they came to a man, who, he said, was the worst of all, the very saddest case, "Why?" "Why, he thinks he's God." "But why is that worse than the others?" "Oh, because I know I am God." !!

—— !! —— Where is our insane spot I wonder?



[014] <Hotel Webster, New York> Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1909

Pouring.

Karin returned to Bryn Mawr. Ray took me up in Alice Dike's electric car to the Metropolitan Museum, where we found Bernhard, wick and furious about the German Exhibition, of which he has refused to write for *The Nation*.

Rachel Perry and jolly Miss Richter, Dicky Dana and his friend Mr. Dean came to lunch.

Afterwards I went over slides with Lucy Perkins, and then joined B.B. in Bryson's room. We came quickly away, for even Bryson cannot make that Museum atmosphere anything but deadly.

I looked over my speech; it seemed very dull.

We dined at the Abbes', really an interesting dinner. Mr. Abbe talked to me about Radium. A piece as big as a pin head costs a thousand dollars, [015] so there can't be much in my beloved "Radiozone"!

A Mr. Eno who sat by me was very nice, also his wife, who is a great believer in the spiritual power for Good of Mrs. Piper. She had an illness, in the course of which *everything changed* for her. She couldn't explain it very clearly.

I had a long talk with the musician son, Courtlandt Palmer — rather interesting. He is afraid of becoming a Catholic. I said I had been one, and it never hurt me, so far as I could tell. **It must be taken aesthetically.**

Mrs. Fabbri was there, chattering like a parrot on the the most serious subjects. They all said that "Equal Suffrage" was becoming quite a fashionable fad.

[016] <Hotel Webster, New York> Wednesday, Jan. 6, 1909

Bernhard called on Duveen, etc.

I went down town and chose slides for my lectures, then went to have lunch with Ray and Florence.

B.B. lunched at the Union League Club.

At 2.30 Jo Widener came and took us to Mr. Frick's where presently his father also came. Mr. Frick was very jolly and asked B.B. to tell him about pictures. He has the Titian Aretino, and a fine Greco, also the Ilchester Rembrandt,⁹⁴⁷ which is *colossal*. His daughter has studied "Berenson" at school!

We called on Mr. Winthrop (out), Mrs. Lydig (out), and Mrs. Blumenthal, who owns one fine Lotto and a Rossellino.

Dined quietly here and in the evening heard 4 Acts of *Pelléas et Mélisande* with Debussy's music — frightfully tragic and full of the *lachrymae rerum*. We could not stand the last act.

⁹⁴⁷ a self-portrait.



[017] <Hotel Webster, New York> Thursday, Jan. 7, 1909

Cold.

Hutchins came in to breakfast, and was as sincere and “elemental” as ever. Bernhard lunched with Lamont (editor of *The Nation*), and I stayed in and worked upon my lecture.

Bernhard called on Mrs. Hewitt and met a very nice Mrs. Tiffany.

Grace came to see me, and Mr. John Van Dyke, and various other people.

We went to the Boston Symphony with the Spaldings to hear Alberto's rival, Mischa Elman,⁹⁴⁸ play. He is a horrid youngster, but plays, I think, better than dear Alberto. They gave an *awful* thing of Noren's first, a disgrace to the orchestra, but a piece of German advertising.

[018] <Hotel Webster, New York> Friday, Jan. 8, 1909

Cold.

Hutch came to breakfast and stayed a long time talking. He said the Mormons spoke of “Revelations” — i.e. they see an attractive woman and the Lord reveals to them that they are to marry her. Such revelations apparently are not uncommon. What a pity I never have them!

I went to Dr. Clarence Rice about my throat, and then joined B.B. at Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer's for lunch — a company of Jews, but the Elys (she a Dutch actress) were delightful. A Dr. Ansbacher, who lectures on Kant, and the Drama, and everything else that comes along — a handsome, rhetorical man, who made us both sick.

We went to the Philharmonic with Mrs. Untermeyer and heard the agreeable unfinished Symphony of Schubert [019] and Tschaiikowski's — Symphony which we liked far more than we at all expected to, especially the second movement.

We then called on Mrs. Sherrill and Mrs. Codman and Mrs. Croswell, who were all out, then on Mrs. Flagler, and saw Bryson's lovely panel decorations — quite exquisite.

In the evening we dined with Mrs. John Ellis (Miss Warder). Mrs. John Jacob Astor was there, very lovely, and Mrs. Norman Hapgood, wonderfully beautiful, looking, as B.B. said, like the Whore of Babylon. A nice Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maynard were there, and Mr. Elliott Gregory. It was a pleasant dinner, without being very interesting.

[020] <Hotel Webster, New York> Saturday, Jan. 9, 1909

Warmer.

Bernhard went to see Glaenzer.

We lunched together and then he went off to Barrytown-on-Hudson, to the Chapmans', and I worked on my lecture.

⁹⁴⁸ Mischa (Mikhail Saulovich) Elman (1891-1967).



Mr. Rutgers Marshall ("Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics")⁹⁴⁹ called, and Mr. and Mrs. Eno, whom I really like.

I dined with Grace and Bond and Frank.

<Hotel Webster, New York> Sunday, Jan. 10, 1909

Warm.

Throat bad, so went to Dr. Rice.

Lunched at Elsie's with Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Codman (very nice), and gave my lecture at the Club to a very fashionable and friendly audience. I was introduced by Mr. Blackfield. It went off all right, and they all came up to say it was "the best lecture the'd ever had at the Club" and so on.

I went back to tea with Elsie and Bessie, and she came here, [0121] where I fell into such a depression that I telephoned to ask if Alberto would play to me. They told me to come and dine with them, and we had one of those awful over-cooked Plaza dinners, eaten by over-dressed people to the sobbing of violins.

Afterwards Albert played the 5th violin and piano sonata of Mozart, a lovely one of Beethoven, a suite by Veracini⁹⁵⁰ and some Bach — too heavenly! But what an awful horrible ghastly milieu for that poor boy! His Mother made me take away this to read, because she knew I would love it so!

"The first thing young Albert Spalding said when he left the stage was: 'It is wonderful. There is one of the best orchestras in America!' Already he [0122] had forgot the applause echoing through the Auditorium.

He is still a simple boy, this prodigy of 20, this gifted youngster. When he played yesterday, upon him were bestowed the frank admiration and plaudits of an audience that filled every seat.

With him there is no particle of pose. He was so genuinely interested. His bow leaped from string to string, sometimes with a breadth and bigness that seemed impossible, again with a touch of dreaming and poesy that made one a little sad to think of the temperament behind it all, for temperament is the precursor of what hurts, and Spalding is only a boy yet. To criticize such playing is beyond one: one only listened to the faultless intonations, watched the supple wrist and swift-moving white fingers, caught glimpses of the trailing garments of the spirit he invoked and then thought of that proud fond mother, as near him as she could be, for she was sitting, all the time, just outside the little door where he came and went. To think that money, [023] his by inheritance, did not mar but made. It is enough to do

⁹⁴⁹ Henry Rutgers Marshall (1852-1927), *Pain, pleasure, and aesthetics: An essay concerning the psychology of pain and pleasure* (London & New York: Macmillan, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House BF515 .M3 1894** [Inside front cover, in, legible, "BB Jan '96", and other pages]

⁹⁵⁰ Francesco Maria Veracini (1690-1768), composer and violinist, best known for his sets of violin sonatas.



wipe out all faith in the copy-books!

<Hotel Webster, New York> Monday, Jan. 11, 1909

Bernhard came back, and we lunched here.

Mrs. Gardner called, Mrs. Flagler, Mrs. Taylor and various people.

B.B. called on Mrs. Latham.

We dined with the Blumenthals, who had Glaenzer, Judge Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. McClellan (Mayor) to meet us. I had had my nose operated on earlier in the day, and it was still bleeding, which was a bore!

The dinner was most sumptuous, and B.B. ate a little piece of canvas back duck ("*canard daubé de toile*", as Miss Elkins told the Duca agli Abruzzi) that simply did for him. He was ill all night.

[024] <Hotel Webster, New York> Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1909

A Miss Eames came with a XVII drawing which that miserable Fischer of Washington had pronounced a Carpaccio!

Bernhard was still ill, and spent all day in bed, only getting up to go to a grand lunch at the Fabbri's and again to go to the Sherrills' 'formal' dinner.

Mr. Winthrop called on him and a man named Emmett about a Titian he thinks he has.

The lunch was pleasant. I sat by an architect named Hopping and there were some nice people named Bell there.

Cora Hardon came to see me, and various callers.

The dinner at the Sherrills was very grand. Paul Morton was there, whom the President protected from a legal investigation about his complicity [025] in certain illegal railway rebates.

Dr. Puton also, Miss Cross, Mrs. Page and the Archer Huntingtons. The latter sat by me and we had a great talk. He couldn't get over it that I liked reading and cared for Milton!

