

The Letters of Mary Whitall Costelloe
1891-1900

to her mother Hannah (†1911), her father Robert (†1898),
her sister Alys ('Lurella'), her brother Logan,
her husband Frank (†1899)
and to Alys' husband Bertrand Russell

1891

M-HS 1891.__ (VII)
a one-page letter

24 Lungarno Acciajoli, [*siz*] Florence, Jan. 4, 1891

Dearest mother,

I am ashamed not to have written more, but really our life has been so full I could not write. I will tell thee all about it when I come home. We have all been so happy — I especially. I really never enjoyed anything so much. And it has been such a comfort leaving the little coons with Thee. To think of Ray's having "Miss Irene in her heart!" The little [1.2] angel. I think of it all the time.

We are going to Rome tomorrow and tomorrow week we shall be at home again. It is the greatest pleasure — next to revelling in the Angels — to think of popping in and out upon thee. What fun I have living next to thee!!

Give papa my love.

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____ (VII)
a one-page letter

Florence, Jan. 5, 1891

Dearest mother,

We are just starting for Rome today, leaving Alys settled here in her Pension. Berenson is coming on with us, and Mr. Musgrave, the fat, bald-headed cherub, will bandersnatch¹ Alys. But thy [1.2] mind need not be disturbed. He isn't serious. I never saw a more delightful but less serious person. He has dined with us every other evening and "charmed us with smiles and with soap".²

What pictures and architecture we have seen! It has opened a new [1.3] world. We are so glad we came. It will make such a difference all our lives, and to Ray and Karin too, the little Angels! Some day I must bring them here and show them all we have seen.

We expect to reach home on Monday next. I will send thee word what [1.4] time when I know.

There is simply nothing to say except guide-book. [? ... ?]

I dream every night of great arches and beautiful colours. *Really*, I am not shamming!

Kiss the seraphs. I am so glad Miss Irene has been able to come.

With love to papa.

Thy daughter,
Mary

Cards for Ray and Karin

¹ A fictional creature mentioned in 'Jabberwocky' by Lewis Carroll in *Through the Looking-Glass* (1872).

See Strachey, Relations

² Lewis Carroll, *The Hunting of the Snark*: 'You may charm it with smiles and soap'.



M-HS 1891.__ (VIT?)
a one-page letter

<Rome> Jan. 6, 1891³

Dearest mother,

We are in Rome and have received all thy letters, and I am sending straight to Alys the registered letter.

Thy news about Ray is eagerly devoured.

We reach home Monday morning.

Positively I cannot write. We are so busy! We have invented a new term for [1.2] conversation — “lingual oppression”, and we are all suffering from it! But we enjoy it.

We left Alys very happy. She seemed glad to have us go, and I did not pity her one little bit. Frank saw her room and said it was very nice.

We have *so* little time here I am afraid I can't go to call on anyone, but [2] I am sure we shall be here again soon. You can't come to Italy only once. O how Ray and Karin will enjoy it some day. Kiss them for me, and give papa my love.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³ '1890' corrected to '1891'.



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti)
a one-page letter
on the stationery of 40 Grosvenor Road,
Westminster Embankment, S.W.

<Rome> Jan. 8, 1891

Dearest mother,

We are having such a delightful time here, but my heart is hungry for my little coons. I am going to take thy advice and give up nearly everything to them while they are little. I feel that it is the only way, and politics can be taken up at [1.2] any moment. I feel a great desire to live a simpler and more natural life. I think such work and such responsibility is not really suitable at my age, especially with Ray and Karin.

Italy has done so much for me. It is so beautiful and so sane! I am coming back a “changed being”. How delicious [1.3] it will be to see thee and the little ones again! I will go so far as to say that it will equal a church by Julian di Sangallo!

I would have written last night, but we had an attack of “lingual oppression” which lasted “without rest or pause” from three o'clock till past midnight, and I could [1.4] not bear to interrupt the flow! Begin to harden thy own ears, for we are coming home in a very talkative mood!

Love to papa and kisses to RAY.

[a sketch of three faces]

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter to ?

<London?> Saturday morning, Jan. 31, 1891

Dearly beloveds,

I enclose today's letters — nothing important. It is a beautiful sunny day, like Spring. **We are going to the Cottage. Frank** feels much better he says.

Ray is so busy playing shop in the nursery that I couldn't persuade her to come down. She was very sweet yesterday and said she could "kiss Miss Irene a thousand times and then fourteen times more and not use up all the kisses she had." She is a young Catullus! His poems on kissing are very like that.

I saw **Eva**⁴ yesterday and persuaded her to give up some of her work, which I will take for her. She isn't sleeping at all.

What a book that *Diana* is!! how horrible to feel that one is an 'Alfite' in spite of one's self! What is true in it strikes me as not new, and what is new isn't true. Eva lent me [1.2] *The Strike of a Sex*, also an absurd book, with glimmerings of truth.

I am dreadfully busy this morning, so farewell.

With dearest love to **both of you mean creatures who have left me alone.**

I am

Yours
Mrs. Gummidge

⁴ Eva McLaren — not mentioned in Mary's diaries.



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti)
a one-page letter — her mother is in Rome
on her way to Perugia with Alys?

<London> Monday, Feb 2, 1891

<Dearest mother,

It> was lovely at Haslemere — <...> and sunny. We found several primroses, and the trees are budding.

Father has moved thy table into the dining room where he sits and works. We were regaled with cold mutton chops for lunch today, and now he and Uncle H. have gone for a drive in Richmond Park. It is warm and sunny.

Eva is not well, so I have had to take some of her meetings for her, which makes me rather busy.

Tell Alys that Mr. Berenson is going to Monteoliveto this week⁵ and is going to join the Catholic Church there. Her circular letter has just come. I am sending it to Logan.

Ray came in from school while I was writing and asked me what I had brought. I had nothing, and she said reproachfully, “O mama! I was making up in my mind all the time that you would bring me something”, and [1.2] then she added, “Well <?> have four chocolates <?> that do!”

Positively it is too cold <to write.> My hand will not hold the pen.

One of the loveliest things to see in Rome is the Lotto in the Galleria Rospigliosi. It is not in the room with the Aurora, but next to it, hanging between the two windows. The Melozzo da Forlì in the sacristy of St. Peter's are even more wonderful. But the Raphaels in the Vatican are the best of all!

With best love to you both,

I am,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁵ See Bernhard's letter 1891.7 to Mary of Feb. 3, 1891.



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti)
a one-page letter

Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1891

Dearest mother,

Nothing has happened here. We are all well. Frank and I dined at 44 on a Haslemere turkey, which was very good. I am just off to the Gallery with Eva, who feels as if she wants a little mental refreshment. Ray is just starting to school. She is very well, and does not seem to miss thee!

The rest of this week is to be devoted to meetings, Committee and other, but we shall get to Haslemere on Sunday and I think I will take Ray.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Frank is *quite well* again.



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M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti)
a one-page letter

Feb. 4, 1891

Dearest mother,

There are no letters to forward this morning. Thy postal and Alys' came last night and Ray had her note this morning and was greatly interested. She enjoyed Aunt Loo's splendid letter very much.

The letters from the Poste Restante came safely, including the registered one. There were two small cheque in them! [1.2]

I hope you are at Perugia with Berenson today — Alys said she thought you would go. I have to go to Brighton today to a meeting of Eva's but I shall get back by midnight.

Ray has a little cold today, so she is not going to school. They are both playing in the end of the dining room. Ray is a continuous Fairy all the time "like the real fairy we saw at the circus."

The editor of the *Chronicle* [1.3] sent Frank the new book of Aristotle and asked him to review it for the "literary supplement", which he did. He wanted to keep a hold on it, in case it might be an opening for B. B.

The dining room is so delightful now! It is an incredible improvement.

I am going to have a "caucus" here tomorrow to lunch as we have some important business on hand.

Well, I envy you, you fortunate creatures. Never mind! [1.4] Frank and I have sworn an oath to know every corner of Italy before we die, if a reasonable length of years is granted to us. So you are only a little in advance.

Ray sends "that I love her and she mustn't really forget those chocolate creams, and she must send me some chocolates without any creams inside of them besides too, and I will grow a hundred kisses for her" and "that Aunt Loo must send me a little pup for the big dog."

With dearest love,

M. W. C.



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti)
a two-page letter;
her mother and Alys are still in Perugia;
they return to London on March 18

Friday, Feb. 6, 1891

Dearest mother,

There are no other letters except things for Miss Zeller.⁶ I am so anxious to hear about your visit to Perugia. We had a letter from Berenson today, written on Tuesday night.⁷ He had been to meet you at the train, but you had not come. I suppose we shall hear tomorrow. O what a country Italy is! Doesn't thee feel the charm of it?

We had a full caucus here yesterday, ten people to lunch. Lady Carlisle brought Lady Cecilia, to initiate her into political work. She says that she wants Mr. Roberts to go into Parliament, but he wants to wait a few years (*very* wisely, unless they have lots of money!) However, in the mean time they are both "going in for politics" in Oxford.

Lady C. was splendid as usual, and as usual I fell completely under her charm and adored her. I am going [1.2]up to Leicester to speak with her at a meeting on the 16th. I don't know where I will stay, as Isabel Evans, Mrs. Bruce tells me, has gone to the Barbados.

We had a great fight in committee, in which we as usual came out, on the whole, ahead, although were in a minority of 10-16. We passed Eva McLaren's paper on the "civil status of women" and Mrs. Charles McLaren's on "Midwives Registration", and shelved Mrs. Hancock's, which none of us cared for. It was really rather amusing, and it was useful, too. Lady Carlisle was enthusiastic about our party, and she has offered me her secretary (*not* **Lief Jones**,⁸ but Miss Hodgson!) for three months, from April on. It will be great fun.

I had a nice meeting at Brighton with Janey Cobden, and tonight I have one at Hornsey. I have my last meeting on the 18th, and after that I am going to try not to take any more! — at any rate not till [2] the time of our annual meetings draws nearer.

Ray prayed last night, "Jesus, did you and all the angles laugh to see how good I was to my sister all day!" Sweet pet! I am sure they did. She keeps all your letters and postal cards very carefully, and knows them all by heart. The picture ones she greatly enjoys. She said she was sure thee wouldn't see any picture at Perugia so beautiful as that one thee drew of Ray-a-reens and Grandma-heaven-a-reens eating cream chocolates! Their colds are better today, but it is cold and foggy, so [2.2] they are not going out.

The cook seems sobered and repentant and things appear to be going

⁶

⁷ B-M 1891.7, Feb. 3, 1891

⁸ See note in Mary's diaries.



smoothly. Esther won't come with Nelly, so I must look out for another.

Give my love to Alys. She is a fortunate being. Tell her to make it her mission to convert Loeser from smoking. Of course you will see him in Sicily — the air will be black with him — and he will bore you to death.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Poor Saidee!!⁹

⁹ Saidie Nordhoff — Evelyn's sister?



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti?)

a one-page letter

to Hannah and Alys and Bertie who are in Italy

<London? Haslemere?> Saturday morning, Feb. 7, 1891

You mean and hateful persons,

Here am I in a dense fog, writing with a lamp at 9 o'clock in the morning. I arose with a swelling heart and dressed rapidly and rushed downstairs to get **your letter from Perugia**, which, if you had had a grain of affection for me, would have come today. There is none, either here or at 44!!

O it is too mean! And now I can't possibly hear until Monday. And to think that [1.2] you must have arrived on Tuesday ... Wednesday ... Thursday ... Friday ... Saturday! There is no excuse and I cannot forgive you!

In revenge I will not tell you any home news. Yes, I will. One thing that will tear thy hard,¹⁰ **grandma**. The first thing Ray said was, "Will there be a letter for me today?" And there was none! "P.W.'s" that you are (perfidious wretches). The children are better I think.

That is all,

from your justly indignant
M. W. C.

sketch of a mean face

¹⁰ A mistake for 'heart'?



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti?)
a one-page letter
to Hannah and Alys and Bertie who are in Italy
<Saturday,> Feb. 7, 1891, 9.30 p.m.

Dearly beloveds,

We have just come over from a very pleasant dinner with father and Uncle Horace at the Family Mansion. Mrs. Venes did herself proud and gave us an excellent dinner. It is pitch dark and coldish. We had to carry the lantern. It seemed funny to be returning to the Cottage without a youthful body-guard of revellers.

I take back the evil things I said this morning about your not writing from Perugia. Mother's two cards and a note from the "Master" came by [1.2] a later post. They were delayed by a Channel fog, which of course in London turned into ink. It is misty down here even. Mother, if thee goes on, **we shall have thee taking Villas in every town in Italy!** O but isn't it enchanting?? I certainly was with you in the spirit if not in the flesh on Wednesday. Berenson said he thought you had enjoyed the sunshine and the town, and that thee, Alys, had "made great progress", which was good news. How thee will enjoy Rome and Naples. What a pity the "Master" can't be there to start [1.3] thee on the right track. Or perhaps thee has now made such progress that thee doesn't need him any more? Didn't you both find his commentaries on things full of suggestion? His first impression of Lady Albinia was that she was very much laced, but afterwards he liked her very much. Can't thee convert her, **Lurella**, to the wickedness of setting such an example?

I am going to get Ray just a few cream chocolates and say thee sent them, grandma-reens. Her little mind is full of them. She was very merry all [1.4] day and her cold seemed better. Karin is cutting a tooth.

I have another Caucus next Wednesday, and Graham Wallas is coming to dinner. On Thursday I have a meeting at Guildford and on Saturday a meeting at the Chelsea Woman's Co-operative, so we won't come here next week. Rukhmabai is coming to dinner on Sunday and Britten, who came to breakfast this morning. On the 16th I have a meeting at Leicester and Lady Sandhurst at Guildford on the 18th. I hope Etta will come to stay with us while Berenson is there, which will be for a week at the end of this month.

Let me [1] know where to send your letters. Frank sends love, and I do too, since ~~thee and~~ mother did write to me after all.

Lovingly yours,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti; not Libby)
a postcard with the postmark of ?

<Sunday, Feb. 8, 1891?>

“A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the Hon. Rollo Russell, son of Earl Russell, and Miss Joachim, niece of the celebrated violinist” — *Pall Mall Gazette* last night.

It is lovely here today. We are just starting for Church. Franks sends love and so do I.

M. W. C.

Haslemere, Sunday



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M-HS 1891.____ a one-page letter (I Tatti)

Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1891

Dearest mother,

No letters have come except invitations to speak, which I am answering for thee. Several books on Women's Labour in the W. S. have come, and they will be most useful for my speech on Saturday. I have sent an acknowledgment, but if thee is writing to Miss Ames, do thank her.

I am suffering from an invasion of Miss Arabella Shore, who spent the night here. But she turns out to be very nice, because she is a regular enthusiast [1.2] about Italy. She travelled there 23 years ago with Miss Peabody — *the* Miss Peabody of Boston and she read me her journal describing Miss Peabody. It was killingly funny. Miss P. was an "intellectual abstraction" with a huge fat face and blue spectacles and a Baedeker. She travelled for ten days with Miss Shore and a young man and never alluded to the latter except as "that young man" or "your friend". She read her Baedeker aloud continuously in a grinding monotonous voice.

[a page MISSING?]

[1] minute description of everything, but I forgive her.

Thy loving daughter,

M.

Ray calls Miss Shore "that young lady!"



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)
Friday, Feb. 13, 1891

Dearest mother,

Ray is much better today, but lying on the sofa in her wrapper. Dr. Ringer says emphatically it is living by the river on this badly made soil. It is too dreadful to think of going away — indeed, I can't think of it! But these attacks of Ray's [1.2] are fearfully distressing. She is delightfully cross, which is a good sign.

I *was* so tired last night, and lo and behold Stenbock¹¹ and a friend of his came. I had to pray hard for patience, and I received it, for I managed to be very nice to them.

Eva is so ill. I am worried about her. We are [1.3] not going to Haslemere this week, but papa and Uncle H. are going tomorrow. I have my Chelsea Co-operative lecture tomorrow night.

Frank and I are very well. I never felt so much energy. The weather is quite lovely sun for three days running!!!

I will write to Miss Willard [1.4] about Dolly Tennant, and also answer another note asking about William Morris. There was nothing else in it, so I won't forward it.

Frank sends love and Ray sends grandma - a - runs a kiss and says, "I'm better today, but sometimes I'm sick when I drink mil."

Lovingly thine,
M. W. C.

¹¹ Count Eric Stanislaus (or Stanislaus Eric) Stenbock (1860-1895) was a Baltic Swedish poet and writer of macabre fantastic fiction.

Stenbock was the count of Bogesund and the heir to an estate near Kolga in Estonia. He was the son of Lucy Sophia Frerichs, a Manchester cotton heiress, and Count Erich Stenbock, of a distinguished Swedish noble family of the Baltic German House of nobility in Reval.

Stenbock's father died suddenly while he was one year old; his properties were held in trust for him by his grandfather Magnus. Eric's maternal grandfather died while Eric was quite young, also, in 1866, leaving him another trust fund.

Stenbock attended Balliol College but never completed his studies.

While at Oxford, Eric was deeply influenced by the homosexual Pre-Raphaelite artist and illustrator Simeon Solomon. He is also said to have had a relationship with the composer and conductor Norman O'Neill and with other "young men".



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

Friday, Feb. 13, 1891, 10 p.m.

Darling mother,

Ray is much better today. The doctor says he will not come again. I have been with her all day, but she clings most to Nana — which is natural!

Karin is in boisterous spirits, so we have kept [1.2] her in the dining room all day. Father wanted me to say nothing about Ray's illness, but thee would rather know, and I can speak with an easy mind because she is so much better. She loves to lie on Emma's lap and have me sing to her, and sometimes she condescends to come in [1.3] my lap, but not often.

Frank is going to a party, but I have given out. I find that ten minutes anxiety about Ray 'takes it out' of me more than a dozen political meetings or caucuses!

Lady Henry has written to Frank about [1.4] her houses. He was fortunately able to be of great use to her at the County Council.

Good night. I am going to bed early.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____
a postcard (I Tatti)
addressed to Hotel Trinacria, Palermo, Sicily

Sunday night, Feb. 15, 1891, 9.30

Ray is much better today. She has been having beef tea and chicken broth and fruit and has played a little with her blocks. She asked to go to bed about 1.30 as she said she felt sleepy. She has no fever.

Rukhmabai was here to dinner and was so nice. Karin made great friends with her.

Miss Ayling came to supper, and Frank has walked home with her.

I am just settling down to some political work. I had such a nice audience of co-operators for my lecture on American Women last night. They asked such intelligent questions.

I shall probably take the children to Haslemere the end of this week or the beginning of next. The change will do Ray so much good.

Of course there are no letters owing to the London Sunday

Dearest love to you both,

My regards to Mr. Loeser,

M. W. C. (!)



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti);
Strachey, p. 44-45

Monday, Feb. 16, 1891

Dearest mother,

Ray is up and dressed today and is displaying a vigorous crossness, and has some appetite, so I hope she is getting on. I want to get her away to Haslemere as soon as possible. As we shall probably *live* there after Easter, I am not going to trouble about another cook for the intervening month. This one says she will keep sober till then at any rate, and if she doesn't I will send her away and get in a woman by the day. (I have burnt my finger and so can hardly write.)

It is very nice weather and Karin goes out every day, but of course Ray cannot. Nana has been most devoted to Ray, has not left her a minute, and Ray would hardly look at anybody else.

I am in for another "conference" on March 12, and again I am the unfortunate secretary. I suppose on the whole I *must* enjoy political work, or I would [1.2] hardly do so much of it, would I?

What sunshine you must be having! Fortunate creatures.

I have arranged for Rukhmabai to come with Berenson and me when she can to the picture galleries, and also with Eva.

I will write to Beatrice Horne as soon as I know Berenson's plans. I would so enjoy having her, because she really cares about pictures.

Tell Alys that **B. B. writes to Frank constantly and to me less often**, which she will consider a good sign. Not that it does in fact make the slightest difference! One of the great advantages of marriage (if people take it right) is that it removes at any rate a portion of us from "the weary strife of frail humanity"¹² as to falling in and out of love, which agitates the unmarried. I do advise Alys to try the receipt (*not* with Loeser!) and save future complications. Tell her to take dear old Musgrave. He wouldn't interfere with her!

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M. W. C.

¹² William Wordsworth, 'Ode to Duty':
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!



M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti; not Libby)
a postcard addressed to _____

Tuesday night, 9.30 <Feb. 17, 1891>

Ray is ever so much better today, and playing about very happily. She said today, "I would like to live always in grandma's house." She was delighted with the postal card I had to read it again and again to her. Baby is well. She is always "loving" Ray — "poor sick Ray." They are too sweet together.

More tomorrow.

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1891

Dearest mother,

There are no letters except business ones which I have either answered or sent to Miss Zeller. Papa has returned enraptured with Friday's Hill.

We are all going down on Saturday, children, nurses, Bernhard Berenson,¹³ Miss Ayling and all. How shall we squeeze into the cottage! If papa [1.2] didn't dislike Berenson so, I would send him there. As it is, I think I'll go myself, as **Frank has developed into a regular Snorer, and I can't sleep in the room with him.** My head feels quite mixed with all the arrangements and I almost forget how many rooms the cottage has.

Ray is better today, but her cough is bad, and I am in a hurry to get her away. She is pretty cross, and doesn't say many funny things. We read to her nearly all the time.

Patrick is here cleaning windows today, though I don't know that this is an item of particular interest, now that I come to think of it!

I sent thee a cheque for £112 in a registered letter and this is the receipt. Will thee lend us some if thee can? We are hard up. We owe Meatyard £30, woodman of Fernhurst £10, Hill £10, Twins £5, Berry £4, taxes £8 and one or two small things. That is £67 to begin with. We are sure to have it before long. If thee will let Frank put it in his bank I will send thee whatever thee wants.

I am just off to Guildford with Lady Sandhurst. We have had two days of awful fog, but it is lifting. I hope you are having better weather.

Lovingly,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Karin amused us so much this morning at breakfast by reciting [1] "Pop goes the Weasel", only she put other things instead of the 'Weasel' and roared with laughter at her joke = "Pop goes 'e Mamma", "Pop goes 'e Papa!"

M. W. C.

¹³ Berenson was to arrive on Saturday at 7.45.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)
Thursday, Feb. 19, 1891

Dearest mother,

Thy nice letter of Saturday came only this morning, and Alys' note about poor Juliet.¹⁴ She really is a fiend!

Thee has sent no specific directions about changing the dates, so I am sending to Palermo today, and tomorrow and after to Poste Restante, Taormina.

It was too late. I had already sent thy cheque. I hope it has arrived safely.

The doctor came yesterday. He said Ray's cough was nothing, but gave her something sweet to take when her spasms of coughing come on. It is not whooping cough. He said she must go to Haslemere on Saturday, rain or shine. She has grown rather quiet in her plays since this illness, and so Karin has to do the talking and she is getting on wonderfully fast. Ray takes a kind of tender motherly pride in the baby, and shows her off to people in the prettiest way. "She's growing a very fine child", she told me the other day.

I am just off to a parliamentary sub-committee now, calling for Eva on the way. Mrs. Wynnford Philipps is going to take over Westminster and Miss Zeller is going to find a new secretary.

Ray says, "Grandma might write to me."

Give Luella¹⁵ my love.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

¹⁴ Juliet Temple of Broadlands, the adopter daughter of

¹⁵



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)
Friday, Feb. 20, 1891

Dearest mother,

Ray is better today, but still a little pale and languid. She was delighted with thy postal card and the marvellous picture of the storm! She said, "When grandma-a-reens comes — *then* I'll have fun!" with such an accent of enjoyment, thy heart would have rejoiced to hear her.

I am going to take them down by the 9.30 so as to get their naps in due time. Frank and Berenson will come by the 2.45. It's rather inconsiderate of Berenson to arrive at 6 o'clock in the morning!

We made Mrs. Wynnford Philipps president of the Westminster W. L. A.¹⁶ last night, and Miss Pearson secretary, but we kept thee as Treasurer — of nothing! I hope Mrs. W. P will infuse life into the dry bones.

Thy circular was *perfectly delightful*. Thee has hit the difficulty. General Booth's scheme¹⁷ is a kind of "bumming made easy" arrangement, if a tramp chooses to take it that way.

I had a long talk with Eva this morning and shall see her tonight again. She is enchanting.

Miss Zeller says to tell thee that the books have come, 600 of them. Seven have already gone out.

I must go out and attend to a few errands, so farewell. I do love thee so!

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹⁶ Women's ? Association?

¹⁷ General Booth



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (I Tatti; Libby?)

<Saturday> Feb. 21, 1891, 7.30 a.m. (!)

Dearest mother,

The children are going off to Haslemere this morning and I with them, so I will send my letter to thee early.

I have written to Miss Ames to thank her for all the books, and also to Miss Willard about Mrs. Stanley and some other questions she asked.

Berenson has come and is upstairs taking a bath. He said it was gloriously clear in France and on the Channel but that as they neared Dover a thick fog enveloped them. All England in fact has been wrapped in a fog since Tuesday, and I am afraid we shall hardly get sunshine even at Haslemere.

Later (8.15).

Thy Tuesday letter has come.

Of course I shan't do anything about the house till thee comes. The whole point is to be near thee, darling mother.

I hope you will enjoy Loeser!

I must go now.

The children seem pretty well today.

Tell Alys I did not read Ida Farrell's letter, and I would like to!

With dearest love,

Thine,
M. W. C.

Ray was delighted with the bambino!



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M-HS 1891.____ (I Tatti)
a one-page letter

40 Grosvenor Road, <Monday> Feb. 23, 1891

Dearest mother,

Ray is much, much better and the weather at Haselmere is glorious. Such sunshine today, but coming up we were caught in the fog *at Guildford*, and were delayed *an hour* between Surbiton and Wimbledon!

Father has gone down today to stay till Wednesday, when I shall go down to see Ray, leaving Frank and B. B. to keep bachelor hall — with a drunken cook!!

Ray will be delighted with her letter and with the monster kiss. Gertrude sent her such a lovely doll. She was going [1.2] to have Zoe to tea today.

We called for Eva today to go to Ibsen's play, *Rosmersholm*, an awfully funny thing, which amused us intensely.

I am not in a writing humour, as Frank and Berenson are sitting just behind me talking so interestingly. So excuse me.

I have sent letters to Poste Restante, Taormina, Saturday's letter. Will send to this address till I hear again.

With much love, in which Frank joins.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

I suppose father sent on thy letters. I find none here.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

Home Rule Union, Feb. 24, 1891

Dearest mother,

I am waiting for an unpunctual committee and am using the chance to write to thee. Yes, it is dreadful having thee on an island, but thee will be home soon. It isn't long till Easter. What horrible fogs today and yesterday! You can't see anything.

Stenbock is coming to dinner tonight and we are going over to hear a lecture from Dr. Barry and then on to a party of one of our "Chelsea constituents."

On Thursday Sidney Webb and Haldane Q.C., M.P.,¹⁸ are coming to dine to go to a political meeting afterwards.

We aren't going to make any permanent arrangements about the house now. Mrs. Wynnford Philipps, who doesn't live on the river, has to keep her children a great deal in the country. She sends them down for two weeks at a time and cuts up her own life to suit. Then when they've had two weeks, they come back for a month and so on. I expect this would be the best arrangement. The plan of keeping 44 jointly appeals to me immensely, I must say. I can see so many advantages in it. But Frank didn't like the idea. Still that may have been only his reluctance to change. It may seem more favourable when he thinks of it again. At any rate we will not do anything now.

Berenson seems in a nice sensible frame of mind, not at all exacting or interfering. **I think he is much improved by feeling that he is going to begin his real life here in a definite place and that he will be more like other people.** Frank is very happy about him and so am I.

Well, the Committees aren't coming evidently! I am not going to wait longer.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹⁸ Richard Burdon Haldane, 1st Viscount Haldane (1856-1928), an influential Liberal and later Labour politician, lawyer and philosopher.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter on the stationery
of 40 Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment, S. W.

Feb. 27, 1891

Dearest mother,

I am ashamed of not writing yesterday, but I had a busy day. Today we have talked so much to various people who have been here that our tongues are ready to drop out of our heads. Alys will rejoice to hear this! Tell her I nearly died with laughter about Loeser. The air must indeed be black with him!

Ray and Karin are well. I am going there in the 9.30 tomorrow. Miss Ayling, B. B. and Miss Pollen are coming.

I am in the driest of dry humours and cannot write a respectable letter. It has been fearfully foggy all the week, and we haven't been able to see any pictures.

Beatrice Horne called, but I haven't made any arrangements owing to the fog.

Eva has "given" us a whole day, Wednesday, to see if we can amuse and refresh her.

"O, day, if I squander one wavelet of thee,
The least of thy twelve hours' treasure."¹⁹

We are going to Hampton Court, I think. She is so nice and B. B. likes her and she him, strange to say.

Thy cheque has come and I will attend to everything and will send the £40 to Hotel Timeo, Taormina, Sicily.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹⁹ Robert Browning, *Pippa passes* (1841).
Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

the last xerox at I Tatti that was checked

Haslemere, March 2, 1891

Dearest mother,

Thee signed the cheque “to *deposit* account” which means I think that Frank cannot draw it for thee. But he is attending to it today, and I will write and tell thee.

Margaret Pollen said she would like to stay over today, so we aren’t [1.2] going up till tomorrow. I was glad to stay, as Ray isn’t quite well yet, and I feel not worried but still not happy about her. Her cough keeps on. Still, she has no fever and her appetite is good. She loves to get they cards.

Miss Ayling was here for Saturday and Sunday, but Frank monopolized her, so B. B. and Margaret and I were left to talk *à trois* and succeeded [1.3] *à merveille*. It was such fun! He amused and mystified her *à la fois*, but at any rate we enjoyed ourselves. They are now discussing their opinions of each other with a view of writing them to Alys.

We “overflow” into the big house, and got Mrs. Venus to cook for us, which she did very nicely. We have spent much of [1.4] our time discussing — Loeser! Do write me what thee thinks of him.

Karin makes me positively cannibalistic! Her cheeks are so fat and firm and red and her general appearance so good.

There is the postman.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter on the stationery
of 40 Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment, S. W.
Mary and Bernhard were confirmed at Farm Street on March 3,
but this event is not mentioned to her mother

Mar. 3, 1891

Dearest mother,

I came up this morning, leaving Ray a little better.

Margaret Pollen came only as far as Guildford, where she stopped to see some friends. She said to tell Alys she would write her a long dissertation on "the Master".²⁰

I have another caucus on Thursday, but I think I will go to Haslemere tomorrow.

I have written fully to Dr. Ringer.

I must tell thee that the shells are being much enjoyed and all thy letters.

I won't do any 'housekeeping' until thee comes. We can always manage to squeeze into the cottage, but the house isn't let, and I doubt if it will be.

What a relief to be rid of Loeser! Or was he convenient? Don't let him go to Venice with you unless you want him. He doesn't know anything about Venice, and what a bore he is when he is left to pure "instinging"!

I must go, farewell.

Will write tonight.

Thine,
M.

²⁰ Henry James?



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter on the stationery
of 40 Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment, S. W.;
Strachey, p. 45
Mar. 4, 1891

Dearest mother,

I am a very poor correspondent, I fear, but truly I have such an ocean of business letters that the pen drops from my hand from very weariness. I *shall* be glad when you come home.

We have been entertaining Eva McLaren all day at various picture galleries (varied by an important committee) and we enjoyed her so much. She enjoyed B. B. immensely and wants to go to see pictures with us whenever she can. She was really very nice.

Father was in an awful rage yesterday, but he appears to be in a better humour today. **He seems to hate poor Berenson**, but no doubt he will learn to reconcile himself to the inevitable as people always do. It is such a pity to hate him, for if papa took him right, Berenson could amuse and entertain him immensely.

I am going down with papa to Haslemere tomorrow to see how Ray is. Nana reports "better", but I want to see for myself. I have somehow strained my ankle and cannot walk but perhaps I shall be all right tomorrow.

Tell Alys I have sent the Theocritus to Miss Day.

We were to have gone to Lady Aberdeen's tonight, but my foot is too bad.
With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Aunt Maggie has come.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Mar. 5, 1891

Dearest mother,

I went down to Haslemere with papa today. He was so nice and kind, and actually made me a present of my return ticket! He did not allude to Mr. Berenson at all, but talked of all manner of other things.

I found Ray and Karin both coughing and I am convinced now that they have whooping cough! Emma feels sure of it too, and so I am going to Dr. Ringer tomorrow to find out how to nurse them. I don't propose to dose them much, as they are getting on very well.

I wanted to see just what it was like, so I took a nap with Ray. The little seraph rubbed my cheek with her comforting handkerchief and dropped off to sleep on my shoulder. She slept an hour and a quarter, breathing softly through her nose, and then woke up with a short spasm of coughing. But it was not severe, and I hope it will pass over them lightly. Karin is less ill than Ray. I am going down tomorrow to stay till Monday.

Father has not let the house, but he is going to Oxford on Saturday.

Frank has got thy money. I will send thee £10 by a registered letter tomorrow to Naples. Shall I send more? If thee sends me a wire saying "ten" or "twenty" or "thirty" I will immediately send it by a registered letter to Naples till the 10th and afterwards to Florence.

I am so sleepy. Good night.

Love to Alys,

Thy
Daughter.

March 7 was 'one of our special anniversaries';
see her diary, Mar. 7, 1892



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter
to her father Robert
on the stationery of 40, Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment.
S.W.

Mar. 9, 1891

Dearest papa,

Many, many thanks for thy letter. I would like to answer it fully, but I have had to send out 40 political letters and am dead tired! I have to go to Mrs. Reid's tomorrow for a Conference about our Metropolitan [1.2] Union, and then I am going to Haslemere, as I have to be up on Wednesday night.

I will write to thee from Haslemere. The children are better.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter
on the stationery of Friday's Hill House, Haslemere

Mar. 10, 1891

My dearest mother,

I had to go up yesterday, but after a political séance I came down again today. The snow is several feet deep, and it is perishingly cold.

I was afraid for the children, but they seem really better. They are breathing the fumes of a new American thing called "Cresoline", and this seems to help them enormously. Karin is much the worst, but even she is getting better and her appetite is returning. Their faces are all puffy. They look like Chinese idols! They are quite merry and happy, laughing and playing exactly as usual. Ray delighted me today with the reflection that "God must love even the bad people because He made them too." She is so sweet and good. Indeed they both are a great credit — to Emma!

I thought it best to take the bull by the horns as it were, and so I wrote to father that Frank and I did not wish to have him interfere in our friendship with B. B., and he has replied very kindly. The Evelyn²¹ episode taught me a lesson I shall never forget, and I am convinced that each household must, as a matter of common sense, stand separately, and not attempt to settle everything by endless discussions, which, in that case at least, were worse than unfruitful. After all, I suppose if Frank and I are ever to be trusted to manage our lives, we had better begin. I am now 27. But this doesn't mean that I am unwilling to receive criticism and advice. On the contrary, I shall be glad. But I shall protest if you worry yourselves if your advice is not followed in every detail.

B. B. has now gone into temporary lodgings, and after Mar. 26 he is to have the rooms the Pennells²² used to have.

Morelli is dead, and tonight I think Berenson is writing an "article" on his method. He was to go to the County Council to get Frank to add the "last two pages". He was here with us last Saturday and Sunday, and we had an awful dose of what Alys calls "lingual oppression". B. B. and I were both prostrate, but Frank was in his glory. He said he had almost never enjoyed himself so much, and he wished he had a whole clear week to "talk things out."

Tell Alys that Miss Coombe lunched with us the other day and I think liked the Master.²³ She evidently wished to repeat the experiment. B.B. says her copy of the St. Jerome is one of the best copies he has ever seen.

Margaret Pollen is going to a gallery with us Friday morning, and then I am coming down here. I have to be up on Thursday night for our

²¹ Evelyn Nordhoff.

²² Pennell

²³ Henry James?



“Conference” at the National Liberal Club.

It will be nice when you get home, but I don’t expect you till I see you.

London has been awful — just *awful* this winter. There is certainly no public spirit there, or they wouldn’t stand the fogs and the mud!

I hope Frank attended to thy £30 today. He promised to.

Lovingly,

Thy daughter,

Mary

How lovely of thee to think of making us thy proxies for travel. I am sure it does us good.

[no letters after Mar. 10 until Apr.19, 1891]



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Apr. 19, 1891

Dear Alys,

What about the Ball on May 1st? Miss Ayling wants to go and so does B.F.C.C. Shall I go to chaperon, or will thee? Where are the tickets to be bought? I am down to speak at Lady Henry's meeting on that evening, but there are lots of other [1.2] speakers, so I am not needed.

I am glad "Miss" will join the class. Margaret wrote asking if she might invite Miss Wyndham and I replied by all means. The time is inconvenient for George Peel, so he will not come.

I congratulate thee on they hat. It looked very nice yesterday.

Lovingly thine,
M.W.C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Apr. 25, 1891

Dearest mother,

Frank met me at the station. It was bitterly cold, and there is a heavy frost. The daffodils are getting tired and look quite nipped and pinched.

The children seem very well and in boisterous spirits. They are all delighted with the new mail cart which is indeed a beauty.

I never saw Ray looking sweeter, and she was full of songs and rhymes. I hope to have them come up this week.

Mrs. Costelloe is coming up on Monday. She wants me to bring her up, so I can't tell what time I may be home, but I will call for thee at 4.30 to go to that Executive at Mrs. McLaren's. I will come to lunch if I can.

Lovingly thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter

from Aunty Lill to Mary (where is the xerox? I Tatti?)

June 23, 1891

I have nothing to say to thee, my precious niece, of any import, but out of a busy heart and busy hands I want to send off a little note to thee — I wrote papa and Alys yesterday — my especial word is, I have rather rejoiced of late that thy children are daughters and not sons — and why? There is such a time just now over embezzlements and robberies among the young and old — men seem easily tempted.

My next word. Saidee took tea with me and made herself attractive to me and my several guests. She goes *home* on July 1st. She feels keenly the condition of her sister, and never gets over the death of her Baby — Chollie does look lonely without his little Brother.

I am ready to send another Rollo Book, but Ray is not old [1.2] enough. I have bought Six Dollars of them. The plates are worn more than the little old fashioned ones so pictures are poor. I think it is better to make children practical. They enjoy it young and do not older so much. Teach Ray to sew now and she will enjoy it.

Thee is right. I am pleased thee has given up politics a little.

I do not think much of any of the Premiers after reading and knowing their frailties. Wae and the Navy help them to get into all their hobbies. That is one leaden wight that keeps them from clean hands and pure hearts — from Lord Melbourne down. I see nought but weakness to negative every good step.

I wish thee do see Emma's Baby Lloyd. He is extremely admired.

This p.m. Mayberry's large horse given him by cos Julia fell out of his new express wagon — whereupon he set up a squeaking. I asked Emma what was his sorrow. She said, "Only temper"

Alban says, "Put thy arms round my neck and stop crying." Thy boy cannot do both together, so the trouble is at once over.

I cannot find time to go from home. So much culminates at this time.

It seems to me, we have lost *much* in losing in Prof. Harris and Mrs. Braithwaite. Both gone to England. Send us some equally good to take their place.

Goodnight, Sweet one.

Give warm messages to Mr. Costelloe and his daughters

From your devoted Aunty Lill



M-HS 1891.____
a postcard to Hannah (**I Tatti**)

Dieppe <Thursday, June 18, 1891?> 7 o'clock

A splendid crossing. It looked as if it would be beautiful in the moonlight, but I went to sleep and slept soundly through sunrise and everything. I have just had some *café au lait* and I feel really Abroad. The train doesn't start for an hour, so I am going to see Dieppe. I have a corner set to Paris, and I expect to enjoy the journey.

It is such fun! Tell Alys and Daisy to envy me, and tell B.F.C.C. not to dream of Mrs. Cathcart.

This won't reach thee before Monday, I fear.

Thine lovingly,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a postcard to Frank (**I Tatti**)

<Paris,> Saturday noon <June 20, 1891?>

Pensions full, but I have got a room high up at 3 rue de Beaune, next to the Hotel which will do very well.

The journey was hot and long, and the Dieppe route is a fraud. Am just off to get *déjeuner* at a Duval, and then to the Salon.

Will see Dr. B.²⁴ on Monday.

Address me Hotel de l'Elysée, 3 rue de Beaune.²⁵ The number is enough for a telegram.

M. W. C.

²⁴ Dr. Bull, her physician in Paris.

²⁵ Notes on the Hotel de l'Elysée, 3 rue de Beaune:

Julia Briggs, *Reading Virginia Woolf* (2006), p. 87: '... and sold to tourists 'in the rue des Pyramides at 10 francs a copy' (Paris, 15). ... the top floor of an old Hotel, Tranced, I gaze down on the narrow *rue de Beaune*. ... the *Hôtel de l'Elysée* where Hope and Jane Harrison regularly stayed when ...

Leonard and Virginia Woolf: The Hogarth Press and the Networks of Modernism, ed. Helen Southworth (2010) (2010), p. 163: 'Harrison and Mirrlees had lived together in the Hotel de L'Elysee at 3 Rue de Beaune since 1914 when both of them enrolled in a Russian language class in October.'

Carroll Franklin Terrell, *A Companion to the Cantos of Ezra Pound*, vol. 1, p. 32: 'Hotel de l'Elysée, 3 rue de Beaune in Paris, where Pound had stayed and also arranged for James Joyce and his family to stay.'

Bonnie Kime Scott, *Gender in Modernism: New Geographies, Complex Intersections*, p. 266: 'Mirrlees had visited Paris in 1913 with a college friend, Karin Costelloe (soon to marry Adrian Stephen, Virginia Woolf's younger brother). She was then in her mid-twenties, having recently completed a course in classics at Newnham College, Cambridge, under the tutelage of the scholar Jane **Harrison**. She fell in love with the city, and often returned in the years that followed. In 1914 she was joined by Harrison. They stayed together at the *Hôtel de l'Elysée*, on the corner of the *rue de Beaune* and the quai Voltaire, returning in 1915.'

James Joyce, *The Complete Works of James Joyce: Novels, Short Stories, Plays, Poetry ...* in a letter of 1920, p. __: 'But I am not there yet so for a few days more will you please address letters to me c/o Mr. Ezra Pound, Hôtel de l'Elysée, rue de Beaune 9, Paris?'

floggingbabel.blogspot.com/2011/10/annotating-paris-part-2.html

Oct 17, 2011 - rue de Beaune: The Hôtel de L'Elysee, where Mirrlees and Harrison stayed while in Paris was located at 3 rue de Beaune. The narrator has ...

List of residents in the Almanac Royal 1824, ed. M.-P. Guyot (Paris).



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (**where's the xerox? I Tatti?**)
to Alys

3, rue de Beaune, June 26, 1891

My dear Alys,

Thanks for thy letter. I hope to hear tomorrow about Ray and Karin.

My eyes are filled almost. I have no more criticisms to make. I can only gasp and try to take it in. [1.2]

Poor Prof. Bôcher, who has arrived, is overcome. Everything looks to him, as it did to me at first, too purple, too crude. But gradually I am coming to see the world that way, and even he remarked today that his black [1.3] umbrella was purple. I must meet them now for a sail on the river, so farewell.

Thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

June 29, 1891

My dear Frank,

I have just come back from seeing the New Sorbonne again with Prof. Bôcher and B. B. We also went to see the pictures by Besnard in the Mairie and in the Ecole de Pharmacie and the Flandrins in St. Vincent de Paul. Then, as I felt rather knocked up, I left them to have lunch and came home to rest.

I find it so hard to write letters. My mind is teeming with new impressions and with interesting thoughts (or at least thoughts that interest me!) but when I get in I am usually too tired and sleepy to write. So please excuse my dullness. To make up I will quote what that clever French article says about the picture I described **yesterday in my letter to mother**. "Il me semble que ces messieurs pensent à [1.2] peu près comme ceci ...

'Nous connaissons cela. Pitié, compassion, religion de la souffrance humaine, Tolstoï, Dostoïewski, Théâtre-Libre, Théâtre d'Application, le Canard sauvage, crime et châtement, relèvement des femmes tombées, sauvetage de l'enfance abandonnée ou coupable, tous ces mots nous sont familiers, et Sarcey nous les explique tous les huit jours, comme il peut. Il parle bien, ce salutiste: il a l'air un peu sclave. C'est très touchant, ce qu'il dit. Je minerai ma femme à son prochain prêche. Il devrait faire des conférences a la salle des Capucines ...' "

I expect to come back on Wednesday or Thursday, so don't send any more letters. I hope thee is feeling much better and that the Cathcart case is giving less both.

With love,
M. W. C.

[1] Don't forget the Taits tomorrow. Make my excuses.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

<Paris> Tuesday, June 30, 1891

My dearest mother,

I find there is still *so much* to do that I will not get home till Saturday morning, and then I will have Sunday with everybody at Haslemere. I am longing to see the children, but still I want awfully to finish my work here, and by Friday I will have come to a sort of stopping place, I hope.

It is lovely weather, and I am very much in the mood for learning things. Tell Logan I have a new play by Tolstoi which I will bring for him.

Thank Frank for his postal cards from Haslemere, and reproach him for saying nothing about the children.

I have ever so many things for Daisy to see.

Tomorrow I am going to “do” the Gothic of Paris, and the Panthéon and Luxembourg, and on Thursday the Sorbonne again.

I am very well, and sleeping splendidly.

Tell Frank I will bring home the illustrated catalogue of the Salon.

With dearest love,

M. W. C.

[no letters until August 6 from Paris;
the conversation with her father recorded in her diary, July 12, 1891]



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Travelling with Bernhard

M-HS 1891.____

a postcard addressed to Hannah

Paris, Thursday afternoon <Aug. 6, 1891>

We had a most easy and pleasant journey and arrived here comfortably.
I have been taking them²⁶ to see pictures all day, and we have had a very good time. The weather is cool and delightful.

We are just starting for a sunset drive in the Bois.

Lovingly,

M. W. C.

²⁶ Her husband Frank and Stenbock?



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Antwerp, Friday night, Aug. 7, 1891

My darling mother,

I travelled by night up to Brussels, and as I slept all the way, except when I was waked for the ticket and the customs, I have nothing to record of the journey.

I played guide to Frank and Stenbock yesterday in Paris, and I think I planned a very nice day for them. Stenbock had baths and hair-curling in the morning and I took Frank to the Luxembourg and the Louvre.

After an early *déjeuner*, we took Stenbock — for the first time in his life! — to the Louvre. He wanted to see the Mantegnas, the Bianchi, the “Joconda” and the Giorgione. He saw them all, but I think he was even more charmed with the Titians and the Costa. He has a very great deal of natural taste, if you can catch him before he has had time to make up any clever thing to say. He is the most awful victim of “words” I think I ever met. Once he has said a thing, it becomes an *idée fixe*.

Then I took them to the new Sorbonne, to the Ecole de Pharmacie, to Notre Dame, and then we drove out along the Elysian Fields to the Trocadéro to see the sunset view of Paris. We came back by boat to the ——— La Pérouse! Stenbock would go there, and he gave us a gorgeous dinner, which lasted till I was quite tired out. I shall never go there again, I think. I really *prefer* the Duval.

But I am tired and sleepy, so I will adjourn. I am going to The Hague tomorrow, I think, to spend Sunday thereabouts, and I look for news on Monday at Amsterdam.

Tell Ray that papa and I bought her such a funny doll last night, and that he will bring it home to her.

Will thee tell Miss Irene about Ray’s telling lies, and ask her to see what she can do?

With love to all,

Thy very loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1891.____

The Hague, <Monday,> Aug. 10, 1891

My dearest mother,

I find the Hague perfectly enchanting, and as I have Motley's *Dutch Republic*²⁷ to read and my preliminary German to do, I am staying here a day longer than I meant. It is so cool and clean here, and so pretty.

I am practising my German, and the walls of my room hear some very remarkable conversations about "the pen knife of your uncle's daughter" and the other imbecilities with which the beginnings of grammar filled.

I have been looking a great deal at some of the Dutch pictures, and have had two "long exposures" in front of a picture in the museum here by a man call Van der Meer of Delft. It was painted about 225 years ago, and it is in most ways as modern as any picture in the New Salon this year.

Paul Potter²⁸ interests me too. He paints life-size but with the exactness of miniature. The result is a marvellous skill in using his brush. I mean in putting on paint in all sorts of ways, to suit the texture of different subjects — a sort of *Goncourt* of paint — but, as a picture, quite unlike anything we see, because he leaves out the atmosphere and the broad effects of light and shadow and reflection. But with his skill he might have gone anywhere — only he died before 30.

There a few Italian pictures here — two portraits by Pier di Cosimo, so repainted that even my crude eye can see it. Then there is a weird and wonderful woman's head which Morelli says is a Sodoma. I have made a sketch of it, which I have pasted in my book of notes.²⁹ Also I am sketching all the Italian ears and hands, and I find myself improving from day to day. It will be very interesting when I can really catch the spirit of a thing.

I went to Leyden today,³⁰ and wandered about with the travellers' prayer-book — Baedeker — in my hand all day. With the greatest difficulty I persuaded the "controller" to let me see a dozen sketch books of Hokusai, a Japanese artist of some hundreds of years ago. (I don't quite know when; I think about 1650.) They were very beautiful. Logan can imagine how enjoyable they were.

I am so tired with wandering that I will not say any more. I am enjoying my solitude³¹ more than I imagined possible. My mind is crowded with thoughts. I feel as if I had just waked up, and as if nobody else in the world knew anything about life except myself. I suppose that is hopelessly young!

²⁷ John Lathrop Motley (1814-1877), *The Rise of the Dutch Republic: A History* (New York, 1855). **Biblioteca Berenson DH186.5 M7 1906**

²⁸ Paulus Potter (c. 1625-1654 (buried), a Dutch painter who specialized in animals within landscapes.

²⁹ Does this notebook survive?

³⁰ diary entry for Aug. 10, 1891: Went to Leyden. Walked about the town. Saw, after infinite difficulty, about a dozen sketch-books of Hokusai.

³¹ 'solitude'? — She was with Bernhard in The Hague and Leyden.



I dream about Ray every night, and every toy shop tempts me dreadfully.
Does she like to get my letters? Kiss her for me, and tell her I do love her
— even if I do stay away from her for a little while now.
With much love,

Mary



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M-HS 1891.____;
Strachey, p. 46

The Hague, Aug. 11, 1891

see the addendum to the letter to Ray



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Americain,³² Amsterdam, Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1891

My darling mother,

I found all thy three letters at the Poste Restante early this morning. Thank thee for all. I will send thee soon my "circular"³³ to the few people I write to at home, and thee shall decide whether to send it or not.

I am almost too tired with much sight-seeing to write tonight, but I will send off a good letter tomorrow morning before I go out. It is easier writing in the morning than at night because the light is better.

I went yesterday to Delft and spent the afternoon wandering about its quaint canals with quiet, line tree avenues on each side. It seemed the essence of comfortable repose — the true Quaker earthly idea, and I almost expected to see portly broad-brimmed Friends come out of the cool clean houses. Indeed, half the men I see remind me of Uncle James, and so many of the old women of Grandma!

I am reading Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* with the most absorbing interest, but it does not prevent my dreaming about Ray every night!

Tell Emma I was very glad to get her letter.

I am so sorry Ray cried at the thought of being turned into an animal by Circe. Do tell her that Circe could only turn her into a butterfly-girl, with bright wings to fly about with. how sweet for them to spend the day in the hayfield!

I find Amsterdam charming, and the Museum is overwhelming. Still Dutch painting, interesting and delightful as it is, hasn't the enchantment of Italian Art. I have seen so many Dutch attempts at Italian Renaissance in the town halls, etc. here. They are quite pretty, but "as Berlin wool to twine", etc.

I am going to Haarlem to see the Franz Hals tomorrow morning, and I will give the afternoon to the Museum here.

Friday I go to Brunswick, Saturday to Berlin. Please direct Poste Restante till thee hears.

Thanks for the addresses.

Love to all, and tell Ray to prick a new thing for me, or else to paint.

Thine lovingly,
Mary

³² The American Hotel, locally known as the **Hotel Americain**, on the Leidseplein in Amsterdam, is a hotel and café restaurant with a Jugendstil reading room. It was built in 1898-1900 by W. Kromhout and W.G. Jansen in the Berlage style. Now known as Hampshire Hotel - Amsterdam American, Leidsekade 97.

³³ Does this 'circular letter' survive?



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Americain, Amsterdam, Aug. 13, 1891

My darling mother,

It is so delightful here, and I find the Museum so wonderful, that I am delaying still one day more. I have found the most marvellous painter, Vermeer von Delft, who simply fascinates me. There was one picture by him in the Hague, and I have found three more here, one in the Museum, and two in the Six Collection, which I saw this afternoon. I am glad to say I recognized them without the catalogue, to the great delight of the old cicerone, with whom I conversed in a mixture of pig German, French and English. He told me there were only ten Vermeers known, and Baedeker calls him "this very rare master." His charm is — thee will sympathize in this! — that he is so intensely modern. His pictures might almost hang in the Salon now, and they would bear comparison with any modern master, at least so it seems to me. I am sure that even the "Vibrants",³⁴ as they call themselves, could not get the effect of light dancing on a wall better than he does. He is to me as delightful as nay Italian painter I know.

I have been studying the Rembrandts a good deal, both here and at The Hague. There is a splendid one in the Six collection which I took for a Franz Hals at first. It is painted exactly in his manner, but I saw afterwards that the scale of lights and shadows was different.

One other reason why I am staying here a day longer is that I don't want to reach Berlin till Monday night, as the Gallery is closed all Monday, and I might as well spend that day in travelling.

I am enjoying Motley so very, very much. I am ashamed to say it is almost my first dip into history — of any kind! It makes it especially fascinating to read it in Holland. I suppose each country is the best commentary to its own history. At any rate, Holland is certainly the place to read Dutch history. I am reading very little else, except slowly deciphering German things in the back of my grammar. I suppose I shall begin to feel an absorbing interest in German history when I get settled in Berlin.

Give my love to everybody (if they want it).

Lovely as Haslemere is, I don't envy any of you.

I am so glad Miss Clarke is coming to be with The Angel. I hope she appreciates the high privilege!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³⁴ Vibrants?



M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Amsterdam, Friday night, Aug. 14, 1891

My darling mother,

I have spent the most wonderful day at Haarlem! The Museum is on a delightfully quaint market place, the pictures in it are conveniently hung in a splendid light, there are comfortable seats to sit on, and I had it all to myself practically for many hours. The pictures there are chiefly of Franz Hals and his contemporaries. Franz Hals seems to have begun about where Velasquez did — that is, at the leaving off point of Titian and Tintoretto and he went on and on till his last pictures, painted after 1660 — when he was 80 years old — are ever more modern than anything in the Salon! His style is somewhere between Zorn and Carrière — two very modern painters — but he is more daring than either. No one in the Salon dared to paint quite so freely as he painted more than two hundred years ago! His earlier pictures, pictures of “corporations” or Guilds of Haarlem burghers, were very interesting, and of course magnificently painted.

If I knew more about him and about Shakspeare, [*sic*] I might be tempted to compare them, but in my present condition discretion is the better part of valour. Still they suggested to me nothing so much as Shakspeare’s historical plays. The latest one, however, were fiercer in their realism. If Zola had written an epic of sordid, avaricious and narrow old age it would be like Franz Hals’ picture of the old women managers of a Haarlem hospital. It reminded me of “Eugenie Grandet” by Balzac, but it was more pitiless. I never saw such painting. How glad I felt for all the work I did in the New Salon. Without it, I am sure I should not have been able to begin to appreciate these pictures.

The few American tourists who came along while I was undergoing a “long exposure” before them, were quite disgusted — called them “ugly” and “nasty” and “nothing but careless daubs.” And yet they grew enthusiastic over his earlier paintings. I could perfectly understand their feeling, and so much of the “publicist” remained in me, that I longed to tell them all about it. There is a strange gap, unexplained by his biographers, of more than twenty years between his earlier pictures, and these last marvellous things. In those twenty years he had advanced so far that he went beyond everyone, even of today, except the most modern Frenchmen, who, by the way, are great students of Dutch Art. If Logan has read *Manette Salomon*³⁵ he will remember the artist who spent such a long time at Haarlem.

Why can’t English artists come here and learn? It is so near — it seems strange they do not. But the sweep of Art altogether is quite beyond my theorizing. I long to know more history.

³⁵ Edmond & Jules de Goncourt, *Manette Salomon* (1867).



Tonight before dining at the Krasnapolski,³⁶ which thee told me to go to, I walked through the “Ghetto”, the crowded and squalid Jews’ quarter. How dirty and hateful it was — and all the rest of Amsterdam is so charmingly clean.

Tomorrow I get to Brunswick, and Sunday to Berlin.

It is such fun. **I am enjoying myself so very much in many ways.** Only I long to see yo all, and most of all Ray. Do write me everything about her — if thee thinks I deserve to hear!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³⁶ The Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky is on Amsterdam’s main square with views across to the Royal Palace. The hotel was established in 1866 by Adolf Wilhelm Krasnapolski, a Polish tailor who had arrived in the Netherlands only ten years earlier. Krasnapolski first opened a popular café, often called the Polish Café, and added rooms for rent, and later rebuilding it into a modern hotel. It was the first hotel in Amsterdam at the end of the 19th century to have warm water and telephones in each of the rooms, and by 1883 already serviced by electricity. The hotel was such a success that Krasnapolski bought 39 small houses in the area to build the hotel as it stands today – the biggest **five star hotel** in the Netherlands, with over 450 rooms.



M-HS 1891.____

a postcard one-page letter

Brunswick, Sunday night, Aug. 16, 1891

My dearest mother,

I got thy letter here today, for I had a day of accidents yesterday, and did not reach here when I had planned. I ought to have reached Brunswick last night about 7, but the train was late and missed its connection, and the consequence was eight hours from Oberhausen to Hanover, when it ought to have been about 4! I was too tired to come on, so (by means of my very indifferent German!) I managed to get the official to let me stop off on my through ticket, and spend the night at Hanover. What a sleep I had! I slept for twelve hours. Then I came on this morning.

Brunswick is a simply fascinating town, both the new parts and the old. The gallery was closed, but I shall see it tomorrow. However, the day has not been lost, for I have seen the town most thoroughly, and learnt a good deal about North German Gothic. In the cathedral is a beautiful tomb (dating from about 1200) of Henry the Lion and his wife Matilda. Her face is exquisitely beautiful — it was hard for me to believe my own eyes — but it really was as beautiful a piece of sculpture as I have ever seen! I quite wore out the patience of the guide, who marched up and down and jangled her keys and generally seemed to regard me as an interloper. I suppose she was accustomed to the tourist who simply “does” things to cross them out in his Baedeker. Some one said about English travellers that their chief interest in travelling is to see whether the things mentioned in their guide books really exist.

I found such a nice restaurant here, just by chance, where I got a remarkable dinner for 1/6. It consisted of a thick lobster soup, very nice, caviar on toast with raw onions, boiled chicken and rice, filet of beef with compôte and potatoes, and ice cream. By the way, I am convinced that the right time for the savoury is just after the soup. Do try it, and see if you don't like it better. It always seemed to me rather absurd having it at the end, because the object of it is to sharpen the edge of one's appetite.

Tomorrow I am going to the Gallery and then to reach Berlin about 9 o'clock. I long to get thy letters there, and to know how you all are. Has Miss Clarke come yet? And do the children seem to like her? Miss Irene was perfect. How I wish she could have stayed!

I forgot to say, in writing of Haarlem the other day, that the gallery had the most delightful Terburg I have seen. The funny thing about it was that it was painted *exactly like* a picture by a man named Courtois in the New Salon. The subject was different, but the treatment absolutely identical. There was also a landscape by Van der Welde which looked very much like one of Constable's view of Hampstead Heath, except that this was better. In the Six collection there was also a purely modern sea scene — it might have



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been painted by Stévens³⁷ — by Van der Velde. It upsets all my ideas! They never got so far in Italian painting.

Tell Ray and Karin that I bought them each a blue necklace at a Fair that is being held in the market place here. I will send them from Berlin, and also a book I want Logan to read.

I have plunged into a German novel by Tolstoy, and am reading it with an interest rather tempered by the use of the dictionary. I get on at about the rate of two pages an hour!

With love,

Thine,
Mary

³⁷ Leopold Stévens.



M-HS 1891.____
a three-page letter

Berlin, Aug. 19, 1891

My darling mother,,

All thy letters have come safely, and they are the greatest kind of a pleasure to me. I hope Ray will always possess the intellectual sincerity to see the difference between the things she believes and the things she knows! She will be one of the most wonderful people in the world if she does.

I wrote to Frank yesterday about my plans. Today I have decided, after “sleeping upon it”, to go to Dresden for the Ring, and I have written to Miss Cooper³⁸ to get me tickets. If there is room in their pension I will stay with them, but for a week address Poste Restante, Dresden, Saxony. What delight it will be to hear it — it will be almost as good as Beyreuth itself.

Well, I must go back to Monday at Brunswick. **Fortunately Berenson, who had never seen the Gallery, decided to come and see it.**³⁹ I say fortunately, though it was most unfortunate for him, as it was a whole journey practically for nothing. Without him, however, I should not even have seen the Dutch pictures. When we got there the Gemäldegalerie⁴⁰ was marked “geschlossen”, and my heart sank. However, after explaining to the guard that we had come from England with the one and only desire of seeing the Brunswick pictures, he at last let us in. It is a splendidly hung gallery, and we walked through room after room of Dutch and Flemish things — but no Italians! At last there came a bar, with *positively* no admittance written on it, and behind it yawned a dark cavern. An arrow pointed to the “Italienische⁴¹ Schulen”. My spirits fell, especially when the guard explained that entrance there was physically impossible, as the glass roof had been broken to bits by a recent hail storm, and the glass was still falling. However, his heart softened as he saw our looks of dismay, and winking with his kindly old eyes, he took us each by the hand and, bidding us walk on tiptoe so that the other guards would not hear us, he led us into the blackness. We went through two large rooms containing of course the gems of the collection, and at last into a huge room with about as much light in it as there is in the woods on a moonlight night. There were all the Italian pictures. It was a dreadful disappointment, but still after a while we got our cats’ eyes, and were able to make out a little. however, at the best it was very unsatisfactory. Hearing footsteps, the guard precipitately retired into a dark corner, and we went towards the door. There we encountered the director and assistant director in a great rage with us. What was said to pacify them I could not quite follow, but they were quite reconciled, and the

³⁸ Edith Cooper ‘Michael Field’.

³⁹ The first reference to her travelling with Bernhard.

⁴⁰ Mary wrote ‘Gemälde Gallerie’.

⁴¹ Mary wrote ‘Italianischen’.



sub-director ran off and got a lantern and took us back to see all the pictures. It was a great improvement upon moonlight. The chief Italian pictures were a huge Palma, a Zelotti and several Bassanos, but there were some splendid Dutch pictures. There was a Vermeer van Delft, and that fortunately was hung in the light. It was as beautiful and as modern as all the rest of his pictures.

Brunswick is a fascinating town and I quite hated to leave it. However, Berlin more than repays. I am going through the Gallery most carefully — sketching the hands and ears! — and learning the forms as well as I can. They have just bought a Giorgione from Dr. Richter, and it is marvellously beautiful. But I won't try to describe that gallery just yet. I am taking careful notes for anyone who may want them afterwards.

It is pouring this afternoon, so I have been indulging in the luxury of a good rest, and a hundred pages of Motley. If thee finds it convenient sometime when thee is in town, will thee get and send me Robertson's *Charles the Fifth*?⁴² It is published by Routledge for 2/ or 2/6.

I am sure my letters must be dull. It is hard to write when all your brain is taken up with other kind<s> of work. Still I am trying to do a little every day.

Has thee looked over the Hampton Court thing at all?

I enclose a letter from Evelyn. Maybe Alys will attend to it, as I cannot.

I *have* a receipt for Mead written by Count Stenbock's aunt. Perhaps Frank could find it. It is on a loose leaf in a mottled book something like the one where I put the addresses of people. I can't remember where I saw it last, but I think it was at the cottage.

Has anybody done anything about Ray's tendency to deceive?

Did she get the globe?

Thank father for his message on the letter.

With much love,

Mary

⁴² William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**



M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Rheinischerhof,⁴³ Dresden, Aug. 22, 1891

My darling mother,

I have not written for two days, **except to Ray**, because my brain felt really dazed with all I had seen, and I couldn't summon up courage to begin to describe it. I came last night and found the "Michael Field's" pension full, but the people recommended this quiet hotel, not far away, where I am in clover. For 2 marks I have a huge room with four large windows, and a sort of turret opening out, with four other windows. I never had such a delightful room. It is rather noisy, that is its only defect, but I can get used to that.

Berenson is at the Hotel Weber, with his friend Costa.

Walter Cope⁴⁴ is also here, but he is going away tomorrow. I had a pleasant talk with him in the gallery today, only I was so eager to look at the pictures that I could hardly attend to what he was saying. I am going to *Das Rheingold* tonight.

Berlin means to me now only one thing: the picture gallery and museum. I went to the International Exhibition of paintings, but national hate prevented the French from sending anything, so there was little that was good there. The Spanish part, however, was rather good, and the American next, the American however quite in the French style.

Tell Logan that I looked out for Böcklin, and saw five of his pictures. They are horrors!! He had an awfully funny one there, however, called "Susanna and the Elders." Both Elders were fat old clo⁴⁵ Jews, and Susanna, crouching in her bath, was a fat and horrible Jewess. Her look of stupid dismay was comic beyond words. If it didn't sound irreverent, I should say that it would be entertaining and instructive to see the Old Testament with illustrations by Böcklin. It was on a level with the best things in a good comic paper, but as paint it was nothing much, and his other pictures, indigo blue landscapes, with worse-than-Alma-Tadarnesque marble shrines and f____es, were, it seemed to me, very poor. I regret to disagree with Logan.

I hate to begin to say anything about the Berlin Gallery. On Tuesday I took a general look, and saw the Renaissance sculpture. On Wednesday I went carefully through the Venetians, from Antonio Vivarini to Tiepolo and Guardi; on Thursday the Florentines and Umbrians, and on Friday the Ferrarese and the Dutch pictures. The gallery is open from 9-3, and I was

⁴³ Hotel Rheinischer Hof, Seestrasse, Ecke Breitestrasse, Dresden.

⁴⁴ Walter Cope (1860-1902), an architect in Philadelphia. He and his partner John Stewardson 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.

⁴⁵ old clo'?



there all the time, except half an hour about noon to get a sandwich. It was very tiring. When I went out I was always thoroughly worn out, and had to recuperate by a nap.

It is a wonderfully well named Gallery, and on the whole very well hung. It is a splendid one for students, because so many schools are represented. They are continually adding to it, and they buy with great taste. In the last two months they have bought a “real” Giorgione for £3,000 and a fascinating little Ercole Roberti for £6 — at a sale in London! One of the loveliest Botticellis there isn’t genuine, according to Dr. Richter, but I thought it more beautiful than the real one.

The Gallery here is overwhelming. It is too delightful to have it to look forward to. I did not go back after lunch, because I wanted to rest and be fresh for the music this evening.

I feel really ashamed of the deadly dullness of this letter. Please forgive it!

Write and tell me how Ray likes the letters with pictures in them. Also tell me if she needs any stories with morals — not that I could write them. I fear still I might find an appropriate picture.

It is very cool and delightful. I shall certainly stay a week.

Direct to me Hotel Rheinischerhof, Seestrasse, Dresden, Saxony.

With ever so much love to you all,

Thine, lovingly,

Mary



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M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter (xerox at I Tatti?)

Hotel Rheinischerhof, Seestrasse, Dresden, Aug. 23, 1891

Dearest Alys,

Thy Tuesday letter came today from Berlin. My imagination contains a confused picture of all sorts of possible and impossible combinations of the Smith family with the buggy and the cross-country trains. I hope you have come safely through without any more accidents.

Thy accounts of Ray are read with great delight. I have to hear *everything* about her. I would be glad if Miss Clarke would write to me. I will write to her this evening.

I am not so clever as Graham Wallas, but still I have learnt enough German to enjoy reading easy things, and I am going to learn [1.2] enough to get on. I am not so anxious to talk it, as French. Signor Costa is here, and I find I get on quite easily talking French with him. It comes from reading a great deal, for I have had no practise in talking.

Dresden is fascinating! I have not seen much but the gallery and the Zwinger and the Hof and the Terraces — but I am charmed with everything. The gallery is a splendid supplement to Berlin. In Berlin there are no Paul Veroneses and here there are three magnificent ones, as good as any outside of the Louvre. This is a good place, too, to study the Ferrarese school, particularly Dosso and his followers. There there is no Cossa — here a beautiful one, but [1.3] no Tura, while in Berlin the Turas are splendid. The Palmas here are very fine, too, and the Titians. But of course the Raphael and the Giorgione are above everything. They surpass my very wildest expectations. These two days I have been just enjoying myself, but tomorrow I shall begin systematic work. Some of the Dutch pictures here are delightful. There are two of Vaumeer van Haarlem, and three of the better-than-Constable Cornelius van Haarlem. Rembrandt on the whole disappoints me. An American art-critic whom I met in the Berlin gallery told me that Rembrandt is all the rage in America, and no one will admit that he could ever not. But to me, he seems often very poor.

[1.4] Last night I went to hear *Das Rheingold*. They played it straight through without any waits, and it made an incalculable difference. The music of the overture was still ringing in one's ears when the grand finale led the gods up to Asgard, and they joined and melted in together in the most wonderful way. An *entre'acte* is like smoking between the course of a dinner — it takes the taste of the last course completely away. It may be good at a dinner (???!), but it is not meant for music like Wagner's. I was amused to see what a pitiful part Wotan and Thor played in the drama. Wotan was obstinate and hen-pecked, and poor Thor was always lifting his manner to strike his enemies to the earth and then being calmed [2] down by the goddesses and smoothed off like a spoilt child. They give *Die Valkyre* [sic] tomorrow, *Siegfried* on Wednesday and *Götterdämmerung* on Friday.



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A most dreadful thing has happened to the younger half of the “Michael Field” combination. I called for them to go to the Opera last night, and found the house in dismay, Miss Cooper having suddenly been ordered off to the hospital as having Scarlet Fever. She had been complaining of sore-throat. It is hard for them — their only holiday in the year, for which they had, with difficulty, saved up all their money. I can’t bear to think about it. I am going to leave some light literature and fruit for them at the hospital this afternoon. They were looking forward so eagerly to the Ring. [2.2]

Tell B.F.C.C. I had his letter today and will write tomorrow.

Love to all,

M. W. C.

Give Daisy my love. Tell me what she has enjoyed



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M-HS 1891.____
a three-page letter

Hotel Rheinischerhof, Seestrasse, Dresden, Aug. 25, 1891

My darling mother,

Thy letters are the greatest imaginable pleasure. Thee certainly has the genius for writing just the things people want to know. Will thee let me see thy Circulars before they go to America? I will be very careful about sending them on at once to Uncle James or whoever thee tells me.

Yesterday morning I spent in the Gallery. It was a day when you had to pay 1/6 to get it, but I thought it would be worthwhile in order to get an uninterrupted look at the Sistine Madonna. On ordinary days the room is so besieged with adoring tourists who tell each other in awe-struck tones that it cost “trois cents milles francs” and then calculate the amount in English and French money that one feels selfish to keep a seat too long. However, there were very few people there, and I had it almost to myself for about an hour. Everybody knows that it is quite impossible to describe it in any way, and I suppose you would not care much for my “scientific” observations. Still I will give them.

The Santa Barbara is very Timoteo-esque⁴⁶ — that struck me at first — in the type of her face and especially in her mouth. The child and the arrangement of light are like Correggio, and the drapery like Cossa and Costa. The colouring also is somewhat Ferrarese. The face of the Madonna is a remembrance of “La donna velata” in the Pitti, but not so well painted, at least it seemed so to me. The colouring is not rich and glowing, like the Venetians, but it makes a perfect harmony. I find the picture so absolutely beautiful and sane that it is impossible — or almost impossible — to feel any *sentiment* about it whatever. Still I can imagine in another frame of mind having it put one into a delightful state of romantic and mystic dreariness. But I find such a state less delightful than the feeling of sheer simple delight in beauty. If I were going to rhapsodize over the sentiment of it, I think I should find the Madonna’s face a difficulty — it is too simple for such a tremendous drama. It is sweet, and dreamy and exquisitely beautiful. Still, I don’t care to criticize the picture that way — it is perfect beauty as it is, and it would be asking too much of it to make the type of woman satisfy a disciple of Ibsen and a member of the Executive Committee of the great and glorious W. L. F. It is likely that Raphael will still be looked at when Ibsen is forgotten.

By the way, a very intelligent and cultured German bookseller whom I talked to in Berlin said that the “German public” no longer read Ibsen or Tolstoi. They are gods of the past. No new ones have yet arisen, however, so unless we aspire to “be absolutely contemporaneous”, we may still read

⁴⁶ Timoteo Viti (Urbino, 1469 – 1523, Urbino), also called Timoteo della Viti or Timoteo da Urbino.



them.

Last night I went to *Die Walkyrie* from 6-10. I sat by a pretty and very chatty young American girl who knew “lots of officers” and was having a very gay time in Dresden. There were *entré actes* in this play, and during them she took me to the foyer and pointed out all the notabilities to me. I did not enjoy *Die Walkyrie* so much as I did six and a half years ago in Boston, although it was much better given here. I feel as if I had caught myself just before my ears had grown deaf to music. As it is, the “fine shades” are all lost upon me; it doesn’t “jangle my nerves” (as Juliet’s doctor would say) as it used to do. I suppose the nerves and muscles of hearing obey the same laws as other muscles. They need training and constant practise to do fine work. I used to be able to get at the inside of music, but the power is almost gone, and I hear it with comparative indifference. This isn’t important to anyone but myself. Still, such a loss means cutting off a beautiful and satisfactory avenue of enjoyment.

When I think about Ray’s life, I want her *not* to be deaf to music. Thee, my beloved mother, has always been deaf to it, and I regret to say thee has never been properly regretful. I think it is missing such chances that makes thee think so longingly of heaven, because when people *really* enjoy music, an opera of Wagner is heaven to them, and they are glad to stay in their “cocoon” where they can hear such lovely things. I do not feel at all sure whether I can get back my rapturous enjoyment of music or not. I suppose it depends upon how much I can hear.

By the way, tell Alys and Frank that they are giving the *Cavalleria rusticana* here, the one we heard in Florence.

Please do not be afraid about my health. I do not want a “nervous breakdown”. I know too well what it is. I have not passed an afternoon yet without at least a half an hour’s sleep, and more lying down.

I took some fruit and books out to the poor “Michael Fields” yesterday afternoon,⁴⁷ and when I came back, I slept for a whole hour to prepare for the evening.

I will write again this afternoon. I must go now to the gallery.

Love to all.

Thy very, *very* loving,
Mary

⁴⁷ See entry in *Works and Days* for Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1891: ‘On Monday afternoon Mrs. Costelloe and Mr. Berenson came to see us ...’



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter;
Strachey, p. 46

Hotel Rheinischerhof, Aug. 26, 1891 - Private

My darling mother,

Thee is an angel! I can't possibly tell thee how much I love thee. All thy letters are so sweet and loving, and so sensible too. I must come home to see thee before thee goes, if I can possibly afford it. I want to see thee so much. <I> mean anyhow to come home for Christmas, but I feel as if I must see thee before. Thee will help me too, in arranging about the children.

I want to settle with them in Florence about the end of October. By that time I shall have been able really to learn a great deal, and it will be bliss to settle down to a winter of quiet work, with Ray having nice young companions.

It will be hard for Frank, but still not really worse than if he had not been married. I mean not more uncomfortable materially. Still, if he wants to keep Karin, I shall make no objection, because she is really too little to learn Italian, whereas Ray will learn it so that it will be as natural to her as English.

Still all these things can be so much better discussed than written about. The real reason, in my inmost heart, for coming home is to see thee, my darling mother, before thee goes. I *have* to see thee. Then I will see the Angel, too, without whom I am only three quarters happy. Sweet little seraph, I wonder why I love her so?

I shall probably be in Venice — I wonder how much return tickets are? I would not mind going third if there was a fairly fast train.

I did not write yesterday because I felt rather tired (it is nearly my unwell time) so I rested, sleeping most of the time, three hours in the afternoon, after taking some flowers out to poor Miss Cooper.⁴⁸ Her aunt Miss Bradley appeared on the balcony above, and said she had almost wept with delight when she saw the flowers, and I felt so glad I had taken them. Of course they are utterly alone, and as neither of them understand German, it is rather hard for them with German doctors and nurses.

Farewell, most beloved mother. I do love thee so! I will be as careful as careful can be about my health, and about everything else thee wrote to me about.

Thy loving, loving daughter,
Mary

⁴⁸ See the entry in *Works and Days* for Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1891: Bernhard and Mrs. C. come, bearing roses, that reminded Edith in their pink, she said, of the pale roses that bent down over the garden-walls between Florence and Fiesole.



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (**xerox at I Tatti**)

Hotel Rheinischerhof, Seestrasse, Dresden, Aug. 26, 1891

Dearest Auntyloo,⁴⁹

Many thanks for thy letter containing Ray's precious works of art. I hope Miss Clarke is encouraging her to draw and paint. It is such a resource in rainy weather. By the way, thee shill owes me \$100 for the paint-box thee didn't get one Christmas! It would be not at all inconvenient if thee would pay me now!! Last night I took dinner on the Terrace overlooking the [1.2] blue mists and a moon, quite like a Whistler. Every evening they give a concert there, and you eat your dinner and drink beer — if you drink it! — while you listen to Schubert and Wagner. After dinner I finished my Motley, while the music was going on. It made a queer combination — music and the account of people murdering each other in the most savage and cruel ways “in the name of God”. He might have taken for his motto the line (which I [1.3] from — ask Logan if it is Lucretius — “Quanta malorum potest religio suadere”.⁵⁰ Savages in the utmost state of degradation couldn't be so bad as the Catholics and Lutherans and Anabaptists of that time.

I have been reading — although I am *really* reading nothing but German — some of Villiers de Lisle Adam's stories. He is one of the decadents. One story “Bonhomet Triboulet”⁵¹ is positively the most awful ghost story ever written. But it is tiresome in parts — full of pseudo-profound reflections like Jean Paul [1.4] Richter. Another volume is *Histoires insolites*, and it contains some very original, but rather creepy stories.

I must tell thee that the “Venus” here is perfect. “Elle est vraie, pure, parfaite. Sa beauté n'a point de tache.” The photograph gives no idea of her at all. Her face is truly the face of a goddess, and there isn't the least suggestion of that rather too nude effect that the photograph gives. She is simply divine.

The Correggios are yet rather beyond me, but I am going to grapple with them today.

Please give the enclosed to mother.

With love,

M. W. C.

(I have

text missing

⁴⁹ Alys?

⁵⁰ “To such heights of evil has religion been able to drive men.” From Lucretius, *De rerum natura* 1.101.

⁵¹



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Rheinischerhof, Aug. 27, 1891

My darling mother,

I find I shall have to stay here over Sunday, as the *Götterdämmerung* is put off till Saturday night on account of tomorrow being the anniversary of the GREAT MAN's birth. On that day, they play *Faust* in every theatre all over Germany. It is something like your Temperance day of prayer. I think I know enough German by this time to go and enjoy it.

We had *Siegfried* last night (with Herr Gutehus and Frau Malteus tell Logan). I enjoyed it more than either of the others, and found my ears somewhat sharpened so that I could hear it better. At one place in the play, Siegfried tastes the blood of the dragon he has just slain and suddenly understands all the language of nature, and hears the birds in the trees and the insects and the growing grass and waving branches. The music there is simply enchanting. In the *entre actes* I heard people abusing it because it was so imitative — they said it wasn't real music. I suppose they had some *a priori* canons of music, like Logan's canon that because Howells' novels lead nowhere, they aren't art. I could only vaguely comprehend what they meant — still I *could* understand, for I remember (before hearing Wagner) uttering such remarks. But I don't understand saying it *after* you have heard Wagner. There was a wild love scene at the end, with a kiss that lasted at least six minutes, and must have almost broken poor Siegfried's back! After all, with the closest imitation, it isn't so much a copy of real things as a picture. If the heaving musical sighs which accompanied that lengthy kiss were like reality, kissing would be more common even than it is!

I studied the Correggios yesterday, and today I am going to study the Dossos (there are eight or nine here) so as to finish the Hampton Court thing.

With dearest love,

Thine,
Mary

Love to papa.



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M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Rheinischerhof, Seestrasse, Dresden, Aug. 29, 1891

My darling mother,

Thy letters are such a pleasure. I had a letter from Ray, too, yesterday, with some delicious rudimentary drawings in it. This is a copy of the picture of herself.

[sketch]

I find it easier to copy than a Giorgione! But it seems to me to show unmistakable signs of genius. I want to send her to a Paris atelier at once!

I am so glad Miss Clarke gets on so well. I had a nice note from her, for which please thank her. Ray's letter was all full of a squirrel they were burying. Dear little angel!

I went to the celebration of Goethe's birthday last night, when *Faust* was performed — I cannot say played, it was altogether too solemn. In the touching parts, no one was allowed to applaud, and weeping went on in all parts of the Theatre. Margaret must be, I think, the German Ideal Woman — in fact, I scarcely need to say German. I suppose she never would have existed but for Ophelia, but she is thoroughly Germanized and lower-classified. How she and Faust bored each other when they insisted on talking about religion! The actress who took the part, did it splendidly. In the opera, Margaret is always really a princess, with gracious, languid manners, allowing herself to be courted. But here, she was a rather hoydenish, crude, somewhat awkward village girl, who bobbed a curtsy to Faust when he first spoke to her. However, all the ideal "feminine" qualities came out in her. She is loving and yielding and tremendously awed by her lover's wisdom, she chatters away very prettily about nothing, and is sufficiently religious. You feel that she is an accomplished cook, and that her temper is warranted. It was too funny to hear the Germans heaving deep sighs of admiration at her shrines, and you felt, somehow, that she was really the sort of woman they truly adored. Still Goethe has something to answer for in setting the type. He might have struck a somewhat stranger note. However, he, too, was German. By the way, the vision of beauty that the Devil shows Faust, was an illumination of the (false) Titian Venus here in the gallery.

There is no danger, I am sure, dearest mother, that I will catch scarlet fever. I have not been exposed to it. And I won't work too hard. I rest religiously every afternoon, and always get plenty of sleep at night. I shall stay here, I think, for a week longer, and then go to Munich. It doesn't make much difference which town one is in as to learning German, and I shall have a new gallery there, and also an exposition of modern pictures which is said to be very good. Direct here for the next few days till I send the word



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about Munich.

The *Götterdämmerung* is to be given tonight, and I am eagerly looking forward to it.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Dresden, Aug. 30, 1891

My darling mother,

It has become intolerably hot here and everyone says it will be cooler at Munich, which is 800 feet above sea level, so I think I will go there on Wednesday.

The Ring is over, and I know the Gallery thoroughly.

I want some money. I write to thee as Frank may be in Scotland. I find that when I am travelling it takes me at least £6 a week, and I started with only £14. Holland is more expensive than any other country, to be sure. Frank says he has sent me an order for £5, but I already owe that. I want at least £15 at Munich, that is, I shall need £5, and I like to have a little on hand. Then one sending will do for a long time. It is perfectly safe in bank notes and very convenient. Send to the Hotel Roth, Munich. I wish I knew exactly what Frank's finances were. If he can't send it, will thee ask father to advance me the little that remains of my allowance? It is a question of paying day by day, and I can't get on!

The *Götterdämmerung* was glorious last night. I will write about it later.

Dearest love,

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Rheinischerhof, Dresden, Aug. 31, 1891

My darling mother,

All the accounts of Ray are too enchanting. I do hope she has had the looked-for visit from Olive Harrison by this time! I wonder if the Turners wouldn't come while Miss Clarke is there? The children would enjoy it so much! Emma will want the twins, but I think that would be rather too much. Karin will enjoy the fun quite as much, even if they are all a little older. Do make Ray draw me some more pictures. They are delightful.

I wrote yesterday that I had heard the last of the *Ring*, the *Götterdämmerung* or "Twilight of the Gods" on Saturday night. The music of it was a wonderful summing up of the three plays that had gone before. The motifs were worked up in a still more wonderful way, and as spectacle it was beautiful. I never heard such music. It is impossible to say anything about it, except, as Degas said, "hum, he, haw" — and anyone who has heard it will know what I mean. If you haven't heard it, a volume wouldn't make you understand.

There is a tremendous "inner meaning" to Wagner, I am sure. But I can't make out consistently what it is. Evidently he has drawn a picture of a god who has the good sense to retire, taking his whole train of mythological gods and goddesses and heroes with him, when he perceived that he is obsolescent — and in this one act Wotan is sublime. There are hundreds of touches of humour in it. Hagen wants to kill Siegfried, so he gets Siegfried thoroughly interested in talking about himself and telling the story of his life, and so gets a chance to stab him. Evidently Siegfried is a sun myth, a sort of mixture of Perseus and St. George.

The wonderful thing about this series of operas is that the effect of them is really cumulative. Each one carries out the ones before, and makes the memory of them clearer and fresher. You feel the fate of the gods hanging over you from the beginning, in a weird, mysterious way, and at the end you have again the Rhine maidens' song with which the first scene opened.

Yesterday I took a long walk in a part of the Saxon Switzerland which is very famous. The rocks by the river were something like half of the Yellowstone Cañon in shape, though not in colour. They were not so high, but they were very beautiful. It turned out to be a regular picnic ground. Every few steps you met a "Trink-halle" and at the top was a gorgeous restaurant with a brass band. Hundreds of German families had come out to spend the beautiful day in the woods, and it was really pleasant to see them enjoying life so much. Of course Beer and Tobacco are the universal accompaniments of enjoyment here. The women seem to drink quite as much beer as the men, and they either are or pretend to be indifferent to the smoke. At any rate it is a cheap indulgence, within the reach of anyone. A fat German sitting at a table on a terrace, with a cigar and a mug of beer is a



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picture of perfect earthly bliss. It doesn't impede their intellects much, either, for the Germans are certainly the most learned people of all. They do most of the "unskilled labour" of the intellect for the world. Perhaps if they drank less beer, however, they would do more of the skilled labour!

It is so hot here, and I know the gallery so well by this time, that I have decided to go on to Munich on Wednesday. I shall be there a week, and then go to Verona, where I am longing to be. I shall be at Verona until September 14th and then I shall go to see some of the towns near by. Then I want to come back to see thee before thee goes — only it is such an expensive trip and I fear I shan't have, under any circumstances, any too much money.

Gertrude is already in Florence, in spite of the heat. I am afraid it would cost about £15 to come back. And I do not want to settle in Florence with the children until the middle or end of October, as there is a great deal I want to see first, and when I am once settled there I do not want to go away for trips. I would rather have most of my necessary seeing over first. Of course coming home in September would take at least ten days out of my time for seeing things, but I do want to see thee, dearest mother! I was waked up this morning by thy voice saying (nothing mystic!), "Does thee want some lobster, daughter?" I dreamt thee told me thee had lain awake all night with chagrin because a certain newspaper had not asked for thy name to put among the list of "distinguished visitors"!

I am delighted to hear that Logan has shaved off his moustache. What do the rest of you think of his beloved friend?⁵² He looked very nice to me, the time I saw him at Oxford. He looked refined and thoughtful, and on the whole handsome, though not so handsome as Logan!

With dearest love to all,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁵² ?



M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Ratisbon,⁵³ Sept. 2, 1891

My darling mother,

I broke the journey to Munich by stopping here over night and today I am going out in the omnibus to see the "Walhalla". I would not go, as all the "heroes" are German, except that it is a beautiful drive along the Danube, and a beautiful view from the temple itself.

The train reached here yesterday just in time for a misty red sunset from the quaint old bridge.

I bought a few grapes and peaches, and had my coffee and fruit this morning in a **sunny bay window**⁵⁴ in my own room, looking out upon the tower where Charles V lived, and where, it is said, Don Juan of Austria, one of the Regents of the Netherlands, was born.

Thank thee so much for sending me the *Life of Charles V*.⁵⁵ I have already begun it, and I find it fascinating. Of course it is the last century point of view, but that in itself is most interesting. I find myself more and more hungry for historical information. I want to have some real pegs to hang my thoughts about the universe upon.

If thee could find a cheap copy of Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*⁵⁶ I would be very glad to have it. It seems rather funny to be reading so much about Spain, but the discovery of America made Spain so rich that for a time she shaped the history of the world.

There is another book I would like very much to have, and this is a small one, *Henry the Second*,⁵⁷ by Mrs. Green. It is published in the English Statesmen series by Macmillan. It ought to cost about 1/. The Prescott is published by Routledge in the same edition as the *Charles V* thee sent.

Doesn't thee sometimes feel an interest in the way things have gone in the world? It is more entertaining even than lost wills, if you once begin! I do hope I am not too old to learn! Sometimes my brain feels quite stiff and rusty. I think, "Now I will really think this thing out. I will consider it in all its aspects and form an opinion on it," and lo! the only thing that happens is a vast creaking of my mental machinery, and the calculating machine refuses to calculate! Probably it needs more oiling. But it is awful to find nothing in your mind when you go to look.

⁵³ Reginsberg.

⁵⁴ In her diary, Mary wrote 'our sunny bay window'!

⁵⁵ William Robertson (1721-1793), *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth* (London, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson DD178 .R62 1887**

⁵⁶ William Hickling Prescott (1796-859), *History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic, of Spain*, 3 vol. (London, G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd., 1841?). **Biblioteca Berenson DP162 .P8 1841**

⁵⁷ Alice Stopford Green (1848-1929), *Henry the Second* (London & New York, Macmillan, 1889). **Biblioteca Berenson DA206 .G7 1889**



The cathedral here is very fine. On the outside it reminds me of Notre Dame, but the inside is much nicer. It is sunny and spacious, instead of gloomy and crushing, as so many Gothic cathedrals are. There was a nice sacristan who showed me all the “treasures”, including I don’t know how many sainted hairs and bones set in jewels. There was the skeleton of a little baby, which he said, was found under the floor of the Jewish synagogue when the Jews of Ratisbon were massacred and driven out. They used to incite the people against the Jews by telling them that it was part of the Jewish rite to sacrifice a Christian child at the Pascal feast. As the Jews had usually plenty of property to be confiscated, I imagine their persecutors didn’t inquire very closely into the truth of their charges. But it was strange to find the fable lingering on still — the sacristan devoutly believing it, and the little skeleton all dressed up in jewels and lace as a martyr.

I saw the *Daily News* last night and read of the continued cold weather in England. You keep on expecting the summer there, and living in the hope for so long that suddenly you wake up in mid-winter and find it has passed you by without so much as a nod. I would like to have Ray here in this delicious heat and sunshine.

Thank Alys and Logan for their letters. I think Logan’s Predestinarian Chapel is an example of the so-called triumph of mind over matter. The congregation should be saved for the faith at least, if pure faith in defiance of circumstances is a virtue!

With love,

Thine,
Mary



M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Roth, Munich, Sept. 3, 1891

My darling mother,

I found two letters from thee, and two from Frank here. I would love to have seen Ray at the Harrisons' School Treat! She must have been happy!

2. Yesterday was one of my most marvellous days. All the morning I wandered about Ratisbon, my "Reisebibel" (Baedeker) in hand, discovering quaint and sometimes beautiful bits of architecture. A magnificent Roman tower and huge arch impressed me most.

3. Then after lunch I went to the Walhalla — about six miles out of the town, on a pine-clad hill. I spent the afternoon there enjoying it to the very utmost, but I feel as if a description of it would be deadly dull. However I will try. I walked up through a sweet-smelling pine-forest, and came suddenly upon this wonderful white Doric temple flashing in the sunlight. I am sure it must give one almost a better idea of what a Greek temple was than any ruins (except the Parthenon) can do. It is a copy of the Parthenon, but uninjured — *herrlich wie am ersten Tag*.⁵⁸ It seemed to me an astonishing piece of architecture. I suppose the "profilation"⁵⁹ of the columns was rather more rigid than the Parthenon or the Theseum, but still there was fascinating swing to them, and they framed in the landscape to perfection.

4. What a landscape! It was a stroke of genius to choose such a situation. Three hills rise steeply on the left bank of the Danube, and overlook a vast green plain. On a splendid stone platform against the middle hill, near the top, stands the temple, flanked on either side by the two smaller hills. Directly below it winds the Danube — so blue and so softly flowing! — and beyond stretches the flat unending plain, rich with cultivation. To the right, at the foot a little village straggles along, with one or two quaint church spires. High above the Danube, but below the platform of the temple, birds were flying. The columns in the sunshine looked ethereal, like Paul Veronese's marbles. I felt as if I could linger there a week, enjoying the repose of the stately lines of the temple, and the beautiful scenery, which the touch of art seemed to bring into perfect harmony with the human spirit. I was almost alone there, except for a German officer, who trod heavily on the marble, making a curious, hollow, gurgling sound, like jumping on the stone lid of a well. He seemed more interested in clashing his spurs on the pavement and letting his sword drag behind him than in looking at the view. The echoing sound of his feet and his bustling activity only intensified the perfect calm and quiet.

I wish I could go on and *schwärmen* about the illustrious dead whose busts

⁵⁸ Goethe, *Faust* I, Prolog im Himmel:

Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag; Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke Sind **herrlich wie am ersten Tag**. Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle.

⁵⁹



adorned the hall, but they were mostly Germans, and their heads were very badly carved, and I knew nothing about them. Four women have been admitted to the glory of immortal fame there, [2.1] the Empress Maria Teresa of Austria, the Empress Catherine I of Russia who was originally a German servant girl), Amalia, Regent of Hesse, and Velleda,⁶⁰ the Teutonic Prophetess. Still, the busts apart, the inside was quite delightful. I haven't the faintest notion in the world whether it was Greek or not, but it was cool and harmonious and well-proportioned. It was done in quiet polychrome, with a sculptured frieze running round half way up. The sides were of polished marble or porphyry (brown) and the columns were Ionic.

Today I came here. I spent [2.2] the time in the train reading *Faust*. O if I had only read it when I was about 17 or 18! How I would have adored the first part. I am too old now for it to awaken any personal emotions in me. I enjoy it as literature, but if I had read it *then*, what it would not have meant! It is worse than having had no fairy stories when you were little, not to have read *Faust* when you were sentimental and metaphysical!

I will write tomorrow about the pictures here. Please tell Frank I have written to him, and will [2.3] post the letter tomorrow.

Could thee not have a little talk with Emma about the danger of her spoiling Karin? Tell her that if we all get to feel that Karin is becoming wilful we shall have to get another nurse — I would be awfully sorry to do that. I have written to Frank about it too, and if thee thinks it wise, I will write to Emma herself. She is very touchy about Karin, because she thinks Ray gets all the petting, but it will not make Karin more petted if she becomes wilful. Everybody will naturally take to the unselfish, yielding child.

[3] You seem to go on having an unending stream of guests. I hope it is delightful. I feel as if things, at present, were more delightful to me than people.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁶⁰ Velleda was a priestess and prophet of the Germanic tribe of the Bructeri who was prominent during the Batavian rebellion of AD 69–70, headed by the Romanized Batavian chieftain Gaius Julius Civilis, when she correctly predicted the initial successes of the rebels against Roman legions.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter;
Strachey, p. 46

Munich, Sept. 4, 1891

My darling mother,

Thy most delicious letters about Ray and her drawings, including the “donkey with only its bones and no flesh on”, have come safely. It is too delicious to hear about her, and from her too! I enclose a letter Miss Clarke sent me today.

I am hard at work, but not too hard. I feel as if I had just awakened to myself. Mérimée⁶¹ says people in northern latitudes do not awake till they are at least 25, and I fear it is true. **No one will ever know what the fortnight of solitude was to me, and what my comparative solitude and my complete independence are now!** It is too delightful, only purchased rather dearly, I am afraid.

The more I read history the more *horror* I have of the Catholic Church. But one's mind can't carry very much at a time — at least mine can't — and I am giving my real mind to Art.

I will send my letter tomorrow to Alys. This is only a little note to reach thee at Babbacombe and to tell thee how much I love thee, thou dearest of mothers. I feel towards thee the way thee must feel about God: “O I'll tell mother what I want and she will make it all right.” I trust thy love so, even when I know I don't deserve it one bit! And I am so grateful to thee for making me alive. I have enjoyed so much, and I do enjoy so much still, though under difficulties at present.

I do hope Frank manages to get on pretty well without me. I know nobody is half so essential as they think themselves! Only thee is, a hundred times more than thee can imagine to

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁶¹ Próspero Mérimée (1803-1870).



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (xerox at I Tatti? CHECK)

Munich, Sept. 6, 1891

My dear Alys,

I believe I have not written about anything since the Walhalla. The next really exciting thing was seeing the Gallery here. There aren't more than about 50 Italian, but some of them are matchless. There is the most beautiful Francia conceivable — so tender and gentle — almost modern in sentiment, although not, of course in technique. The Madonna stands in a little garden hedged in by roses climbing on a trellis. She clasps her hand and looks down with rapture at the baby who lies kicking on the

text blurred

[1.2] impression — he isn't an ordinary frolicsome child — his little hand is upraised as if to bless. Still he is kicking in a very childlike way. The landscape is simple and the sky perfectly pure and calm. The Madonna is dressed in a sort of silvery blue dress. It is Francia's most beautiful picture.

There is another one, very small, at Dresden, the Adoration of the Kings, which is one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. But to come back here. By far the most wonderful picture in the gallery is a Titian painted when he was over 96 — and painted in precisely the same way that Frans Hals painted in extreme old age. I was [1.3] delighted to find, in grappling with Morelli in German, that he draws the same comparison.

By the way, the new Baedeker for Italy is full of Morelli-ism. They have even put in the latest post-Morellian discovery, that the person who painted Bianchi's pictures was named Pellegrino Munari. There is comparatively little left for the critic to do. They are almost perfect for Florence. If you have eyes and a Baedeker there, you will see everything. I suppose the thing that remains tis to teach people that they have eyes.

Another interesting picture in this Gallery is a Lotto. It looked [1.4] a little hard to me at first, but the more I see it, the more charmed I am with it. There are some Titians, Tintoretto, Palma, and Paris Bordone portraits and Madonnas and two nice Filippas. There is also a swell, tiny little Correggio, of a cupid or faun sitting on the log of a tree and playing on pipes. He is so gracefully poised there, and looks so happy that it is a pleasure to look at him.

But somehow the really great event of my stay here has been seeing, in the International Exhibition, **three Monets** — at long last! I think mother and Logan already know and like him. If so, their taste is perfect, and all that there is most modern!

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I have



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[2] not chanced to see him before. He is wonderful — more wonderful as paint than almost anyone, and his effects are indescribably natural and beautiful at the same time. There are some very fine *Manets* there too, which give me a much better impression of him than the thing in the Luxembourg. Besnard also is supreme. He has a twilight picture there as full of poetry as a Correggio, and infinitely better painted. Bonnat, whom we were so enthusiastic over in Paris a year ago, seems somewhat hard and cold, in spite of his perfect drawing.

Then the Böcklins — !! Tell [2.2] Logan that there was a whole room full of his monstrosities. I must confess the vigour and originality of his imagination impressed me very much. He gets wonderful effects of light, too, sometimes — weird and queer, but delightful. But he is not at all up to the French standard of drawing and modelling — and he is as careless as fashionable painters often get to be. I have been only once to the new Exhibition, but I mean to go again today after a few hours in the Gallery.

Yesterday I spent at Augsburg. It is a charming town — interesting historically and from the point of view

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[2.3] of the picturesque. There is a gallery there with interesting German pictures, and about a dozen Italians, including the finest Tintoretto in Germany. No gallery is complete without its Lionardo, and the custodian pointed out to me with great pride the “gem of the gallery” — a fearfully ugly, greyish woman’s head. Morelli says it is Flemish, but whatever it is, it is a horror. After the Tintoretto, the most interesting picture was a large Transfiguration by Torbido, an early Veronese.

Please do not forget to let Frank have this letter. He said he wanted to see what I said about the Gallery

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[1.4] here. I haven’t looked at the Spaniards yet, but I will do so today. I sent him a wire to say the money was received. I go to Verona on Wednesday.

Thy letters about Ray are most delightful. I wish I could have seen **Daisy and Uncle Doctor** again! What fun to have him go in so strongly for modern French art. Somehow the idea is, from every point of view, especially from the head of Baltimore-meeting point of view, delightful. Yet I remember what a coldness was cast over the table one night when I complained of the English Academy for not letting the students study from the nude!

I am still reading Faust. Hast thee ever read it?

Love to all,

Thine,



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M. W. C.



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6 Feb 2022

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VERONA

M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti?)

Pension Colomba d'Oro,⁶² Verona, Sept. 9, 1891, 8.30 p.m.

There was a break in the train, owing to overflow, and I arrived today 7 hours late! It was a beautiful journey, by the track the barbarians have always taken coming down to Italy.

I am too tired to write tonight, but I will send a letter tomorrow morning.

I found thy letter from Babbacombe and the books from Hatchards, for which many thanks.

It is cool and beautifully clear this evening, and Verona seems lovely in the pale light.

Love to all, kissed to the children.

M.

⁶² ☆☆☆☆ Hotel Colomba d'Oro, via Carlo Cattaneo 10, 37121 Verona, 045 595300, www.colombahotel.com.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Pension Colomba d'Oro,⁶³ Verona, Sept. 9, 1891

My dearest mother,

Thy letter from Babbacombe came this morning, and was more than welcome. I am more in love with thy hand-writing than ever. It gives me the greatest conceivable pleasure to see it on an envelope. I meant to write a long letter today about my plans and all sorts of things, but at noon, after seeing six churches, I was quite tired, and I lay down and slept the heavy sleep of the sight-seer for several hours.

Tonight there is a concert in the piazza close by and the music comes so enticingly in at the windows that I will put off the letter till tomorrow morning before I go out.

Well, how shall I begin to say anything about Verona? The pictures disappoint me. The architecture enchants me. It is the place of places for studying one of the important Italian schools of painting, but somehow after a course of such marvellous galleries as London, Paris, Berlin and Dresden, these pictures seem provincial, not dazzling. But today I have been 'glimping' and probably when I get ready to work it will seem different. Yet the first impression undoubtedly is what I say. The architecture, on the contrary, is wonderfully beautiful. After a succession of German cities with pseudo-Greek buildings, it is refreshing and delightful to come to genuine original architecture, that belongs to the soil and to the people. The colours are so beautiful. There is so much of the marvellous pink Veronese marble.

I feel dead, dead, dead tonight. A day of sight-seeing, especially when you *see hard*, as I have been doing, leaves your mind in anything but an entertaining state. If I wrote my real thoughts, about the influence of Roman architecture on Sanmichele⁶⁴ and Mantegna's influence on the Veronese painters, and Carotto's likenesses to Raphael, I should be a hundred times drier than Baedeker himself! By the way, Baedeker has a splendid mis-translation from the German in one of his prefaces: "We leave this" he says "to the professional enthusiast". It is a beautiful phrase. If I wrote enthusiastically about Verona tonight, it certainly would be "professional" for I am too much overwhelmed with the novelty to have the full enjoyment I hope for.

Goodnight. I will write tomorrow morning early.

Thank Frank for his nice letter, which I will answer soon.

Tell me about the children!!

Tell Alys I did like Munich on the whole. I mean to write to her about the Eginaetan marbles. What a ridiculous smile!

⁶³ ☆☆☆☆ Hotel Colomba d'Oro, via Carlo Cattaneo 10, 37121 Verona, 045 595300, www.colombahotel.com.

⁶⁴ Michele Sanmichele (1484-1559), a Venetian architect and urban planner of Mannerist-style?



Love to papa. Is he happy in his Puô tree?⁶⁵

Thy very loving daughter,

Mary

Send me all of Ray's drawings thee can, with her own comments. I am keeping a book of them.

⁶⁵ A tree that grows in Hawaii.



M-HS 1891.____
a three-page letter;
Strachey, p. 47

Pension Colomba d'Oro, Verona,
Friday morning, Sept. <11> [12], 1891 - Private

My darling mother,

I wrote to Frank from Munich about my plans, and I hope he has consulted thee. I have been thinking a great deal of thy suggestion that I should come home by Oct. 1 and settle in Florence by the middle of the month. From every point of view except one, it is a perfect plan. I want so to see thee, and I want to see Ray that I long to do it. The only reason against it is this.

There is no use at all in my taking up art unless I do it seriously. I should be unhappy if I permitted myself merely to dabble in it. I see every day the splendid chance there is for some one who knows to make that knowledge simply invaluable to others. Think what, in a very small way, I was able to do for Daisy and Uncle Doctor. I am sure the few hints they got made an immense difference in their travels. I feel sure I could write — I will not say a good style, as style — but at any rate persuading and convincing books, if only I knew enough. But to say anything worth saying, you must be able to say it in fifty ways, you must really know the subject to the bottom. They you can choose your way of saying it.

Now one thing I mean to do at Florence is to write. If I were entirely alone in the world, I believe I should spend six or seven years merely studying before I tried to say anything at all. But under the circumstances, **I feel as if I should in a sort of way justify my actions if I were able to write something.** I know from experience that it is impossible for people to believe you are doing anything but “loafing” when you spend your time sight-seeing, especially when a person comes to be as old as I am.

Now this autumn I have a chance of study I may never have again.

Berenson is not giving me information “on the cheap” because in work like this you have to use your own eyes. In things connected with words, it is not hard to borrow other people’s ideas, and no one has done it more than I! But in this work it is impossible. However, his help is immensely valuable. It prevents my wasting time, which I am sure I should do to the extent of several years, without him. No one has yet been trained as I am being trained to look at the really best things and to start where other people have ended.

But it takes time to do this work. If I came home at the end of this month I should have seen only Verona, Padua and Venice, and have missed what is really a great opportunity — of the chance of seeing the other North Italian towns, such as Milan and Modena, Turin with a guide who knows them perhaps better than anyone else, and whose suggestions and comments are of enormous help to any future writing I may do. You



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cannot possibly begin to do justice to a large and important place in less than four or five days, or even a week. It would be comparatively little use my going anywhere unless I saw things thoroughly.

If I am to do any writing this winter, I must have seen some of these places. In a month more I could see them.

Another point is that in all probability **Berenson** will be gone to America next autumn, as he has a chance of a situation there. **I question whether, under any circumstances, he will write much.** At any rate, he is willing now to give me all the information I want and it is very, very valuable.

I have written to ask Gertrude if she will come to Venice while I am there (warning her that I shall be hard at work). I did this because Venice is a place where you are likely to meet people, and I am as anxious as thee not to have any talking. It makes everything uncomfortable. **In other places I assure thee there isn't the least objection to our being together.** I am very careful about everything. Now that I have only myself to rely upon, and cannot re-act against anybody's treating me unfairly or unwisely, and especially now that I am hard at work, I find myself leading a most quiet and orderly existence, and feeling rather inclined than otherwise to be very careful in my actions.

Now I think I have told thee everything. Thee can show this letter to Frank, as it is somewhat more full than the one I wrote to him. Write me what you think about it.

I *could* not wait till Christmas to have Ray. It is a simple physical impossibility. Besides it would be very hard to find rooms then in Florence. If Miss Clarke could come, it would be admirable. She would be a kind of "companion" for me, although I would not have her come with that idea. But I mean for people who choose to think of women as pieces of property, unable to live for themselves, she would be the symbol of propriety.

Dearest mother, thee has never sent me the little poem out of thy Bible lesson thee promised. I am a discouraging subject I fear, when it comes to religious things. Still, in Italy, I begin to forget all the dreadful things Christianity has made people do, and to feel immense gratitude for a sentiment that was strong enough to make people build such beautiful churches.

I will write a general letter tonight, telling about the things I have seen in the day.

Thee will have fun, real fun, in America, darling mother. I hope thee will enjoy every minute.

Thy loving, living daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Colomba d'Oro, Verona, Sunday, Sept. 13, 1891

My darling mother,

I did not write anything except a short letter to Frank yesterday, because I was attacked by my old enemy the Nettle Rash, and I did not feel up to doing anything except lie on my sofa and read. I finished one of the books thee sent me and began another, and I managed to pass the day very pleasantly in spite of feeling as if an army of fleas and mosquitoes were let loose upon my skin. I got some lotion of the kind Dr. Smith gave me years ago (fortunately I remembered it was magnesia) and it has considerably soothed my irritated skin, and I feel much better today. I am afraid thy dear mind will fly at once to scarlet fever, but I am sure no one ever heard of scarlet fever coming on without the ghost of a headache and sore-throat. Also the inflammation is chiefly in my arms and legs and hands, as it was before. I remember that experience too vividly to mistake the symptoms!

The result of it, however, is to lose a day, perhaps two, and I feel as if I couldn't afford it. Still I have to. I tried to make up by studying the photographs of the Veronese school, but it was rather discouraging, for it showed me that with all my looking I couldn't have *seen* much, since I could scarcely tell one from another with certainty. I think I shall be able to go and camp quietly in the gallery today (a horse car runs right to it) and perhaps something will soak in. It is the funniest little gallery in the world, and absolutely deserted. The custodian almost wept with joy at the sight of a human face when I went, and he let me stay two hours after the closing time, and offered ladders and every other convenience. The sacristans in the churches are so nice too. They are always ready to bring ladders. It causes quite a *divertissement* for the little boys in the routine of the church and to bet with each other whether she will fall or not. The churches swarm with pretty little boys who do all the odds and ends for the priests and sacristans, and who secretly play marbles behind the columns if they think no one is looking.

One of the churches as its huge big door open right upon a cheerful piazza. From the sunshine outside everyone can see into this delicious cool marble grotto — built oh! how beautifully! — with rosy marble and great round high arches. A great many people go in in the heat of noon and take their siestas in the cool quiet of the churches. It is quite *sans gêne*, anyone may do whatever strikes them. I have seen little children curled up behind the doors fast asleep, while the mother or the grandmother dozed and nodded and blinked in a comfortable seat in front of an altar close by.

The people are so beautiful here — it strikes me more and more — especially compared to the Germans!!

Thy letter yesterday morning about Ray singing her song at the camp fire was delightful. She must be enjoying herself immensely. What delicious,



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juicy memories of “grandma and grandpa” she is storing up! My own can hardly be more delightful. Does she still come and play tyrant over her grandpa? Does she ever go up into the Bô tree?

With love to all,

Thy daughter,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Verona, Sept. 14, 1891

My darling mother,

Thy letters are too delightful for anything. Thee tells me just the things I want to know about Ray, and in just the way I like to hear them, full of such adjectives as “heavenly”, “perfect”, “sweet”. The pictures thee sent were a great advance upon any before, although she doesn’t seem yet to have mastered the mysterious difference between the whiskers of a cat and the ears of a human being. However, there is a distinct sense of things to be drawn, such as legs and arms, and a rudimentary feeling for the features, although the respective limits of eyes and nose and mouth seem pretty vague.

What fun they must have had paddling! It is only *thee* who can devise such expeditions dear to the child’s heart. How many days of bliss I remember myself, when thee took us to the Wissahickon⁶⁶ and let us sit under a real, true waterfall, or when thee took us to the markets and bought lambs’ hearts, all dripping with mysterious, delicious gore, and cows’ eyes, and pigs’ stomachs.

Mother, thee must write a book called *Children* when thy Bible leaflets are out of the way. It would be a waging success. It would create a revolution in the child world, quite as important as *The Christian’s Secret*⁶⁷ for grown ups! Do please, blessed mother, think of it, and begin to take notes from Ray. I will edit some of her baby letters for a preface if thee likes.

I am almost well of my Nettle Rash today. It was pretty bad yesterday. I went to the gallery, but I felt as if a colony of ants were crawling over me, and I couldn’t see much. What I did seem to see I find on consulting Morelli to be quite wrong! The rest of the day I spent in sleep, and in reading *Ferdinand and Isabella*, which interests me very much.

I shan’t stay here much longer, so please address all letters to me now Hotel Città di Monaco, Venice. I hope Gertrude will join me for while there.

I am awaiting thy answer to my letter about my plans.

I do want so to see thee, dearest mother!

Love to all,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Thy circular letter was much enjoyed and has gone off. I shall be here till Thursday or Friday at any rate.

⁶⁶ Wissahickon Creek is a tributary of the Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania.

⁶⁷ Hannah Whitall Smith, *The Christian’s Secret of a Happy Life* (1875).



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (no I Tatti)

Verona, Sept. 15, 1891

My dearest mother,

Thy letter about my plans came yesterday morning. I am truly sorry thee has the bother of bearing them on thy mind, and the worse bother of discussing them.

I have thought about it a great deal, and this is the conclusion I have come to. I cannot wait till Christmas to see Ray. It is simple impossibility. Besides, Gertrude and her children may not be in Florence much after New Year's, and I am really anxious for many reasons that the children should be together. Also it would be harder to find a place at Christmas than now. When Gertrude comes to Venice, as I hope she will do, I shall talk the question of rooms over with her, and I think she will be willing to negotiate with the Girards⁶⁸ for me, or with any other pension that seems better. What I must have is a large sunny day nursery, a night nursery, and a bed room and sitting room for myself, and a small room for odds and ends. If Evalyne comes, I shall need another room, but I fear she will not. Her last letter held out little hope. Her "sense of duty" keeps her tied to the wilds of California, although her sisters go away as much as they please. There really seems to be something in the saying, "Be good, and you won't be happy!"

I think I would rather get an Italian governess, unless I find a nice Italian kindergarten school. With Miss Clarke they would learn no Italian at all. It might be a good plan to supplement the school with an Italian companion. I shall have Ray with me at meals, but Karin is still too young. The chief thing is to have a large sunny nursery, and good drinking water. I must take a filter with me, although the water isn't likely to be much worse than London water!

I could of course employ November and December profitably enough, but I could not stand the separation from Ray. If I take October, and do not come back before thee goes, I shall come home towards the end of the month, so as to get settled in by about November 1. By that time Frank's work in London will have begun. November, too, is a bad month for Ray with her tendency to inflammation of the lungs. A more dreary time than November in England cannot be imagined.

I cannot write this all over again, so will thee please show it to Frank? Don't let thy dear mind be troubled. I am quite competent to make the necessary arrangements for comfort, although my laziness always leaves the beloved "White Slave" to do the work, when she is around.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁶⁸ The Girards' pension at Via Montebello 5 is listed in the 1886 edition of Baedeker, p. 357.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti);
Strachey, p. 47

Verona, Sept. 16, 1891

My dear Alys,

I have left thy letter long unanswered, so long that I forget what there was to answer, except that thee is more than welcome to any clothes of mine thee will condescend to wear, and that I will pay half of thy winter coat in exchange for thy delectable seal-skin.

Also I must thank thee for every word about Ray which I absorb as a desert soaks up water.

I ought to write about the pictures and the architecture here, but I am going to write about a nearer subject. I am literally devoured, *devoured* with fleas! A flea actually hopped into my soup tonight, and was

text missing

satisfaction. [1.2] My noontide rests are converted into wild flea-hunts, sometimes crowned with success, but generally resulting in exasperation. My clothes are ruined with anti-insect powder, and I lie at night on it, as on the sands of the sea. I have nearly burnt off my skin with Ammonia, but all to no avail! I assure thee there is not a single inch on my body without at least one raging bite, and they are multiplying minute by minute. The chief pleasure I take in walking is that it scratches, or rather pleasantly rubs, the soles of my feet! There never was such an unfortunate Gummidge as I! Do ask mother if she ever [1.3]

text missing

suo, in her perusals of advertisement, any patent or other cure for fleas or flea-bites to send it to me forthwith, for verily if this goes on I shall seek a watery grave in the nearest river or canal.

I have been to Mantua today (1 1/2 hours by train), and discovered that Giulio Romano was a very great architect. his own house, on a quiet street, is the loveliest little piece of domestic architecture I have ever seen. He built and decorated a palace as a sort of hunting box, just outside the walls of Mantua, and it is a marvellous piece of architecture, simple, beautiful and strong. He painted chiefly horrors inside, allegories, myths, giants [1.4] and such, in which his defects as a colourist seemed to me to be glaringly apparent. But I hope to grow more tolerant as I grow older. By the way, I found the original of the photograph that used to hang on the Friday's Hill stairs — the woman in a chariot holding up a cloak blown back, her horses galloping on clouds, with owlets etc. flying around. It is on the ceiling in one of the rooms of the great palace of the Gonzaga family, the Dukes of Mantua. I do not know who painted it. It is late, later than Giulio Romano.



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I have been spending most of my time of course on the Veronese painters, from Liberale and the Morone to Paul Veronese and his schools. You [2] can hardly learn to know them at all outside Verona, for the galleries contain very few. The National Gallery is the best, and would be better if they had not quarrelled with Richter, who bought their Veronese pictures for them. He lived two years here and made a specialty of the School. The only Cavazzuolas outside of Italy are two in the National Gallery and a portrait in Dresden. Yet he is really one of the very, very greatest of all Italian painters. There are only four Carottos, two at Cassel, one in the Louvre and one at Dresden, all of them poor. Almost the only Francesco Morones are the little one in Berlin and the Madonna in the National Gallery. *Und so weiter*. They never got to be [2.2] fashionable, like the Venetians. I suppose because they weren't advertised.

The churches here are full of lovely pictures almost all Veronese, except for a Titian, a Savoldo, and some Montagnas. The sacristans are as a rule very nice, when they see you mean to linger. They pull the curtain, and let in the light, and then go away, leaving you to climb up to get a better view if you like, or arrange it as you please. The Museum "closes" at 4, but I usually stay till 6, as the light gets very good in the late afternoon, and it is cooler. The custodian seems really pleased to accommodate [2.3] you. It makes me think with rage of all the red-tape officialism of England and Germany. (Still the fleas aren't quite so bad there!!)

Tell mother I have been very much interested in her accounts of the Antoinette family. I would like to have heard what each one of you had to say. Father on his elephantine adorer would have been delightful! Did Logan fly and hide himself? Who were your nine guests last Sunday? I can count up to six, but not nine.

Tell Frank I had his nice letter containing the delightful snatch of bed-time conversation. I will answer it tomorrow. It is dreadfully [2.4] hard to write when you are so busy! I know my letters are almost too dull to read.

I go to Venice day after tomorrow. Hotel Città di Monaco.

Adieu,

M. W. C.



M-HS 1891.____
a postcard (I Tatti)

<Verona,> Thursday, <Sept. 16, 1891>

A letter from Gertrude has decided me to go to Florence for a day or two next week to make my winter plans. She will engage a room in her pension for me.

Send the letters from home on Monday and Tuesday to c/o Mrs. G. H. Burton, Pension Budini, Via Cherubini, Florence. Before and after Hotel Citta di Monaco, Venice.

Will write later.

With love,

M. W. C.



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VENICE

M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter (I Tatti)

Venice, Friday night, <Sept. 18, 1891>

Have arrived safely — just at moonrise and have already had my first look
at St.Mark's and also my first ride in a gondola.

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter (no I Tatti)

Hotel Città di Monaco, Venice, <Saturday,> Sept. 19, 1891

My darling mother,

It seems very wonderful to wake up in Venice, the most marvellous of all cities, and full of treasures of all kinds which I am to see. Not even the swarms of mosquitoes and the inevitable flea can chill my enthusiasm. To make me quite happy at starting out, thy letter of the 16th came, forwarded from Verona, telling me of Ray's sayings, and little Karin's doings. I am sure I shall delight in Karin, now that she has got to the age of independence, and I am pleased to hear that she makes on thee the impression of having a good deal of character and pluck and determination. I have felt it in her from the first, and it will be the keenest pleasure imaginable to watch the two little creatures working out what is in them.

I *had* to send thee a few lines before starting out. Thy letter was so delightful, and I love thee so much. I had a note from Gertrude too saying her pension is Pension Pendini, but Budini⁶⁹ will reach me all right, if thee chances to have sent anything there. I am sure it is a good plan for me to go over and make my arrangements now, as I can have more choice and make better terms. I go on Wednesday and stay till Saturday. Gertrude has taken a room in her pension for me, she says. Then I am coming here for another week or ten days. She is not well enough to come, but if she feels better then, perhaps she will come back with me.

Yesterday afternoon I spent on a platform at the top of an immensely long ladder in Santa Anastasia in Verona, peering fact to face into the fresco by Pisanello. An artist was there occupied not exactly in restoring it, but in cleaning it, and arranging a protection in the wall around to keep it from the damp. It is very, very high up, so that even with an opera glass, no one can get any real idea of it. It is an important picture, too, as it is the best preserved of Pisanello's very few works. He was very early, and set the fashion in many things for the Veronese and even for the Florentine schools, so that you can trace his influence to the very end.

Most people look on works of art as sort of freaks of nature, but the point of criticism of course is to explain them by natural laws, just as the point of science is to explain the laws that govern natural phenomena. Of course the idea most of us have of the freedom of the will seems to introduce an inexplicable element of the unexpected into human things. But

⁶⁹ Neither *pensione* is listed in the 1886 Baedeker.

Pension Pendini, via Cherubini 6.

In 1879 work was completed on a palazzo with a grand arch where a wealthy Florentine lady of the Pendini family decided to found a residence for travellers. It still proudly bears her name.

Pensione Budini = ? Palazzo Budini Gattai, già palazzo Grifoni, si trova a Firenze in via de' Servi 51, angolo con piazza Santissima Annunziata.



I am half beginning to think that, whatever may be true of the moral world, there is very little “free will” in the art world. The more you study artistic creations the more you see that *nothing* stands alone, not a single gesture or feature or colour or idea.

Given Pisanello, for instance, you could almost prophesy Paul Veronese, and from Paul Veronese, modern French art follows. (I don’t mean that it came from him, but the technique couldn’t stop in the half-way place where it was in him, it was bound to develop along the same general lines.) But Pisanello is by no means the beginning. I found some frescoes from the tenth century which strongly suggested Pisanello and even later people. It seems as if one might go on in this way *ad infinitum*, and I hope I shall have the chance of going pretty far.

I have been meaning to write to Logan, not because I have anything especial to say, but to draw another delightful letter out of him. Thee might mention this to him, and perhaps he will write again. Tell him, too, that when I had seen the Böcklins in the Schade collection and in the Neue Pinacothek, I became really enthusiastic. He is delicious — not painting — but literature. He makes the riotous, rollicking world of half human mythology really live — mermaids, and centaurs, and sea serpents, and satyrs and fauns and sirens and harpies. He presents them in a really original, almost contemporaneous way, just as we would think of them if we kept on believing in them, or at least as I suppose Germans would think of them. I would like Ray to see them, but perhaps they are too humorous and human for her — children are so severe and abstract.

With love to all of you,

Thy daughter,
Mary

I have a very nice clean room here and pension at 8 fr. a day, which promises to be very good. It is hot, but not unendurably so. The hotel is filled with Germans. I think I am the only English-speaking one.



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M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1891

My darling mother,

The sight of little children feeding the pigeons in the piazza of St. Mark's makes me long to give Ray and Karin that pleasure. I felt as I remember thee said once thee felt, as if thee must let us have any fun thee heard about going on anywhere in the world. Still, I can't make up my mind whether it isn't, on the whole, a greater pleasure to come to Venice first when you are older and prepared to enjoy it, than to look upon it, when you really care about beautiful things, with the languid eye of familiarity. (This sounds like a newspaper phrase!)

Evening

I went out this morning before thy letter of the 17th came, forwarded from Verona. It has made me revise my plans somewhat. Thee proposes that thee should come out with the children when thee comes home, about the 13th or 14th of December.

Pros. I could in that time practically finish my work, doing it pretty thoroughly in northern Italy, and it would make my writing and reading at Florence all the more satisfactory. Frank and thee would then be perfectly satisfied in your minds as to the comfort of my arrangements for the children.

Contras. Ray would have to spend November in England, the worst month for her, and she might fall ill. Of course I would come at once if she did, but then I should be very sorry I had not taken her away earlier to spare her. Then it would be a long and fatiguing journey for *thee* on top of thy ocean voyage.

Also, it seems as if I couldn't wait to see Ray. Still, if Miss Clarke could stay, and I felt she was quite happy, I could attend to my work with the feeling that I was getting through a separation that had to be gone through with sometime, for it would be absurd for me to try to say anything about the pictures of the Venetian provinces without knowing them pretty well.

These are the various pros and cons that occur to me. If thee and Frank decide to defer their coming till thee can bring them, then I would myself go to Florence about Dec. 7 and have everything ready for you when you came, so that the children could settle right in with an Italian governess, unless we decided to bring Miss Clarke. Thee would stay till Christmas, would thee not? And then it would be understood that I would bring them home in May for the summer at Haslemere.

I liked the little poem thee sent me. I wish, for thy sake, I could say more, but I will do this for thee at any rate. I will learn it by heart, and then thee can have the satisfaction of thinking that it sometimes comes up into my mind, and perhaps is a "seed sown."

Thee will be glad to hear that I think my pores have imbibed so much



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anti-flea powder that I am not so much tormented as I was. I have a mosquito netting over the bed, so the mosquitoes don't bother me at night.

I won't try to write "Impressions of Venice". As you have all been here it would be superfluous. However, let me whisper it, and *don't* tell any Ruskinite, but I like the steamboat quite as well as a gondola, and it is a great deal cheaper!

I have been twice to Sir Charles Layard's, 'seizing the opportunity by the hair' when they were absent a few days, and have made a complete inventory — if not a perfect catalogue — of his splendid collection. He had Morelli to buy for him. He has the finest Savoldo imaginable — *such* a marvellous picture. If I could get a photograph of it I would send it to Frank, for I think he would particularly like it. It is a St. Jerome, life size.

I went to the almost unknown collection in the Querini Stampalia palace this afternoon. There wasn't much there, but it is open only on Sundays, so I was anxious to make sure of seeing it.

Thy letters about Ray are heavenly.

Love to all,

M. W. C.



M-HS 1891.____
a postcard

Venice, Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1891

I am off to Florence tomorrow morning.⁷⁰ I am coming back on Saturday. I meant to write a letter today, but it was so warm that I went out to the Lido and had a good swim. It is the first time for five years I have been in the ocean. It was very like the beach and warm water at Atlantic City.

I am dazed with pictures and with Venice generally, and am almost glad to go away for a while.

I will write from Florence tomorrow night.

M. W. C.

⁷⁰ Mary went to visit Gertrude Burton in Florence, Sept. 23-26, 1891



M-HS 1891.____
a postcard (I Tatti)

Pension Pendini, 6 Via Cherubini, <Florence,>

Wednesday, <Sept. 23, 1891>

Arrived safely after a pleasant, cool journey. It has changed in one day
from summer to autumn.

I found thy delightful letter, with Ray's inimitable drawings. Tell her I *did*
laugh!

Thank Frank for his postal card.

I have had just a peep at Arnold, but have not seen Harold.

I travelled with Americans all the way and our talk was of sweet-potatoes
and oysters.

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter; a third page perhaps now missing

Pension Pendini, 6 Via Cherubini, Florence, <Friday,> Sept. 25, 1891

Dearest mother,

I was too tired last night to write a word! After a day of house-hunting, with all the alternations of hope and despair and enchantment and disappointment, I was fit for nothing but sinking into bed.

This morning Gertrude and I rose renewed for the fray — for she is helping me magnificently — and we have just come back from a really successful trip.

I have found the place. I went first of all yesterday to the Girards'. What I want of course is a sunny nursery, a night nursery, a study close by the day nursery for myself and a small bed room for me anywhere. I went through all the possibilities at the Girards', and this was all they could do: two rooms on the south,⁷¹ a day nursery and study, with the view completely obstructed and some (not much) of the sunshine shut out by buildings — a sort of passage way bed-room for me and a night-nursery to the northwest, meals at the common pension table — and the whole was to be 32 francs a day — really 8 fr. a piece. They have enlarged their premises since last year and become somewhat smaller, I suppose. I went here and there afterwards to many addresses, and found the same thing — no rooms to the south to be had under 9 fr. a day, and no convenience of personal arrangements such as meals *chez soi*. Ray would have to eat with Emma and pay even more.

At the Pension Bellini⁷² I found two nice rooms on a wide balcony, but the other rooms were in quite a different part of the huge palace. There was no home about it at all. I was really discouraged.

This morning, however, I think I have found the place. It was highly recommended to Gertrude by English people, but it was too expensive for her. I found a large house **at the corner**⁷³ of one of the widest streets in the quarter out towards Fiesole. By the way, that is the healthy quarter, much healthier than close by the Arno. It is higher and newer and on gravel, and there is no smoke. At the Girards' the smoke of manufactories over the river blows in the window in the afternoon, and at the Bellini's too.

On the top floor was a whole flat arranged like this:

[floor plan]

The landlady is a very, very nice woman of the servant class, but as nice as Mrs. Rollings and she is reported to be very amiable. She does the cooking

⁷¹ Mary's is following the advice of Baedeker, p. 376: 'In winter it is most important to secure rooms with a southern aspect, which is essential to health and comfort in Italy, where brilliant sunshine so often contrasts with bitterly cold winds.'

⁷² On the left bank of the Arno; listed in the 1886 Baedeker, p. 375.

⁷³ Thus, not Equitalia, Viale Giacomo Matteotti 16; then Viale Principe **Amedeo**.



and your meals are served in your own room. She has two other complete families, <and> there is no pension talk. I shall be completely with the children, and as I mean not to make a single acquaintance here, I think I can this winter carry out my wish to live a perfectly simple life and learn to live and think straight with as few pretences and shams as possible.

The trouble of course was the price. The woman and her husband vowed it could not be done under 35 fr. so I turned to go sadly away. Gertrude said, however, that I ought not to give up such a splendid chance, and so I asked them again. Little by little I made them come down to 30 fr. but lower than that it was impossible. That is 24 shillings. For all the convenience it is not dear, compared to other prices here. The only other thing I could do would be to take some such rooms as we had last Christmas and have my meals sent in from a restaurant. But I could not get 4 rooms there for instance, under 8 fr. a day. I might manage on that to live at 25 fr. a day, but I fear not less, and then I would have all the housekeeping. Besides I do not know of any such rooms, except on the Lung'Arno, and I am convinced it is not so healthy there as in this quarter.

Another advantage of these rooms is that I could put thee up there when thee came, without difficulty. Or, if we decided to have Miss Clarke, she could sleep in the little store room.

Still another advantage is that buses and trams pass the door, and that there is an excellent kindergarten close by. I have made a provisional arrangement to take the rooms on Dec. 14. No doubt I could have them earlier — in the beginning of November, if on the whole it is decided that I shall get the children then. But everything leads me to think that they had better come with thee when thee comes home. Frank seems to think he will miss them for so long a time, and he will insist upon coming to see them at Christmas. **I do not want him to come.** I am sure it is much better for me that he should not — this is not selfishness — but I feel down to the very depths that if I can be in Florence quite in peace it will make me far, far more able to arrange the rest of my life sanely, and in a way that will make even Frank happier. I may even be able to show Italy to him with pleasure some day, when once I have come to see clearly what it is best for my life to be.

Thee says thee thinks I should come home for appearance's sake. I can come home to meet thee, reaching home the first week in December. It is a long journey to take for such a motive, but I believe I am willing to do it, if both thee and Frank think it necessary. I cannot myself see that it would be of any use. I have not paid any calls for years, really, and to "leave cards" as thee suggests, just as I was going away, would seem idiotic, I think. I could not, I really could not, burst out into a party. But that I must leave you to decide. I do not want to spoil Frank's "career". I should wish him to be as successful as if he had not known me.



[perhaps a third page MISSING?]



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Pension Pardini, <Florence, Saturday,> Sept. 26, 1891

My darling mother,

Another dear letter came from thee today. It *will* be nice to have thee here at Christmas! Gertrude is tremendously interested in all thy ideas about children, and she and I have sworn an oath to make thee write them all down in a book, if we have to buy a phonographic typewriter and keep it concealed in the wall for the purpose.

Her little children are dear, dear little things.⁷⁴ Harold the youngest is the most divinely beautiful child that ever was. Arnold is more like Ray, sensitive and imaginative. How they will enjoy playing together. They are never tired of hearing me tell stories of what Ray does, and what fun her grandma gives her. As soon as I have time I will write and tell Ray all about them. Tell me where to write so that thee shall have a steamer letter. Shall I send it off on the 3rd, addressing it to the Teutonic, Liverpool?

I have only a few moments before I start, so I will write briefly and to the point. I had already made up my mind to write to father saying **I wished to live personally entirely on my own income of £300 a year**. I shall keep strict accounts. It is the only thing to do, although Frank is perfect about making no complaints. As soon as I am not travelling so much my expenses will be much less. It is railroad journeys that cost. But I know I can pay for all this expenditure ultimately by the writing I can do. I would like to pay 1/2 the children's expenses.

I *have* to go. I enclose a map,⁷⁵ with the lodgings I have taken indicated. With dearest love,

M. W. C.

⁷⁴ In 1884 Gertrude Hitz, the daughter of _____, the Swiss consul to the United States of America, married Alfred Edgar Burton, professor of engineering and the first dean of student affairs at MIT. She died in Lausanne in 189____.

The sons of Gertrude Hitz Burton:

Harold Hitz Burton (____), Bowdoin, Harvard Law School, mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and appointed by President Truman to the Supreme Court in 19____.

Felix Arnold Burton (1885-1949), Bowdoin '07, a prominent architect in Maine.

Her husband married Lena Dalkeith in 1906.

⁷⁵ This map is apparently lost.



M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter; Strachey, p. 47-48

Hotel de Monaco, Venice, <Monday,> Sept. 28, 1891

My darling mother,

Frank telegraphed that he much prefers the December plan. In some ways it is better, as it will give me a freer winter. I mean he will not want to come down to Florence.

I can scarcely tell thee how much I long to have thus an uninterrupted time in which I may get to see clearly what is the sincere and kind and *possible* thing for me to do.

Somehow, I feel as if quite lately, I had taken a leap forwards. It *may* be backwards according to some standards, but to me it seems forwards, and I seem to be getting an interior peace which is very different from **the wild tumult of bitterness and uncertainty in which I was raging when I was at home**. Of course the danger is that I have (I think) no orthodox standards of any kind. Thee, who is such a rebel against orthodoxy in religion cannot be surprised or shocked if I am a rebel against orthodoxy in conduct. Frank is quite right in saying that the one heresy leads to the other in the next generation at least. What he isn't right in is thinking that religious orthodoxy has much real influence on conduct. A little impartial reading of history would show him that it has practically no influence at all.

Well, just as thee depends on thyself and thy own sincerity in thy religious views, so I must learn to do in my own views about the relations of people to each other — how far selfishness or unselfishness should be carried, what 'duties' appertain to the individual in his various social relations. I have been thinking and thinking about it, ever since I came away from home. When I came away, I was a violent 'individualist'. I have been modifying and changing since. The one thing that is certain (to my own mind) is that it does not do for me to take anyone else's⁷⁶ views, Frank's or thine or anyone's. I have got to act from bottom convictions of my own.

I am going to try to be sincere at least. I think I need this winter to myself — of course with work, and I know it will do me good.

How delightful thy visit will be! I hope Gertrude will be able to stay, with her two dear little boys. They would be the nicest possible companions for Ray and Karin. They are such nice children, but quiet and subdued compared to Ray and Karin. I told them 'Tom Bogus'⁷⁷ and Arnold heaved a long sigh and said, "O dear! I didn't know there was any such poetry in the world!" Then he said me a piece, which was quite grown-uppy and which he couldn't enjoy half so much. Ray must say 'Tom Bogus' to them.

I find it increasingly hard to write, now that I have really settled in to regular work. In the mornings I go to see the pictures in churches with

⁷⁶ Mary wrote 'anyone's else'.

⁷⁷ 'Tom Bogus, the Sweet Tooth'? The Monthly Anthology?



Costa and Berenson (who are now together) and in the afternoon to galleries or outlying places such as Murano, etc. It is very good for me to have Costa for we talk nothing but French. He seems to have no other interest but pictures and he seems to think it the most natural thing in the world that a person should give up a great deal to study them. He is going to travel with Berenson when we leave here, so that, if they want to do any special things together I may quite likely try work on my own account.

Tintoretto is the painter who perhaps impresses me most of all. He ushers in quite a new era of painting. He might be compared to the first wave of a tide in Venetian art whose last wave was Tiepolo. Ruskin has written a great deal about him, but since the Copyright Law his books are so dear that I dare not indulge in his *Stones of Venice* to see what he says. I find the first part of *St. Mark's Rest*,⁷⁸ which I have just read, incredibly dull and away from the point. I can't imagine why anyone reads him. As 'style' he is dreadful. He simply empties his private note book on the page and gives it all to you, whether it is appropriate or not.

I am really too tired after a day of sight-seeing to write more. Do forgive me.

Thy very loving daughter,
Mary

You can show this to Frank if thee likes.

My clothes are lasting all right, even to the hat. I really do not care one bit what I wear. I won't need anything new all winter.

⁷⁸ John Ruskin, *St. Mark's Rest: The History of Venice, written for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments* (1884). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5261.S3 A1 1884 [Shelved as C.LXVI.2.]**



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Sept. 30, 1891

Darling mother,

I waited to answer thy letter till I had heard from Frank. The enclosed came this morning. I would have written at once, but I had arranged to meet Berenson and the two Costas and go with them to Torcello for the day. Our gondolier lost us on the way back, so I have come in too late for tonight's post.

Well, all things considered, I think this is the best: for me to finish my work here and come home in November and wait till thee comes and can go out to Florence with me. It will be as easy for thee to say I am coming back to London in November, and that there, when thee is ready, we are going out to Florence together. I suppose it is best for me to be at home for a time, and I shall have plenty to do.

So we will leave it so, and thee must go to America with a light heart, sweetest mother, knowing that thee will find me waiting for thee when thee comes back, and that I will do what I can to make things easy — all that I can which really does not vitally hurt me — and thee would not want me to do that.

I will not write more now as I am tired. Destroy Frank's letter, but tell him that I am willing to come back in November.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M. W. C.

O how I long to see Ray! I have passed only one night without dreaming of her.



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M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Oct. 1, 1891

Dearest mother,

It is a long time since I wrote about anything except an interminable discussion of my plans, but now I can leave them for a while and say what I have been doing.

First of all, I have been really trying to do justice to Ruskin, but I find him *impossible*, as style, as criticism, as information, as *everything*.

As to style and criticism, ask Logan what he thinks of this: "John Bellini is the only artist who appears to me to have united, in equal and magnificent measures, nobleness of coloring and perfect manliness of treatment, with the purest religious feeling. He did, as far as it is possible to do it, instinctively and unaffectedly what the Caracci (!) only pretended to do. Titian colors better, but has not his piety. Leonardo draws better, but has not his color. Angelico is more heavenly, but has not his manliness, far less his powers of art."

Now compare with the next paragraph but one (in what Ruskin says is a complete guide to Venice: "St. Giovanni in Bragora."⁷⁹ A Gothic Church of the fourteenth century, small but interesting, and said to contain some precious works by Cima da Conegliano and one by John Bellini."

I have taken one of the least glaring examples of his carelessness. The book (*Stones of Venice*)⁸⁰ is *full* of them. Now here is an example of his way of reasoning — like that queer land some one describes, where you arrange your premises logically and draw exactly opposite conclusions:

"San Rocco by Tintoret. A delightful picture, in his best manner, but not much labored; and, like several other pictures in this church, it seems to me to have been executed at some period of the painter's life when he was either in ill health, or else had got into a mechanical way of painting, from having made too little reference to nature for a long time. If I had been his physician, I would have immediately ordered him to shut up his painting-room and take a voyage to the Levant, and back again."

This seems to be the syllogism:

Painters paint mechanically and poorly when they are ill.

Tintoret painted this picture when he was ill.

Therefore, it is a delightful picture in his best manner. Q. E. D.

But it is hopeless to write about him, to understand his wilful carelessness (for it isn't mere stupidity) you have to read him on the spot. He evidently wrote his book in England from very hasty notes or vague general impressions which he did not even try to verify. It is a dreadful comment on

⁷⁹ Mary wrote 'Bragola'.

⁸⁰ John Ruskin, *Stones of Venice* (1886). **Biblioteca Berenson House NA1121.V4 R7 1886 [Shelved as C.LXVII.2.]**



the people who read and enjoy him, for the only way to find him tolerable would be to sit in one's hotel to read him and never go to look at the things he writes about.

For example, the Church of Torcello, where I went yesterday, is described as having evidently been put up in haste and fear by Istrians flying from barbarians. I came saturated with that idea to find as rich a mosaic floor as St. Mark's itself, and the walls decorated with gorgeously impressive early mosaics, and several exquisite little carved altars — all of which Ruskin never dreams of mentioning, because I suppose they conflicted with his *a priori* idea that it was a church built in haste.

Then what sickening sentiment he writes! Torcello is an earlier settlement than Venice. It is now almost uninhabited. Ruskin invites you into the tower and asks you to speculate about 'what dire sin beyond the sins of men this once flourishing town was guilty of, that the Lord should have visited it with this dread desolation'. A grain of common sense would have told anyone that the 'dire sin' was the sin of being a little out of the way, too far inland for ships to come.

I did not mean to say so much, though I *could* say a great deal more!

It is very lovely weather here and the light is splendid for pictures. I feel very happy about my work. At any rate, if it seems slow, it is absolutely thorough — not like Ruskin's! I have not begun to study Italian yet. I am going on with German, and I speak mostly French, and have even attained to thinking in French — in bad French of course! I hope Ray and Karin will grow up polyglot and not have the awful struggles I am having to escape from the narrowness of one tongue.

I shall be here till the 12th of this month, and I shall go away, I fear, leaving a good deal of work undone.

Please give my love to Rukhmabai and thank her for her letter. I shall most certainly see her when I come home next month, and I look forward to it with pleasure.

Love to father and Logan and Alys. Kisses and kisses to That Angel.

Mary



M-HS 1891.____
a postcard (I Tatti)
addressed to Friday's Hill House, Haslemere, Surrey

Venice, Friday, Oct. 2, 1891

Thy letter of the 29th came this morning. How Ray will miss thee when thee goes, but I know thee is gong to have "fun"! Saidee wrote me that Margie Brown Morton's baby was not all right (she has another now I suppose). I hope thee will see her, and also dear Madge. I will write to Alban's care 1305 Arch Street, and tomorrow I will post a letter to the Teutonic at Queenstown.

It is very nice weather here, warm and sunny, and I am hard at work and consequently enjoying myself. I went to six churches today and studied the pictures and also to the Doge's Palace. Ruskin continues to be most ridiculous. Once church he calls base Renaissance, and another, built by the same architect after the same plan, he calls early Renaissance! I am beginning to believe he has never been in Venice at all!!

Love to all,

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 7, 1891

Dearest mother,

It is ten minutes to post time. I didn't know till this minute that tonight is the time for the American mail. So just a line to tell thee how I love thee.

Poor dearest mother! Thy heart ought not to have been so bothered about what I wrote. I must have expressed myself very badly.⁸¹ I did not mean anything that could possibly bring blame to thee, darling mother.

I am very well and hard at work. I shall miss thy letters dreadfully. Indeed I don't know how I shall get on without them. Maybe Alys will tell me about the children.

Give appropriate messages to everyone thee thinks would care for them, and special love and best wishes to Daisy.⁸² May she be happy. I understand the temptation to cry at weddings!

With dearest, dearest love,

Thine,
M.

⁸¹ Which passage might have offended Hannah?

⁸² Hannah is going to the United States for Daisy's wedding?



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti?)

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Oct. 7, 1891

My dear Logan,

A letter from mother came a few minutes ago saying that thee is still persecuted by insomnia. It is awfully hard luck. But I hope thee will find a way to get the better of it. Thee does so much reading that it makes one think there is probably “something” in mother’s continued belief that it is thy eyes. I hope thee will see Dr. Bull and get him to go into the question very fully. I am sleeping a little better all the time. Each week I attain to about half an hour more of sleep, and a certain amount more [1.2] of imperviousness to noise. I find cotton wool a help, and a handkerchief resolutely applied to the eyes wards off chinks of light. The time to apply it is *before* the light — when you wake about 3 o’clock or so. Then you are cheated into thinking it is dark a long time, whereas, if the light once gets in, you are never cheated again into thinking it is dark.

I wonder if thee will really go to Egypt? It has such a delicious, mysterious, *hot* sound. Who will be thy travelling companion?

Today a golden haze is hanging over Venice. It is so beautiful and sunshiny here. Each ____ seems to fall slowly like a drop of melted gold. Life becomes so [1.3] wonderful in a perfectly beautiful place. Why doesn’t thee, instead of going to Egypt, take a sunny room on the Lagoon here? Thee could be as quiet as thee liked, but when thee felt well, thee would have Venice.

I don’t think there is much use discussing who will “live” and will not, in literature. What is “living” when you are only read like, say Marlowe, by the real students of literature, and then as a rule rather studied than enjoyed? It seems to me quite as much worthwhile to bring in a new impulse into literature like Tolstoi or Ibsen or the Goncourts, even if your work is judged afterwards to be lacking in certain qualities of finish. Still, I have no quarrel with either way of working — only [1.4] it seems to me a mistaken view to put any special importance on that kind of “living”.

In my spare moments, I am having a real *gorge* of **Villiers de l’Isle Adam** who is certainly a very remarkable genius. Signor Costa has all his works, and he has lent them to me. I have just read a long drama of his called *Axël*, which contains passages of the most enchanting beauty. One of the books of his I haven’t seen yet is his *Contes Cruels* (I have read the *Nouveaux Contes Cruels*.) If thee has a copy, do lend it to me. Or when tee goes to Paris, get a copy and read it thyself and then send it on to me. Sometimes he falls into absolute imbecility, when he is snobbish, and neo-religious. But on the whole he is original and delightful. I have also read a good many of Richépin’s *Contes Cruels*, *Nouveaux Contes Cruels*, *La Révolte*, *Akëdysseril*, *Tribulat Bonbomet*, *Histoires insolites*, *Axël*, *Chez les Passants* (poor).

These I have not read: *Premières Poésies*, *Isis*, *Elen Morgane*, *Le nouveau Monde*,



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L'Eve future, L'amour suprême.



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M-HS 1891.____
a three-page letter;
Strachey, p. 48

Hotel Monaco, Venice Oct. 10, 1891

My darling mother,

The photograph of Ray has just come and I am in a dream of delight over it. I can't truthfully say I think she is pretty, but I know her colouring and the sensitiveness of her expression counts for so much. But her face is sweet and her little mouth delicious. She has a curious look of old Whitall ancestors — has thee noticed it? And she looks like thee too, a little. I think her new coat is enchanting, and her attitude, as she stands with the skipping rope, is very natural.

Alys has sent me a [1.2] nice letter about her, and I heard from Frank today that Miss Irene is coming down for a few days, and that he means to take them up fairly early to town. What a summer it has been for them! There couldn't be a lovelier place — or a lovelier grandma! Alys writes that thy understanding of the child's mind is wonderful. Truly it ought not all to perish with thee. Thee owes the world a book on the subject: "The Mothers' Manual — indispensable to those who have the care of children." When thee comes to Florence I shall fix thee up a table and *make* thee write a little every day! Thy [1.3] Bible leaflets will be finished, and thee will be free for this. O dear! is it too awful to have children. I am sure it is the hardest thing in the world not to want them to go *your* way. I feel already as if I wanted to educate Ray with a special view to avoiding my mistakes, but of course that isn't the way to look at her.

The kindergarten in Florence is very near my place. I hope it will turn out to be nice. Gertrude is investigating it.

We are having lovely, enchanting weather here. The sun warms you to the marrow of your bones, and [1.4] then the cool wind from the sea cools you off till your body is in a state of physical blissfulness impossible to describe. It is dreadful to think of thee undergoing the miseries of sea-sickness!

I have decided to stay here till the 15th as there is so much more to do that I imagined at first. Perhaps even I may stay on till the 20th.

My room is very nice — in quite the top of the hotel and the fleas have ceased from troubling. I hesitate to encounter them once more in places less clean, but of course I wouldn't stop for that if I had no work. I have hit upon the invention of binding the museum [2] catalogues with interleaved blank leaves, for notes (like thy Bibles!). Then they are in most convenient form for reference.

Yesterday afternoon, on the express invitation of the sacristan of one of the churches (Santa Maaria del Carmine) we went and washed and cleaned what turned out to be a most beautiful picture by Lotto but which was invisible under candle grease and dust and cobwebs when we first went to look at it. It was great fun having it come out inch by inch under our



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fingers. Costa brought some turpentine, which he applied to the most obdurate dirt-stains with complete

text missing

[2.2] wonder whether it is at all possible to make pictures interesting to the “uninitiated”.

I have been reading Ruskin, and he certainly does not solve the problem, for he doesn’t write about the pictures at all. He is intolerable except to people who have never seen and never will see the things he pretends to describe. I wonder if there isn’t something naturally un-mixable, like oil and water, in painting and literature.

I have also read Howells on Venice and now I am going to read Hare and Symonds to see what has been done in English. Then I shall try the German and French things.

There are some things I would like from [2.3] America, **if thee has time (and money) to get them.** The first is T. S. Perry’s *History of Greek Literature*, published by Holt (the cheapest edition if there are two) and then holt’s edition (which is much cheaper than in England) of Symonds’ *Renaissance*. It is in five volumes at least. So far it is the best English work, and if I mean to do anything, I ought to have it. I am afraid each volume will cost about \$1.50. Thee had better order them sent direct to Florence, Madame Costelloe, 16 Via Principe Amadeo, Florence. I am not sure whether the Symonds is allowed in England.

Also, if thee passes the beloved Wanny’s, will thee see if they have any chains like my chatelaine, and [2.4] get me three (if they cost under a dollar)?

I suppose **thee will get some books for Ray**, but don’t get Jacob Abbott’s histories for they are very poor. Miss Yonge’s are so much better.

I don’t think of anything else to fill up thy leisure SQUIGGLES with at present!

The Nordhoffs have left the ranch so Saidee is alone again, and I expect happier on the whole. They could not stand it. I mean Mr. Nordhoff couldn’t — it didn’t seem to make much difference about the wife and daughters. Evalyne laments that she can’t come over to me, but she has been so well trained in the idea of [3] sacrificing her life to her father’s that it doesn’t occur to her that she could do anything else. His writing room and her work shop are to be combines, and he has planned to take a long walk with her every day.

Well, fare thee well, **most beloved mother.** I feel so sorry that letter of mine⁸³ about un-orthodoxy troubled thee. Thee must have misunderstood it somehow. I wrote I think apropos of thy saying thee did not care what I did

⁸³ The letter of Sept. 28.



so that I did *right*. Now thy idea of right has gone so far as that parents shouldn't sacrifice their children to themselves, and mine goes a step further, and I think it equally a mistake to sacrifice parents to children. But how I long and long for Ray and Karin to have every possible chance. I shall try my best not to oppress them.

Farewell, sweetest (next to Ray!)

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

extract in Strachey, p. 48 — perhaps from the second page?



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M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (transcribed at I Tatti?)

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Oct. 12, 1891

My dear Father,

Many thanks for thy letter which came this morning. I sent a postal card to Alys last night, saying I would be here till the 18th. It is very hard to work fast here, because most of the pictures are in such dark places that they are visible only at certain hours, and the galleries, where the light is at least steadier, close punctually at 3. Practically all one' seeing has to be done between 10 and 4, which is a very short time, when you count the distances. It is charming here, and I am very comfortable, but I should not [1.2] stay unless I had positive work to do, for I feel as if it was a very short time till I come home to await mother's arrival — and there is so much to be seen! I am quite disgusted with people who write glibly, like Ruskin and Symonds and Vernon Lee, without having looked at the things they write about.

Many thanks, dear father, for thy sympathetic words. I hope all will be right eventually. I am in reality very careful. I am so sure it is best for me to be away from England at present. I am spending the time enriching my life forever by learning each day [1.3] how to use my eyes better — to distinguish and compare and enjoy.

I wonder if Ray comes and tyrannizes over thee now as she used to? I had a letter from Queenstown from mother telling me how she conducted herself at the photographers', and the charming picture of her came on Saturday.

I saw today a marvellously beautiful picture on the ceiling of the Royal Palace which Titian painted when he was 93! There isn't the least trace of age in it, except an exquisite refinement and decorative sense, which only comes after long [1.4] experience. One of his best pictures is now in the Academy, begun when he was 99, but left unfinished by an inopportune attack of small-pox which carried him off just as he had begun to anticipate the methods of modern painting.

The more I see Italian pictures, the more I feel that there has been no break in the chain. After Italy painting flew to Spain and Holland, and from there has come the modern French school. I am told that the new Library in Boston is being decorated by Franco-American painters such as Whistler and Walter Gay and others. When thee has thy Arch Street houses done up, thee must have them [2] decorated with modern frescoes!

I have thought of a plot for Logan, and one which he could study from the life. That is Uncle Horace's life as a getter up of Exhibitions, raiser of Monuments, and founder of practical and historical Movements. I was thinking of his career the other day, from the Centennial to the Giants' Causeway, and Servitus in Geneva, and Kennan in America, and it seemed to me to be wonderfully picturesque and write-able.

Why doesn't thee sometime write thy "recollections"? Think what a mine



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of material it would be for Logan to draw from, and how interesting to us all. What dramas thee could unfold. I do wish thee would think of it!

It is post-time — so good night.

With love,

'Thy daughter,

Mary



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M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (not at I Tatti)

Venice, Oct. 13, 1891

Darling mother,

I enclose Alys' letters and add a note of my own.

What misery for thee to have such a bed! But I hope by this time thee is drawing near to a real American bed, with nice comfortable sheets and good springs!

A note from Frank, written on Saturday, says that the children are both well again, so I am relieved, yet not quite, for I know how quickly children get seriously ill. However, I am too hard at work to have much time for worrying over anything.

Father writes that he will send me £20 at once, and £10 later — a present, I suppose. I am writing to him now, as well as to Alys, and I have been urging him to write his “reminiscences”, some of which would indeed be interesting if they could be written with that rarest of literary virtues, absolute honesty.

Thee asks me to tell thee just how I felt on looking at Ray's photo. Of course I felt a tremendous rush of love for her dear little body and her tender, inexperienced little soul. I traced all sorts of sweet things in her face, and I longed to see it move and to hear her voice. **But I saw too, a very , very strong likeness to Frank**, particularly in the eyes, which are the most important features, and this made me rather unhappy, as I realized that she was not all mine, and that I might have to reckon with a nature I could not understand and which might be very different from the sort of thing I like in people. However, I am sure to adore her whatever she does and is. Education can do so much too, but she must not be brought up a Catholic. What problems there are in store for her, the sweet innocent little angel!

I am getting to see so much more very day. It is really a great pleasure. Berenson and Costa have their photographs and they bring them and compare them with the pictures, which is very interesting. It has led to several discoveries. Costa's aunt and brothers are here, and they sometimes go with us to galleries. The aunt lives in Florence, and she has told me a good many useful things. She does not seem to find it in any way strange that I should be here alone studying pictures. She is rather nice.

Today Venice is wrapped in a thick mist of rain. I spent the morning at the Correr museum, and now I am going to the Academy.

I love thee so much, darling mother, and I hope thee is going to have a good time!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Oct. 15, 1891

My dear Logan,

I have no notes on the Louvre at hand, but if thee will send me, when thee gets to Paris, the volume containing the Italian pictures, I will annotate it fully for thee. The later Venetians are well represented there, on the whole. Unfortunately there are no Bellini's. The one in the Gallery of the Sept Mètres is by Rondinelli, an imitator and another in the same Gallery hung high up is by Cariani. You begin therefore with Giorgione, who has only [1.2] the one picture, the Concert Champêtre there. The other so-called Giorgione's are, in spite of what Pater so beautifully says about it, a mere daub. Titian worked with Giorgione. He has 11 pictures there, mostly of his earlier Giorgionesque time. L'homme au gant and The Entombment are the finest. The picture of Francis Ist is also good. The little Madonna with the Rabbit delicious. (The Crowning with thorns is not Titian, in spite of Prosper Mérimée.) The female Saint is Lottesque. But you could not tell that from anything in the Louvre.

There are two poor late pictures by Lotto hung high up in the Long Gallery, and one [1.3] very delicious one, a tiny St. Jerome, hung low down opposite to L'homme au gant, a little further along. Notice the lovely landscape and sky. Palma was a pupil of Titian, and one of his best pictures, an Adoration of the Shepherds, is in the Long Gallery. Bonifazio Veronese was a pupil of Palma. His only genuine picture hangs just opposite the door opening to the Gallerie des Sept Mètres. Sebastiano del Piombo began in Venice. His meeting of Mary and Elizabeth is very fine (Salon Carré). Tintoretto has several pictures there, but I really forget them, except a Susannah in the Ling Gallery — not a very good example. [1.4] The genuine Paolo Veroneses are the Noces de Cana, the Cena (in the Long Gallery), and the portrait of a young woman and a child.

So much for the Venetians — such of them as I happen to remember now. The way to do is I think to take the schools consecutively, as if you were studying them in their own cities, and pause long before the ones you like and get to know every inch. Nothing comes amiss. Notice the way the draperies fall, whether the stuffs look heavy or light, the shapes of ear and hand, the landscapes (compare Giorgione's and Titian's and Palms's and Bonifazio's), the way the hair is painted, the way the eyes are drawn, the types, the colours, in short *everything*. It is better for "connoisseurship", as well as for real enjoyment, to know half a [2] dozen pictures by heart, than partly to know the whole gallery. But it isn't worth while to spend one's coin of enjoyment (for we only have just so much, like a penny given to a child) upon things that are not worth while. So I will be glad to mark off the sheep from the goats in thy catalogue if thee will send it to me. I think I must have a catalogue at No. 40. Maybe thee can find it and send it to me at



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once.

Maurice Banks is a disciple of Paul Bourget, and although I have not read anything of his, I should as little expect anything good from him as from a painter who was a [2.2] disciple, let us say, of Bernardino Licinio. Genius isn't a caprice — it develops according to laws. However, if he *is* nice, so much the better. I believe my most ardently cherished ideal is to be as thee says William James is, without formulae, and I try not to be prejudiced by even such an appalling description as a “disciple of Paul Bourget”.

I am now reading Mrs. Oliphant on Venice, and I find her — to speak without the weight of formulae — better, far better, than Ruskin or Symonds. She is free from Ruskin's abominable blague and self-importance, and her sentimentality [2.3] is easier to forget than Symonds.

I made an expedition to St. Alvise⁸⁴ today to see seven pictures which Ruskin describes with torrents of enthusiasm as very early Carpaccios. They are the most awful caricature, conceivable, but still, if there was anything to prove that they were done by Carpaccio in his childhood, I would try to believe it. But looking closer, it is at once obvious from the late baroque architecture that they were done long after his death — and that the signature Carpaccio is forged, as he always like all the other painters of his day, signed himself in Latin, Carpathius, or Carpatius. [2.4] Still even if they had been genuine, it is an awful shame to take the trustful tourist there, for it is at the end of the world, and the pictures aren't worth a moment's glance. Yet he makes a point that anyone 'who cares for me or for Carpaccio' shall go there, and then accordingly all English and American tourists go — to waste an afternoon.

Farewell. I hope thee is sleeping better.

Thine,
M. W. C.

⁸⁴ A church in the *sestiere* of Cannaregio.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

Venice, <Sunday,> Oct. 18, 1891

Dearest Alys,

Thy letter, enclosing Grace's, came a day or two ago, and I sent it on to mother, as I shall do with all thy letters unless thee says not. Grace's letter was rather sweet. I had a letter from Evalyne, which after all I will enclose instead of quoting. Burn.

Gertrude's governess, Miss Bliss, is here for a week, and, as Sunday is a difficult time for work, I gave up the morning to taking her about. She is an American savage, although she has been [1.2] Librarian at Salem, Mass. I enjoyed taking her, however, for somehow it made me realize how fond I had got of certain things in Venice, how I had begun to see their inside, so to speak. I have lent her Howells and Mrs. Oliphant to read. They can't do any harm, and Mrs. Oliphant is really rather nice. She doesn't pretend to be anything but chatty, but she says some capital things *en passant*. I have begun to reach a man who is worth them [1.3] all put together, a certain Horatio Brown, who has a splendidly strong grasp on history. Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie*, which Signor Costa has lent me, are poor stuff.

I shall be here till the 22nd (for reasons of health), then at the Hotel Stella d'Oro, Treviso till the 25th, and then till the 30th at the Croce d'Oro, Padua.

Adieu. I am not in the vein for writing.

Thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 20, 1891

My darling mother,

I have just come in from a morning spent in looking up out-of-the-way churches. In one there was a splendid Tintoretto never mentioned by Ruskin, who professes to give a complete guide to the Tintorettoes here. I have a great temptation to write a short essay called "Ruskin and Italian Pictures." I think I shall do it next winter at Florence, where I can borrow all his books from Signor Costa. They are so poor that it isn't at all worth buying them — for me at least, who haven't much money for books.

This reminds me of another (and I hope last!) commission, which is to subscribe for *Life*. Have it sent to Alys, then she can send it to Logan and he can send it to me. It is really funny sometimes, and a good comic paper is one of the best comments on contemporary life and manners to a person who can look beneath. I find *The Fliegende Blätter* one of the most helpful things in German and *Punch*, if it were good, would be the best key to English society imaginable.

There is nothing new to tell thee about what I am doing. I read that thy boat did not get in till Friday⁸⁵ at 3! I had kept a rather anxious watch on the papers, because of the storm. Well, at any rate, thee is safely there, and seeing all sorts of people and doing all sorts of things. I shall be eager to get thy letters. I enclose Alys'. Ray has been initiated early into the woes of women! I wonder how much her little mind comprehends? Doesn't thy lap just *ache* for her? Mine does.

Gertrude's governess, Miss Bliss, is here for a week, and I have been taking her about a little — partly to test my memory about things and partly to see if I could convey anything of my own impressions to her. I can't flatter myself that I was very successful. Still I left her feeling that she had done the proper things, which is always a comfort.

I expect to be unwell tomorrow, so I'm staying to have a quiet day with my books and writing. I have been reading a marvellous book on India which Signor Costa lent me. I am sure if Mrs. Besant⁸⁶ and Miss Müller⁸⁷ would only study Sanskrit and the history of India they wouldn't be taken in by "Theosophy". It is pure lack of culture that leaves people open to such things. I don't suppose either of them can read a word of Sanskrit, so they

⁸⁵ Oct. 16, 1891.

⁸⁶ Annie Wood Besant (1847 – 1933) was a prominent British socialist and women's rights activist.

⁸⁷ (Frances) Henrietta Müller (1845/6–1906), women's rights activist and theosophist, was born in Valparaíso, Chile, daughter of William Müller, a German emigré ... Touring Ceylon and India in November 1893, this time with Besant, Müller's lectures drew crowds of Indian women, mostly in purdah, who had come to see 'the ...

See Oxford DNB



can easily be imposed upon by people who pretend to explain the inner meaning of Sanskrit writings. Still, it is a pursuit for them, only it seems a waste of energy.

The weather continues lovely, and I keep at work nearly all the time. As far as possible I have no “depths”, for I am anxious to do my work well, and it is purely objective.

The chief thing I am distinctly conscious of, outside of work, is wanting to see Ray and thee.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter

addressed to Alys, 'Miss A. W. Pearsall Smith'

<Venice,> Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1891

Yes, do send one of Ray's pictures to Saidee. Thy delightful letter came this morning, and I have sent it on to mother.

What is your new league? Has thee ever read Tolstoi's, *Que faire?* It is very short. Do read it soon. I can hardly think of any book that has made more impression upon me, and everyone who goes in for philanthropy ought to read it. It is purely autobiographical and as honest as can be.

I am reading a most interesting book on India (called *Dans l'Inde*) by André Chevrillon.⁸⁸ I feel sure that people wouldn't be taken in by theosophy if they studied Indian History a little — or knew Sanskrit. Where is Rukhmabai now?

Thine,
M. W. C.

⁸⁸ André Chevrillon (1864-1957).



M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

Venice, Oct. 21, 1891

My darling mother,

I have almost decided to go to Vienna on my way home next month. The new museum there has just been opened. It contains the collections from all the palaces of the Emperor — pictures which have never been open to the public before. It is now one of the most important galleries in the world, above all for Venetian pictures. The advantage of going there now would be to see the Venetians all at once, as my eyes are full of them now. If I did it, I should try to write a guide to the gallery at the same time.

I have already written to Janet Morison asking if I can stay with her. **Signor Costa and his brother and Berenson will go** if I go, and Costa will be a great help with the pictures. I think Janet Morison will also enjoy doing some of the work with us. Perhaps it will really interest her. The “lives” are almost all sketched out already in an Hampton Court affair, but I think I can write better now. At any rate, I am more sure of my ground.

If I go, as I certainly think I will, it will be to arrive there about the 19th of November, so as to have three weeks, or nearly three weeks there. It isn't very much time, where there is so much to be done, but still, with notes and photographs I think the rest of the work can be done well enough in the winter at Florence.

I haven't felt up to much today. Still I went to Prince Giovanelli's,⁸⁹ the director of the ducal palace having given Signor Costa a letter to get in. It is very hard to get to see the pictures. The Giorgione there is especially lovely, although it took a good deal of looking at it to make me really enjoy it.

I am reading a delightful series of studies on Venice now, and I feel as if I could with the greatest enjoyment and profit spend the whole winter here — but not without Ray! Each city in Italy is like that, I believe. The more you live in it, the more delightful it seems, the more “vistas” open out. Signor Barozzi, the director of the ducal palace, told us of several people who had come here meaning to stay a fortnight and who had stayed ten, twenty and forty years! How different from cities almost anywhere else!

I wonder what kind of a time thee is having. I wish I had an astral body to go and see, instead of waiting for slow letters.

I will send this via London, as it won't go before Saturday's post at any rate.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Dear Alys,

Please send this to mother, but show it to Frank first. It will save my

⁸⁹ Now Hotel Palazzo Giovanelli, Santa Croce, San Stae, 2070, 30135 Venezia.



writing my plans again.

Thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 23, 1891

My darling mother,

I am in the midst of packing and re-packing tonight, because the decision about Vienna, of which I wrote thee in my last letter, has considerably changed my arrangements and I find I can get on with hand luggage now till I get to Vienna, where I must have some warm things sent from London. So I shall send on my trunk from here to Florence and so be relieved of a good deal of trouble and expense. I expect to go to Vienna on the 5th of November, and shall probably stay with Janet Morison, 6 Hörlgasse, Vienna, Austria. Thee can write to me direct to her care.

I send thee a lot of family letters of various kinds, so that thee shall have all the news. I have been so hard at work today and have done so much packing this evening that I can't write. Besides I am doing nothing but look at pictures and devour books, absolutely nothing, except discuss them with Costa and Berenson and discuss the books we mean to write, for Costa has placed his notes at our disposal, and is going to stay in Florence next winter particularly to join in writing. We shall see if anything comes of it! There is really a need of it, if only it can be said in a way people can read. But if they like Ruskin, I am afraid I can't write anything popular — for me, one prayer would be to write in every way as differently from him as can be conceived!

I have been *very* 'unwell' this last week, but now I am over it and all right again. Thee can imagine if I didn't long for thee to pet me and give me hot bottles and all kinds of comforts — especially sympathy!

Darling mother, I hope thee is having a good time.

Thy loving, loving daughter,
Mary



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PADUA

M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter

<Padua, Tuesday> Oct. 27, 1891

My dear Father,

I sent a hurried postal card to catch the post last night, to acknowledge at once the receipt of the £10, for which many thanks.

I wonder what this new order of Prigs — or anti-Prigs — is? Has thee joined it, or is it limited to the young and hopeful?

I had a nice letter from Alys this morning telling me of Ray's doings and sayings, and also saying that thy attack of gout had mercifully passed away.

[1.2]

Alys will have told thee that I am going to stop in Vienna on my way home, to pay Janet Morison a visit, and to "do" the newly-opened gallery there. I intend to try to get an article upon it into *The Nation*. Will thee send me a number or two of *The Nation*, if thee has one, so that I may judge of the length? I should be very glad to see *The Nation* regularly, as I am becoming every day more interested in general contemporary history. If thee will send it to me every week, I will send it [1.3] on at once to Logan, or anyone else thee likes. My address will be c/o Mrs. Morison, Hörlgasse 6, Vienna after Nov. 1st which is now very near at hand!

I have been spending the morning in a chapel here sacred to the memory of Giotto. I did not expect to enjoy him much after the glories of Venetian art, but, to my surprise, I found him delightful. The man who was restoring the Pisanello at Verona was there, filling up [1.4] the cracks in these frescoes today, and he allowed me to come up upon his ladder and see the frescoes face to face. They are wonderfully fresh, and beautiful in drawing and colour, although the eyes are always like this

sketch

or this.

As the morning wore on, the place became filled with diligent Germans, reading their Baedeker or Gsell Fels⁹⁰ or Burckhardt. They are the most faithful and studious travellers I have met. [2] They make me wish I knew how to write in German, for at any rate one can be sure of the thorough conscientiousness of German readers.

Several French travellers dropped in for hasty glances, and an English country clergyman's daughter came duly fortified with Ruskin, whom they seemed to enjoy reading so much that I believe they went away without even

⁹⁰ Johann Theodor Gsell Fels (* 14. März 1818 in St. Gallen; † 12. Oktober 1898 in München) war ein Schweizer Sachbuchautor, Kunsthistoriker und Mediziner.



looking at Giotto.

Later

This afternoon I spent in the Gallery, and now I am tired enough to drop right off to sleep. Tomorrow I have to get up at 4.30 to go to see some little towns with next to impossible train communication. I shall bet back about 8.30 in the evening, and I dread to think how tired I shall be. But a [2.2] good sleep will pull me through it, I have no doubt.

If Ray is with thee still, tell her to draw me a picture of GRANDPA and to send it to me in somebody's letter.

Thank Alys for her letters.

Lovingly thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter (no I Tatti)

Padua, <Tuesday> Oct. 27, 1891

My darling mother,

As I am to get up at 4.30 tomorrow and be away all day sight-seeing in various little towns, I will send thee my mid-weekly letter tonight. I *was* to have gone today, but I felt rather tired last night, and so decided to put it off till I was perfectly rested. So I have spent today finishing my notes of the gallery, and discovering, in all sorts of churches new and interesting connections through the tangle of Italian paintings. I think I must feel something like thee, when thee starts out to write a Bible lesson and discovers all sorts of texts that hang together!

Gertrude has written me of a really perfect governess she has found, who speaks French and Italian as well as English. She is not expensive, and I think I will have her, if I like her, too, to come in the afternoons. Ray is at an age now to take in a good deal, if it is given her in the right way.

Does thee know Miss Yonge's⁹¹ Bible stories? I want them to have those, not that I hold much by the "inspiration" of the Old Testament, but because it is part of the world's literature that everyone is better for knowing.

If thee sees Auntie Lill, please thank her for her nice letter to me, which I will answer as soon as I get back to London.

I wonder what thee is doing now! Thee seems awfully far away.

I have sent Logan an annotated catalogue of the Louvre, which I hope he will find useful. He couldn't have a better friend there than Dr. Bull who is, I am sure, a thoroughly nice man — and if there is such a thing!!!

The children were to have gone up to town today, and tomorrow I shall think of Ray at her beloved Kindergarten.

Emma writes nicely, does she not? She is a treasure, and I shall be sorry when the children get too old for her, although she isn't good for their only companion.

The more I read history, the more I am convinced that the less a spiritual religion has to do with a human organization of any kind the better. Human nature is always too much for it. The history of the Papacy writes it in clear letters, it seems to me. Yet this afternoon I went in to one of the huge churches here when some afternoon service was going on and there was music and incense and a wonderful picture of candles shining on white-robed priests, and a multitude of people with bowed heads. It was very wonderful. Your emotions are about as ticklish as the soles of your feet. I can never see a company of soldiers marching to music without a thrill — though I hate war — and in the same way a beautiful spectacular religion

⁹¹ Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823-1901), *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Bible History for the Little Ones* (London and Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co., 1875).



tickles me somewhere, particularly when it seems real to all the people about me. I am sure I should be on the verge of becoming a Brahmin in India, if you can *become* such a thing. But reading history makes me suspect that religion is pretty much a question of geography, or of race, at any rate. I shall probably be in some queer way a Quaker all my life.

Farewell, dearest, dearest mother. **Only keep well, while thee is away, and come back safe and sound to us.**

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____
a two-page letter (no I Tatti)
Padua, Oct. 29, 1891

Darling mother,

I am starting early tomorrow for Treviso, spending part of the day at Bassano by the way, so I will write tonight and make sure of my letter getting to thee by Wednesday's mail.

Thy dear letter to me came two days ago, and Alys sent us thy family letter. What a picture of the wife of the very rich American entertaining Baptist missionaries and helping to wash her own dishes! There is something delightful in it.

I enclose a packet of home letters which will give thee the news there. Frank is really behaving very well — always [1.2] with the one — a most important! — proviso that to hold a woman tied to you when she doesn't want to be is an anomaly in civilization. Somehow it seems to me just as absurd as women not having a vote. I turn it over and over and I can't look at it any other way!

I sent a letter home last night which I asked to have forwarded to thee. I was feeling quite ill when I wrote — diarrhoea and nausea — but I am well today. I have been at Vicenza all day, enjoying some of the happiest moments of my life among the beautiful palaces there, and in the churches. [1.3]

I am afraid one is a pretty hopeless subject for reclamation when religion seems on a par with a child's "pretend". I can see so well that for me it never has been anything more. I do not presume to say for other people. But I have the strangest feelings about it, going about in churches where historical Christianity is still a living thing. And I can't help comparing Protestantism to Ray's present evolution when she doesn't believe in witches any more, but does still believe in fairies.

Dearest mother, I hope I don't pain thee by saying these things. I want to be always [1.4] now *perfectly sincere* with thee and have thee know just what I am thinking about — good and bad. It is such a pleasure to write thee all I think, even when I know thee will have to say "Chattering of monkeys" to thyself! Thee is the dearest, dearest mother that ever was. I truly believe thee to be one of the most wonderful creatures who ever lived, with immense talent, and a perfectly magnificent "naturel". I wish I could think something of thee had passed into Ray. Perhaps it has — who knows? After all, I am grateful beyond words for being alive, even if I have to have, [2] like most people, my share of unhappiness.

Farewell, dearest darling mother,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)
Padua, Oct. 29, 1891

Dear Logan,

Thanks for thy letter and the others. Yes, the Lionardo (the little Annunciation) is a very young work — done when he was under 20 — and therefore in some ways his freshest and most delightful! Compare it with Lorenzo di Credi's Noli me tangere in the same room (opposite side, further down). Lorenzo di Credi was his master. See how fresh and dewy and magical Lionardo is in comparison — even if he is, as yet, a little uncertain — tentative. [1.2]

When you begin to care for an artistic personality — studying him and build him up from his works, you learn to enjoy and prize above all things, his *very* early works, when he just began to feel his way. I suppose this is the principle upon which a *devotée* has just published a volume of Ruskin's poems written between 7 and 26. But there, I must confess, the admiration seems misplaced. In Lionardo it seems to me just. By the way, the three Lionardos in the Louvre are the only authentic ones extant, [1.3] except one left by Morelli to Laura Minghetti in Rome, which is said to be genuine. Study his drawings, too. He was left-handed and always shaded from left to right. This test will knock off some of the false ones.

I am really so hard at work that I cannot write. I have been all day in Palladio's shrine, Vicenza — where, curiously enough there is a splendid *Gothic* church, which I much enjoyed. What pictures there are there, too! And the whole town is full of Palladio's palaces and churches and [1.4] public buildings. They had such good taste, the natives of Vicenza, or else the tyrant (probably the latter). They had a gothic town hall, and they made Palladio build a sort of *case* all round it, which is very beautiful, and you can only get distant glimpses of the gothic far inside in the shadow. How the unfortunate inside is lighted I do not know — when even Gothic without a case is dark. But perhaps they have arranged it with the roof.

I was interested to note in Henry James' note his characteristic [2] avoidance of Saxon words. But the spirit was nice. I sent the note to mother. She can tell thee the "interviewer" about it!

If thee likes Puvis, go to see him in the Amphitheatre of the New Sorbonne (open till 3 on Thursdays). There he far surpasses the Panthéon as beauty, though from some other points of view I can understand liking the Panthéon better. I mean for people who care more for impressions made on their 'souls' than impressions made on their eyes. Write and tell me what thee thinks of it. It would interest me to know. I will send my address when I know it. I *think* it is 6 Hörlgasse, Vienna, but am not sure.

I am so tired! yet I have gone on writing. Do forgive me!

M.W.C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Padua, Oct. 29, 1891

My dear Frank,

I was glad to get thy letter this morning and the *Women's Gazette* tonight. I must confess, the Suffrage party can scarcely expect to win, and I suppose they ought not to, when the majority is, as I think it is, on the other side. Home Rule has been an awful thing for Liberalism. I know how the Socialists feel it, and I am more than convinced that it is fatal to women's questions. When I read Mrs. Galdstone's speech, and thought of all the pretence and [1.2] servility that was implied in making her — a feeble old idiot — the President of the W. L. F. just because her husband is a great leader, my soul felt sad for what is called the "women's movement." They had better have followed Mr. Frederick Harrison's advice to stick to their homes than come forth with such abominable pretence, which is really only servility at bottom. I cannot easily write what I feel about it. My only comfort — if comfort it may be called! — is in reflecting [1.3] on the equally senseless hereditary right to leadership which has passed current among men. "Advanced" women are several hundred years behind male politics. I suppose a beginning had to be made sometime, however.

I am glad things are going smoothly about the Chelsea L.C.C. candidature. Don't arrange any meeting for me to be present at before the 1st of December, for I may not get home before then.

Will thee ask Emma and Alys to conspire and make up in a parcel my seal-skin (Alys') and [1.4] my green winter dress — the one Doughty made with the jacket — and one or two silk vests or shirts for it — and send it to Janet's care at Vienna? I don't know how it should be sent, but there must be a way, and I shall need it terribly. Cold weather has set in even here, and I have scarcely enough to keep my warm.

I am feeling rather ill tonight and cannot really write. something I ate must have disagreed with me, and it has made me very sick, so that I can hardly hold up my head. I have taken some Jamaica ginger, and will [2] probably be all right tomorrow, when I intend to spend most of the day at Vicenza, en route for Treviso.

I went yesterday to such a fascinating little town, Montagnana by name, and although it involved getting up at 4.30, I did not for a moment regret it. The town walls and towers were in perfect preservation — so wildly fantastic and so picturesque, with a wide, grassy moat in front, where donkeys and geese and turkeys and goats were feeding, and women were spreading their clothes out to dry. There were [2.2] four pictures to be seen there, the masterpieces of a certain Bonconsiglio, whom I had heretofore despised. But things in their original surroundings look very different, and I found him perfectly delightful at Montagnana.

This morning I climbed to perilous heights in a church here to see a



glorious, untouched Paul Veronese. I was so sick that I almost fainted with dizziness, but the sacristan clutched me firmly by the shoulder and prevented any catastrophe. “When at length I [2.3] sat up and was able to speak” — in short, when I opened my eyes, the sight was wonderful. I have never had such a chance to study his “brush-work” — for here it is absolutely free from over-paint, being so very high up. No one in the Salon of today paints more largely or more *en plein air* than he did. And what colour!

This afternoon I dragged myself to the Eremitani and watched Mantegna’s frescoes through all the changes of the afternoon light. Then I came home and went straight to bed, from which I have only arisen [2.4] to send this letter. But I am sure to be all right tomorrow.

Please show Alys this letter and ask her to send it to mother — not that it is worth anybody’s reading — for it isn’t, but mother likes even the handwriting of her children, as I like Ray’s absurdest printing.

M.W.C.



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TREVISO

1891.____

a one-page letter to Frank

Treviso, Nov. 1, 1891

My dear Frank,

Both thy letters came safely here as well as Alys' enclosures marked Padua, and I am sure I have not missed anything. Emma's letters are also very delightful. Will thee tell her, please, that I always send them on for mother to enjoy? She really writes better than any of us. I think because she has no kind of 'literary tradition' to stand between her thought and its expression.

I am much worried at not having heard yet from Janet Morison, to whom I wrote nearly two weeks ago, addressing [1.2] to her husband's care at the University, and again four or five days ago, addressing as thee told me Hörlgasse 6. If I do not hear tomorrow I will telegraph, as I can't have my letters, etc., going astray. And at any rate it would be rather awkward to arrive there and have nowhere to stay, for the hotels are very expensive.

It has grown exceedingly and bitterly cold in the last few days, and I have felt it more than I ever felt cold before. I think I must have been slightly copper-poisoned at Rovigo (when I took lunch) for I have been ill ever since, and this makes me feel the cold still more.

missing final page?



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VIENNA

1891.____

a one-page letter to Aunt Lou? (no I Tatti)

Pension Lejeune, 4 Maximiliansplatz,⁹² Vienna, Nov. 6, 1891

Send Logan, then mother.

'Faster, faster
O Circe goddess,
Let the wild thronging train
The bright procession
Of eddying forms
Sweep through my soul.'"⁹³

I went through the whole gallery today, omitting nothing, not even the armour, and tonight I have lost hold of my impressions and they are running wild.

First let me thank thee for thy letters, **beloved Lou**, which greeted me at Janet's when I called there. How delightfully thee writes — subject and all!! Janet had written and telegraphed, but in some extraordinary way they had missed me. She is keeping house with a friend and could not take me in, but she got a place quite near (two minutes walk) where her sister is, and where she was last year. It seems very nice. She seems very well. I have been spending the afternoon with her, in the beginning of endless talk, I like her so much, more than ever before.

The Gallery is wonderful, a truly princely building — or rather Rothschildian — gaudy and rich, yet with the essentials well attended to — warmed, perfectly lighted, and the pictures well hung. We are all delighted to have come. Giovanni Costa is in ecstasies over the shops, and has already indulged in various neckties and the rest of us are filled with the ardour of work. With fear and trembling I gave my opinion on the authorship of all the pictures, and was — a little to my surprise — generally right. I found out a Savoldo,⁹⁴ a Bonifacio,⁹⁵ and a Lazzari Sebastiani⁹⁶ which they had not recognized last year. It is a great thing to come here with Venice fresh in your eyes.

Like thee, I have a simply soul-destroying cold, and my ears are ringing with quinine. Thank heaven that the poisoning symptoms have all disappeared.

⁹² Mary wrote 'Maximilianplatz'.

⁹³ Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), *The Strayed Reveller, and other poems* (1849), 'The Youth'.

⁹⁴ Savoldo

⁹⁵ Bonifacio

⁹⁶ Lazzari Sebastiani



Logan has sent me the “Fratini”⁹⁷ for which please thank father. I am so glad the children are going to school. I hope the weather isn’t too atrocious.

It would be nice for father to buy Florence’s⁹⁸ picture. Will thee give her my love, when thee sees her again, and tell her I hope to see her when I come home.

Thee is so good about writing, dearly beloved. It is such a comfort to hear about the children. I wonder how long it will take Ray to find out that God doesn’t turn Es into Ys because we ask Him to!

Please show this to Frank. It is a poor, miserable letter, but I am incapable of more on account of the quinine-buzzing and the general whirl of new impressions.

Farewell. With gratitude,

Thine,
M. W. C.

⁹⁷ Fratini

⁹⁸ Florence?



M-HS 1891.____

a postcard addressed

c/o Albanus L. Smith, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. (no I Tatti)

Vienna, Nov. 8, 1891

I arrived here last Thursday,⁹⁹ just in time to nurse myself through a horribly severe cold, which has today and yesterday gone into my eyes, so that I really dare not use them. I am so afraid of another attack of ophthalmia! I am keeping in the house.

Janet is awfully nice and awfully kind, and I am as comfortable as a blind person can be, but it is a great bore.

I will write as soon as I can.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M. W. C.

⁹⁹ Nov. 5, 1891.



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter (no I Tatti)

Pension Lejeune, IX Maximilianplatz <4>, Vienna,
<Wednesday,> Nov. 11, 1891

Darling mother,

The cold which settled in my eyes, is nearly well. Thee would have been delighted to have seen how well I took care of myself. For three days, with all the temptations there were, I did not go out, and in spite of being nearly bored to death with my own society, I did not read anything and only wrote one or two postals. I am rewarded now, by having my eyes well, although I have lost both taste and smell and partly hearing with this cold. I have never had one so bad, yet I did everything, from quinine in the very beginning, through camphor in every form, hot foot-baths, cotton wool, etc., etc. Nothing did a bit of good except to waste away the time, which assuredly hung very heavy on my hands! Now, however, I am able to work again, and I am all right.

I haven't heard from London for four days so I have no news to tell thee. But the thing that consoles me is that I am sure I should have heard if there had been anything wrong.

I have just had a letter from Stenbock who has been very, very ill. He is coming with an aunt and some cousins to live in Florence this winter, he says, but Frank says that he thinks he is hardly likely to live long. He has curious states of coma in which he loses consciousness for hours together.

I am going to spare my eyes all I can for a day or two so I will not write a long letter. There is nothing to say except that the pictures are very interesting here, and that, aside from my cold, I am very well.

Janet Morison is awfully nice. She is keeping house with a friend, and had no room for me, but her sister is staying here, and it is only a few minutes' walk so that I am able to see her often.

Dearest mother, it will be good to have thee close at hand again! In a month I shall see thee.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Pension Lejeune, IX Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna,
Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1891

My dear Alys,

It seems an age since I have heard anything. If no one else writes, will thee ask Emma to send me a postal card at least every other day? I like to be sure the children are well and to know whether they have been able to go to school or not. The things haven't come, either, and I can hardly go out, I am so 'perished' with cold. Fortunately my eyes are [1.2] getting better, and the gallery is warmed, so I just exist. But I will be glad when a warmer dress and the coat turn up. How did thee send them, I wonder?

Janet Morison's sister is here, but I find her a dreadful bore, and do not see much of her. She goes in for music. Janet herself seems very well, and she is pleasant.

I can't write much. I have to economize my eyes. Please [1.3] give Aunt Lill's letter to father, and Stenbock's letter to Frank. I suppose he will not want me to go back to England with him, probably he will go straight to Florence. But tell Frank that I am writing to SKETCH to tell him I will take care of him on the journey home if he has to go home first.

With love,

Thine,
M.W.C.

Please do not open my American letters!



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna,
Friday, Nov. 13, 1891

Dear Frank,

Letters from thee and Alys came yesterday, and I was glad to hear. I suppose having no note today means that the children's colds are better. How tiresome it is for them, poor little things! I hope they will be better in Florence.

We all got permission today from the Director of the Gallery, Herr Hoffrath Enghert, to go to the gallery on the days when it is closed to the public: Tuesdays, Thursday and Saturday. This will be an immense convenience, as it is hard to do

MISSING TEXT

[1.2] people thronging the rooms.

Janet¹⁰⁰ unfortunately seems not at all interested in pictures, otherwise I should have tried to get a permit for her. She has been reading Morelli, and I thought she would probably take a great interest in the new gallery here. However, she is very delightful in other ways. She has taken up her French again and seems to be enjoying it very much.

There are some marvellous Titians here — one in particular, painted in his very best manner, which has not been exhibited since 1816. No one in Vienna will believe it to be Titian, because it is so very different from his early things — so modern in some ways — so simple in colour — and they [1.3] criticize the director for calling it Titian. But there are three pictures in Venice and one in Munich (the Crowning with Thorns, thee will remember) and one in Berlin of quite the same style — yet unquestionable Titians. I like these very late things more than I can say. Somehow I seem to understand them better; they are pure painting, and do not depend for their beauty upon the fact that they are the expression of a particular epoch. I do not yet know enough about Italy to get the flavour of most pictures. This sounds like heresy, if the ideas with which I started out are orthodox, but “we live and learn”, and [1.4] the chief thing we learn — I at least is our

¹⁰⁰ entry for Nov. 23, 1891: I took tea with Janet. ... She wants some one to tell her what to think, but when they tell her, she grows stiff and angry if the thoughts don't fit into her perfectly narrow and impossible moral mould. So she is unhappy and undecided, enjoying nothing, useless, except as her husband's “helpmeet”. Her sister who is here is in love with a man younger than herself, and Janet was in a rage over it. She thought it so “low” and “degrading” and utterly incomprehensible, not “ideal” in it.

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



ignorance. I am awfully afraid I shall be tempted, when I come home, to talk as if I knew something. Talking is so fatally easy!

When I went to the Albertina to see the drawings yesterday, I met Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, just returned from Hungary. His hair was very white, and he said he had had an awful scare in Russia where he went to see the Jews. He said he was nearly sent to Siberia, but I do not know how much truth there was in his tale. I have known him before to draw up on his imagination. However, his story was very thrilling. They will be back in [2] London, tell Alys, in about a week. I arranged to meet them at the gallery today, but I think they did not come. At any rate, I was there, in the Italian rooms for 3 1/2 hours, and did not see them.

I thought the Cathcart case was finished. How has it come on again?

I hate to have such a stupid letter sent on to mother, but she will like it better than nothing. Will thee give it to Alys, please? Tell Ray and Karin that the children here have a lovely game to play, and that I am going to buy it and bring it home for them.

M.W.C.

One packet has just come, containing a blue shirt and vest. The other will turn up soon I hope.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (no I Tatti)
Vienna, Nov. 14, 1891

My darling mother,

Alys has sent on thy letter to me, which I was very glad to get. Thee will see that I haven't had thy circular yet, and I am aching for it. I am sure it is interesting, partly because thee is one of the few people who knows how to give an honest impression of the way most things strike thee. I am afraid I shall never get so far!

I spent one of the most delightful mornings of my life in the gallery today. The others went to the other museum where the drawings are, and I was entirely alone in that huge place, for it is one of the closed days. The four hours rushed by like a moment. I took a comfortable chair about and studied and took notes to my heart's content. In a day or two I shall feel like beginning to write about it, but probably nothing very successful. Still it is as well to try. My eyes are all right, owing to the good care I took of them, and my cold has passed away leaving nothing worse than what Saidee and I used to call a "dispensation" on my lip.

I shall soon be at home. How delightful to see and hear and feel Ray again!

How sweet of thee to get the books. I proposed sending them to Florence, as they may not all be allowed to come into England, as the Symonds is excluded, I think, by copyright. But thee can easily find out.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Pension Lejeune, IX Maximilianplatz, Vienna,
<Monday,> Nov. 16, 1891

My dear Frank,

I really don't know any good book about the National Gallery. Richter has written one,¹⁰¹ but it is very heavy reading, I am told, and not calculated to help anyone to enjoy the pictures. *C'est justement ça que je voudrais écrire*, but I don't know enough yet. I am looking forward with great anticipation to seeing the Venetian pictures there again.

I met Mrs. Pennell in the Gallery today taking notes for an article they have asked her to write for *The Nation*, so it is no use my [1.2] trying that. I shall do a long and careful article, and in course of criticism it may become polished up enough to be accepted somewhere among the English magazines. Mrs. Pennell was *très-bête*.

She complained of the fearful re-paint, and took me to Lotto's exquisite picture and said the blue of the Madonna's robe must be painted over because it is so bright and resembles an obviously poor thing hanging here. I was very gentle, and asked her if she knew Lotto well. She confessed she did not. Then I reminded her of a picture by him in the Louvre where the same colour [1.3] occurs and of one in the National Gallery.

Then I asked her if she considered the whole picture re-painted. "Not at all", she said. So I pointed out to her that if the blue was repainted it must have been repainted at the same time that the rest of the picture was being painted, because the canvas all over, crackly, varnish and all was in precisely the same condition. This of course is mathematical proof, as clear as any science, but she did not see it at all.

She "hates Correggio" and does not hesitate to say he is a very poor painter, **although she has never been to Parma**. I suppose some of these ideas [1.4] will duly appear in *The Nation*.

There is a most amusing tableful of people here. If I had time, I would like to describe them. There are three capital types of American: a Boston woman, a New York man, and a girl from Iowa, besides three dyspeptic, nervous American children, belonging to the Boston lady and the New York man. Their accent sounds very nice, and their slang is deliciously expressive. The Boston lady told me this morning that she wasn't partial to Germany, and that she didn't take any stock in fat babies, and that she thought American had the bulge on Europe in understanding how to be comfortable. [2]

Janet and her husband have been here this afternoon. They both look very well, and she is beautifully dressed! Vienna is certainly the place for well-dressed women. On the whole they are pretty, being such a mixed race, I

¹⁰¹ ? Jean Paul Richter



suppose, and they all dress well.

I am going to spend tomorrow in the quiet gallery. It is one of the closed days, so that it will be possible to work in peace. There is very little early Italian here outside of the Venetians — one Andrea, one Sodoma, one Fra Bartolommeo, one [2.2] Francia, one or two Bronzinos and one Parmigianino, two Correggios, and a Marco Zoppo, who is to Tura what Ruskin is to Carlyle. There is one little Watteau — some Rembrandts, Rubens, etc., and some very fine Velazquez. There is a magnificent Ver Meer van Delft in the Czörnig Gallery here — a magical thing. There is a fine Franz Hals at the Lichtenstein, and a Verocchio and a Savoldo. At the Academy is a very lovely Pieter de Hoogh (Ver Meer's pupil) and some minor Venetians — among others a Beccaruzzi,¹⁰² which Ruskin [2.3] speaks of as one of the finest Titians in the world! I think these are all the collections here, but they are quite enough.

I am spending a good deal of time reading the Catalogue, both for the German, for the careful minute information it contains. I have also just begun the Goncourts' *La Femme de XVIII siècle*, which seems exceedingly interesting.

Will thee please tell Alys that her letters are very welcome? She has a unique talent in letters, and somehow tells you just what you want to know. If she thinks it worthwhile, tell her to send this to mother. But I fear it is too dull to be worthwhile.

I hope the Cathcart case was successful for you today.

M.W.C.

I am awaiting money. I am very sorry to trouble thee about it.
Send <to> Mother.

¹⁰² Francesco Beccaruzzi (c. 1492–1562) was an Italian painter of the Renaissance era, active near his hometown of Conegliano and in the neighborhood of Treviso.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Vienna, Nov. 18, 1891

Dearest mother,

I am deep in an "article" and have only time now to send my love with this letter. Tomorrow I will send a longer letter, and I am afraid it will be my last. There will be no time to write more. How delightful it is to think of it!

Thy last circular came at last today. What fun thy description of Mrs. Harrison was!

I wonder if I can ever, ever write!!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter to Alys
Vienna, Nov. 18, 1891

My dear Alys,

Many thanks for thy letter which came with mother's circular this morning.

"Miss Lady" is *too* delicious! I laughed over it all day.

I am sending a very hasty note to catch the post tonight, as I am really absorbed in a newspaper article upon the gallery here, which I will send to Frank tomorrow, to see if he can get it into the Pall Mall Gazette. It is [1.2] awful how much time and trouble it takes to write the smallest thing truthfully. But at any rate, it is good to try — and a little thing like this will not hinder my doing a more serious thing on the gallery.

I took Janet round the pictures today. It was funny to find how little I knew even after so much study. I actually misinformed her about several things.

It has been raining a good deal [1.3] today, but it has not been dark, fortunately.

Thank Frank for his letter.

Thine,
M. W. C.

A note by Alys added at the end, dated Nov. 21, 1891

Saturday morning, Nov. 21st

Dearest Mother,

Sister's article has come, and it is painstaking, but not very interesting. However, we are just off with it to the Pall Mall Gazette Office. I hope they will accept it.

The children are flourishing this morning, and seem no worse for having gone to school yesterday. When Frank came [1.4] down late, Ray said, "I am glad you were not here for the porridge arrangements!" He never gives them as much as I do.

I hate to leave the little dears. But the carriage is to take them up to see old Mrs. Costelloe this morning, and she will come down to see them tomorrow.

I must be off. Adieu.

Alys



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M-HS 1891.____
a three-page letter (no I Tatti)
Vienna, Nov. 19, 1891

Darling mother,

The time for the last letter to go to thee has come upon me like a thief in the night. I never knew time fly away so fast before. Thee will *just* have a chance to receive this before thee sails!

I sent off this morning an article for the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon the gallery here, and **now I am going to write a more detailed and scholarly one for my own satisfaction.** I am beginning at last to feel as if I knew the gallery in a general way, although I can't yet distinguish between Tintoretto and his son and Jacopo Bassano, or between Zellotti¹⁰³ and Farinati¹⁰⁴ and the other followers of Paul Veronese. Still as [1.2] nobody else in the world, and not even Morelli when he was alive, could be quite sure, I do not feel so unhappy about it. **I could easily write a handbook to the Italian pictures here,** but I am sure there is no demand for it. Curiously enough, most of them were once in England, and but for one form of religion — Cromwell's — they would be there still. But when he upset Charles the 1st, all the king's pictures were destroyed or sold — to the great advantage of the nations whose rulers were not troubled with religious scruples! The catalogue here is too patriotic to trace the pictures further back than to one of their own archdukes, who [2] bought the pictures of Charles and Buckingham — so it is partly guess work what pictures were once in England. But the director has promised to let me see the catalogue of Charles' pictures if he can find it.

I am reading one of the most interesting books I ever read in my life. It is called *Woman in the XVIII Century*¹⁰⁵ (French women). They were often married at 11 or 12 and then sent to convents till they were old enough to come out into the world.

An interesting life of Mrs. Besant came out in the *Review of Reviews*, October.¹⁰⁶ Did thee see it? She seems to me to be perfectly honest all [2.2] through and tremendously energetic. And I think her honesty and common sense will in the end pull her out of Theosophy, although she is not a bit clever — I mean intellectually. But this life makes me admire her independence and grit.

¹⁰³ Giovanni Battista Zelotti (1526-1578), active in Venice and her mainland territories.

¹⁰⁴ Paolo Farinati (also called as Farinato or Farinato degli Uberti; c. 1524 – c. 1606) was a Mannerist painter, active in mainly in his native Verona, but also in Mantua and Venice.

¹⁰⁵ ?

¹⁰⁶ *The Review of Reviews* was a series of monthly journals founded in 1890-1893 by British reform journalist William Thomas Stead (1849–1912).



I think I shall go to Buda-Pesth¹⁰⁷ to see the gallery there for a day or two before going home.

I am beginning to dream every night of having Ray again in my arms. The little angel! How I wish she would always be between four and ten. There are some dear little children here, but not for a moment to compare with HER!!

I hope thee will have a possible journey home — with a somewhat more [3] comfortable bed.

I am awfully anxious to get thy second circular, which I am sure they must have received by this time.

With a heart full of love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹⁰⁷ Mary visited Budapest for the first time on Sept. 27-30, 1896.



M-HS 1891.____
a three-page letter

Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna,
<Tuesday,> Nov. 24, 1891

Dear Logan,

Thee really ought to go thyself and live in pensions if thee wants to know the American au fond. I am sure thee would find much more to note than I have found, yet I have been vastly entertained. The thing that especially strikes me about the Bostonians here is that they re infinitely more vulgar and far more refined than the same class of English people would be. That is because they are far more natural, I think. It makes them seem vulgar at first, but later on you like it [1.2] better because you get at the real person, and every real person is nice, or at any rate interesting.

There is a girl from Sioux City, Iowa, here, who is quite delightful. She has been “abroad” for years, and doesn’t know a word of anything but English., nor one picture from another. She *hates* poetry of all kinds, and Dickens is her “favourite author”. But she doesn’t commit so many Americanisms as Mrs. Clarke, the lady from Boston. In the first talk I had with her she said she ‘wasn’t partial to Germany’. When I complimented her on her blooming infant, she said she ‘didn’t take much stock in fat for children’. She spoke [1.3] last night of her children having the measles and said they were cross when they were getting well but when they were “hard sick” they were very patient. She is fat and jolly, with absurd little coquettish airs, *d’un enfant gâté*, but she is at bottom very plucky, for she has left everything and come abroad to try to cure a husband who is half insane with over-work — a young, sturdy-looking man, too. She sighs for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and says she “feels as if she could fancy some baked beans and brown bread.” She uses such expressions as “you can’t touch me with a ten-foot pole” or “catch on”, with [1.4] absolute unconsciousness. She told me at breakfast this morning that she too ‘hated poetry’, and that her husband had written a good deal to her while they were engaged. She said it ‘made her mad’, and she was always making fun of it. She used to tell her mother and sisters to look well at “Them Orbs”, for Dr. Clarke (she always calls him “Doctor Clarke”) had written Odes to Them Orbs. I am under the impression that he regrets those early effusions, and if he wrote poetry about her now, it would be of a different kind. But she is very kind to him, on the whole, and a model of female self-sacrifice. [2]

I saw Napier Myles¹⁰⁸ at the gallery yesterday and showed him some of the pictures. It made me very unhappy, for he evidently did not care for them — oh not in the least. And he had no more idea of the Morellian method than a Fiji Islander, although he evidently felt that, as an Oxford man, he was of course capable of grasping it at once — and had he not

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read Morelli in the Dresden Gallery? I am sure that it needs much more a scientific than a literary training to become a “connoussher”, [*sic*] and indeed I notice that the two doctors here, who are absolutely devoid of the slightest interest either in art [2.2] or literature understood the Morellian method from the first word. But to the unscientific mind, there is still something of the Image about a man like Morelli, and Napier Myles’ chief interest was to ask me if Morelli’s system was really “recognized” by those in authority. A scientific man would never dream of asking such a question, when the principles had been stated.

Then I must tell thee that Mr. Myles was very pretentious and insincere. He pretended to know a very great deal more than he did know, and to have seen things which he evidently had not seen. I am afraid the result of my [2.3] showing him the things here will be to make him even more insincere. I quite felt I did him harm, because I gave him several conversational points, which I could see him mentally noting without verifying them by his own observation. I felt sorry that a mixture of philanthropy and vanity had led me to spend so much time with him.

He spoke to me about music and said he thought the *Cavalleria Rusticana* was very pretty, even beautiful in parts. “But it is not ART”, he said. I suppose he knows what ART is, if he speaks so confidently. But it sounded very funny and very semi-educated. However, I kept a grave countenance [2.4] He adores Leighton and Burne-Jones and Turner. They are ART, I suppose. I confined myself to saying I thought the R.A.’s¹⁰⁹ did not paint so well as their contemporaries in Paris.

I have read the George Moore’s [*sic*] carefully, but they interest me very little. He is utterly ignorant of the history of art, but I suppose he knows his public well enough not to fear having his pretentiousness discovered. As to his style, I find it very vague, when you come to think in form and colour what he means, although as sequence of words it may be very well. But I would really rather read Baedeker [*sic*] or any catalogue, except that of Burlington House! I could quote to illustrate what I mean, but it isn’t worthwhile. [3]

I have not been reading much French lately, except occasional stories in L’echo de Paris. I am going to see Ibsen’s *Fest auf Solvang* tonight. I have been re-reading Hedda Gabler in an excellent French translation. I find it better than my remembrance.

I hope my postal card reached thee, asking thee to send B. Shaw’s *Ibsen*.¹¹⁰ If not, send it at once, will thee? and I can read it on the long and tiresome journey back. I wish I could stop in Paris, but the quick train costs twice as much as via Flushing and the slow train is 12 hours longer.

¹⁰⁹ Painters who had exhibited at the Royal Academy?

¹¹⁰ Bernard Shaw (1856-1950), *The quintessence of Ibsenism* (London: Walter Scott, 1891).



M.W.C.



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M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter to Alys (I Tatti)

Vienna, <Saturday,> Nov. 28, 1891

Dear Alys,

Many thanks for thy letters and postals. I had a letter from mother today, enclosing what I send thee, but saying little beyond the fact that they were very busy, socially (!) as well as professionally. She says the Kendalls, Edith and Virginia, mean to be in Florence all the winter.

Yes, I saw N. Miles again. He was rather insufferable, I regret to say.

There is a nice Oxford boy here of the un-pretentious type, who adores all the English gods. English politics are [1.2] the most important in the world, Prof. Fairbairn (head of Mansfield College) is the greatest man in the world, Robert Browning is the one and only Poet, and Henry James of Bangor (author of a new book, *The Philosophical System of Robert Browning*)¹¹¹ is his prophet, and Metaphysics is the only proper study of man. I enjoy him keenly, very much as I enjoy a picture by a purely provincial painter, say Mombello, who had never been to Venice. He is tutor to a young American boy, a pre-Harvardian, who is travelling with his mother and younger sister. They have "mapped out" a year of Europe, and are going to [1.3] "do" the Nile in a steamboat. On Monday they go to Constantinople for a week, and then to Athens. the boy has nothing personal about him, he is a purely typical young American. The sister is surprisingly quiet for an American girl, and is very much in love with the tutor, but it is not personal; I mean she is at the age and in the state when she was bound to fall in love with her brother's tutor whoever he was. The tutor thinks it much nobler to paint a picture, however bad, than to criticize pictures, however well. I asked [1.4] him if he applied the same rule to poetry, and he blushed, so he may be one of the Oxford poets. He is from Christ Church, but I do not know his name.

I am writing a very heavy article on "How to study the Venetian pictures at Vienna" — a sort of chronological disquisition, not for print. I find I don't know much; writing brings it out.

If you don't hear from em again, expect me Wednesday morning to breakfast. I am coming via Flushing and Queensborough.

Love to all, especially the Angels.

M. W. C.

¹¹¹ ȝ



Mary left Vienna on Nov. 30.

No letters from Vienna to her mother survive from the period Nov. 20
to Dec. 14 when she arrived in Florence from London with her
daughters

No letters from Mary to Bernhard after Dec. 5, 1891 until Sept. 15, 1894
— but when were they apart in this period?

M-HS 1891.____

the second and third pages of a letter, the first page on the stationery of
40, Grosvenor Road, The Embankment, S.W.

<Dec. 1-11, 1891>

[2] regard him as a patriotic and national responsibility. As for me, I love
him dearly, and I would give anything if he were here and I could take care
of him.

See the file 'Mary to Hannah undated'.



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Florence, Dec. 1891

M-HS 1891.____
a postcard

16 Viale Principe Amedeo,¹¹² Monday afternoon <Dec. 14, 1891>¹¹³

All well. The rooms are charming and the weather warm and sunny. The children are in excellent spirits. I will write fully tonight.

Gertrude is very ill with hemorrhages. She has a trained nurse. I have been awfully busy today seeing her and arranging the rooms, etc. I also could not resist a peep into the galleries. The rooms and all seem extremely pleasant.

With love,

M. W. C.

¹¹² Mary wrote 'Amadeo'.

¹¹³ Mary's diary begins in Florence on Dec. 13: We met again at 12.40 at night.



M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

16 Viale Principe Amedeo,¹¹⁴ Monday evening, Dec. 14, 1891

My darling mother,

These are the events of the journey. The children enjoyed themselves on the way to Folkestone. Miss Farrell told them stories, and they sang their songs to her. They were all three, Nana included, dreadfully sick on the boat. Ray was at first as brave as a lion, but she had to give in after a while. Still neither of them cried, and ten minutes after we were in the train, they were eating things out of the "grandmother's bag" and very happy. In fact, Ray came in and had a plate of roast beef with me.

Our journey to Paris was uneventful. We met Logan, as he has probably written, and had dinner. Then he put us in the train.

Three guards told us our carriage went direct to Modane *sans changement* so we confidently undid our shoe straps,¹¹⁵ undressed the children, and put them to bed. Just as they were dropping off, and Emma and I had taken off our boots, and we<re> settling ourselves to sleep, the carriage door flew open, and we had to change!

I draw a veil over that change. Ray is pricking a picture to illustrate it. They thought it was great fun, but Emma and I nearly wept with despair. However at last we got into another carriage which really DID go through to Modane, and we had on the whole a comfortable journey till 6 the next morning when the young imps woke up and began to run about and pull the noses of their sleepy mother and nurse. They were full of laughter at the idea of being carried about in their wrappers in a railway station. They said, "I wish it would happen every night!"

Well, at Modane,¹¹⁶ where we were to have an hour, we had twenty minutes in which I had to pass the things through the customs, pay duty on my typewriter, get the tickets viséd and re-register the trunks. Naturally I got no breakfast, but the children and Emma had an omelet and milk, and I munched some sandwiches. It was the same story at Turin at 2 and at Genoa at 6, where we were to have 35 minutes and really had 10. I sent a postal card to Frank. The sandwiches bore me up and the apples. That was all I had a chance to eat all day.

But the day passed somehow for Emma and me, and so delightfully for the children that when Ray came to go to bed, she gave a long sigh and said, "O, I wish we *always* lived in trains."

The "grandmother's bags" were the greatest delight. What wonders the toy bag contained! Ray said, "Grandmas know essackly [*sic*] what children like, don't they?" And indeed *nothing* could have been more appropriate.

¹¹⁴ Mary wrote 'Amadeo'.

¹¹⁵ 'shoulder straps'?

¹¹⁶ Mary wrote 'Modena'.



There seemed to be a new toy for every moment when they threatened to get tired. From Genoa to Florence they slept, but Emma and I had to sit on the floor, as the carriage was filled with other people. The six hours seemed very long. But at last we arrived and found everything ready, and we all had a good sleep.

I found Gertrude seriously ill in bed. I could only see her for a moment. She begged me to let the children's meeting wait till she was able to see it, and I could not refuse her, although I long to have them meet at once. But tomorrow I hope she will be able to have them. Ray and I left some soldiers there, and two acorns she had found in the Cascine, to console Harold and Arnold for their disappointment.

I find I left several things, and I will send thee a list very soon. I must go to bed now. I am so sleepy.

Love to all, and take good care of thyself, dearest mother,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary

Please let Frank see this.



M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter (I Tatti)

16 Viale Principe Amedeo, Dec. 18, 1891¹¹⁷

My dear mother,

I sent a list for thee yesterday of things to bring, but do not bother about any of them if thee is busy and hurried.

I have been spending the afternoon writing letters for Gertrude, who is still very weak, and while she is lying and resting, I will send thee a letter.

Ray and Karin have, both of them, the beginnings of a disagreeable cough, so I have asked Dr. Baldwin¹¹⁸ to call. They are not going out today, but Arnold and Harold are spending all their waking time with them. How they do enjoy each other. Today they played Hide and Seek in the three rooms, and had a perfectly grand time. Ray looks upon Arnold as a tremendously superior being — as he is SIX years old — and she thinks it a great privilege to play with him. He goes to bed very early every night “so as to make tomorrow come quickly when I can go to the Costelloes.” They are such dear good little fellows that nothing could be nicer for the children than playing with them. I do not think these colds will amount to anything, but I thought I had better be on the safe side. Their appetites are good.

It has been a beautiful day, but rather cold. However, we have had the warm sunshine flooding our rooms. I have been trying to read Ruskin for Florence,¹¹⁹ but it is very hard work. Still, I mean to go faithfully through.

I think Gertrude will be here still, when thee comes. I hope so, for thee would love to see the children all playing together.

Thank Alys for her note. They are so happy with the Burtons that I won't bring in any new children for the present, but save them up till Arnold and Harold go.

Thank father for his messages to me. The umbrella he gave me is waiting to be used. I did not lose it on the way out!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹¹⁷ Mary's diary, Dec. 18, 1891: Breakfast together.

¹¹⁸ 'Via del Moro 1', listed in the 1886 Baedeker, p. 377.

¹¹⁹ John Ruskin, *Mornings in Florence* (New York, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House N6921.F7 R87 1890 [Shelved as C.LXVI.2.]**



M-HS 1891.____
a postcard

Friday night <Dec. 18, 1891>

Emma says her saucepan enamelled is in the nursery cupboard. Also, could thee bring another spirit lamp? I have one which I have lent to Gertrude while she is ill, but it is never any harm to have two.

The doctor has been here and he says the children ought to get well at once, but we must be careful for a day or two.

Arnold stayed to tea, and they enjoyed themselves greatly. Once when I came in they were all dressed up in auti mocassons,¹²⁰ carrying cushions and bags from one room to another. I do not know what they were pretending.

M. W. C.

Saturday, 9 a.m. <Dec. 19, 1891>

I forgot to post this. The children had a good night.

¹²⁰ moccasins?



M-HS 1891.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

16 Viale Principe Amedeo, Dec. 20, 1891

Dearest mother,

The opera glass holder came safely today, from Lady A. H. H., I suppose, and I am glad to get it. Thy postal came, and a nice letter from Frank, for which I send thanks. I will write to him tomorrow. Give him Ray's letter, please.

The children, particularly Ray and Arnold, do have such fun together! Arnold stays all day long, to dinner and tea, and reads to himself while Ray has her nap. They have not quarrelled yet, which is wonderful. Harold and Karin are rather in the yelling stage of childhood, so that their games are frequently interrupted, and Nana has to wipe eyes all round. She has really astonishing tact with them, and they play very happily under her supervision.

It turns out that Gertrude has had a pretty close shave with pneumonia, but she is really on the road to recovery. I spend an hour or two with her every afternoon, but of course I have not dreamt of nursing her. She has an excellent Scotch nurse, who reminds me of Miss Leithead.

If this does not come too late, could thee get Miss Yonge's *Bible Stories*?¹²¹ I want to read them to Ray, who is, I find, quite old enough for serious reading, and who likes stories that go on from night to night, like *The Little Lame Prince*,¹²² which I am reading to her now. Also Church's Stories from the Greek classics¹²³ — stories from Homer and Euripides, etc. I do not know the exact titles of the books.

Would it be possible for thee to get out of the London Library Creighton's *History of the Popes during the Reformation*?¹²⁴ They do not have it in the library here.¹²⁵ I thought I might perhaps have one volume at a time. If thee could bring one, it would save so much postage. But do not trouble about this if thee is busy. I have plenty to read. Ray's books are more important.

The doctor today pronounced the children well. It is pretty cold, and he advised me not to let them out till it is a little warmer. He says he considers the climate excellent for children. He has invited Ray to come and play with his boys. He is an American.

I hear that Mr. Musgrave is here, but I have not seen him, and I hope I

¹²¹ Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823-1901), *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Bible History for the Little Ones* (London and Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co., 1875).

¹²² Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, *The Little Lame Prince and his Travelling Cloak* (London, 1875).

¹²³ Church?

¹²⁴ Mandell Creighton, *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894 v. 1-5**

¹²⁵ A reference to Vieusseux?



may be spared.

Signor Costa's aunt, Mlle¹²⁶ Miranda, has asked me to call (it is the fashion here for the strangers to call first), so I suppose I must, but I hope it will be my first and last call this winter.

I am afraid my boxes by *petite vitesse* won't arrive till Easter! It seems to take at the least six weeks.

Goodnight. It will be a pleasure to see thee so soon.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

¹²⁶ Mary consistently uses the abbreviation 'Mdlle' instead of 'Mlle'.



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter to Logan (I Tatti?)
addressed to 'L. Pearsall Smith, 15 rue de Sommerard, Paris', near the
Sorbonne

<Florence, Tuesday,> Dec. 22, 1891

A line to greet them when they arrive to say that we are well here. The weather is enchanting. In the sun it is like summer. The children are all going to Fiesole tomorrow.

Thank mother and Alys for their letters.

Where is the *Nation*? and the other *Revue Bleus*? Has thee got the *Liaisons dangereuses*?

I will send thee for Christmas some type-writing things — notes — also Alys, but I shall not be able to get them ready in time I fear.

I have just read Mill's *Subjection of Women*.¹²⁷ There is what seems to me good style — and good matter too.

Ask mother to bring one or two soldier things for the little Burtons.

M. W. C.

¹²⁷ Mill, John Stuart Mill (1806-1873), *The Subjection of Women* (London: Longmans, 1869). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5021.M43 S83 1909**



M-HS 1891.____

a one-page letter to Alys (I Tatti?)

16 (tell Logan not 15) Viale, etc., Florence, <Saturday,> Dec. 26, 1891

My dear Alys,

I have had the pleasure of meeting the famous Mrs. Way this afternoon, and it turned out to be so far a pleasure to us both that we separated, each feeling acutely conscious of her own superiority. The truth is that our “spheres” do not over-lap, so that we neither of us want to shine in the other’s region. She felt I had absolutely no “charm” or “personal fascination”, and I felt she had little taste and less intellect. Her manners and appearance shocked me so that at first I scarcely knew what to say. She looked just like Sebastiano del Piombo’s *Fornarina*, and her manners seemed to correspond, except that she must have been at any rate spontaneous and uncalculating. She was so restless and personal and full of American badinage that she tired me out. I liked Mr. Way, but a little of him at a time is quite enough. I was interested when he said that since [1.2] he had come twice so near to dying it was joy enough to fill every moment merely to be alive.

Please thank Logan for his letter. I read the French translation of Hedda Gabler and thought it very good. of course I don’t know how near Ibsen it is, but it was powerful. It impressed Costa very much, who came to it with no -isms of any kind. The *Revue Bleue* have also come.

From Frank there came today some things which delighted the children, and a charming pocket-book for me. But I will write to him about them later.

The children are all going to Fiesole tomorrow. Ray seems to be much interested in the “view” and also in watching sunsets. They adore “Nana”, who is really so kind to them and so sensible with them, now that Karin is getting older, that I rejoice in her every day. I have a conventional idea that a letter ought to be four pages long, but I believe I really have nothing else to say at the moment.

Lovingly thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1891.____
a one-page letter

Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1891

Dearest mother,

I have had many ups and downs in my mind as to meeting thee, but I have decided to let thee go to the hotel for the night, as it is so uncertain what time the train gets in.

I will come tomorrow morning to the hotel at 10 o'clock to bring thee up here. Thee had better stay here. It will be all right about the sleeping.

Ray and Karin are dancing about with joy.

With love,

Thine,
M.



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1892

M-HS 1892.____

a letter to Robert

Florence, January 11, <1892>¹²⁸

My dear father,

Mother has told me of thy kind thought of increasing my income so that I shall be in every way independent. I am very grateful to thee for thinking of it, but I am sure the children are such an expense that it would inconvenience thee too much. I enclose a rough estimate for thee to see. It will show thee that the income I have from thee and mother covers my personal expenses. I would be glad if Frank did not have to support the children, but I do not think it unfair that he should do so at present, especially when I am giving them care and supervision.

Probably when I am as [1.1] old as Frank I shall be in a way to earn money also and shall be able to contribute to their support. For the last few years at any rate I have not been able to prepare myself for making money in any way, and even now I cannot, on account of the children, really throw myself wholly into it. So that I do not regard it as my fault that I cannot at present support them.

I am enjoying mother's visit so much. What we would have done without her in the influenza siege, I cannot imagine! She has her "Table" between the nursery and my room, and makes both her child and her grandchildren very happy.

She wants this letter to get off tonight, so I will close. [1.3]

With much love, and gratitude for all thy kindnesses to me,

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

Of course I need not say I feel the importance of being economical. I could live for less if the children were not with me, but with them I have to have certain comforts, such as a fire in the day, etc.

¹²⁸ Mary wrote '1891'.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard to Logan (**I Tatti only**)

<Florence,> Monday, Feb. 1, 1892

Many thanks. If the journey were not so long I would come *quand même*, though Dr. Bull says I do not need to. But it is too far and too dear.

Yes, Maupassant surpasses everyone. His short stories are marvellous. I have just read a curious, *A rebours*, by Huysmans, full of interesting literary criticism.

I am going rapidly through the Florentines to get a general idea.
It is enchanting weather today.

M. W. C.

Hannah leaves Florence on Feb. 6, 1892

Saturday, February 6, 1892, Florence:

'I breathe freely at last, for mother is gone.'



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Feb. 17, 1892¹²⁹

Dearest mother,

Ray has just marched downstairs with Mme Zucchelli. I stood at the top and heard them talking.

"I have two grandmothers", Ray said.

"And do you love them both?" asked Mme Zucchelli.

"Yes", Ray said, "but I love the youngest of my grandmas the best because she spoils me and the other doesn't. She gives me too much sugar in my cambric tea, and she spoils me, and I like that, I can tell you", looking up with a confiding smile.

They are playing out today with the little Burtons.

Julia¹³⁰ came night before last, and yesterday Gertrude came back to the Pension. She says she feels much better already.

I have seen Julia, and she looks very [1.2] nice. Gertrude says it is the first time she has been taken care of by a person with a *Heart*, and that it made her feel better at once. She certainly looks much better than she did.

I got Logan's new address on my card today, and sent off the books to him. It will be delightful to have a resting place in Paris if I may really go there. It will really be a great pleasure to feel at home there, even ever so little. I shall stop a day or two on my way home to have Ray's and my eyes looked to, and then I shall want to go back to see the Salon.

I am thinking out my plans a little ahead, and I will send them to thee when I have fully considered them.

Jacob Abbot¹³¹ has inspired me with a strong desire to make [1.3] some money by writing children's stories. I think I could write as well as he, in the same genre, and if the books "went" at all, they might bring me in some money. So few people write really for children. They generally keep an eye upon their grown-up readers, and that spoils the story for the children. I am not sure that I can do it, but I am going to try. I have determined to write for an hour every day, and when I come home, I shall have a mass of manuscripts to submit for approval. Then we can see if it is worth publishing. I shall try to be as much like Jacob Abbot as possible, as simple and clear and detailed, and I have a splendid fund of memories from the

¹²⁹ Mary's diary, Feb. 6, 1892:

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

¹³⁰ Gertrude's maid?

¹³¹ Jacob Abbott, *Beechnut: A Franconia Story* (1850).



Cedars¹³² days to draw upon. [1.4] Abbot's books seem to me about the best thing America has produced, and when I think how long ago he wrote them I am filled with astonishment. They are as "modern" as even I!! There isn't a word in them about supernatural reasons for things, not a word about "the duty of self-sacrifice", hardly a word about family duties, nothing but plain individualistic common sense.

The children seem to live in a sort of republic of their own with Beechnut¹³³ elected as their President. It is really very astonishing. *I* enjoy our nightly readings far more than Ray, I am sure, although she enjoys them intensely.

Thy pictures and thy Whoppers gave great pleasure. My idea of a Whopper is something like this:

[sketch]

Tell Alys I miss her daily letters to thee very much. But I know I don't deserve to receive any.

With much love from us all,

Thine,
M.

¹³² Cedars?

¹³³ Jacob Abbott, *Beechnut: A Franconia Story* (1850).



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter
Feb. 24, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thy letter is a great comfort. Thank Alys a thousand times for standing by me. I cannot answer it at length now, as I am pressed today.

Will thee give the enclosed letter of Karin's to Frank? It will save a stamp. I usually write to him by this post, but I cannot today.

I have had a battle royal with my landlady. I have come to the conclusion, after talking it over with Mme Zucchelli, who is very practical, that they are fleecing me, and I have remonstrated with her on the quality of the food and refused to pay extras. It is absurd for me to buy the children's honey and cocoa. We have had great scenes, and it is very horrid, but I shall know how to arrange another time with Italians.

Mme Zucchelli sends many thanks for the book.

Received Alys' postal order. Thank her. Her feet are much smaller than mine!

All the children had an expedition on Sunday to Certosa. I told Ray that a monk, dressed in white, would show them over the monastery. When they came back she said, "Yes, it was nice, only there weren't any monkeys there."

Arnold came over for her and she was allowed to go home with him alone, and he brought her back at 5. She felt very grown up. Emma told her to keep on the pavement, and although Arnold tried his best to make her run into the street, she kept firmly to the pavement. It is wonderful how obedient she is!

Tell Alys I will look up Edith Kendall.¹³⁴

Here is my teacher. Farewell in haste.

"More anon."

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

Ray's letters are absolute dictation.

¹³⁴ Mary's diary, Feb. 27, 1892: Coming home I met Edith Kendall who asked me to dine.



M-HS 1892.____

a postcard — postmarked ???

Friday night, Feb. <26>,¹³⁵ 1892

Please excuse a rather long silence.¹³⁶ I have been exceptionally busy.

I hope to send thee the first part of my story à la Jacob Abbot either tomorrow or the next day. I am rather hopeful about it, for Ray and even Karin seem to enjoy it immensely.

Thank father for his *very* kind letter. I will answer it tomorrow.

Emma sends you thanks for the corn plaster and for the book on smoking. Ray wants another letter. Thanks also for the book from the London Library (I will soon send it back). Can thee send me some of thy spare selvages¹³⁷ of postage stamps? Also can thee find and take to the Millbank St. Post Office Ray's Post Office Savings Book? I seem to remember that thee took it to keep safely. It *ought* to have been sent in September! Karin's in next April. Ray has £30 there. Karin £2 I think.

We are all well. The children are very happy.

Love to Alys and father.

More anon.

Thine,

M.

¹³⁵ Mary wrote '25.2.92' — perhaps a mistake for '25.3.92', which fell on a Friday?

¹³⁶ But there is a letter dated from the day before.

¹³⁷ The edges of postage stamps.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

16 Viale Principe Amedeo, Florence, Feb. 27, 1892

My dear Father,

Many, many thanks for thy letter, which has given me much pleasure. I am truly more distressed than I can say to be a cause of anxiety to those who love me and care for my welfare. But just at present it seems like a matter almost of life and death to me to have liberty to shape my life as best I can, according to my own ideas. The children have been very delightful, and grow more and more so every day. I always bear them in mind in thinking about my future plans. I think if they receive a good education I need not fear their becoming [1.2] Catholics. It seems to me that *no* young mind *could* read such a thing as Creighton's *History of the Papacy*, which I am reading now, or twenty other books I might name, which I have recently read, and have the least temptation or even the least chance of joining the Roman Church. Even Motley's *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, which I read last autumn in Holland, is enough.

Inspired by the blessed memory of Jacob Abbot, I have begun a Child's Story, which I will send in a few days to mother. If it turns out to be successful at all, as I somehow think there is a chance it may do, it will help me support myself, for with y memories of the Cedars and the Adirondacks and the West, I have an [1.3] inexhaustible source to draw from. I would rather make a little money this way than write about Art before I really know the subject thoroughly. Frank is very, very nice about money — he sends me all he possibly can, and I fear even more than he can conveniently spare. But at the same time, it would be a great, great pleasure if I, too, were able to contribute to the support of the children, since I have, for part of the year at any rate, the enjoyment of them.

Logan is most kind about his apartment in Paris. I shall stop there a few days with the children on my way home in May, and probably go back again after having paid a visit home. Has his story appeared in the *Speaker*? [1.4] If it does, please send it to me.

While I was lunching today, busy at my Italian grammar, Ray and Karin burst into the room to get a couple of figs. "We're in an Awful hurry", they shouted, and "I'm going to drive with Mrs. Burton, sitting by the driver", said Rya, dancing up and down in an ecstasy of joy. They ran out and I stood at the door to watch them. They ran over the "their" coachman, on the rank opposite, and climbed on his box. Arnold tied his handkerchief to the whip for a flag, and in a minute the old coachman climbed up — they drove off.

It has grown warm (we do not need fires) and sunny, and the children live on the front street, while Nana¹³⁸ sits on the steps with her knitting.

¹³⁸ A nickname for a maid?



I will send thy letter on to [2] Mr. Musgrave as soon as I find out his address. I think I forgot to say that I printed his First Canto for him. It took me a long time; he was so particular about it, and it was difficult, with all the quotation and exclamation marks. It is an excellent translation, but it will not make a millionaire of him.

Will thee give the enclosed to mother, please? Tell her she can hardly imagine how happy the children are out of doors, playing in the dirt, I have drawn a Grandma Block, who figures in their building games. "And so the Grandma walked up the stairs *very* slow, because her old legs were stiff, and then she sat down at her table to write ..." (their table)

Edith Kendall is here, and I am going to dine with her this [2.2] evening. They are going straight on to Rome tomorrow.

With much love, and several kisses from the children

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

SKETCH

Kisses for "Grampa" and "Grama"



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M-HS 1892.____

a two-page letter to Alys and Hannah

Florence, Monday, February 29, 1892

Dearest Aunty Lou,

I have your nice beads. I thank you both very much. I like your beads, and also grandma's things, and I like the red and blue and pink the best, because I think they look so pretty, and also those thin white and yellow ones, don't you know? I like them all immensely, except those thick white ones, and the tin white ones I like.

It was very exciting to open the package. Mary cut the string and a man brought it to her — only we mean mother when we say Mary.

We have school. The teacher comes to see us. I love you Aunty Lou.

I go all alone over to Arnold and Harold's. I walk on the pavement [1.2] without running on the street except to cross over.

I have all grandma's rubber toys and the beads watching me eat my dinner. Karin is asleep.

Ray, Aunty Lou, I love you. If you were here you would say, '*Dammi un baccio*' [*sic*] and I would give you a

SKETCH

and also one to Gram. She can have half this whopper, just up to the very tip top of the nose, so that both your heads can kiss it together, or at least both your mouths.

RAY

Dearest Alys,

Ray was too busy with her toys to say more. She is perfectly delighted with the beads and wanted to begin to string them at once. Tell "Gram" that I am very much obliged for my coat, etc., and also for the Leviathan, the Creighton. One bundle came. I wonder if there is another, for there was no music in this. I felt very grateful to thee as I changed the 20/ for the boots at the Post Office.

O, it just occurs to me that thee will be in Paris, so I will send this to mother and she will send it on to thee..

Darling mother,

Will thee add to thy favours to Emma by asking Miss Fairchild to send her *The People* every week. She misses it dreadfully. I have [1.4] got out *The Wandering Jew* for her to read and she is reading Gertrude's *Truths*.

Julie has come and she is an unspeakable comfort to Gertrude. But she herself told Emma that she regretted coming because Miss Bliss is so horrid, seems to consider Julie as her maid, and evidently thinks it is Julie's place, not hers, to take care of them.



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She is really getting impossible! The other day she told Arnold to ask the *teacher* please to take them home after their lesson. It seems funny that Gertrude could have engaged such a person. I saw the doctor the other day, and he said Gertrude's mother had written to tell him to do everything for her, and she would pay all bills.

I dined with Edith Kendall night before last. They went straight on to Naples. I was rather bored, although she is a nice girl. But [2] all we have in common is a small stock of gossip. It does not go far. They are coming back. She wanted to come to the house, 'so as to see a great deal of me', but I put that out of her head. But she is evidently counting on seeing a great deal of me — not that she cares much about it, *mais pour se désennuyer*, I suppose. I should hate to be rude to her, but really I haven't time, and she never interested me much. Alys would do me a good turn if she would write and say I am really seriously at work. I will manage the rest. Poor Virginia is utterly, utterly broken down — can't bear to see or hear of a single member of her family.

Logan's letter to Carey interested me very much. I think it is better written than his story. I think I will write to Mr. Chant about Abbott — what is her address? [2.2]

No, I can't remember a think about those bars over the sofa bed, but I think Meatyard would know.

Here is a dialogue:

Ray, holding out a marble "See this"

Arnold "It's mine. Give it to me."

Ray, "No, I won't, you left it."

Arnold "Give it to me. It isn't fair."

Ray "Yes it is, you often take things from my house."

Arnold "Then I won't ever, ever come to see you again."

Ray "And I won't ever, ever come to see *you*."

Silence

Ray "Here it is, Arnold. Kiss me and be friends."

Arnold "You can have it, Ray"

They give each other 'whoppers'.

Finis

They are all at the Duomo today seeing the Carnival festivities.

Farewell, with ever so much love.

Thine,
M.W.C.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Florence, March 4, 1892

Dearest mother,

I enclose Ray's card with her own quaint words on the back. I am reading her Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*¹³⁹ now, as a little change from *Beechnut*.¹⁴⁰ It does children good to feed their minds with a varied diet. These stories, too, are beautifully written *for children*, and Ray takes the keenest pleasure in them.

I read her about Perseus and the Gorgon's head. She déorumuyer very soon that he was *not* going to be killed, and then she quivered all over with an excitement that is pleasant because you know it is going to "end right". The Squirrel incident in *Beechnut* was *too* exciting. But this was "just right". Then I began the story where Hercules goes to slay the hundred headed dragon who guards the golden apples. She remarked, "I know *he* won't be killed."

"How does thee know?" I asked.

"Because the Gorgon's head one wasn't killed, because the stories are *for fun*."

The children have picked up a little quarrelsomeness from Arnold, but still they enjoy him so, and he does them good in other ways, so that I think the advantage outweighs the harm. (Thee will be glad to hear that his head is washed at last! Julia did it.)

Poor Gertrude is thoroughly discouraged. I do not know whether she suspects consumption or not, but her cough is getting worse, and she is weaker and weaker all the time. The doctor still says he means to cure her, so I suppose it is not necessary to tell her. But I know I would wish to be told.

The second bundle containing the music and the French dictionary has come. How clever of thee to put a child's thing in each bundle. It made it such fun to open them.

The children have been at "mosaics" all day.

Tell Aunty Loo, too, that the beads are a source of great rejoicing.

It is delicious to have my music again. Ray and Karin can each sing 5 notes. I hope they will have some sense of tune by the time they come home. Ray can read, too, such things as:

I go up to an Ox

Do I go up to an Ox?

It is my Ox, etc.

She quite enjoys it, but it is hard to fix her little attention.

I must close. It is so late.

¹³⁹ Nathaniel Hawthorne, *A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys* (1852).

¹⁴⁰ Jacob Abbott, *Beechnut: A Franconia Story* (1850).



Thy letters are dear and delightful, and I love to get them. But I cannot bear to think of thy poor tired hand and thy cracked finger! So send me postal cards when thee has a great deal of writing to do. Let me see thy Circulars please.

With love to Papa,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Shall I go on writing children's stories? Is it worth spending the time?



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Monday, Mar. 7, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thy postal card came this morning and a letter Alys sent me from Paris.

Harper publishes Jacob Abbott, and I thought maybe I could get Putnam to publish my stories. If he won't, would Revill,¹⁴¹ does thee think? In any case, however, I ought to get a whole book written before applying. I am glad thee thought it suitable. I am going on. Probably I shall get better as I go on, I ought to.

Today is really the coldest day we have had. Lady Albinia¹⁴² has just called. She wants to go to the Gallery with me again. She was very nice and sweet.

The children are dreadfully stirred up about Karin's birthday party. Ray says she can't eat or sleep until we have it. I am going to let them have it a day earlier than the real day, the 9th instead of the 10th, as Mme Zuchelli has asked me to go to a concert on the 10th. Ray is coming out with me tomorrow morning to buy a few little presents. I have ordered a cake to be made at Gertrude's pension, for they made such a good one for the Washington's Birthday party, so simple and so big!! So we are to have one just like it, and some cut up oranges and raspberry vinegar to drink.

Ray gave me a severe reproof today. She said she never thought of people who were away.

So I said (foolishly — one is foolish with such a sweet child sometimes), "Wouldn't thee think of me if I was away?"

"No", she said, decisively.

"Dear me, that is hard luck!" I said, "when I would be thinking of thee all the time."

"Well, what did you have me for?" she asked, and the question was unanswerable. I think she felt dimly in her little mind that I had no business to object to anything she was, since I had made her without her asking.

Gertrude seems to me to be getting much worse. She is hoarse now, and her chest gives her continual pain.

Thank you for the edges of postage stamps, and send more when thee can. They are awfully useful in stiffening and mending photographs, and the children love nothing so much as to have them for their pretend wounds.

Karin has picked up Ray's cast-off habit of contradicting, but I hope it won't last long. I had her the other afternoon when Nana was out, and she began to cry.

"Karin". I said, "What do I do to thee when thee cries?" The hint was enough! She played by herself like a little angel the rest of the afternoon.

¹⁴¹ p

¹⁴² Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampton, the wife of the Rev. Stuart Alexander Donadson, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; mentioned several times in the diaries.



I am living along as usual, busy with pictures and study and writing. I have no news to send except occasionally the capture of a new idea, and these would not interest thee much, as they are usually about pictures or history, or something connected with the organization of society and the family that thee might not approve of!

My hands are so cold I can't write any more. I must go out for a walk and stir up my blood.

With much love,

Thine,
Mary

Love to father.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

March 8, 1892

Dearest mother,

I asked Ray today whether she could draw a picture of her 'Gram'.

She immediately answered with the greatest decision, as *if* it were in
____awn to me.

"I can draw a donkey in its bones, with no flesh on."

Thee can't think how funny it sounded!

We are just off to buy Karin's birthday presents.

3.30

Thy letter, enclosing Alys', came this morning.

I have not heard yet how the County Council election came off, except
that it said in my Italian paper that Sidney Webb was elected by an immense
majority. I am so glad. He ought to succeed now, and he deserves it.

It is still very cold, after a warm February. Ray is with Arnold.

Love to father,

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____

a one-page letter to her husband Frank

Florence, March 9, 1892

My dear Frank,

I am heartily rejoiced at the news thy letter contained, and send many congratulations. I can faintly picture what the excitement must have been. Please let me know the figures. It has evidently been a sweeping victory for the Progressists. (The children had grandma's photograph too on the table.)

I saw Sidney Webb's name in my Italian paper, his majority was quoted as an overwhelming Socialist vote, so I wrote yesterday to congratulate him, enclosing the newspaper cutting. I am especially glad for him, as I have no doubt he had the feeling of winning laurels to present to his lady.

I wonder what you will do now in the Council. Send me a cutting now and then. I hope thee has told the boy to send me thy article in the *Chronicle* every Wednesday. London seems far away, but I know it well enough to have a definite picture of what went on on Saturday and Sunday.

By the way, I think I made a mistake in using the expression "*sublimated* gossip". The adjective is inappropriate.

I wonder if you will be able to do anything appreciable for London. I wish there would be a Fog Committee.

Our news is of a very mild sort. Karin has just had her birthday party (though tomorrow is her *real* birthday), and the children have gone amid a chorus of "so-soons!" We had a grand cake (home-made) with three little candles (left from the Christmas tree), some wine-glasses with raspberry vinegar, a few chocolates and gum drops and violets and daffodils. The blinds were closed and the candles lighted, while the children marched solemnly three times round the table. Then Karin took her seat at the head, crowned with a wreath of daffodils (I had all I could carry for 50 centimes), the other children sat in their places and the Feast began.

Games followed after, ending up with a glorious "Hide and Seek". I am happy to say no bones were broken, and I think the party may be considered an entire success.

Arnold and Harold came, and with them a little English girl from their pension, named Yvonne. She is a dear pretty little creature, between Ray and Karin in age, but she is already the impersonation of Mrs. Grundy.¹⁴³ I asked her if she would like to come here to school in the mornings and she pursed up her little mouth and replied, "No, I thank you. Little girls do not go to School!" Alas and alas, [2] poor little thing. What is to become of her if she begins that way!

Thy mother sent a Chelsea paper containing thy picture, which they both knew at once. Karin kissed it many times and then Ray followed her

¹⁴³ A figurative name for an extremely conventional or priggish person.



example. Karin would have it on her cake on the table to “pretend” thee was there.

The party has left the children unusually noisy. I am glad such things do not have to take place every day! It is raining, and rather cold, with a hurricane blowing. For Italy, it has not been a good winter, yet we have had warmth and much sunshine, and — what is most important — the children have kept well.

Ray continues to enjoy Hawthorne intensely. She does not want to go to back to Jacob Abbot. They were both delighted with thy letter and send their love “We are too busy to write today”, Ray says.

Please let mother see this letter, as she will be glad to hear about the party. With heartiest congratulations,

Thine,
M. W. C.

Let me know what committees thee and S. W.¹⁴⁴ join.

¹⁴⁴ Sidney Webb.



M-HS 1892.____
a typewritten two-page letter
16, Viale Principe Amadeo [sic!]
<Mar. 10, 1892>¹⁴⁵

Dearest mother,

I am enchanted with my new type-writer,¹⁴⁶ and I am going to practise myself a little on it by beginning a letter to thee.

The children had good night, and I slept better than I have for long time. Ray slept from seven till eight this morning without moving, and they are both as merry as grigs¹⁴⁷ this morning. The two ladies who live here were at breakfast this morning, and Karin pointed at one of them and said, "That girl sitting there looks exactly like Miss Franks", which on the whole could not be considered a compliment to either of them.

The first thing Ray said when she waked up this morning was, "Where's Gran'ma?"

I am having a great moving of furniture this morning. They had arranged my study next to the night nursery, and in the sunniest room, but I am planning to have the two nurseries together, and the day nursery <in> the warm and sunny room. I must go now and superintend.

...

The things are all very nicely arranged or "excranged" as Ray says.

Both the children took a nap today, and so they are having lunch a little later. As soon as they are done, we going to call at Gertrude's to see if she is well enough for the meeting to take place. If they are disappointed in that, I will take them to the Duomo to feed the pigeons and make up for their disappointment.

"Gertrude is better today", the nurse said when I called there.

I have decided not to send the children to the Kindergarten while the little Burtons are here. It will be so much more fun for them all to play together. Gertrude of course was to stay until she gets well, and the doctor says that will be about two weeks more.

Here they come, all brimming over with fun, and I must go off with them.

I am so sorry, but I am afraid **my last night's letter**, through a mistake, did not get posted until this morning.

¹⁴⁵ Note the reference at the end, 'my last night's letter', to a letter written on the preceding day — perhaps the letter dated March 9?

¹⁴⁶ This would evidently be the second typewriter Mary had acquired. See the entry for Dec. 26, 1891 in her diary: 'Further notes on the Titians in the Uffizi. Began type-writing catalogue of Florence Galleries.' and also the entry for Feb. 18, 1892: 'Musgrave came in the afternoon and while B. read Herrick, he dictated to me the first *Canti* of his translation of Dante, which I did for him on the type-writer.' Also the entry for Feb. 28, 1892, 'Met Costa on our way back and he came to fix my type-writer, which had gone wrong.'

¹⁴⁷ A grasshopper or cricket.



Please excuse all mistakes, as I am just learning how to work this new machine.

With love,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1892.____

a typewritten two-page letter

Florence, Mar. 10, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thy letter came today, enclosing the one from Alys, and she sent me on some of thy letters as well, so that I feel quite in touch with all the home gossip. How thee manages to write so many letters, I cannot imagine! It is all I can do, and almost more, to write about one letter a day.

Many thanks for attending to the post office books.¹⁴⁸ It is a great weight off my mind.

I think Putnam would be a better publisher than Hodder and Stoughton for my child's story, because they can sell it in America as well, and the other is, I think, only an English firm. The sale ought to be much larger in America than in England, because the Americans give much more attention to children's literature. But would it not be better to wait until I get a whole volume written?

Does Putnam run any magazine for children? I do not suppose so. And it would kill my copyright — would it not? — to publish it in a magazine. If not, it would be a good plan to try, almost any would do, but even so I ought to get the whole done first, I think. I shall have a complete volume ready by the time I come home.

I shall go to see the doctor as soon as I get a chance and talk to him about telling Gertrude, but I do not think he will change his mind for it was only today that he assured her solemnly that the only trouble was in the bronchial tubes. Miss Bliss is getting on better with Julia now, as Gertrude has made a rule that Julia is never to be sent for. Something withholds me from interfering.

The Creighton came this morning. A hundred thanks. It is quite right. I see he has written a primer of Roman history.¹⁴⁹ If thee ever happens to see it in a bookshop, and it does not cost more than a shilling, I would like very much to have it. He is very clear, and I like his spirit. Will thee send me the third volume next week?

I had to pay two francs on the express bundle. It is a great delight to have the music. I find just a little of old music is coming back to me, and it is really a temptation that I have to resist not to spend a great deal too much time over it. I have promised to take Ray to a concert when she can really sing a tune, and I hope this will give her an interest in cultivating an ear, of which she only shows the most rudimentary signs as yet.

She sends thee this picture of Bellerophon on Pegasus slaying the Chimaera, which she pricked herself.

¹⁴⁸ See the postcard of Feb. 26, 1892.

¹⁴⁹Mandell Creighton, *History of Rome* (London, Macmillan, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House DG210 .C74 1890**



We are having a grand time over those stories. She recounts them all to Nana, who is almost as interested as she. Emma is really a clever person upon whom a good education would not have been thrown away. She makes me feel how unfair it is that I should hire her to do all the work I don't want to do.

By the way, that was a funny idea of thine to send Lucy or Jessie to bring Alys home from Mrs. Beale's party! I could hardly believe my eyes when I read it in thy letter! Alys is far less likely than either of those girls to be spoken to in the street, but I suppose it does not matter about poor people.

Is thee getting Anglified? My reason for this was not because Alys could not come home alone, for she does it often, but in order to save her hostess from thinking she must send some one home with her.

With love to all,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1892.____

a typewritten two-page letter

Florence, Mar. 12, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thy letter about the cottage came this morning and I have already written to Frank about it. I am decidedly of <the> opinion that it would be good plan to let it for these three months, May, June, and July. The only thing to be considered is where we shall go if No. 40 is also let. Frank has not told me what he means to do about that, so I do not know what to say, but you could not have me and the children as well in No. 44. I have asked him to talk it over with thee, will thee make an opportunity?

Certainly we ought to let either one or the other. I am rather in favour of letting the cottage, and then trying to let the house just for the Summer and Autumn, I mean for August, September, and October. If we had to give it up about the middle of July, or even the beginning, the children could stop their school and go to the big house at Haslemere. I think this is all I have to say upon the subject, but it ought not to be allowed to fall through. I hate thee to have the bother of it all.

Ray and Karin were delighted this morning with their books. Ray made me draw the picture of Andromeda, which she pricked for thee. She says to send thee her thanks, and Karin would send thanks too, but she is asleep. She is going to copy some of the pictures in painting. They are both very well. Today we have brilliant sunshine at last, and they are going to the Cascine.

Edith's cousin, Miss Foote, called upon me yesterday,¹⁵⁰ and asked Ray to go to her hotel on Sunday afternoon to play with her little nephew. Ray has quite overcome that shyness that was so troublesome, and I am sure that if thee and Alys are firm with her she will not fall back into it. The way I made her get over it was this. I said that the next time she was shy with strangers I would not read to her at night, because I wanted to cure her of her disagreeable habit. I explained it all to her, and told her I was really at my wit's end to find a way to cure her. She saw that I was in earnest about it, and there has never been the "next time". She showed signs of shyness once, but all I had to do was to say, "What a pity I shan't have a polite little girl to read stories to tonight", and she came up quite bravely with her hand out to shake hands. They were both very nice to Miss Foote yesterday, and sang her one of their Italian songs very sweetly.

I am just starting now to walk to Castello,¹⁵¹ where there are some pictures by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, so I must close.

I am glad Alys had such a nice time in Paris.

¹⁵⁰ Mary's diary, Mar. 11, 1892: Edith Carpenter's cousin, Miss Mary Foote, called here.

¹⁵¹ Mary's diary, Mar. 12, 1892: In the afternoon we walked out to a convent school, La Quiete, near Castello to see some Ridolfo Ghirlandaio's. It was a beautiful afternoon.



Thine,
M. W. C.

“Dear Grandma,

I cannot finish it just now because I am going over to the Burtons. To Arnold and Harold. Goodbye. I thank you for your book very much, and I suppose Karin does too, only she is in bed. On Saturday this letter was written, and the maiden I have pricked for thee and half of the rest, a little of the rest. And certainly the little of the rest is the dragon's eyes, and half of the rest is the crack going up and down in the rocks. Mary draws very well, as you will see.

Goodbye, dear Grandma, and I love you.

RAY”



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Mar. 15, 1892

Dearest mother,

Edith's little cousin, George Foote, is here and the children — all six of them including Yvonne — are building on the floor. They are going to have hide and seek in a few moments through all the rooms. So far they haven't come to blows. I suppose there is some mysterious purpose of providence in making children quarrelsome, but *I* don't know what it is.

They want me to play for them, so I won't say more now.

Thy letters are delightful, darling mother. Thee is an Angel to write so much.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1892.____

a typewritten two-page letter

Florence, Mar. 18, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thee will be glad to hear that Gertrude has decided to send Miss Bliss home to America and get Julia's sister to come and be her maid while Julia becomes the children's nurse. She is very happy over it, but she says she would never really have thought of it if I had not told her that thee advised it. I am very glad I overcame my reluctance to meddle and spoke to her about it. But Miss Bliss has really come *too* intolerable to be borne!

It has at last become settled <and> clear, with bright warm days. Everyone says it is the kind of weather that lasts, so I am going to take advantage of it to go to Siena for a few days — a trip I have long been wanting to take, if the weather ever became settled. I have arranged pleasant things for the children's days, and their nice Kindergarten goes on. Julia will be able to be with Emma a good deal. Then I have arranged for my landlady to deduct from my expenses here, so that it will not cost me very much. Write here just the same. I have arranged for all letters to come straight on. I will return the Creighton from there. I hope thee has sent the third volume.

There is no letter for thee at the post office. I have made the most careful enquiries.

The children have much enjoyed the "new" boy. Ray, with the traditional inconstancy of a woman, says she loves him more than Arnold. He certainly is not so quarrelsome. He says to this mother that he never had such a good time in all his life. I saw her this afternoon and she is overflowing in gratitude for all the fun we have given him. They went to the Cascine this morning and made mud pies to their hearts' content, and played hide and seek among the trees. When I tucked Ray in bed tonight she said, "Do you know what I am going to think about?"

"No, what is it?" I asked.

"About whether pygmies have prisons and law courts and all that sort of thing," she replied.

I took her to see the bronze of Perseus and the Gorgon's head in the Loggia dei Lanzi this morning, and also the bas-relief of Andromeda being delivered by Perseus. She was very much interested in it all, and in a marble group in the Palazzo Vecchio representing the combat of Hercules and Antaeus. She recognized it at once. She also saw the picture of the same subject by Antonio Polaiolo. [*sic*] I am going to take her to the Museum of Antiquities to see the old Etruscan Bronze of the Chimaera.

It is really delightful to be reading those stories of Hawthorne's now, where it was almost real to the people, and where it is at any rate the inspiration of so much of their art. She will get a good deal of education without knowing it. However, I must not pretend that the toy shops, and



above all the “sweet shops” do not interest her a great deal more.

We have talked to her about copying Arnold’s quarrelsome ways, and there is a decided improvement. She is really quite a reasonable child.

Yesterday she said, “O dear, I am so angry with myself.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because he persuaded me to do such a naughty thing! He made me take two chocolates [2] and give him two and only give little Harold one. O dear I am so angry with myself!”

Good night. It is late and this is not very legible

Thy loving,
Mary

[MISSING the third page, which began ‘-lates’]

Thank Alys for her nice letter. Will thee let Frank see this please.



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M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Pension Tognazzi, Siena, Sunday, March 20, 1892

My dearest mother,

The little primer of Roman history came today. Thank thee a thousand times. My letters are forwarded by the postman so that there is only the delay of one day. Thy letter enclosing Aunt Lill's *killingly* funny one came yesterday. I will answer her in a day or two, and send the answer through thee.

I enclose two postal cards from Emma which will show thee how the children are getting on. I don't believe anybody's presence or absence makes much difference to them — not even Nana's! And here we all are hungering and thirsting to see those bodies that enclose their hard little hearts!

Mother, I must tell thee that I do not consider Ray an especially sensitive child, as thee seems to think her. I think it has been an affectation which we all rather encouraged. She responds quickly to suggestion, but she isn't the very least bit sentimental about anything. I think she is pretty frank with me, as frank as a child can be, because I resolutely discourage anything that seems like pretence or "speeches". And I am sure she is better for it. Do try, when she is with thee and Aunt Loo, to make her simply a natural, stupid infant, instead of an interesting 'soul'. I know thee has no intention, not the very least, of forcing her into anything, but if grown up people around her think she is sensitive she will pretend to be. And children are in some ways so extraordinarily shy, it is so hard to see when they are pretending — that is, if they pick up things we like them to say.

I don't know why I am reading thee this lecture — thee has such tact with children. But I know thee thinks she is very sensitive, and all sorts of marvellous things, and she isn't really. She is only a healthy, obedient child. I am amused when I think what inward grapples I went through trying to discover how to cure her of her shyness. I thought it came from sensitiveness, too, and that she would have awful times over it. But it was the simplest matter in the world! It was only a pretence on her part all through, in order to get more attention — the little fox! She doesn't seem now to have a particle of shyness in her nature — except of course when she is laughed at, and nobody, young or old, can bear that. She knows, too, just how I cured her, for the other day when she was naughty to Karin I hinted at not reading to her. "That's not fair," she said. "You have that for my being shy."

I know the theory of educationalists is to make punishments the *logical* outcome of the fault, but I must confess I never hit on a more completely efficacious one than the purely arbitrary threat of not reading if she was shy. (Still, to be sure, I explained it all to her.)

The children came to see me off on Friday. I did not notice any signs of regret at parting, such as Ray showed over thy going away. They each gave



me a “whopper” and then scampered off for a bun.

The journey here, of about 40 miles, occupied five hours very pleasantly, most in stoppages. I could read nearly all the time. Miss Britten, Alys’ adorer, recommended this pension, at 5 fr. a day! — and it is quite a possible place. Still I think the Chiusarelli must be better. The meals here are haphazard, and I think tomorrow I will really go to a hotel and get one “square feed”. But everything is atoned for by a marvellous stretch of mountains and hills upon which my window opens. The sun rises there, and at sunset the snow mountains turn purple. The town of course is enchanting. No one has yet studied the Sieneese school of painting, and I must confess I am not surprised — they are not astonishing. But there are a great many beautiful Sodomas here. Still the town is lovelier than all, perched high on a hill, with its old walls and towers and palaces still intact. Civilization has flowed by and left Siena as it was in the Fourteenth Century — almost as inaccessible, almost as uncomfortable, but, in recompense, more picturesque by the moss and lichens of several hundred years.

It is getting late, so good night. The weather is *enchanting* all this time.

Love to father and Alys.

Thine,
M. W. C.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Mar. 26, 1892, 10.30 p.m.

Dearest mother,

Before it escapes me, I must tell thee Ray's latest — how she managed utterly to deceive me, the little fox! I had her with me for about two hours this afternoon, reading to her and giving her a reading lesson. Then I felt rather tired and wanted to take a nap, so I told her she must go and play in the nursery. She made a great fuss about going, but I took her in. Then she clung to me and said she loved me *so* much, and when I persisted in being left alone, she went quietly into a corner and cried softly to herself as if she was broken-hearted.

Thee can imagine how I wanted to relent, but Emma warned me that it would be all up with me if I did, that we should have these scenes all the time, unless I kept her always with me. She spoke I thought rather sharply to Ray, but on the whole she is so sensible that I let it go. In about two minutes I peeped out of my door, and there was Ray playing as happily as possible with no trace of tears.

Emma has just told me that Ray came up to her and said, "Nana, do you forgive me for behaving that way."

Then she said, "Well, it will depend on whether you keep on teasing your mother."

"O", said Ray, in a jaunty way, "I only did it to see what Mary would say. I thought she might give me a chocolate or a gum drop."

... And all the afternoon I had been saying to myself, "Well, she really does love to be with me, or she never would have cried at going back to the nursery."

Tomorrow morning I will have a little talk with her and tell her always to ask for things straight out. It is delicate work to deal with such a child. I expect *part* of her grief was genuine, and I must not wound her by seeming to think it was all assumed for the sake of the problematic chocolate. What I usually do is to let her talk to me about what went on in her mind, carefully hiding all signs of anything but sympathy, for the least look of disapproval makes her, half unconsciously, begin to colour things favourable. Then at the end I endeavour to follow humbly in the steps of Beechnut and Jonas and Mary Osborne, and extract a moral she can understand.

I must tell thee of a pretty scene this morning when I passed through the W. C. to go to my dressing room. There sat Ray weaving an exciting romance with the help of tin soldier, the brush, and two pieces of straw. The soldier was a "warrior". The brush was a Nenormous [*sic*] Giant, one of the straws was a good fairy protecting the warrior and the other was a horrible dragon with a stringer a mile long.

Last night I slipped into the bedroom quietly while the children were



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talking. I hoped to hear some very beautiful remarks. This was the conversation.

Karin, "Ray, do you know what I'd do?"

Ray "What?"

K. "Well, Mary'd be asleep in her bed, and Nana would be away, and I'd go and go and go as softly as a mouse, and I'd steal a chocolate, and then do you know what I'd do?"

R. "What?"

K. "I'd ... POP it INTO my MOUTH!!!"

R. "And Karin, do you know what I'd do?"

K. "What?"

R. "Why, I'd go ever so softly and steal a jujub and a Garibaldi biscuit, and I'd pop them in my mouth. Wouldn't that be fun!"

K. "Hu! He! He! It would be fun!"

R. "Hi! hi! hi! And then Karin, I'd steal a chocolate and you could have a jujub! WOULDN'T it be fun!!!" etc. etc.'

Little greedies! but I am glad to think they are not likely to suffer from being abnormal. I suppose all honest children care about their stomachs most of everything.

I was interested in all the details about Lady Sandhurst.

I have not seen Loeser, except at the Galleries once or twice for almost a month.

Yes, I sent on Musgrave's letter. He went to Pisa though, and it may not have been forwarded, as he has quarrelled with his landlady I hear. I do not know his present address.

[without valediction]



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Saturday, April 2, 1892

I sent off thy Circular yesterday after reading it with interest.

The fourth volume of Creighton has come, and I am enjoying it very much.

The children were photographed this morning — Ray and Karin together, and with me, and then all four children. It is very inexpensive here.

Today is so hot! The Galleries are a pleasant retreat from the sunny streets. We play games every night in the dark room, to conquer the fear of darkness, and the children seem to enjoy it beyond words — even more than the Reading.

Gertrude tried my story on Arnold, with great success, she tells me.

Love to Alys and Father and Logan, if he has come home.

Thine,

M.

Margaret Pollen¹⁵² writes that she cannot come.

¹⁵² Mary's diary, list of friends at the beginning of 1894: Mrs. J. H. Pollen, 11 Pembroke Crescent, Notting Hill, London W.



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

April 6, 1892

Dearest mother,

An awful quarrel has broken out between Gertrude and Miss Bliss, and Gertrude has worked herself up into another hemorrhage over it. I think she has behaved shabbily to Miss Bliss, but I don't dare to tell her, for fear of bringing on another hemorrhage. The whole thing has disgusted me so and wasted such a lot of time that it makes me pray to be preserved from ever living near an intimate friend again.

Gertrude tells me she has *consistently* reproached Miss Bliss for her faults. (I told her I thought *she* had spoiled Miss Bliss.) Please read this letter and then return. An outburst of more sickening sentimentality I never saw. I consider that this sort of thing is as bad as actual seduction. I am sure she utterly corrupted poor Miss Bliss' mind with it — a mind not strong enough to stand against such flattery. Isn't it absolutely nauseating? It is enough to turn the word "Ideal" into a stench in one's nostrils forever. I am keeping it as a "document" in case I ever have the time to write up this incident, which has been full of interesting things.

Later.

I won't send the letter after all. I suppose there are very few people who would like to be tied down literally to their past effusions. Then I saw the doctor last night and he says he has lost hope about Gertrude. Her tuberculae trouble is steadily increasing. I have told Miss Bliss and advised her to go away without any fuss or any attempt at explanation. Gertrude is really too ill.

Thy letter of the 4th came this morning. Thee will have had my letter by this time, saying my plan was to come home — I said about May 20, but it will be more likely to be May 10. It depends somewhat upon the date of the W. L. F. Annual Meetings, at which I want to be present. I want to have about a month at home before Paris. I think it will be best to take the children to Viareggio rather than to keep them in Florence, which begins to be hot. Probably Julia and the children will go at the same time, and perhaps the doctor's wife and children. So I will keep all thy information about Logan's apartment [*sic*] to use later.

I am writing to Frank about the houses. I think it is much better to let N^o 40.

No, I don't feel any leaning to Kings' Daughter work!

Karin has a cold, a rather feverish cold. The doctor called yesterday. He said he thought it would be nothing, and I am not worried about it. But it comes very inconveniently, as I had meant to go for a couple of days to Modena to finish the Dosso article. Still, I must wait till she is quite well.



I saw Mr. Parry¹⁵³ at the Bargello this morning. He is quite nice. He is making a collection of historical portraits. I am going to show him some in the Uffizi tomorrow.

In haste, for I must go off to the doctor's.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

While I have been writing, Ray has been sitting alone on the sofa looking at pictures "as good as gold". Last night she said, and meant it, that the nicest thing she had done all day was that she had played with Karin without quarrelling.

¹⁵³ Mary's diary, various entries in April 1892. In the list at the end of the diary, 'Sidney Parry, Newman House, 105 Kensington Road, London S.E.'



M-HS 1892.____
a scrap enclosed in a letter

April 7, 1892

[a sketch]

This is a very precious drawing. It is Ray's first attempt to draw from nature. It is, as perhaps thee would not guess, a globe with various countries on its surface.

Karin is much better today. Her fever has gone and her cough is loose. Ray is perfectly well, and sends 30 and a hundred kisses.

Thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

April 9, 1892

The photos I have sent by Frank are only proofs. Let me know at once if thee thinks if it is worthwhile to have any of the Ray and Karin alone? Karin is certainly good. Ray's hair looked lovely, but it comes out horrid. Would thee like one for thyself anyhow? I will certainly try again, although it is an awful bore.

I have been so busy all day. I will write tomorrow in answer to thy letter. I have been writing to make arrangements at Viareggio. I expect to go on the 18th, the day after Easter Sunday. Gertrude won't let her children go, but there are other English children there. Karin is better.

With love.

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Sunday night, April 10, 1892

Dearest mother,

Edith Kendall and her brother have just been dining here.¹⁵⁴ Tell Alys she got the tea all right. She said she meant to see “a great deal” of me, but it is arranged on the whole pretty well and I am only to see her once again, on Thursday at lunch. I suppose I am very morose, but really all my time is so pleasantly occupied that I grudge giving any to people who are not interested in anything I care about.

Juliet¹⁵⁵ called today. Who gave her my address?!! I was out. She left a note asking for Loeser’s address, and I have sent it, excusing myself for not calling on the ground of the children’s colds. Karin is better, but she is pretty cross, and tiresome to Emma at night, and Ray seems to be just developing a cold. But I hope it will not come to anything. However, it is an excuse, and a very real one, for I have to let Emma sleep in the afternoons.

I am not really a hater of people, for I have seen a great deal of Mr. Parry since he came. But that is because he is interested in pictures and Italian history and generally in ideas. This makes him pleasant company in seeing things. We went to Prato and Poggio a Cajano the other day, and he said he enjoyed it keenly. He is buying photographs of pictures to take to Oxford.

I must tell thee Ray’s latest speech. I was telling them a story in bed when the Kendalls came, so I had to finish it somewhat hurriedly. “Will you read to me tomorrow to make up?” Ray asked. “Yes,” I said. “Now don’t forget!” she said “Put a marker in your mind.” Then she added, “Not a *real* marker of course, but I mean *like* a marker.” So far as I know, this is her first metaphor. It shows a distinct capacity for thinking. I mean she has begun to find expressions and a “style” of her own.

The *Child’s History of England*¹⁵⁶ and the Theocritus¹⁵⁷ came. Many, many thanks.

I am awfully sorry thee is ‘hard up’. It seems to be chronic with us all. I have what will last me now, and take us to Viareggio on the 18th. Probably I can manage then on credit until the 25th. I will then let thee know just where to send me the money. It is heart-breaking to find how terribly

¹⁵⁴ Mary’s diary, Apr. 10, 1892: Edith Kendall and her brother came to dine with me. They insisted on arguing about Women’s Rights. I only said one thing worth remembering, it was a comparison of the present waking up of women to the consciousness of personality to what happened in the Renaissance.

¹⁵⁵ Juliet

¹⁵⁶ Charles Dickens (1812-1870), *A Child’s History of England* (Leipzig: B. Tauchnitz, 1853-1854). **Biblioteca Berenson House DA32 .D54c 1853**

¹⁵⁷ *Theokrits Gedichte* (Leipzig: Teubner, 1881). **Biblioteca Berenson PA4442 E81 1881**

The idylls and epigrams commonly attributed to Theocritus, with English notes by Herbert Snow, 3rd ed. (Oxford, 1877). **Biblioteca Berenson PA4442 .A2 1877**



expensive life is. Children are a dreadful expense. I scarcely see how we are going to get through. My income will be all gone by the time I get through at Viareggio, and there will be some things I *must* get when I am in London. Well, I need not worry over it now.

Can thee find out when Mr. Putnam is to be there? I would like to see him *very* much about my story, and also about the Hampton Court Guide, which will be there in form for publication. It has a long preface on the evolution of Venetian painting, and I would like to arrange to have that printed along with a complete handbook to the paintings in Venice which I could do, and which wants to be done very much. Ruskin and Hare do not begin to cover the ground — to say nothing else!

I hate to go away from Florence. It seems strange that it should be so, but with all my worries and with all the regrets I feel for the unhappinesses other people have over me, this has been the most satisfactory and really the most enjoyable winter I have ever had. I have been fully occupied with congenial pursuits, and not over-worked, and not bored. It would make me happy if I could feel thy mind was at peace about me, dearest mother, for I do love thee so much. Every time I see thy photograph my heart gives a real beat of love. Thy picture is so beautiful I enjoy looking at it — there is so much character in thy face.

I *wish* I could make thee know how I feel about myself — so free, so much interested, so satisfied with all that my life has. I do not like to say much about it, because I know I seem a beast to be happy under the circumstances, but, dear me! I can't help being happy just at feeling free again.

Poor B.F.C.C.! But he is reaping the fruits of marrying a child, who has grown up differently from his hopes.

Good night, dear, darling mother. The letters are such a pleasure. Do keep well, beloved.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Monday, April 11, 1892

Thy letter of the 8th came this morning. I really do not feel the extra force, now that the children are pretty trying and Emma requires to be relieved in the day, to enter into Juliet's¹⁵⁸ complications. They do not really interest me, and I have always found her very trying. I have sent her Loeser's address.¹⁵⁹ He will be delighted to see her, I am sure, for he has had a quarrel with Costa, and hardly knows what to do. I am sorry I do not feel equal to enter into their woes, if thee would like me to. But really in this spring weather, I seem to have no extra strength at all — everything is *wasted* on such a person as Juliet.

Thy letter to Ray today gave supreme pleasure. We have read it over many times and "studied" each picture with attention. "This is the one I must study most," she says about first one and then the other of the pictures.

Emma has gone out for a break of fresh air (and a little flirtation with her young man, I suspect) and I have been playing Hide and Seek with the children. At last utterly wearied, I organized a tea party and let them have a little "real" water in the "real tea pot" and one or two "real" spoons. Now they are playing very contentedly.

Ray and I are reading *Lucy at the Seashore*¹⁶⁰ in preparation for Viareggio. I find I can get pension there for 5 fr. a day per person, and this in the best hotel, right *on* the beach. The rooms are to be sunny with a sea view. The doctor says that his four little boys will be there, so I don't suppose they will miss Arnold and Harold much. I think it is a shame of Gertrude not to let them go. The doctor also says that the sea air will do both children a *great* deal of good — in fact that nothing could be better for them. He says that Ray and Karin both have delicate chests, and that they would be almost sure to catch bad colds if they went back to England at once. Viareggio is a good half way station.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹⁵⁸ Juliet Temple.

¹⁵⁹ Mary's diary, Apr. 11, 1892: Loeser came in completely overcome with a set attack made upon him by Juliet Temple and her chaperon Mrs. Sumner. Juliet is determined to marry him (she told Logan so), but she has too little tact to succeed. He was literally gasping for breath. Mrs. Sumner had evidently played about as creditable part as the "go-between" of a brothel.

¹⁶⁰ Jacob Abboitt, *Lucy at the Seashore* (1856).



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Hotel de Russie, Viareggio, April 18, 1892

We arrived at 3, after a stormy journey, owing to 18 small packages (some fairly large!) which were enough to fill a carriage by themselves.

The place is enchanting — a lovely beach, with every conceivable convenience in the way of “caboozes”¹⁶¹ and board walks. A few minutes away is a delightful pine forest. Our rooms are about 40 yards from the actual breakers. The children are wild with delight. Everything seems clean and comfortable. Emma is very happy to be by the sea. It is windy today, but not cold.

“More anon.”

M. W. C.

¹⁶¹ Bathing establishments?



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Wednesday <April 20, 1892>

Do excuse me for not writing — I have been awfully busy writing, and I forgot, till now, ten minutes before post-time, that I had not written.

It is absolutely enchanting here, and the children are in paradise. They paddle every morning, and Ray had the delight of falling in. She likes it “better than Florence or Haslemere or anywhere in the whole world.” It is as warm as summer — cloudless skies, and a splendid surf. Ray devoured me with kisses tonight to ‘show me how she was going to kiss Grandma when she got home.’ Thy letter delighted her. She says *she* wouldn’t nearly cry even if she found thy teeth — !!

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Hotel de Russie, Viareggio, April 21, 1892

Dearest mother,

This place is verily a Paradise. I cannot be too glad we came. We have perfect days, warm, but not enervating, with a steady refreshing breeze from the sea, which smells salty and sea-weedy from blowing over the sandy beach. The first thing in the morning, the two fronzy little heads peep out of the window to see the breakers, and then there are cries of "Dress me quick — I want to go paddling!"

Literally all the whole day they are on the beach, never pausing in their play. The first day Ray went too far out, and a big wave came and upset her. She floundered about and began to weep, as she saw her beloved pail drifting out to sea. But Nana rescued the pail and she saw me laughing, so she dried her tears and shouted, "O, isn't it fun!"

Since then the tale of her wetting has been steadily growing, till now, to see her act it for Karin's benefit, you would think she had fallen in mid-ocean, surrounded by sharks and whales!

It was curious to see that her emotions on the occasion depended entirely upon Nana's and mine. If we had not laughed, she would have wept her eyes out.

As for me, I had a couple of weeks of rather poor sleep before I left Florence, but I am completely set up here, and I never felt stronger than I do now. It is delicious to sleep with the murmur of the waves almost under your window.

How glad thee will be to have Lady 'Enry 'ome again!

I am sorry about Juliet and Mrs. Sumner. But I know from Loeser that they were not really anxious to see me, any more than I to see them. I called, however, but they were out. I had a note from Juliet as they were leaving saying that Mr. Loeser had been most attentive "before he left for Perugia." (He pretended to go to Perugia to escape them, but in reality hid in his own house, and lurked about the outskirts of the town. I met him several times sneaking down side streets.)

Ray read in the "Lucy Book"¹⁶² that when Lucy was at the seaside, it was a rule that she should spend two hours a day "upon some literary pursuit." So she is full of the idea and I have to make her a "lesson" like the enclosed, which she patiently does all by herself and then comes and shows me with great pride. The book says that "this plan made Lucy enjoy her hours of play very much more", so Ray quite feels that the same effect must be produced on her. Not that she spends two hours. She wanted to, in her enthusiasm, but I have put half an hour as the limit.

The children send kisses.

¹⁶² Jacob Abboitt, *Lucy at the Seashore* (1856).



With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Friday, April 22, 1892

I will write to the Guildford Secretary today, and to Mrs. Lawrence. I did my *best* to get them to elect another President when I went away. Mrs. Lawrence was not at that time willing. As thee can imagine, I am only too delighted to be rid of it.

About the photos. I have ordered only six of the two children together. There was no time to try the three of us again, so that will have to wait. Thy letter did not come till Sunday, and we left Monday morning.

I will send thee Gertrude's letter.

The children are rapturously happy. They and Emma have made friends with an English nurse and two dear little children. Ray delights in paddling.

Love to all. (I hope my money has started.)



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Albergo Nazionale, Volterra, April 27, 1892¹⁶³

Thy card telling of the registered letters came this morning. Many thanks.

I am here, in a quaint town on the top of an enormous hill. The town is pre-Roman, the old Etruscan walls and gates still standing. It is filled with interesting pictures. I shall be here till tomorrow evening, and then go across to San Gimignano.

The children are flourishing and enjoying the seashore as much as ever. They are going to have the expedition to Lucca on Saturday, I think.

Will send a letter later.

Thine,
M. W. C.

¹⁶³ Bernhard arrived in Viareggio on Apr. 19. They visited Lucca on Apr. 22-23, Pisa on Apr. 24-25, Volterra on Apr. 26-28, San Gimignano on Apr. 30-May 1, before returning to Florence, having left the children in Viareggio with Emma until May ____.



M-HS 1892.____

a one-page letter to Frank (I Tatti)

Albergo Nazionale, Volterra, April 28, 1892

My dear Frank,

I am doing a good deal of writing just now, and it has taken away from me the capacity to write letters. I send something every day to the children, a "lesson" to Rya and a few words to keep my memory green, and it seems to use up all my spare time. Taking careful notes is a serious business. I take them shorthand and fill in in the evenings. Generally I copy the signatures.

Volterra is a charming little town that was at its height 400 or 500 B.C. The Etruscan walls and gates are still left in parts, overlaid with Roman masonry. The Palazzo Vecchio looks very mediaeval and many of the Palaces are good Renaissance. There are some astonishing pictures here, wand some of them have never found their [1.2] way into any guide-book or book on art. For instance, a Mariotto Albertinelli in the Duomo and a Sodoma in the Palazzo Ricciarelli are not mentioned anywhere. There are two marvellous Signorellis here, a real Raphael (the portrait of Tomaso Inghirami in the Inghirami Palace), a good Ghirlandaio, several late Florentines and a host of false Botticellis and such.

The hotel where I am is really comfortable. Baedeker stars it, and he is right, for although it is in such an out of the way little place, where tourists almost never come, it is excellent. It depends, as so many local hotels depend, upon the officers in garrison who all lunch and dine here. I think that is what makes the hotels all over Italy so good.

I have been reading all of Huysmans, and a good deal of Creighton. He has written an admirable history of Cardinal Wolsey in the English Statesman series. To continue that I am [1.3]going on with Robertson's Charles V. History is the most interesting thing I know to read, particularly the history of ideas.

I suppose thee is home from Paris. Please address me on May 2-3 Poste Restante Modena, May 4 Poste Restante Crremona I will send later addresses.

Will thee kindly send this letter in to mother? It is dull enough and not worth seeing, but I simply can't write any more now.

I would be glad to have any news of the quarrels of the W. L. F.

I see Eva McLaren is going to sue the *Gazette* for Libel! Do make her engage thee as counsel!

Thine sincerely,

M. W. C.



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Albergo Leon Bianco,¹⁶⁴ San Gimignano, April 30, 1892

Dearest mother,

I expect to arrive in Paris either on the 13th or the 14th, and in London on the 16th.

About Miss Chapman — I hardly know what to say. I like her really very much. She is a nice person, but I greatly, greatly fear she is just the sort who would get onto papa's nerves, as her laugh is loud, and she is not pretty, or attractive in any way. I like her for her pluck and her cheerfulness and her *excellent* capacity for carrying out instructions, and her real enthusiasms. But the position thee thinks of offering her would be a difficult one, and I fear she has not the requisite tact. At any rate, I would talk *the whole thing* over with her to begin with. I am sure she would be very nice with the children. She is an independent girl. I am so sorry they have lost their money.

All I hear about the W. L. F. is very exciting. I hope Lady Carlisle will stand firm. The people who secede are always at a tremendous disadvantage, and if the Progressives have the offices and the name they may do a good deal yet. I read about Gladstone in an Italian paper. He is an old humbug. The idea of sentiment aligning over the woes of Ireland when such a monstrous injustice remains unredressed in our midst!!

I will be at Florence on Monday. I expect to spend the night at Gertrude's pension and shall no doubt find the money waiting there, and I will write and tell thee at once.

I enclose Emma's nice card about the children. Ray will soon learn to read. I think if I kept these "lessons" they would form an excellent little book. They interest Ray more than anything she has ever had. I try to draw things the way *she* sees them

[sketches]

so that she can really copy. The other night she said, "I do believe you are the most entertaining mother there ever was. When you try, you do make me have such fun!"

I am doing a good deal of writing just now. The Hampton Court Guide is pretty much remodelled and greatly improved and I hope I can get it printed.

Thank Alys and Logan for the suggestion that I might have the Michael Fields stay in the Apartement [*si*] at Paris. I would like to tremendously, and I think they would like it. Only there is just a chance of Eva McLaren's coming with me, and I would rather leave it open for her. If she *doesn't* come, I can write them.

¹⁶⁴ Still functioning: Piazza Cisterna, 13, San Gimignano.



Dearest mother, I would *like* to be as honest as a human being can be with thee. But I shall have to get to be honest with myself first, and that, I find, is very hard. Still I will “try my best”.

Give my dear love to Alys and Logan and father. What is Logan writing now?

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Modena, May 6, 1892

Thy letter to Bologna reached me all right, and thy postal here today, both of which I was glad to get.

Emma's letter of yesterday says, "The children are quite well and happy. We have been out all day. Ray has commenced her letter to her grandma. She has been in paddling twice today, Karin only once. The children have everything they want and are quite happy. They are just sound asleep at a quarter past seven."

I think they will come back to England as strong as young bears, at this rate!

The weather is enchanting, but the fleas have already begun their raid.

Tell Alys I am reduced to reading Symonds!

With much love,

Thine,
M. W. C.

(Please let Frank see this.)



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Albergo Concordia, Bergamo, May 9, 1892

Dearest mother,

I found the registered letter here all right when I came this afternoon.
Many, many thanks.

Everything I hear of the British Women's Temperance Association difficulties is interesting. At least *your* "Progressives" have your President on your side. We had not, in the W. L. F.

Eva writes me that some of them are *worn out*, and I can imagine it. But not Lady Carlisle,¹⁶⁵ I gather! She is astonishingly vigorous. I am grateful to her for wishing me well, and I would *love* to see the pictures at Castle Howard. But I misdoubt me we should part enemies if I went to stay there.

It is lovely weather here, and I am enjoying all these towns immensely. I have had tastes of Bologna, Modena, Cremona and Brescia, and now I have three days for Bergamo, which is the most beautiful of them all.

I am reading Michelet now. What a delightfully witty and true thing he says when he compares Catholicism to vaccination against the spread of that dreadful pest called common sense! But he goes further and applies it to all religion.

Well, I am sure the B. W. affairs have been entertaining at any rate. I am sure Lady Henry will be elected for the W. L. F. and I only wish thee was going on with her.

On Alys' suggestion, I am writing to invite "Michael Field" to stay with me when I go back to Paris.

Love to all. I shall be with you in a week.

Thine lovingly,
M. W. C.

¹⁶⁵ Evidently **Rosalind Frances Howard**, Countess of Carlisle (née Stanley; 1845-1921), known as The Radical Countess, was a promoter of women's political rights and a temperance movement activist. In 1864 she married George James Howard, 9th Earl of Carlisle (1843-1911), known as George Howard until 1889, was a Liberal MP and painter.

As president of the BWTA (1903-1921), she was preceded by Lady Henry Somerset — Mary's '**Lady Henry**'.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris, May 14, 1892, 9.30 p.m.

Dearest mother,

I arrived tonight and found this little *appartement* charming. Marion¹⁶⁶ had prepared a nice tea for us. The children are asleep together in the largest bed, not sideways. It took them ten minutes to sink from hilarious mirth to sound, sound slumber.

Thank thee many times for thy three letters.

I expect to reach Victoria at 5.5 on Monday afternoon. Till then farewell. I am too tired to write.

Don't feel bound to meet me.

Thine lovingly,

Mary

Ray said, "I can't wait till I see my Gram. I will kill her with hugs."

¹⁶⁶ Marion Lawrence?



Paris, June 11-July 12, 1892



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M-HS 1892.____

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris, <Saturday,> June 11, 1892, 8.30
Dearest mother,

I got as far as Amiens yesterday where I had my *fill* of Puvis' even more wonderful than that of the Sorbonne. Everybody ought to stop at Amiens and get some idea of *perfect* "decorative" art. It was wonderful. It felt as cool as a plunge in a lake in summer and as refreshing. I enjoyed them more than I can say.

Then I came on by the same train today and found everything in beautiful order. Only it is hot, and the people in the next garden are having a hilarious tea party — not Temperance!

This is but a hurried note to announce my safe arrival. I am going to see Carey tomorrow.

I will write tomorrow.

Thine, with dearest love,
Mary

Send in to 40 please.



M-HS 1892.____

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris, <Wednesday,> June 15, 1892
Dearest mother,

I am lazy about writing. Please forgive me.

I must tell thee about Carey, whom I went to see Monday morning. We had a nice sympathetic talk, and then they went off to their dress makers and I went to the New Salon.

The next day — yesterday — I went at 8.30 to the Salon to look round before they¹⁶⁷ came, as they wanted me to play guide for them, considering the short time they have here — only until Friday. They came at 10 and I guided them round. I do not know what they thought, but I enjoyed it, naturally, for I did most of the talking. Carey was quite overwhelmed. She said her eyes were carefully trained to see nature à la Troyon, Daubigny, Rousseau, etc., and it was an awful wrench to make them see Sisleys and Monets and Pissaros. But she realized it was inevitable.

Monday afternoon¹⁶⁸ I had been to Durand-Ruel's private collection — not the one in the Gallery, but in his private house. He has about seven Manets, thirty Monets and the same of Pissaro and Sisley (not quite so many Sisleys). These give one the key to the Salon, and I was glad to be able to arrange for them to go there in the afternoon.

Tomorrow they are coming here en route for the Pharmacie, Panthéon, New Sorbonne, etc. I may go with them, but I shall probably have to go to the Louvre to see some special drawings.

Carey looks very well and happy. When she turned around to meet me, she looked so much like thee, dearest mother.

They are going to Sicily and than back through Italy to the last performance at Beyreuth.

Thank Alys for her letter. I am sorry to hear of Polleri's engagement, but, after all, it is not my affair, and I am unable to speculate about it. He is like a Dead Sea apple, and I have bitten the skin.

I went to the Bouillon twice. Each time I was unable to eat the meat, it was rotten, so I have gravitated back to a beefsteak and salad at the Duval on the Boulevard St. Michel for dinner and an omelette and cheese at the Duval near the Louvre for lunch.

The "Mikes" are coming next Monday. I told them they would have a dress to bring — could Mrs. Swann send it to them? Their address is Miss Katherine Bradley, Durdans, Reigate, Surrey.

Maude Mosher is staying here in the mean time. She is bright and lively, and I quite enjoy her — indeed very much. She knows a good many people, and it was she who took me to Durand-Ruel's and who will take me to various other private collections.

¹⁶⁷ Carey Thomas and Mamie Gwinn.

¹⁶⁸ June 13, 1892.



We get up at 8 and have tea and an egg for breakfast. I found the concierge's *café* (!!) *au lait* undrinkable.

I sleep very well here, except for poundings in the early morning. It has turned very cool, so that it is possible to work with vigour. I have been at the Louvre all day.

I am glad father enjoyed his trip. Has he brought Uncle Horace back with him?

Tell Alys I quite enjoyed Rothenstein.

Very lovingly thine,
Mary



M-HS 1892.____

Paris, <Thursday,> June 16, 1892

Dearest mother,

Carey and Mamie Gwynne¹⁶⁹ dropped in for a few minutes this morning. I had written to her to come in the afternoon, but my letter had missed. So Maude and Berenson and I were just starting out to go to Durand-Ruel's. But I was glad they came then, because they spoke of where they were going and Berenson advised them to take another and far more enchanting trip in a region they do not already know — in the Marches of Ancona. Carey took out her note book in a most business-like way, and entered everything down. But he is writing out fuller notes for them — and I am sure it will make a great difference in their enjoyment.

Tomorrow evening I am going to dine with them. They say they really *are* going on Saturday, but I do not see how they can get off.

I could not go with them today because I had this appointment at Durand-Ruel's. Mother, there I saw *the most beautiful picture in the world* by Pissaro — for £34. I would have given a year of my life, almost, to possess it. To think of the Cassatts —! I am convinced that she is being “run” by Durand-Ruel because they have a lot of her pictures and want to sell them. They are people of very little taste but great enterprise (I have met them both) and they saddled themselves with Cassatts and Renoirs and are not trying to sell them off. But Pissaro is another thing — O O for that landscape. Thee would have adored it, I know.

It is such a pleasure to get thy letters. I felt happy all night thinking of the fun Ray had had with little Kitty. Thee knows how to make children happy. As Ray said, in her positive way, “I *know* she is the nicest Gram in the world.”

I am very sorry about Uncle Horace. Life is not always a blessing.

With much love,

Thine,
Mary

¹⁶⁹ Mamie Gwinn.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Friday p.m. <June 17, 1892>

I was glad to get thy postal card this morning and hear the progress of the Quarrel, and also that Ray had had stories read to her.

I am just off to dine with Carey. I have thought of several things whereby I might make a little money, which I want to consult her about. I am taking her some notes for their trip.

It is cold and rainy. I have been in the Louvre all day and have come back really tired.

'Thank thee for the d--w-rs¹⁷⁰ which came today. They are Beautiful!

Isn't it time for Ray to begin Hans Andersen?

Love to all,

Thine,
M.

¹⁷⁰ 'drawers'.



M-HS 1892.____

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, <Saturday,> June 18, 1892

Send to 40, please.

N.B. I want the manuscript from Macmillan's sent to me here.

M.

Dearest mother,

I had a "most enjoyable occasion" last night, dining with Carey and Mamie. They were very interesting to talk to.

Today the silent Mr. Burke turned up. Happy creature! He has enough money to buy those marvellous Pissaros I told thee about. We went to see them today, and he is going back on Monday to buy them. How I wished he would buy them at once and carry them away under his arms, and hand them to me until he goes back on Tuesday. He was quite overwhelmed by the scores of Monets, Pissaros and Sisleys we saw at Durand-Ruel's, each one more brilliant than the other. The man there took us up to a secret room and showed us with infinite mystery a Watteau, which I knew at once to be nothing but a copy of the beautiful Watteau at Dulwich. This unfortunately slipped from my mouth, and he cast upon me a thunderous glance. I tried to propitiate him by saying *this* was much better preserved — which was most true, as it was considerably newer! — but it cast a gloom, and I am not sure I shall be well received again. He showed us a dozen Corots, some quite lovely.

Mr. Burke has got seats for the Opera tonight, the one I went to hear night before last, *Les Troyens*, by Berlioz. It is a pleasure to think of hearing it again. Dido is a débutante, with a marvellous voice, who two years ago was a waitress at a restaurant in one of the Paris suburbs. Her acting was stiff, but her voice absolutely enchanting, so fresh and unstrained.

Carey and Mamie did not care for the opera; it bored them. But I do not think it was the fault of the music. They said it was too like Wagner. Considering that Berlioz was his master, it is not surprising, any more than that Giorgione should be "too like" Titian.

Maude Mosher is going tonight as well. She does not know <it> yet, as she has not come in, but she will be *enchanted* I know. She heard it at a rehearsal, and then with me two nights ago. She cannot often hear music, as she and her two sisters and their mother live on about £300 a year all told. It does not leave them much room for extras!

All thee writes about Ray is too delightful. I am sure she is happy.

Give Alys and Father my love.

Thine,

Mary

P.S. Please don't open my American letters. They can be sent on without further postage by re-addressing. Evalyne would rather they came direct to me, I am sure.



M-HS 1892.____
a post card

Monday evening, 7.30 <June 20, 1892>

Thy letters are such a pleasure!

The "Mikes" have just arrived and we are now going out to dinner.

I hoped till the last moment thee would send me £34 and say "Buy the Pissaro", but now Mr. Burke has bought it — alas! bought them both. Still art is not dead nor dying. Another year save up and I will buy a *Beauty*.

The Cassatts are certainly being "run" by Durand-Ruel. Their man practically confessed it today in a moment of expansion.

I will write early tomorrow.

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a letter to Logan (I Tatti)

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris, June 23, 1892

Dear Logan,

We are enjoying thy delightful appartement [sic] to the full! "Michael" sends thee his best thanks, and so do I. It is simply a perfect place to live in — the rooms are so cozy and convenient, the Concierge is so amiable (unlike many Concierges!), and the green garden and sunny wall are charming.

The "Mikes" have been turned loose at the Champ de Mars, and with fear and trembling have been choosing their masterpieces. Their taste is very good. They were trembling, before they came, on the [1.2] brink of becoming contemporaneous, and now they have taken the plunge, and are writing a Play about a girl who revolted against "sitting with" her relatives. I cannot say they are trying to touch life, but they are at any rate trying to learn from Ibsen. Their writings about love remind me of Lionardo's rocks — idealizations by a dweller in a plain. They are very nice and quaint, and they are enjoying themselves very much.

The pictures at the Salon, and particularly at Duran-Ruel's [sic] interest me very much. Harrison's is on the whole the best, and the best thing about it is that it shows such promise. You can almost tell what decade [1.3] a man belongs to by the amount of light he gets into his pictures, by his approaches to sunlight. I have seen a great many Manets, and in some way I enjoy him most of all. But he is dead, and his contemporaries seem to be making astonishing advances every year. The two little pictures of Pissaro which Mr. Burke has just bought for £68 seemed to me the very best landscapes I had ever seen anywhere.

Carey was here for nearly a week. She was very enthusiastic over the Champ de Mars and anxious to understand the latest thing. America seems, from her account, to be rather a wilderness! She read the Venetian study¹⁷¹ and offered to correct it, and I would send it to [1.4] her for she said it struck her as true. They have gone to Sicily and are coming back via Italy to Beyreuth. I think it must be the name of Wagner that draws them, for they went to Berlioz' glorious opera, "Les Troyens" which contains all Wagner *en herbe*, and were bored to death by it!

Well, I did not mean to be beguiled into a long letter. But I did want to thank thee sincerely for these charming rooms, which are the greatest possible convenience and pleasure to me.

Affectionately thine,
M. W. C.

¹⁷¹ *The Venetian Painters?*



M-HS 1892.____
a post card

Monday evening <June 27, 1892>

Thanks for all thy letters. I will write tomorrow. It has been very hot and I have not felt up to writing any letters.

The Michaels think of buying an exquisite little picture that is in the New Salon, and we are much excited over it.

How delightful to hear about Ray. I am so glad she is growing independent and managing. I hope thy practical spirit (having skipped a generation!) will descend upon her.

O dear, what dreadful, dreadful news about Friday's Hill. How I *hope* it can be arranged.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Paris, June 28, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thank thee for the dress, the drawers, and still more for the most interesting and important Dudley catalogue. I am very grateful for them all. Many letters have come, too, but I can't answer them *really* tonight, because it is overwhelmingly hot.

I have a bad attack of diarrhoea. "Michael" has found from an old friend the name of an excellent doctor who lives just round the corner, so if I am not better at once, I will call upon him. They are nursing me very kindly, but they, too, are overwhelmed by the heat.

I do not know quite when they are going back to England. It is probably on the 10th or 11th, and I think I shall come with them then, instead of on the 6th. This diarrhoea has prevented my doing as much work as I wanted, but the New Salon is open till the 10th. But I will write thee as soon as I know definitely.

I have already arranged about the children's beds, and I will speak to Emma very frankly when I come home. She naturally likes her ways better than thine. On the whole, the chicks are kept pretty well. They *do* get worms and vomitings when they have much fruit or sugar. I noticed myself that when Ray had her milk very sweet she used to complain of worms. Emma was so sensible with them at Florence all winter. I often used to talk with Ray about her, and although Ray did feel that Karin, being little, was not expected to be quite so good and tidy as she, she never complained one bit. But I will not forget any of these things thee says.

Dear little 'Coon! how she must enjoy going to lunch with thee. Where is the Chelsea house? And whose is it?

We are existing on fans and St Galmier¹⁷² lemonade. It is really awfully hot. Michael has fallen in love with "modernity" in general.

I will not write more, but tomorrow I hope to send a better account.

Thine lovingly,
M.

[a sketch of an animal]

¹⁷² Today Badoit.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter (VIT)
Paris, June 28, 1892

Dearest Father,

I am awfully distressed at the suggestion that thee may have to give up Friday's Hill. It would be a real calamity for us all, but most of all, I am sure, for thee, for thee must have grown to love it more than any of us. Thee has known it in all weathers, when the rest of us were too busy with our various pursuits to spend time enjoying it. How I hope thee will be able to arrange with the intractable Baker. I have never grown really attached to a place before, but I love that dearly. I will not believe the bad news until I *have* to. [1.2]

I asked mother to tell thee that I have two volumes of Eastlake from the London Library, but I do not know anything about the other books. Mother said she thought I might keep the Eastlakes for some time; otherwise, I would have to have bought the book, and, as it is out of print that would have been expensive.

It is overpoweringly hot here. It is like real American heat.

"Michael Field" enjoys himself — or rather themselves — very much. They have decided to drop Elizabethan Tragedies and write modern dramas on the "woman question". We are deep in the discus of their next work and it [1.3] is great fun. Whether they can do it successfully or not, remains to be seen. They want to be as real and more interpretive than Ibsen! What curiously different views people take about the same thing. They think — and so do I, I must say — that *Hedda Gabler* is one of the fines plays ever written, and thee, I remember, could not find words to express thy contempt for it. Take it some time to thy Bô Tree and read it in the quiet, and see if thee won't come round to our view! Thee knows Oscar's saying about "being so foolish as to contradict a person younger than himself."

Do let me hear the results of the Friday's Hill negotiations. [1.4] I cannot bear to think of giving up that place.

Thine always lovingly,
Mary



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Paris, June 29, 1892

Dearest mother,

I am better today, but I am keeping very quiet. I took some Jamaican ginger and it has done me a great deal of good. It is cooler today, too, which is a help.

The Mikes have gone to call on Mme Darmesteter (Miss Mary F. A. Robinson)¹⁷³ so I am left alone for a quiet afternoon of reading. I am reading the history of the collection in the Louvre.

I send the children's letters to thee. I do not know their Chelsea address.

What a dreadfully vulgar exhibition of Stanley and his wife at Lambeth when she proclaimed that he was the greatest man in England. Alys will object to my using the word vulgar. I remember Dolly Tennant's telling me how dreadful she thought it was for women to speak in public. I am not surprised she should have thought so if *that* was her idea of what they said!

Thine,
Mary

¹⁷³ Agnes Mary Frances Robinson (1857-1944), known as Agnes-Marie-François Darmesteter after her first marriage to James Darmesteter (1849-1894, author and Orientalist), and Agnes Mary Frances Duclaux after her second,



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Paris, July 1, 1892

Thanks for thy letter. I am much better. Please do not be anxious, for there is no cause. I am hard at work again and feeling tip-top.

All thee says about Ray is delightful. I am in a great hurry to see her, for she seems to be growing fast.

I hurt my wrist with a fall on the stairs yesterday, but it turns out to be nothing, and I am able to use it today.

Tell Logan the rent is 139.30 fr. I will pay it tomorrow, as the money is not changed yet. I have spoken to the concierge about it.

Do let me have all the news about Friday's Hill.

With love,

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Saturday, July 2 <1892>

Many thanks for thy letter. I am all right today.

It is very hot. "Michael" is making some lemonade to alleviate the hotness of the night, and we are going to read their new tragedy.

Can thee tell me if the children are going back to 40 on Wednesday?

It must be lovely at Haslemere!

Thine,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____

Tuesday 3.30 p.m. <July 5, 1892>

Thanks for thy Sunday letter. It is lovely weather here, too.

Marion Lawrence has just been in to see me. She has come back to Paris for two days to get her things, and then she is going back to Chartres. She looked very well.

I am better than I was.

"Michael" has been rather under the weather, too, but is now recovering. They are enjoying the Salon very much.

What a gathering you had for the 4th. I suppose the elections are rushing forward today. I would like to see some of the papers telling the course things take.

With love,

Thine,
M.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Paris, Saturday, July 9, 1892

I am decidedly better today, but not off the sofa yet. The concierge is so nice. She comes in every little while and makes me drink bouillon. She is making some for me herself today with beef and chicken.

I do hope the children are at the cottage now. B.F.C.C. wrote that they should go down the end of this week.

Has thee heard from Carey at all?

With love,

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a letter from Paris

Monday <July 11, 1892>

Darling mother,

I am so sorry my letter won't get off in time. I felt rather under the weather this morning, although quite in the way of convalescence — just what the doctor said I ought to feel. So I rested. I am up and about now, though not mighty.

I shall be able to come home on Friday. I could come Thursday, but everybody says the 14th¹⁷⁴ is an impossible date to travel, all the trains are disarranged. It is like all the bank holidays rolled into one.

I have not needed a nurse. The concierge has been a most sympathetic care-taker. I have been no burden on Michael I am sure.

When do you come home from Tempsford Hall?¹⁷⁵ I am sorry my first Sunday at Haslemere is to be minus thee.

Thy news about the allowances is truly joyful. £50 makes a great difference I am sure to all of us. I know it does to me.

I hope the children are with thee now.

Dear mother! I hate being such an ugly duckling for thee to have hatched. I wonder if the swan stage will ever come?

Thine,
M.

¹⁷⁴ 14 juillet.

¹⁷⁵ A country house in Bedfordshire.



M-HS 1892.____
a letter from Paris

Paris, Tuesday, July 12, 1892

Dear mother,

I am better today, but I feel very feeble, so I am still staying on the sofa. However, I am sure I can come home on Friday. I will go to Haslemere on Saturday, probably in the afternoon. Thee will not be there, I suppose, but I would be glad to have Ray and Karin meet me, or Ray at any rate. I shall not have a trunk.

Leave a note for me to tell me when thee is coming back to Fernhurst, please.

I expect to reach London about 3.50, but I may take the later train if I find I can sleep on Friday morning. At any rate, I expect to be at Haslemere on Saturday. If there is a 2.45 train, I will come down by that.

Thank thee for thy two letters last night. Tell Logan the concierge has been charming, and his rooms are really perfect. We have heard nothing more of the "*punaies*".¹⁷⁶

Farewell.

Thy loving,
M

[a sketch of two faces]

Kisses to Ray and Karin

¹⁷⁶ bed bugs.



M-HS 1892.____
a note to her mother in London

<Paris> Aug. 6, 1892

Dearest mother,

I could not stand it, and as I got a telegram, I went to meet the Mikes. I am going to stay there a few days to rest where not a word will be said of me and my affairs, which I need a rest from. I know thee will be sorry not to have me come down with thee, but I feel as if I could not. But I will come next week, probably Wednesday, but I will write.

Dearest mother! Try to be glad I am going for a rest.

Thine,

M.

[From July 15 to August in England]



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M-HS 1892.____
a post card from Rouen¹⁷⁷

Tuesday <Aug. 16, 1892>

I forgot to post my card at Newhaven, but I got on board all right and went straight to the ladies' cabin and lay down till 1. At one I had a plate of roast beef, which I digested perfectly, no doubt owing to the gentle rolling of the boat!

But I got tired in the train from Dieppe, it was so hot and crowded, so I got off here, at Rouen, and went to the hotel where we stayed that Christmas with Ray — does thee remember? They remembered me, and were very nice.

I have crawled round to the Musée this morning, and find some Italian pictures, but I do not know exactly what they were. Also some good Puvis! I am going on this afternoon. So far my digestion is perfect, and I am feeling better. I hope thee saw the manoeuvres. I find I can even walk a little without fatigue. I will write from Paris tomorrow morning.

With dearest love,
M

¹⁷⁷ Mary's diary, Aug. 16-18, 1892; the asterisk indicates an especially pleasant day:
x Tuesday, August 16, 1892, Hotel Dauphin, Rouen

Crossed from Newhaven.

How good it was to get away. It has been a horrible month in England, but it is over.

* Wednesday, August 17, 1892, Hotel du Grand Cerf, Nantes

I was surprisingly well, and we went about to see the sights, the Cathedral and St. Ouen, the back of which outside we particularly enjoyed, (and) the Musée, where we found a Longhi and 3 pradelle by Gerino da Pistoia and a picture by Balducci (called Botticelli), and the Puvis decorative paintings which are not to be compared with those at Amiens.

Then we came here. Read *Liaisons Dangereuses*.

x Thursday, August 18, 1892, 14, rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris
Saw the cathedral of Nantes and came here.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Aug. 18, 1892

Dearest mother,

It is hot, but not too oppressive, and I bore the journey very well, and am well rested. My indigestion has gone, I am almost tempted to think I did not have it, because I have eaten all sorts of things. I ate some duck, and I am sure that is as bad as goose! It is nice and fresh and cool in Logan's apartment.

The concierge has lost her husband a fortnight ago. She wept in telling me about it, but somehow she did not seem really disconsolate. She is going to stay on here for a year at any rate. Her son has drawn the lot for army service, but does not have to go for a year.

The leaves are already beginning to fall in Paris — the little garden is quite autumn-like.

I have had a letter from Frank in response to mine about Emma. He says she has never said a word to him either against the Cottage or No. 40. I fear, then, the words must have come from him! How idiotic it is to take servants in any way into your confidence. The children seem happy there — they ought to be so, at the seaside. After all it takes an *awfully* hard heart to resist children — everybody like to make them happy.

I am really feeling very well, but I am going to be careful. I shall not try to go to the Louvre today.

With dearest love,

Thine
M.W.C.



M-HS 1892.____

a post card, postmarked 'Boulevard Montmartre'

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Friday, Aug. 19, 1892

I am so sorry my letter got late yesterday. I hope thee has not been worried. Thee may be sure I would wire if I were ill. It is cooler today with a nice breeze. I went to the Louvre, with my folding seat, but I found it tired me too much, and I did not stay more than half an hour.

The Concierge cooked me a beefsteak for lunch, and I feel better. She is in great trouble, poor woman, for her son is out of work. She says, "La vie n'est pas gai, Madame, __ non! non!"

I have no more trouble with my digestion. Last night I would have slept soundly but for a little black dog with a bell on his neck who rooted about in the garden and fought the cats. Cotton wool was powerless against that bell.

The carpet beating goes on as merrily as ever, tell Logan.

I have written to Evalyn. Do not have that on thy mind.

With love,
M.W.C.



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M-HS 1892.____

Paris, Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1892

Dearest mother,

I saw Dr. Laudonzy¹⁷⁸ at last today. He seems to me a very remarkable man. He examined every muscle in my body, I think, and sounded me all over, and even microscopically examined my urine. I had written out, in the best French I could, a synopsis of my case. He wrote me a long, detailed prescription which I am to follow this week, and then I must return to him. He said I must lie flat on my back till Sunday and take nothing but milk, eggs, and chicken and fruit, and a different sort of medicine every few hours. I must take a "lavement" (injection) of warm water every morning and a syringe every evening. I have no fever and my pulse is all right. He said he was glad I had come to him, and he seemed to think with care I would be all right. He said I had done wisely to flee from my anxieties and he advised me to read amusing things — the last an easier prescription to give than to take!

Will thee write to Hatchards to send me all of Bishop Creighton's Histories,¹⁷⁹ except *History of Rome*,¹⁸⁰ *Age of Elizabeth*,¹⁸¹ *Simon de Montford*,¹⁸² *History of the Papacy*,¹⁸³ (they are all cheap, 9d or 1/9.) and also to send me Mrs. Creighton's *Black Prince*.¹⁸⁴ These will "amuse" me greatly.

I asked him if I needed anyone to take care of me, and he said no, it was quite unnecessary. I knew thee would come if I needed thee. But the concierge is perfect; she is a born nurse. She will get me anything I want.

I had some marvellous letters from Ray and Karin tonight.

The heat here is not so bad as the papers make out. I have not suffered from it, although no doubt I should if I walked.

What a pity thee and Lady Henry couldn't have your spree together! A secretary oughtn't to be an intimate friend, I am sure.

Tell Logan I have found the book by de Ladis¹⁸⁵ he couldn't find. It costs

¹⁷⁸ Evidently Professor Laudonzy was a medical authority in Paris.

Daily Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), March 10, 1908: 'At the recent meeting of the food congress in Paris Professor **Laudonzy** stated that the sum spent for food by the average Parisian working woman was 20 to 25 <cents, for the> working man 41 cents a day.'

¹⁷⁹ Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), Bishop of London (1897-1901), *Cardinal Wolsey* (London & New York, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson DA334.W8 C9 1891**

¹⁸⁰ *History of Rome* (London, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson House DG210 .C74 1890**

¹⁸¹ *Age of Elizabeth*, new ed. (London & New York, 1899). **Biblioteca Berenson DA357 .C9 1899**

¹⁸² *Life of Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester* (London, 1877). **Biblioteca Berenson DA228.M7 C7 1877**

¹⁸³ *A history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation*, 5 vol. (London, 1887-1892). **Biblioteca Berenson BX1305 .C74 1894 v. 1-5**

¹⁸⁴ Louise Creighton (1850-1936), *Life of Edward the Black Prince* (London, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson DA234 .C7 1890**

¹⁸⁵ Ladis is a municipality in the district of Landeck in the state of Tyrol in Austria.



a franc in the chef d'oeuvres series.

This letter is going late because I waited to write till I had seen the doctor.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter

Mary

Please tell Miss Low that Durand-Ruel's is no. 11, not no. 16, as I said.
Give my regards to the doctor and his wife.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard, postmarked 'Rue Littré'

Friday, Aug. 26, 1892

I am going on very well, I think. Certainly I am having the most complete rest imaginable. I do not rise from the couch (which I have had moved with the back to the light) except to eat. I sleep very well too. Today I have read a novel by Diderot.

Thank Logan for his letter. Tell him I will attend to his various commissions as soon as I can go out. I will write to Marion today.

I do not know whether I shall still be here or not on the 8th of September. It depends altogether on my health.

It is delightfully cool now. The light in the room is green and fresh — green from the little garden outside.

With much love,
M.W.C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Aug. 27, 1892

Dearest mother,

I am in clover now. Mr. Burke sent me today the finest Degas I know, and a very beautiful Besnard, and I have them to feast my eyes on at all moments. The Besnard has a great stretch of flaming sky and tossing sea, and the profile of a dusky-haired young woman in a peacock robe, whose face is like a rainbow. It is a magical thing. These two pictures make it very pleasant to lie here and read.

I am still reading Diderot and Voltaire. Hatchards have sent the Creightons, and I am delighted to have them. I find a good many of them are written by Mrs. Creighton. Is it not curious? Three of the modern English historians, Creighton, Green, and Gardiner, have wives who also write very good histories. I think it speaks well for the study of history as a broadener of men's minds. Mrs. Besnard too, the wife of the painter, is a capital decorative sculptor, and Mrs. Binet paints. Unfortunately, they are none of them really very strong, compared to men. Still one is thankful for the least little thing women do intellectually.

Do tell Logan how much I am enjoying his rooms. I have scarcely ever been so much alone, and I feel it is like oil on a burnt place. I think I am getting better too. I am carrying out Dr. Landouzy's prescriptions faithfully. If Dr. Duke would like to see it, I will send it to him.

Private

☞ The doctor said that there is something the matter with my ovaries. Thee knows that Dr. Duke suggested that. Upon boiling my urine he found albumen in it. I do not know what that indicates. At any rate, I am resting *hard*. Tell Mrs. Duke I will get her that pessary¹⁸⁶ as soon as I am well enough to go out for it, which will be early next week. I hope it will work, it seems as if it ought to, if she could be sure of getting it on securely. I don't know just how they are put on, it seems rather mysterious, but the doctor is sure to know. I thought she wouldn't want another baby soon! Nobody gets through it easily! If you don't have pain at first, it is taken out of you later.

☞

It is so sweet of thee to want such a grumpy invalid back again. For the present, though, I am better off here, indeed I can't decide anything till I see Dr. Laudonzy again.

Tell Logan the other novel by the author of *The Village Priest*¹⁸⁷ is called *Le roman d'un homme raisonnable*. I have it, and I will send it to him if he will wait for a while. I have lent it to Mr. Burke, who starts for Vienna tonight. It is

¹⁸⁶ An elastic or rigid device that is inserted into the vagina to treat infection, to support the uterus or as a contraceptive.

¹⁸⁷ ? Ignati Potapenko (1846-1929), *The Village Priest* ?



not so good as the other.

I will tell his chemist to *send* the hair remedy. He says he paid Dr. Duke 10/ for me. Will thee settle it with him? Or else, don't count it against my in *thy* account and I will balance it against his medicine, etc., here.

Tell him the concierge is very nice, and her charges are most reasonable. She does all my cooking.

Miss Willard sails today, I suppose, in spite of Mr. Stead's "spooks".

Dr. Laudonzy forbade me to eat potatoes!!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Sunday, Aug. 28, 1892

I am enjoying the Degas and the Besnard so much today.

Thanks for thy letter last night, which arrived safely.

I hope I am getting on all right. I sleep very well and have little pain. But I feel rather weak. I shall see Dr. Laudonzy on Tuesday at 2.

I am so sorry Mrs. Duke is not well yet. If thee sees her, give her my heart-felt sympathy. Let me know how she is.

Mrs. Creighton seems to be as good an historian as her husband. I find her *Black Prince* delightfully written — clear and simple.

With dearest love,

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Aug. 30, 1892

Dearest mother,

How I hope the children have come to Haslemere today. I am eager for news of them from thee — how they look, what Ray says, whether she seems changed at all. Tell her from me that now I can go out a little, and I will buy the chocolate for her and the eggs for Karin that they asked me for.

I saw the doctor today. He says that my stomach trouble is nearly cured, but he still prescribes a very plain diet. But the left ovary is much inflamed. He is now treating that and he wants me to keep pretty quiet this week — not absolutely lying down all the time, but not getting tired, and taking no journeys. Next week he will see me again. He seems wonderfully skillful; he fills me with confidence if not with joy! I would a lief¹⁸⁸ not live as drag on with an inflamed ovary, but I hope he can cure me.

I will not write more now, as I am tired after my journey to him. He is way over by the Madeleine.

I received *The New Review* and *The Speaker*. Thank father for them. I would like to see the next *Speaker*, as George Moore promises to demonstrate that Monet & Co. have no sense of values. I know it will make me furious, but still I want to see it.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

¹⁸⁸ archaic: 'as happily; as gladly'.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Sept. 3, 1892

Dearest mother,

1. I send Logan's table cloth today.

2. Tell him, with my apologies, that I will attend to his hair tonic tomorrow.

I have not been to the Odeon yet, but when I go I will get the books he wants.

3. Tell darling Ray that I have been to all the big chocolate shops in Paris, and none of them have that kind of chocolate she had at Viareggio, with the spoons. So thee must give Ray and Karin each ten pennies and let them buy chocolates at the Haslemere station, or butter scotch, or buns or sponge cakes, to make up. Give them kisses from me.

4. I will send that thing for Mrs. Duke as soon as it comes. I have ordered it. Why did she have to wean her baby?

4. [*sic*] Never mind about the Ronan, but if it turns up, I would like it. The last I remember of it is in the dining room or they study at 44.

It is raining and cold today, and as I am unwell again (worse luck!) I am remaining quiet. I am reading Zola's great book on the Franco-Prussian war, *La Débâcle*. A book like that does more for peace than a hundred annual meetings of the Peace association. 127,000 have already been sold! His next book is going to be about Lourdes, where he went on a scientific pilgrimage.

I will send thee in a day or two a little account of the modern French School which I am writing.

I did not write yesterday because I felt like doing nothing but lying down. Reading was as much as I could do. Today I am livelier. I am having very little pain, although the flow is considerable.

I suppose thee will be seeing Miss Willard soon. I met **Marion's friend, Edith Woodman**. She seems perfectly charming, natural and sincere. Her "young man" is dreadful, I thought. Tell Logan that he adored his Cassatts,¹⁸⁹ and his reason was they were "so flat". He compared them to Manet's *Olympia*. Perhaps Logan can see light in the comparison. I could not.

I met two perfectly delightful American school teachers in the Louvre yesterday. They were trying to admire one of the false Raphaels, but with no success. I ventured to tell them it was a Giulio Romano, and they were so relieved. We had much talk. They said they had been a year "abroad", and that they were both students, and knew just enough to feel that somehow in Galleries they missed the point. They were always on the verge of finding out how to enjoy, but never quite got there. It was pathetic, and they felt it

¹⁸⁹ Mary Cassatt (1844-1926), an American painter.



to be so. Their trip hadn't given them the emotions they had looked forward to for years. They were clever enough to feel sure, too, that the fault was in themselves, not in the things they saw. They knew enjoyment was there, but they did not know how to get hold of it. That would be a story of the Henry James kind to write, wouldn't it?

With love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1892.____

a two-page letter to Logan

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Sept. 5, 1892

Dear Logan,

They have *sent* thy hair-prescription, but I do not yet know quite how much it is. It may take some time to arrive, they said. I could not find any roll of cotton wool here.

I sent thee today from the Odéon *Les Soeurs Vatard* by Huysmans. He has written also *Marthe* (an early work). *En Rade* and *En Menage*, but thee asked for one, so I did not send the others. He writes difficult French. Prof. Bôcher said that when he took up Huysmans, he felt as if he were reading a foreign language! They did not know anything at the Odéon of Prof. Richet's novels. Epheyre¹⁹⁰ cannot be the name. Try again.

Shall I send thee the William Morris?

Mr. Burke has returned from [1.2] Vienna and has taken his pictures away. The Cassatts now have no rivals, except some photographs of Degas which the Durand-Ruels have. I met *le père* Durand-Ruel today — a charming, cultivated old man, so different from the sons! He showed me a stunning Whistler for £800 — such a beauty! It is simply a beach and a quiet sea, but the real thing, and such astonishing simplicity. The frame was a marvel of good taste, too.

I went to the Indépendants again, but it was locked, as before. But by dint of flattening my nose against the window panes I saw most of the pictures. All I saw were imitations of Puvis or Degas or Monet or Manet, nothing original.

I have been to the Hotel de Ville. In the room with the Besnard ceiling are two astonishing Lerolles,¹⁹¹ as good as Puvis and Zorn [2] rolled together. The Michelangelesque Carrières impressed me tremendously, too. The Besnard carnival of light I thought delicious. how he catches the poetry of science.

Today I went to the Church of St. Vincent de Paul and saw Puvis' artistic grandfather, Flandrin.¹⁹² Think of having two such different grandchildren as Puvis and Boughereau!¹⁹³

I have just finished *La Débâcle*, 136 pages. I enjoyed it very much, till the end, where there seems to me a rather false note of romanticism.

What an interesting book Rosario is! I found it on thy shelves. "Often towards evening she was seen straying on the banks of streams and she confessed to a violent admiration for murmuring brooks and nightingales." And to think that Jane Austen was writing about the same time. [2.2]

¹⁹⁰ Charles Richet (Charles Épheyre),

¹⁹¹ Henry Lerolle (1848-1929) was a painter, art collector and patron.

¹⁹²

¹⁹³



Please tell mother I am better today than I have been for a long time. I hope to be well soon.

O, I forgot. There is another novel by Potapenko, *Le Roman d'un homme raisonnable*, but it is translated "and adapted", and I do not think it is worth buying. I bought a *Revue bleue* with a capital story by him in it. I asked Miss Mosher to send it to thee. Will thee send it to Miss Bradley, Durdans, Reigate, Surrey, when thee has quite finished it?

Ask mother to let me know when Miss Lowe will be here. I think I would like to take her to see one or two things.

Thine affectionately,
Mariechen



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Sept. 6, 1892

Dearest mother,

Will thee give the enclosed to Logan and make him pay thee, to my account, 5/6? This counts that he, not thee, paid 10/ to Dr. Duke.

I received thy letter last night, telling about Emma and Mrs. Costelloe, and thy letter with Rukhmabai's today. I shall write to Frank Whittall to come to see me, and I shall take him to some of the sights. He left a card here today.

I saw Dr. Landouzy again today. He says my stomach is all right. I shall probably not have a relapse of that. But the inflammation of the ovaries — or rather one — is not cured, and my womb is "congested". He has recommended a series of syringings and much rest. He said he could only speak as physician, but as physician, he advised me, at all costs, to take a month or two of complete freedom from worry. He said that he was surprised I was not hysterical already, but that if I would once take the real freedom from care, he thought I ought to be completely cured, and that it was only mental anxiety that stood in the way.

So I am going to try to do it by simply forgetting (as much as I can) all my troubles in work and reading. He advised me to travel and to see only strange faces, surface acquaintances as far as possible. I foresee *lots* of trouble in the future, but I can deal with it if I am well, and I am going to try to get well. I think I have a right to this, and it is better for everybody all round to have a sane person to deal with, who won't commit stupid mistakes through disablement.

So I would be glad if thee would be willing to do this: *Write* and *keep* all the complaints thee has to make about the things that happen to the children, and thy forebodings, but do not send them to me just yet, *unless I can do something*.

I really dare not come home till I am well. I have had too much sickness to risk it. Of course it is hateful for them to have their grandmother C., but still they have much, much to enjoy this summer, and she is too old really to interfere with them much. With thee there too, Ray has a Rock of Ages. So I really don't think they are terribly to be pitied *just now*, this summer. But when thee writes, as thee sometimes does, it makes me dreadfully ill. Last night I threw up my dinner, and my breakfast this morning, although I kept saying to myself that as yet they certainly are not miserable. If I once get well — and I am sure I can — I can have the sense to stand everything. Just now I can't. I am sure thee understands. But if I can *do* anything, let me know.

I will write to Emma to cut off Ray's bang, or rather that I have asked thee to do so. Then thee must do it without saying anything. I will write tomorrow by the earlier post, so thee can do it at once. It is the most convenient way, except short hair once for all, and that isn't pretty.



I am in haste, for it is dinner time and I am hungry.
With dearest love,

Thine,
M.

If my money is to come this month, when Alys' and Logan's comes (and I would like it), it should be sent at once as I shan't be here more than a week longer.



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M-HS 1892.____
a post card

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Sept. 7, 1892

I suppose this will reach thee at Torquay.

I write simply to tell thee that I am much better and that I am quite of thy advice as regards Mrs. C. It is not at all necessary to be particularly friendly and I would not do it.

The weather is fascinating here, sparkling autumn weather. I walked a couple of miles yesterday and it did me a great deal of good. I am expecting Frank Whitall every minute.

I hope Logan has received the *Revue bleue* et *Les soeurs Vatard*.¹⁹⁴

Mr. Burke went home last night with his pictures — happy man!

Alys, will thee tell Ray I was *delighted* with her letter and give her 33 kisses, one for each word she wrote so beautifully. I will answer the letter tonight.

M. W. C.

¹⁹⁴ J.-K. Huysmans, *Les soeurs Vatard* (Paris, 1879, the author's second novel.



M-HS 1892.____

a three-page letter

'Return to H.W.S.' written in upper left corner

Paris, Sept. 8, 1892

Darling mother,

I don't know when I *ever* had a piece of news that made me so happy as what thee says about the possibilities of Chancery, and thy having a right to have the children for a while. It seems awfully queer, I must say, but I hope and hope and hope it is true and I shall live on that hope till I hear. Do get it settled while Frank is still away. But it does seem queer! Can anybody take away somebody's else <somebody else's> children by settling money on them? Could thee do it for Frederick Harrison's children, for instance?

O, but I hope it is true. I have been simply *tortured* about the children, partly no doubt from being nervous. I have even thought of giving up everything for them, but it would be ultimate misery, for they are sure to grow up different [1.2] from what I should like, and then they would have me, broken, on their hands to take care of and to be hypocritically pretending to like the things I wanted them to like. They would know I had given up so much just for them that they couldn't bear to make me unhappy, particularly Ray, with her tender little heart. Do try to harden her heart when thee has her, and teach her to fight for her own hand. If she would fight with her grandmother Costelloe now, she would be sure to win.

I must confess, I am on the hateful old lady's side about lessons every day. Thee remembers in the Lucy books, Lady Jane made them have two hours a day, so as to enjoy the seaside more. Children learn to rely in a wonderful way on regularity, and [2] it is good for them. They often get a little tired with play all day. Besides, Miss Irene's lessons are so interesting.

As to school next winter, if they do take Ray away because of Karin, we can in any case make a complaint in Chancery or threaten to do it, which will probably do just as well. I cannot understand Frank at all. Of course he has had to suffer, but he does not act in the way to win sympathy. He has never asked me what I would really like, and tried to see how far he could meet me, and I have often asked him, but he will never give me a straight-forward answer.

I took Frank¹⁹⁵ and Willie Nicholson to various places yesterday: to the École de Pharmacie, the Panthéon, the New Sorbonne and the Hôtel de Ville. I liked Willy — he was a frank Philistine [2.2] about Art, which is the honest thing for an American to be. Frank seemed to be suffering from being intellectual. I mean his brains have really been a hindrance to him, for he has been impelled to studies for which the material of honest work simply *does not exist* in America, and so he is intellectually absurd. A young Harvard man who is here told me he went to the Jardin des Plantes and saw

¹⁹⁵ Frank Whitall.



lots of dogs in cages howling for ennui, but at the same time wagging their tails. He said it reminded him of “intellectual” Americans, but to complete the parallel, these caged dogs should write treatises of the pleasures of the Chase from every conceivable point of view, except that of experience. Why don’t intellectual people there take to Science? I suppose most of them do.

I shall see the boys at the Louvre today and show them a few things. [3]

What bad news about Miss Willard! I hope she will take a good rest in England.

I am feeling rather better every day, I think, only I am so dreadfully nervous. It made my heart beat so that I could hardly breathe, yesterday, to think of meeting Frank Whitall! I lose my temper, too, a hundred times a day; but I am not going to be ill, that is all there is about it.

I hope thee will have a nice time at Babbacombe.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

<Paris,> Saturday, Sept. 10, 1892

I am so much better that I think I shall get off as early next week as possible — probably Tuesday. I fear the cholera quarantine in Germany, so am going to Venice via Turin.

Please address me Poste Restante, Turin, Italy, for two days from receiving this, and then Poste Restante, Milan, one day, and then Hotel Concordia, Bergamo.

Giovanni Costa turned up in the Louvre today. He says Enrico is in Venice.

Will thee ask Hatchards' to send Toynbee's *Specimens of Old French*¹⁹⁶ to me at Hotel Concordia, Bergamo. It is 10/. Thee can charge it to me.

Mrs. Duke will probably give thee 3/6 for the thing I sent her today, and I sent Rukhmabai two 6/, which can count against the book.

With love,

Thine,
M.

¹⁹⁶ Paget Jackson Toynbee (1855-1932), *Specimens of Old French (IX-XV centuries)* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ1301 .T6 1892**



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Monday, Sept. 12, 1892

Darling mother,

I am pretty tired tonight, as I have been going about all day, so I will not write a long letter. I just received thine from Torquay, about my taking charge of the children till Ray is 7, and I will think over it very carefully and write to thee. I would not come home for a month or so at any rate, as I want to get well *first*. But I will write fully to thee. Be sure thee lets me know everything that happens in regard to the Chancery business. I hope it will come off.

Thank Logan for his letter and the *Scribner*. I enclose his hair prescription. Marion and her friend are coming up tomorrow. [1.2] I start for Turin at 9, reaching there the next day at 1.45. I thought of stopping at Dijon, but the only way of arranging it is to go first class, and I haven't money for that. I shall go in a Dames seules and take a little dose of sulfonal. It won't hurt me this once, I guess.

☞ Please be sure to send me last Saturday's Speaker. ☞

I shall be at *Turin* till Friday afternoon, at Varallo Saturday and Sunday, and then Albergo Concordia, Bergamo till I write further. Write me how the children are, even if they aren't well. I must hear. A postal to Varallo (posted Thursday or Friday) will do. Let me know when to expect my money, please. [1.3]

I am so sorry about Miss Will____. Do keep her till she gets well. Has Miss Gordon come too? I like to get *The Women's Herald*, and I wold like *Truth* too, if it isn't too expensive to send it.

With dearest love and hundred kisses,

Thine,
M.



ITALY

M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Turin, <Sept. 14, 1892>, 3.30

Arrived at 2 after sleeping all the way, thanks to blessed sulfonal.

It is cool here, cooler than in Paris. The journey was really pleasant. I slept so hard, stretched out on one side of a Dames Seules.

I had a glimpse of a wonderful collection, the Spitzer collection yesterday, who had the finest Tanagras¹⁹⁷ I ever saw. Nothing in the Renaissance ever came up to them.

Will write tonight.

Dearest love,
M.

¹⁹⁷ Tanagra figurines were a mold-cast type of Greek terracotta figurines produced from the later fourth century BC, primarily in the Boeotian town of Tanagra.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Novara, Saturday morning, Sept. 17, 1892

I am just on the way to Varallo¹⁹⁸ and have stopped here over trains to see some churches. It is very cool and pleasant now.

I will write tonight from Varallo. I received one letter and a postal at Turin, and left word to forward others if they came.

I have some nice little 5 centimes volumes of Diderot which I can read on the train, as the print is good.

I hope I shall find a letter from thee at Varallo.

I do not feel quite so well today, as I did not sleep, and had a little sore throat. But I do not think it is anything.

Varallo is high, and the air is as good as Switzerland. I shall stay till Monday.

My next letters are to go to the Concordia, Bergamo.

Has Miss Irene gone? and Jean?

With much love,
M.

¹⁹⁸ North of Vercelli, west of Lago d'Orta.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Varallo, Sunday, Sept. 18, 1892

Thy postal greeted me here, and I now await thy letter which has gone to Bergamo. The Poste Restante, however, is so perfectly safe that there is never any fear in entrusting a letter to it.

I reach Bergamo tomorrow night, and shall get thy letter on Tuesday morning.

It has been astonishingly lovely weather here, so cool and fragrant. It is a great place of Catholic Pilgrimage. But the interest of it for me is that it is the only place to see a painter named Gaudenzio Ferrari.

Do send me some specimens of Ray's skill. What a lovely teacher Miss Irene is for her. I will send Ray a letter tomorrow. Has she forgotten me?

Dearest love,
M. W. C.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

<Albergo> Concordia, Bergamo, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1892

Dearest mother,

This is just a line to tell thee that I am getting on all right. I have had a little return of stomach pains, but I think it is nothing. If it is, of course, I shall follow out to the letter Dr. Laudonzy's advice.

The weather is lovely and cool, simply perfect. I am sure it cannot be more lovely at Haslemere.

The Gallery here is very interesting. I feel as if I did not half know it yet.

Love to all,

M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Hotel di Londra, Genoa, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1892

I came here on a hasty decision, because a man in Bergamo (whose private collection the Secretary of the Gallery took me to see) told me there was a splendid collection exposed here from all the palaces — pictures it is next to impossible for any one to see, and which I certainly would never have the chance to see again. There is a huge “Exposizione” here and the town is crowded, but the advantage is that the excursion rates are reduced to half their usual price. I reached here at 6.

I have written to Venice to send my letters here tomorrow. I shall not reach Venice till Thursday.

I received a letter today at Bergamo. I will send the letter (**which I have written but not copied**) tomorrow morning.

Dearest love to Ray. Her pictures are so nice! I am proud of her.

M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Genoa, Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1892

Thy first letter to Venice came over today. I shall find others when I get there tomorrow, I suppose.

I am really delighted with what thee tells me about Mrs. C., particularly that the children should notice it and draw their own conclusions. They will never forget it.

I sent thee a letter last night containing some pictures for the children, and today I sent a sort of Kindergarten lesson about domestic animals.

I am not getting stronger just yet. My stomach seems all right, but I cannot walk or stand. A very little knocks me up. But I shall take a great deal of rest at Venice and probably get strong there.

With dearest love,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Venice, Oct. 6, 1892

Thy letter enclosing Karin's amusing talk came this morning, also thy postal.

Will Alys write to me of the children while thee is away, does thee think? Is Mrs. C. still there? And how shall I get my allowance, which I want as soon as possible?

I hope I am better. I am resting a great deal, much more than I could anywhere else. The weather is simply perfect. I never saw such golden days. The chief trouble I have is not sleeping. It may come from my reading so much, as well as looking at pictures.

I sent the children some paper dolls yesterday to cut out, with a letter telling them how to do it.

When are they coming up to town? I suppose school has begun by this time.

I will write more tonight.

With much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Venice, Oct. 6, 1892

Dearest mother,

I have had one or two sea baths at the lido, and it seems to have done me a great deal of good. I am beginning to feel a little strength again.

I think I had better not come back till I am well, or nearly so, as it would be *impossible*, simply impossible, not to have a hundred annoyances a day, and there would be no chance, in the darkness of the London autumn, and in the lack of outside resources, to get out of myself.

Here all the sights and sounds lead you away, to think of the sweep of history, and its marvellously interesting development just at the time we call the Renaissance. And here one realizes that each person is the product of his or her own generation, a little more or a little less in touch with the living elements in it, but still more like anyone born even twenty years before. It is so in painting, so in our tastes in literature, so in our habits of thought. Here, **where you live in the past**, the reflection is not painful, but when it comes to real life, I know scarcely anything more tragic.

I have felt it keenly with the California mother and daughter,¹⁹⁹ who went away yesterday. The daughter was stupid and frivolous enough, but she was young, and she felt it was not right for her mother to shut her up to the reading she had enjoyed when she was young, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. She longed to read the new things. She had secretly got some of Ibsen's plays and adored them. When she spoke of them, the mother uttered comments upon them precisely identical to father's. That struck me as so curious, for the mother was a dreadfully uneducated creature who never reads anything and father has plenty of brains and reads a great deal. But they were born in the same year, and they can't help hating Ibsen, whom younger people adore.

The girl asked for a list of modern French books to read. I really did not know what to do, the mother looked so horribly distressed. Yet she had no right to keep her daughter starving in the midst of intellectual plenty, so I gave the girl a long list and she promised to buy and read every one. I thought the mother might bear me some grudge, but she did not appear to. She presented me with a paper knife when we parted and begged me to come and see her in San Francisco..

Evening, Oct. 7, 1892

I meant to finish this this morning, but it was so gloriously sunny I did not want to miss a minute in the churches, many of which are pretty badly lighted at the best. Then this afternoon I had another bath at the Lido, and have returned feeling better than ever.

¹⁹⁹ The wife and daughter of Austin Sperry (†1881), the founder of Sperry Mills in Stockton.



I hope thee is having a nice time in York. I am wild to hear about the children. I hope Alys will write. It will be nice for Ray to go to school all day. It will begin to give her a good independence of Emma, and she will have a life that depends on herself to a certain degree; she will take the place in school her own character entitles her to.

Does thee think Miss Irene loves her at all? Does Ray still adore Miss Irene as she used to do? It would be nice if she could see something of Lady Albinia's niece. Couldn't she be persuaded to send Kitty to school with Ray? I should be so glad. I am very anxious to know, too, when they are coming back to town.

Was it not a temptation to thee to go back with Miss Willard and Lady Henry? Let me know what goes on among the B. W's.

Has Miss Chapman found anything permanent yet?

I think of writing a little article upon women in the pictures in Venice. There is a good deal to be said.

I have begun a book which is teaching me a great deal, whether it ever interests anyone else or not. It is a table of all the Italian pictures, painted each year — a sort of 'Salon' for each year of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It would give at a glance a view of what was going on all over Italy in the way of art. But most people, of course, wouldn't care to know.

The dinner bell has rung, so I will say goodnight

With much love,

Thine,
M.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

<Venice> Monday, Oct. 10, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thy letter from Haslemere came yesterday, but nothing today except *Truth*,²⁰⁰ which I am always glad to receive.

After thee has sent my money, please address for one day, Hotel Croce d'Oro, Padua, and then Poste Restante, Ravenna.

The weather is so lovely that it seems a shame not to do all the travelling one reasonably can. I am only waiting for the money.

I am *awfully* distressed about Ray's being punished. Do let me know what thee does. I am sure B. F. C. C. would put a stop to it if he knew it — at any rate, I know he used to feel strongly about it. Do tell him at once. Or shall I write? It will be a great comfort to have her safely going to school, where she could not be under better influences.

I am decidedly better, but I can't sleep.

I had a nice letter from Saidee.

With much love,

M.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

<Venice> Oct. 12, 1892

Dearest mother,

I send some paper dolls to thee with this. I sent some last week to Haslemere, but I am afraid they won't be helped to play with them properly, so I send these to thee. They need a little bees' wax to stick the dresses on with, or else those tiny wafers you can get at any stationers'. But I think the bees' wax is better. I remember playing with it with Fanny Potts. If they are started right, they will have a great deal of fun with these, but they want just a little help at the beginning. Do they like to get things by post, or are they always too busy to notice much?

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 12, 1892

Dearest mother,

I am sorry for what I said about the letter to Alys. She wrote me, "Mother destroyed thy letter to me, but she said there was nothing to answer."

I hope B. F. C. C. will not find a nursery governess till I come, because when I am there I cannot think he will insist on getting a Catholic, for he expressly promised he would not. I am glad he is nice to thee about the children, because it makes everything pleasanter for thee and gives them much hopefulness. Thee does not have a very easy time of it, dear! Does thee think it really is "growing thy soul" better than if things were smooth? I don't think so, in my case, at any rate. I am sure I should be nicer in every way if I were happier. And yet there are some things you cannot learn when you are at peace with the world. But anything is better than being bored.

I leave for Ravenna tomorrow. I sent thee my addresses yesterday. I am sending my type-writer by Petite Vitesse to Florence, where I shall have to get my winter things before coming home, and also do a good deal of re-packing, as I left two trunks there last April.

Thee says the Rollings have gone, but does not say where? Has father succeeded in letting the place?

I am spending all my spare time now on my book of pictures, I mean the lists of pictures painted each year in Italy. Of course it will take a good deal of working, but when it is complete, it ought to be very interesting to anyone who cares about the history of pictures or of Italy. Nothing like it exists. If you want to find out a date, you have to hunt through many pages and many authors. Moreover, Morelli only began to study painters chronologically, and that is the only way really to know anything about them. They pass through different phases of feeling and belief.

For instance, nobody could understand thee, or thy work who placed thy joining the Presbyterian Church towards the end of thy life, instead of towards the beginning. Yet that is about the way painters are treated, so that it is almost impossible to get any clear idea of their development or of their influence upon art.

No doubt this seems to thee a dreadfully insignificant thing compared with Ray's affairs. Ah, if I could *really* direct her life, she would have an excellent intellectual method, at any rate, which I am almost too old and too much troubled to acquire, and which a Catholic training will make it impossible for her ever to understand the first syllable of, alas!

Robertson speaking of the reform in the Catholic Church brought about by Protestantism says a good thing: "History recites such a number of shocking events occasioned by religious dissensions that it must afford peculiar satisfaction to trace any one salutary or beneficial effect to that source from which so many fatal calamities have flowed."



With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Thursday, Hotel Byron,²⁰¹ Ravenna, Oct. 14, 1892

Dearest mother,

I had a nice journey yesterday with breaks at Padua and at Ferrara. This is a sleepy immense town, about a quarter alive — full of churches and mosaics and Roman and Byzantine remains, and some pictures. The weather continues lovely all the time. With you, I fear it is not the same.

In case thee wrote to Padua, I left word at the Croce d'Oro to forward any letters to Rimini, where I go tomorrow.

I am very anxious to know when the children are coming up to London. It must be soon now.

I hope thee has had a good time in York.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

²⁰¹ In her diary, Mary gives the name of the hotel as San Marco.



M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Ravenna, Oct. 15, 1892

Dearest mother,

I am just starting for Rimini (via Forli and Faenza). Please address Poste Restante, Gubbio, till thee hears again.

The weather is simply marvellous. Even Italians say there never has been such an autumn.

I am writing in the church of the original *Whitall* — S. *Vitale* — it is the same name — and I am sure, way back, he is our patron saint. This is his picture:

[sketch]

It is much too commonplace to trace the name from White Hall.

I hope for a letter at Rimini.

Thee is returning today, and I hope thee finds the children well.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Pesaro, Thursday morning, Oct. 20, 1892

Dearest mother,

Urbino took longer than I thought, so I shall not reach Ancona till tonight. I look forward eagerly to thy letters there.

The weather has been perfect. It is impossible to imagine how enchanting Urbino was. I feel as if no one ought to pretend to understand anything about the Renaissance till they have been there. The Castle of Federigo Montefeltre is almost intact, as it was in 1468. It was the model of all the castles and palaces afterwards. It is very, very beautiful. I would have liked to stay a week to study all its details.

A railroad is being built to Urbino now, so it will be much easier to go another time.

I have been following close upon the track of Walter Pater, who took a "giro" round about here in August. I suppose he does not mind fleas and heat, but I can't think how he endured it. I wonder if he was taken in by any of the false Giorgiones, or by the pretended pictures of Cesare Borgia. No doubt he will write his "appreciations".

I have just finished another thing for the *Woman's Herald*, "Pictures in Venice as Documents about Venetian Women." I shall try to write for it once a fortnight, as it is capital practise. My style — such as I have — is eminently newspaper-y, I fear. However, the ideas in this one are sound.

I must be off, as there is a good deal to see here, and I have to go on to Fano at 12 and to Ancona later in the afternoon and I shall have a busy day. I am better on the whole. I long for news of thee and Ray.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.

In haste



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Albergo Milano, Ancona, Oct. 21, 1892

Darling mother,

I have just finished and sent off my article to the *Woman's Herald*, so I am pretty tired of writing. Be sure thee sends me a copy of it. Even if it is badly written, there are a good many *facts* and very little sentiment in it. (I have told Miss Bremner to send it to the Mikes and Evelyn.)

I had thy Ravenna letter and one directed here today. I am so sorry about the Rollings. I hope they will get a place.

Ray will be better off when she goes to school for the whole day. I should just as lief the change should take place when I am there. Dear little creature! If she has battles now it will prepare her all the better to take care of herself when she grows up. I am always eager for news of them.

I am pretty tired with all that writing, so I will say no more, except to send my love, and my sympathy.

For the first time, it is a rainy day.

Thine lovingly,
M.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Ancona, Oct. 22, 1892

Dearest mother,

No further letter has come from thee, so I suppose thee has written to Gubbio. I have sent for my letters there, as it will be nearly a week, or at any rate five days, before I reach there. The weather is so favourable, and as I may never have a chance to do this again, I am going to do it as well as I can.

I have made Ancona (full of fleas as it is!) my headquarters and am 'excursing' around. Today I saw Jesi, tomorrow Loreto and Recanati. It rained yesterday, but the light was good enough here, and today has been lovely weather. But do make enquiries about fleas! Last night as I was writing to Mamie Beam Morton a letter of sympathy in the loss of her second little son, I caught four fleas on me. They ate me up all night. The camphor is absolutely useless. I think they *like* it!

Tell Logan I cannot send any chapters of the book I am planning. It is the work of years. It will run something like this:

(on one page)

1500 the list of pictures painted then and a few remarks

1500-1510

List of pictures approximately of this date and remarks

1500-1505

ditto

It will be as clear as daylight and as unexciting. Only people who really study will care about it. Somehow it seems no use to try to do anything popular when people are entirely satisfied with what Ruskin and Vernon Lee give them. Still, that may come too, when I know enough. But it is nice to write for specialists who can really appreciate one's work.

Please read my article in the *Woman's Herald* when it comes out and tell me what thee thinks of it. I don't hold much to it, and I should be really glad of criticisms if it wasn't too much bother to give them.

I hope the children are in London by this time and going to school. Do they seem well and happy?

I am sleeping better, on the whole, I think. I am intensely interested in all these little towns, and they keep me occupied which is a great deal. If I could only feel that Ray is getting on well, and I do think she is, on the whole, as well as if I were there to spoil her, which would certainly be my natural tendency. I shall come back soon now. I feel so eager to see them. Probably I shall have to take strict medical treatment when I come, as I fear my "insides" are in a bad way.

Give my love to "Sister Hannah" and to Logan, and to father.

With dearest love,



Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a postcard

Alberto Milano, Macerata, Monday, Oct. 24, 1892

Dearest mother,

Thy letters of Monday and Tuesday and postal cards sent to Gubbio have come here. I am sorry to hear about Lady M. T.'s²⁰² fall. I hope she is better. I am sorry not to have news of the children, too, but hope to have it soon.

It is lovely weather still, and there are quantities of things to be learnt here. I have never seen so beautiful a country as this — snow, mountains and the sea and fertile valleys. Will write a letter to post tomorrow.

With dearest love, and longing to have more about the children,

Thine,
M.

²⁰² Mount Temple.



a fragment, missing first page

perhaps Macerata, Oct. 24-26, 1892; see Mary's diary²⁰³

<This hotel is the most>²⁰⁴ extraordinary in the world. There is a jolly hostess named and called by everybody "Julia", who does the waiting and a good deal of the cooking. The cooking is simply perfect and the prices are nothing, literally. Last night I had a delicious fresh fish, breast of turkey and fried potatoes, game (such game!) and chestnuts for 2 fr. and tonight an equally delicious meal for 2.10 fr. the room is 1.60. If I lived here permanently I should grow rich.

I am glad to think the children are coming up tomorrow. It is time for Ray to begin regular school.

I am absolutely determined to dismiss Emma when I come back, if I have to become nurse myself. But, as I said before, I [1.2] am just as well satisfied that the change should not take place until I am there myself. Ray will be all right when she begins to stay all day at school.

I am pretty sleepy after a day in the open air, so I will say good night.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.

How did Alys' speech come off? What was it about?

It would be nice for Logan to be in the Cottage. I recommend Mrs. Burt to him. She is a splendid cook for simple things, better than Mrs. Denes I think.

What will father do? How is he?

I hope Lady M. T. is all right.

²⁰³ at Macerata, Oct. 24-26,

Monday, October 24, 1892, ** Albergo Milano, Macerata

diretto da Cesare Fratini

We drove on here, reaching here about 6. The **cooking** is simply **marvellous** here!

See the entry

Nov. 11, 1892, Albergo della Posta, Foligno:

We found this a splendid hotel, **cooking** almost as good as "**Julia's**" of Macerata.

²⁰⁴ Added above by Hannah.



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Macerata, Oct. 27, 1892

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday because I started off too early and got back too late. I went to a tiny little town on one of the highest spurs of the Apennines, called Cingoli. It overlooks an immense stretch of country, about a quarter of the whole Adriatic coast. Everywhere, on all the inaccessible peaks, other fortified towns are perched. It is immensely picturesque and interesting, but somehow I couldn't help thinking of the weary legs, man's and beasts', that had had to pay for the picturesqueness. The climbs are simply *anful*. Cingoli is, I think, the worst. The ascent is like six miles of Friday's Hill at its steepest. And to see the poor panting horses and mules and donkeys, and the women with wine jars on their heads.

They were all founded, these inaccessible towns, when inaccessibility was the *sine qua non* of existence, every man's hand being against his neighbour. But what makes them perfectly delightful is that there is not *one* that isn't free of beautiful things, not only picturesque but really beautiful.

I lost the way yesterday and got stranded at a queer little half mud village. I went into a church by the road to see if there was a picture, and lo and behold, the most exquisite Bramantesque architecture greeted me. It was a little temple of proportions as perfect as the church at Prato with a surviving dome. I could not help thinking it was a pity Mrs. Gurney had not got some such lovely model for her "Retreat".

Then in every one of the larger towns there is sure to be some magnificent palace, reminding you of the grandest palaces in Rome or Florence. Bishops, with true Christian humility, loved to build stately palaces, and put their names all over the front in unmistakable imperishable letters, and then have a great painter come and make them a religious picture for their chapel, not forgetting the really important part, which was the portrait of the donor. It was this spirit, which made all these towns so wonderful, and people who care for beauty are not sorry that Christianity departed so far from Christ. It is a sort of *locus a non lucendo* to call it Christianity anyhow. But I feel very grateful to the worldly, proud old bishops all the same.

Cingoli seemed asleep. There were two people in the street. One of them fortunately was the owner of the Albergo, where I had lunch of two fresh eggs and five sausages and grapes and a cup of coffee, besides the delicious brown bread, for the extravagant sum of 8 1/2 d!

The same inhabitant turned out to be the Sacristan of San Domenico, and where there was the Lotto. Such a picture ——! The prettiest part was three tiny angels with a huge hamper of rose-leaves with which they were pelting the various saints, who went on with them praying, very much as thee does thy writing while Ray paints and plays opposite to thee.



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But the horrible thing was that the priests had tacked onto the delicate, refined Madonna and the enchantingly natural little Child, large tinsel Gothic crowns set with sham jewels. It breaks one's heart to see such things, and they are common all over Italy.

I hope the children came up yesterday and are going to school today. I wish I could send them the weather I am having here, which is simply enchanted.

I shall get more letters tomorrow, I hope.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Matelica (en route for Fabriano), Oct. 28, 1892

Dearest mother,

Many, many thanks for the flea powder, which came over from Gubbio. It works admirably so far. I was not tormented by fleas last night and had my first peaceful night. Today, too, I seem to be free, although the ancient bites revive from time to time.

But, as a Gummidge,²⁰⁵ I seem fated never to be free from *something*, and I have just caught an awful cold, in spite of the glowing sunshiny weather. But it will not last long. The powder seems to stain things dreadfully. It is very dirty, but probably it will all wash off. It is like the difficult choice we used to have out camping, between mosquitoes and smoke. But here there is no choice. I would dress in mud to be rid of fleas.

What a side of history there is that has never been written! History has recounted the heroic deeds, the battles, the conspiracies, the revolutions, just as novels have been stories of love and adventure. Nobody tells you in the histories of Italy what dreadful times the people had climbing up to their inaccessible mountain perches, and getting their food up, their sufferings from fleas and worse, their lack of any "conveniences" of any kind, even in the most luxurious castles, etc., etc. Yet it is these things that *count* in the daily life of most people more than what rulers they happen to have over them.

Novels are beginning to be written more in the *realistic* spirit. I remember a chapter in a novel of Huysmans which I read with keen sympathetic interest, describing how the hero was eaten up by insects and the steps which he took to scratch his back effectively.

I am going to begin another article for the *Woman's Herald* tonight. Does thee think of any American paper to which I might contribute similar articles? I feel a capacity to produce them endlessly if I could get any pay!

Such a charming priest took me about the town this morning. He took me especially to see an altar piece which he said was by Crivelli or Perugino. He had prepared a history of the Church, but did not feel sure about the picture, and felt, from his historical studies in other directions, that the writers on art of the last century were not trustworthy in their attributions. The picture was horribly repainted, but it looked more like Melozzo da Forlì than anything else. He came to the station to say goodbye and presented me with a pamphlet of his upon the question whether Tasso ever brought his manuscript to the Literary Society of Macerata. Judging from the weakness of the arguments he uses to refute a bold bad man who ventured to deny that Tasso came to Macerata, I should think the bold bad man was right,

²⁰⁵ Gummidge a peevish, self-pitying, and pessimistic person, given to complaining, from the name of Mrs Gummidge, a character in Dickens's *David Copperfield* (1850).



and the dear Canonico wrong.

I do not get my letters till tomorrow. Thee can imagine how eager I am to hear. I do hope the children are going to school. Do they enjoy it? And how is it arranged?

With much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Città di Castello, Nov. 1, 1892

Dearest mother,

It was really bliss to get all thy letters which came over from Arezzo (a few miles away) and to hear of the children's doings on Marley Common.²⁰⁶ What a place of mystery it must be to them — something I expect like "Egypt" to us, on the other side of the woods, or like the Nicholsons' swamp!

I am glad, too, to hear that father has succeeded in letting Friday's Hill and the horses. It will be a great relief, I should think. How lucky it is. But he will miss the country all the same. He was there so much last winter.

Thank thee many times for the money. Of course it came safely. The postal system of Italy is excellently managed, and there is almost no danger of ever losing anything. None of thy letters have gone astray.

Please address till Saturday Perugia. On Saturday Foligno, on Sunday Spoleto, on Monday Viterbo, on Tuesday Orvieto and on Wednesday Chiusi — so thee will catch me on my way back to Florence, where I shall get my trunks.

This is a nice place, with a most comfortable hotel. This is particularly fortunate, as today brings a combination of a heavy downpour and my being unwell.

I have been making up my notes and writing for the *Woman's Herald*, etc. all day, and now feel caught up once more.

I went out to the Pinacoteca of course this morning

Today I had butter for the first time since leaving Venice. It was quite a treat, and it tasted very good. My cold has gone. The fleas are fairly quiescent. They hop onto me and give me one or two bites, and then I find them dead on my clothes. But you can stand bites with more equanimity if you don't feel the creatures actually walking over you all the time!

I have just read a new book by that Russian novelist Potapenko. Ask Logan if he has seen it. It is called *The General's Daughter*. I think I shall review it for my next "article" as it interested me very much. It has that curious mixture of two different spheres of thought and feeling coming in daily contact with each other, and that mixture of high and low motives in the same person, which is so true to life. Do read it, thee, it isn't long. What it says about the disadvantages of *unmixed* happiness for children is, I think, true. "Ah, if ever I had children I would make them live amidst such surroundings as *life*, actual and unembellished life, furnishes, amidst joys and griefs. As fire and water are both necessary for the proper tempering of iron, so for the tempering of the heart joy and grief are indispensable." The book is published in the little yellow series (Pseudonym Library) by Fisher

²⁰⁶ Marley Common is a mixed broadleaf woodland and open heath in Haslemere.



Unwin.

I am glad to hear that Lady Carlisle has at last got off. Also Margaret's engagement sounds promising. At any rate it is an escape from the frying pan.

I long to hear that the children are installed in London and are going to school. Write me postals if thee hasn't time for more. Thee wastes a great deal of time at unworthy me. But I do love to get thy letters.

I am going to bed now, although it is early. But I feel tired. I cannot post this, as it is raining so hard, and I am sure it would be no use giving it to the hotel people. They might promise, but I am sure they would not go out in this pour.

With dearest love,

Thine,

M.

How is Lady M. T. and that poor Teresa? Poor thing —



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Perugia, Nov. 5, 1892

Darling mother,

Thy last letter to Arezzo and the first here reached me today. Also the magazine and the *Woman's Herald*. It looks very grand to me to see my ideas in print! I will write an article on one of the Renaissance 'homes' (the ducal palace at Urbino) and send it, with photographs, to that magazine thee sent me. It may pay me something, doesn't thee think?

How delightful to hear that the children are going to school, and Ray well and beginning to express her mind about things. Tell her — but no — I will write to her tonight to tell her my message myself. Give her kisses from me. I am glad they are well behaved and entertaining to strangers. I hope they will grow up not to be shy.

I was at Cortona yesterday and reached here today in the warmest of summer weather. For economy I have come to a real Italian hotel, the "Belle Arti", which is a possible place in warm weather. Indeed the people seem very nice. They brought me some milk for a cup of afternoon tea (as I was finishing my *Woman's Herald* article) for which they charged a ha' penny. At the Grand Hotel it would have been half a franc, I am sure.

I had my first look at the gallery, and now I am going out to see the sunset which promises to be glorious. This land is so rich, and each waking moment is so interesting that I often wish I did not have to waste a minute in bed. How different from a London political winter, when I remember I used to think with longing about going to bed the moment I got up! But this does not prevent me from trying to sleep nine hours every night, and lying down a good deal in the intervals of sight seeing. I need it.

O I quite dread the doctor's bills when I get to London. Doesn't thee know some nice cheap female doctor?

It is too awful about the Rector. What an example for his "flock"! I suppose during his courtship he never said a word about what was evidently to him the most important matter. How hypocritical people are. I am sure she punished his hypocrisy as it deserved. My sympathies are all with her, except the sympathy I have for him, poor old fellow!

How is Mrs. Duke by the way?

With much love,

Thine,

M.



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Perugia, Nov. 6, 1892

Darling mother,

I find my washing will delay me here two days longer than I meant. I positively can go no further without it. It is a season of "festa" (as usual). They can't or won't get it done till Thursday. Therefore my directions to thee were premature. But I shall get the letters just the same.

This should reach thee on Wednesday on which day I told thee to write to Chiusi. Write instead to Viterbo and on Thursday to Orvieto and Friday do not write until thee hears. Do not write to Chiusi at all.

Everything thee says about Ray is so welcome.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Perugia, Nov. 7, 1892

Darling mother,

Here is a new and true list of dates and places:

Write on Friday 11th and Saturday 12th to Viterbo.

Write on Sunday 13th to Orvieto.

Also, can thee send me to Viterbo a book called *A Russian Priest*?²⁰⁷ It is in yellow paper covers, Pseudonym Library, Fisher Unwin. I think it is in all the railroad bookstalls. I want it for reviewing. Also if there is any other novel by Potapenko, except *The General's Daughter* (which I have) I would like it. A novel called *The Romance of a Reasonable Young Man* was translated into French, but I do not know whether it has reached England.

I shall get all my letters safely, whenever and wherever thee has written so it is all right.

If thee looks beyond the present, thee will see that Mrs. C. is teaching Ray every day and hour to care more for thee and all the life and thought thee stands for. Children never lose such a bias as that. No one of grandpa Smith's children was ever interested in horticulture because we hated him so, yet he did not bother us much. Ray cannot learn too young to draw comparisons between Mrs. C. and thee. I am sure it will make her have an instinctive dislike of Catholicism, which will not be suffered to diminish in our hands.

Will thee give her for me a shilling a week to spend absolutely as she chooses? Tell her I send it, and I want her to send me word what she does with it. The Angell!

With dearest love,

Thine daughter,
M.

Please send the enclosed to Logan.

²⁰⁷ Ignati Potapenko (1846-1929), *A Russian Priest*, trans. W. Gaussen, fourth ed. (London, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House PG3470.P63 N213 1892**



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Perugia, Nov. 9, 1892

Dearest mother,

I sent thee a hasty postal card to catch the post this evening.

I did not get back from Todi till late —it was impossible to tear myself away! It is a rather inaccessible place, five hours by stage from here — another of those towns perched on a peak. Why I wanted to go was this. Everywhere in this trip I have been coming upon Bramantesque churches, built by the pupils and imitators of Bramante, as a sort of dream of how they would have finished St. Peter's if it had fallen to them instead of to Raphael at Bramante's death. At Macerata there was, Burckhardt said, the next best illustration to Todi, of what St. Peter's was to have been like. Another famous one still was at Città di Castello, and almost all the smaller churches I have seen have been tending that way. But everywhere one comes upon augur-like references to the church at Todi as the best of them all — in fact, as the finest church in Italy — finer than the lovely one at Prato, as a full-grown person is finer than a slender graceful youth. So I thought that being here I might as well see it, and, in spite of the inconveniences I went.

Baedeker scarcely speaks of Todi, so I thought of course it would be an unimportant little place, but with the marvellous church just outside the wall. It turned out to be one of the most splendid towns I was ever in, with a piazza nearly equal to St. Mark's, a glorious ruin of a Roman basilica, two splendid Gothic churches, and stately Renaissance palaces on every hand. Without *The* church, the town was worth a visit.

Then — draw a long breath — when you go into that church, it seems as if the very heavens were opened. This will serve to give thee worse than no idea at all of the outside, but the inside cannot be expressed.

[sketch of the church at Todi]

It was simply an immensity of space gloriously enclosed. The arches from which the four smaller half domes start inside support the circle of the huge dome — give it such a spring upwards that it seems to be sailing there as lightly as a cloud. That is all. There is no long nave to toil up before you see the dome — almost as soon as you enter you are under it, and the four half domes resting so lightly at the sides make the space within seem almost infinite. There is no end to looking at such a church, but there is very soon an end to describing it, for there is nothing to say but to exclaim.

A terrace supported on arches runs round the front and evidently the road was meant to wind up to each side of the terrace. But that road was not built, and instead is a ploughed field with olive trees and a cottage. Happy *contadini*! I thought, living in front of one of the grandest churches in



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the world. I walked down there and sat under the tree by the door. An old woman came out and asked me if I liked the tree. She said it was a nice shady tree, and that it would be bliss to sit under it and eat *macaroni* and chicken. I do not think it occurred to her that the view counted for anything.

The custode said that about five or six strangers a year come to look at it. Dear me, it makes one heartsick to think of so much beauty going almost unappreciated. All the day I felt sad, partly because the moments went so quickly, partly because so few people ever see it, partly because I couldn't show it to Ray there and then and make her appreciate it! She would be like the little Italian children playing round outside, who thought the pediments of the pilasters were there for them to climb on!

It was very warm, really too hot in the sun, and butterflies were dancing all about. Why do people shut themselves up in sunless London?

Now I am so tired I am going to bed. Tomorrow Assisi, then Foligno, etc. Write Saturday, as I said, to Viterbo, and Sunday and Monday to Orvieto. With dearest love and hundreds of kisses to the angels.

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Foligno, Nov. 11, 1892

My darling mother,

Thy Saturday's letter, sent here, reached me at Assisi this morning. It tells of the swing thee has put up for the children. Thy other letters are waiting here at the Poste Restante and I shall get them when I go out to post this. I am rather tired, and as the Post Office is several minutes walk, I shall not take two journeys tonight.

I had all yesterday afternoon and this morning at Assisi — the quietest, most mystic, mediaeval place conceivable. There is the earliest Italian gothic church, one of the earliest built anywhere, a most beautiful building, put up in honour of St. Francis. Although it is Gothic, it has the Italian feeling for space and light. Instead of being glowing and forbidding, whispering the sinner to penitence and dread, as the ideal Christian church was meant to do, it is light and airy and broad, and suggests pleasant thoughts.

But beneath is the real Church, the church which was the genuine expression of the Christianity of the time. The upper church is fitted with inferior frescoes, by unknown followers of Giotto, but in the subterranean vaults, where the ascetic religion of the epoch really felt at home, they employed all the greatest artists of the fourteenth century. In fact it is the epitome of the art and the religious life of that century. Here Gothic takes on its grandest and sternest forms. It is a reminiscence of the catacombs, but not timid any longer. You creep along in the half darkness and terrific angels glare on you from the ceiling, while the organ echoes and re-echoes through the low arches. Outside is the sunshine, and one of the most exquisite and peaceful stretches of scenery in all Italy, but the God of Wrath, who predestined man to Eternal Torment, and only saves him by the skin of his teeth, so to speak, will not be worshipped in the light. He likes gloomy caves, and mystery — and here, in the under church of Saint Francis, that dream of religious worship realizes itself perfectly.

But I will not say any more about Assisi now, for my next article to the *Woman's Herald* will be called, "St. Martin's day in Assisi", so thee can see there what my impressions really were.

This brings me to another point I am very keen on, though I do not quite know if it can be realized. The enclosed note to father will explain.

Also if thee will see Mr. Stead — and thee is pretty sure to, one of these days, in connection with Miss Willard and Lady Henry — does thee think thee could persuade him to let me have his art reviewing to do? I can write a fairly readable newspaper style, and I know already a good deal more than most people who write on art.

I hope thee will find out about that woman doctor. Within the last two days I am very, very much better, but I want to make sure of being all right.

Get Ray to send me other drawings, etc.



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Write on Tuesday to Poste Restante, Montepulciano, Central Italy, then to
16 Viale Principe Amadeo, [sic!] Florence.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Foligno, Nov. 11, 1892

My dear Father,

Mr. Stillman is about to publish a book on the Italian Masters, or rather, to re-publish, in book form, the studies of Italian masters he has been for some years contributing to the Century Magazine. He is the Rome correspondent of *The Times*, and I fancy his book will be published in England as well as in America.

I am very anxious to have the reviewing of this book, and I would like to do it for the Spectator, if such a thing were possible! The book will be a perfect fraud. Mr. Stillman has cribbed from the commentators to Vasari pages upon pages (without [1.2] acknowledgment), and as he writes chiefly of what he has not seen, his information is usually inaccurate, and often misleading. In fact, it is one of the most fraudulent things ever published. Yet there are very few people who have travelled enough, or studied enough, to be able to correct his mistakes, and point out the exact sources of his mis-information. I can do it, I know, and make a readable and perfectly impersonal article out of it, an unanswerable article, for I shall be prepared to give chapter and verse for everything I say, as well as the witness of my own eyes.

Stillman speaks of pictures which Napoleon took to the Brera, and which are still there, as if they were in their original places, [1.3] and this not only of unimportant pictures, but of some of the most famous pictures in the Brera. This is only one sample out of many of the kind of mis-information he gives.

The book ought to be exposed, but I fear that if it falls into the hands of anyone not so fresh as I am upon the whole subject, it will escape too lightly.

Could thee possibly say a word for me to the Editor of *The Spectator*? Perhaps he would allow me to send in a review of it for his approval, if he does not feel willing to entrust it to an unknown person. If he wants proofs of my ability to write, I will send him one or two of my Italian letters to *The Woman's Herald*. [1.4]

I feel as if such careless work ought to be exposed. It is quite as bad as Mr. Gosse's book some years ago about English XVII century poetry he had never read — in fact, it is worse, for the errors here are in almost every line he writes.

I hope the country is still habitable. Here is the perfection of "Indian summer". I am just starting to work slowly back to Florence, studying the Umbrian school on the way. From Florence I shall come straight home.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Foligno, Nov. 12, 1892

Dearest mother,

After all, there were no letters, but I am sure to find one at Spoleto tomorrow. My postal arrangements have been very defective, but it has not been easy to make definite plans, because everything has depended on the weather, the possibility of driving, the roads, and my health, and also the trains.

I was perfectly anxious to go to a place called Gualdo Tadin<o>, but the only way to get there is by a train which leaves here at 5 in the morning, and to come back by one leaving there at half past nine at night. For such a long day I do not feel equal.²⁰⁸ I would do it for a Lotto or a Giorgione, but not for anything else.

Today I have seen Foligno and a little mountain town, seven miles away called Montefalco. The driver picked up a young doctor on the way back, who talked most interestingly. He says that the labourers about here live on 50 centimes a day. 3,000 francs is a high salary for any post. Professors at the universities get from 2,000 to 2,500. Municipal posts, such as his own of sanitary inspector, get the same. It is hard to imagine people living comfortably on that, is it not? As he said, the Italians are really the most temperate and unexacting people in Europe.

The elections all over Italy took place last Sunday. But I can not make out what had really happened, because I do not know the meaning of "Left" and "Right" and "Centre".

Here is a question destined to put a thorn in thy pillow. If women were given the vote here, they would certainly vote back the temporal power of the Papacy, and a generally clerical programme — the source of most of Italy's woes. Now Italy is just beginning to gather itself together and become a nation, after the horrible papal repression — just beginning to make a fresh start. What would thee do? As Mrs. Fawcett says in her *Aphorisms*, "The just, except to women, though the sky fall." Which is worst, the political disenfranchisement of women, or the papal rule — or rather misrule — for the whole nation? I do not say they would restore the old state of things, but their vote would be enough to make united Italy again impossible.

It is still enchanted Indian Summer weather. I wonder if you have had many fogs?

I am going to write my article this evening, so I will not go on longer.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁰⁸ Mary finally visited Gualdo Tadino on Oct. 9, 1896.



[a sketch of square Ray and round Karin]

A dream of a square Ray and a round Karin. Wouldn't Miss Irene be surprised to see them come to school looking like that!



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

Viterbo, Nov. 15, 1892

Darling mother,

It was nice to find letters from thee, and a number of the *Woman's Herald*. It is getting to be a really useful paper. It tries to keep up with women's movements — in England at least.

Thy last letter tells what Ray said about Emma's treatment of her. It is worse for Karin than for anybody, and I am determined to get rid of Emma when I come back, even if it takes me months to find a suitable person to take her place. Please let me hear everything else that Ray says about it. It is absurd to think she will tell her father everything. Children never do tell such things to those in authority. But I am sure she will tell me when I come back and get very friendly with her, and I shall have her tell me sometime when B.F.C.C. is by (but not in sight) so that he can have no excuse.

I am delighted with all thee tells me about her school. It is just the place for her. What a blessing that we took such pains to find the right school. I am sure she cannot help being a favourite there, she is really such a good child. I think of her constantly, "now she is doing this" — "now she is doing that".

Thy letter of the 11th must be already at Orvieto and I shall get it day after tomorrow. Thee said thee would send some of Ray's drawings. Also I want to hear about thy speeches at Bristol, which I know were not dull! Yes, English speakers are heavy, there is no doubt of that.

Tomorrow I see Lady Henry sails, and Miss Willard with her, too, I suppose.

Thank thee for the review of Symonds' book. If thee would always write the name of the newspaper on any cutting thee sends, I would be very grateful.

I enjoyed the report of Sidney Webb's speech thee sent. What a clear thinker! He is bound to be one of *the* important men. He was not afraid to take up socialism before it became popular. I often advised B.F.C.C. to join, in the early days when it was unfashionable. But I think, and the Fabians used to say so to me, that he wanted to serve God and Mammon, and so he is quite stranded. They think of him as, on the whole, reactionary. Well, a Catholic can't help being that anyhow.

I am sorry about the Rollings. Wouldn't the new tenants take them?

I am afraid if I don't do something about my piano, father will consider it entirely his, whereas I want to make sure of Ray's and Karin's having it when they begin music. What had I better do? Charge a nominal rent for it? Would Alys suggest it, perhaps, sometime? Is she still hard at work in Lady Henry's district?

When thee next goes down town will thee buy and send me a fountain



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pen Mabie Todd,²⁰⁹ I think it is? Send it to 16 Viale Principe Amedeo.²¹⁰ I have just lost one ... to my rage and sorrow.

Dear little Ray! dear little angel! Will thee tell her how I love her, and to try to bear Nana's²¹¹ crossness till I come and then I will try to make it right?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁰⁹ By mistake Mary wrote 'Mabie Dodd'.

²¹⁰ Why did Mary suggest this address?

²¹¹ Nana, evidently a nickname for Emma.



M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Orvieto, Nov. 18, 1892

Dearest mother,

All thy letters and postals were here safely, and *Truth* and that abominably sentimental paper, *Shafts*.²¹² Who on earth is responsible for it?

Everything thee says about Ray is delightful, dear little thing! Tell her she must be sure to save all the pictures she makes at school, all her lessons, for me to see when I come home. I am interested in every single thing she does.

I am sure we shall be able to find the right person when I come. I incline still to Miss Zeller, and Frank distinctly told *me* he approved of her. Is she still in London?

As to Emma, it is hard to find the ins and outs. Children are born liars, there is no doubt of that, yet everything Ray says has such an appearance of candour. But Miss Irene's letter is quite enough to give Ray *all* the benefit of the doubt. Yet Ray loves her, and will probably miss her far more than Karin will!

I hope *thee* is getting a fair share of the Friday's Hill rent, considering that thee paid for all that delightful and comfortable furniture.

I will write thee one or two things, which thee can try to get printed. I am not sure that I can be successful — for one thing, I really know hardly enough yet to write *convincingly* about any artistic or historical subject. But I might as well try.

It is deliciously warm today. I am sitting by an open window, not wearing winter clothes. I wish thee and the children could have a share in this weather.

I think Alys' suggestion about the Women's Hospital is perhaps a good one. I fancy there is nothing very complicated the matter with me, but it will require slow treatment, I fear. I sleep well now, and seem to be in good condition, except that I cannot walk, and from time to time I have a good deal of sharp pain just in the region of the ovaries. It is not dragging, dull pain — or at least comparatively little, but really definite pain. I should like to have Rukafai for my doctor immensely!

I am afraid I was all wrong about Assisi, although I could have written a fine article on the ideas I at first sent thee. But, on reflection, I see that they were dreadfully untrue. The underground church was, on account of the lie

²¹² *Shafts* was a feminist periodical produced by Margaret Sibthorp (1835-1916) from 1892 until 1899. Initially published weekly and priced at one penny, its themes included votes for women, women's education, and radical attitudes towards vivisection, dress reform, women's control of their sexuality, child care, and vegetarianism. Sibthorp became a member of the Theosophical Society in 1891, which was reflected in *Shafts'* extensive coverage of occult and psychical topics. In 1909 she became a founding member of the League of Isis, which promoted Frances Swiney's views on the importance of healthy motherhood and the fundamental right of women to regulate sexual intercourse.



of the rocks, the convent chapel, and it also contained the tomb of the saint. These were the reasons they got the best artists to decorate it. The angels who, as I said, 'glare from the walls', were the gentlest and sweetest they knew how to paint in those days, and the Franciscan revival was really a revival of love, and of wrath to come. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Unfortunately the lie is often more 'telling' in writing than the truth. I am quite "stuck" over the article, it seems so dull.

I expect to reach Florence on Monday

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1892.____
a two-page letter

Orvieto, Nov. 19, 1892

Dearest mother,

I expected to be at Montepulciano today and to get thy letter. Instead, I have written to have it sent to Florence, where I am going on Monday morning. I have not been so well here. I have had a lot of pain, so I decided not to take the fatigue of an extra journey, although it was great temptation to complete this wonderful trip by seeing Montepulciano and Pienza. However, wiser ideas have prevailed, as I do not want more of a bother with my insides than I can help. I would have gone on to Florence today, but I am so wonderfully comfortable here,²¹³ with a nice bedroom and a large sitting room next it, which I have practically to myself for 2 fr. 50 a day. I had such a lot of pain last night that I determined really to rest here.

The cathedral is only a step, so I did crawl round there this morning, but all the afternoon I have been flat on my back, except for finishing and sending off to the *Women's Herald* a short article on Assisi.

The kitchen here is pretty poor, but I have a good enough appetite not to care much. I think I have had butter only twice since leaving Venice.

Did thee send *The Village Priest* anywhere, because, if so, I haven't received it and I ought to write for it? If I had it now, I would forthwith jot down my notes for a review.

Tell Alys I read Ekkehardt²¹⁴ (in translation) this afternoon. How deadly it is!! Was it by chance the *original* Chronicle Graham Wallas liked so much?

Thanks for Edith Kendall's letter. What are they going to do? Has Virginia recovered?

Tell Ray I thought her drawings were splendid.

[sketch]

I am sure I could not have done so well when I was five years old. Her boat was very nice too. Tell her I keep them all in a big envelope for her to see when she grows up. And I keep them because I like to look at them too. I have pinned the boat up over the head of my bed.

Tell her I will be in Florence by the time this letter gets to London, and there is where I can really buy some more of that chocolate I sent them to Viareggio and I will bring a box for each home with me, with the little spoons and all. I tried to get it in Paris, but I could not.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²¹³ Albergo Aquila Bianca, Via Garibaldi 13, 05018 Orvieto.

²¹⁴



This is all the writing paper I have left till I get to Florence.



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M-HS 1892.____
a one-page letter

14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1892

My darling mother,

I received thy postal card of Wednesday and thy letter of Thursday today.

Tell Ray, if thee thinks it wise to tell her, that she and I will go together and choose a fan — the little witch! Fancy her wanting a fan! I suppose she sees other girls with them. I mean to have fine times with her when I come.

If a little money comes, I expect to leave here at 2.30 on Thursday and reach home early Saturday morning. I ought to get to 44 by seven o'clock. I shall be there to see the chicks get up. I shall write a note myself to tell B.F.C.C. I am coming, and send it in this.

I was unwell yesterday, and today I am feeling decidedly better, although I am going to keep perfectly quiet until I am all well again.

Thank thee for the pen, which I also received today.

It has turned very cold here. People walk by with their hands to their ears. But in my room the sunshine was so warm that I had to let the fire go out until sunset, when I lit it up again.

I am glad the children are learning polite manners to guests. They seem to see plenty!

Thy letters are the greatest conceivable pleasure. I know them almost by heart!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

I enclose the receipt for the little box I sent off the other day. It is safer with thee than with me!



M-HS 1892.____

a post card

from Mary in London to her mother in Nottingham

Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1892

Ray is not sleeping here, as Karin is better and seems to want her. In fact, it did not occur to her and she did not say anything about it. Perhaps it is as well she should think of it as a "great treat". I read to them in bed and they were very happy.

Thy postal came, as thee can see by this.

I hope you are having a good time.

Dearest love,

M.



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a letter to Hannah from Margaret N. Nicholson,
1828 Arch St. Philadelphia

Dec. 19, 1892

My dearest Aunt Hannah,

... my engagement to Joseph Snowdon Rhoads, only son of Joseph Rhoads of Marple, Pa.

He is Prohibitionist and Woman Suffragist, and sympathizes with most of my interests.

Roger has Scarlet Fever

Willie and Carroll living here

Bessie

Will is slaving away at Whitall, Tatum & Co.

A letter from Uncle Dr. says that Margaret Thomas is to be married Jan.

18 Poor Grace

signed: Margaret N. Nicholson



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1893

M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Jan. 3, 1893

Dearest mother,

I think the best way to send the various things would be by Petite Vitesse, in the wooden box in which the children's books came home, letting me pay at this end. Send in it

1. my new dress
2. 2. Sealskin cape
3. Book from Logan
4. The Rankes I wrote of Sunday
5. The Herbert Spencers which are on the shelf in the dining room of

These will about take up all the room, but if there is some spare room, put in that portière. It will take about three weeks, rather less, to reach me, but I can wait. The dress will do till late in the Spring. When it is ready, send a note to Pitt and Scott, 25 Regent St., S.W. and give them the address and the key.

But I want, as soon as thee has time to look for it and wrap it up, my Burd's *Macchiavelli*²¹⁵ which I left at home. It is a book about the size of the London Library Ranke bound in green cloth with a reddish brown back. It is called *Il Principe*. I can't think how I came to leave it, as I need it *constantly*.

I am so glad the Turners have been there to play with the children. Ray said I must send her scraps in my letters; she didn't like letters without scraps. I can't get them here. But they have splendid sheets of them, 14 for a shilling, at Sewell's. Will thee stop some day in passing and get some and give them to her from me every now and then, and to Karin too?

It is very warm and spring like here, and the quiet and freedom is very nice.

I have begun to read all sorts of things and am going to take German lessons at 2 o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays. I sent the music to Alys at Eastnor.²¹⁶

I stole thy sponge (on Alys' recommendation) and thy comb (on my own) when I came away! I meant to tell thee at once, but I forgot it.

I will write soon again. I am rather in a hurry this morning as I lay in bed till 9.30, and now have an appointment to see a private gallery.

With dearest love,

²¹⁵ Niccolò Machiavelli, *Il principe*, ed. Lawrence Arthur Burd (1863-1931, Balliol '85), intro. Lord Acton (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson JC143 .M2 1891 Mary's personal copy?**

²¹⁶ A village in Herefordshire.



Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Jan. 4, 1893

Dearest mother,

If thee has not sent off the box, will thee put some of that nice thin blue writing paper and envelopes in it? I forgot to bring any.

I am now regularly settled, with fixed hours for almost everything, which makes it possible to accomplish a great deal more. I learn German words while I am dressing, and read a chapter of Perry's magnificent book on Greek literature while I am at breakfast. Then I write to thee, and then study German for about an hour. Then I go out to the galleries or churches until lunch.

After lunch I write or else have a German lesson and then take a walk, going a little further every day, as the doctor advised. From 4.30 to 5.30 or 6 is tea and possible calls. I am going to see the James' soon. Then I study German and read history till dinner, and after dinner study photographs or write.

Here thee has my complete programme. If a couple of hours could be devoted to reading to Ray and Karin or playing with them, I should be so much the less learned, but a hundred times the happier.

Tell Ray I hope she will soon send me a picture of "Ray and her stomach", *painted*, to hang up on my wall. Her cheeks should be pink, her hair yellow, the orange, orange colour, and the dress any colour she likes. I love to think of them running round *with their stomachs and throats and oranges*, laughing at each other and kissing their "beloved sweetheart Gram" as they pass by.

Has thee heard anything more of that bronze for a fountain? I could get a photograph of the Verocchio [*sic*] and send it to see if they liked the model. It is the sweetest, merriest little child in all art. He stands on one foot on a dolphin, holding a baby dolphin in his chubby arms. He is quite naked.

As to my money I will pay that guinea for Ray's dentist, and do not forget to charge me for *everything* thee thinks I should pay for. I feel that now, as I am living so economically, I shall really be saving money out of my allowance, and I need not squeeze everything I can out of thee. So please be liberal to thyself, sweetest "Pelican", and take all my £25, if I have cost thee so much. I am spending so little now, and getting so much in return — sunshine, freedom, books and pictures — that **I want thee not to be worried about what thee can afford to give me.**

With dearest love, and love to father,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Jan. 5, 1893

Darling mother,

No letters today or yesterday. I hope that means thee is learning the type-writer. I wonder if Miss Irene really came, and whether the children enjoyed the little Turners.

I saw William James in the gallery this morning.²¹⁷ He said "Hello! You look as gorgeous as ever. **You look just as you used to at Cambridge.**" I arranged to go and see them this afternoon. But I have a foreshadowing that I shan't enjoy him *very* much, because he has made Loeser his most intimate friend, and they are together morning, noon and night. Does it not seem strange? **Loeser is certain to get an Art Professorship at Harvard.** James talked in a most mysterious way about Art and its limits, which he says the French painters go beyond. So they are not Art. All the worse for Art!

I am thankful to say I have forgotten most of my philosophy, and can afford to look at beautiful things with my eyes. Still, he was *charming*. He enquired most affectionately after you all, particularly father, of whom he says he is very fond. His wife is here immersed in Babies. I don't believe she ever gets to a gallery.

But isn't it absurd about Loeser? He was in London in the autumn and Henry James "admired him immensely" and took him everywhere. What is the secret? It must be his money.

I hate to think of you all in the fog, and such lovely sunshine here.

Tell Ray I gave her love, "from Miss Ray", to the pigeons at the Duomo. Let them take some crumbs for the Westminster pigeons sometime.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

²¹⁷ Mary's diary, January 5, 1893:

I went to the Pitti to speak to Prof. James, and then to the Panciatichi collection with Bernhard. We saw the most lovely of all Crivelli's, a smallish Pietà, of perfect, compact composition. There were fine Japanese things too, and a couple of delicious small Tura's. Then we went to the Museo Etrusco.

After lunch Bernhard went to call on "Vernon Lee" and I to the James'.

He enjoyed himself more than I, for Vernon was wonderfully intelligent and talked in a most comprehending way about the scientific study of Art.

As for my call, it was absolutely sickening, all the old, uneducated rot about Art being a Gift, and having nothing to do with life, and art criticism being impossible. Where, to divert the conversation into channels where I thought we might be sympathetic, we asked him which of the Florentine pictures he had most enjoyed, it turned out that he had scarcely been to the Galleries at all! What fatal necessity compels such people to talk of Art?



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Friday, Jan. 6, 1893

I will try to get all the letters from 14²¹⁸ today!

I called on the James' yesterday, but I cannot say I enjoyed it. William James talked in a mysterious way about Art being a "Gift" and all criticism of it being merely subjective and perfectly useless. He also said that the Law of Gravitation was merely subjective and had no relation to the "nature of things". **I felt quite glad I had not gone on studying philosophy at Harvard!**

To turn the subject I asked him what pictures he had been enjoying, supposing, from so much talk, that he had seen something. He has only been to the galleries once or twice. The Art he enjoys is illustrations to children's books. That is all very well, but when he went on to say that "This is the only real Art, after all, the only art that gives direct enjoyment", I felt it was time for me to depart. He sent his special love to father.

They seem to have an endless number of children of all ages. I suppose that is why he knows so much of children's books.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

²¹⁸ A reference to her previous residence, viale Principe Amedeo 14?



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Sunday, Jan. 8, 1893

Thanks for thy letter with Saidee's enclosed. The photos were of Alban's children in whom I take about as much interest as I do in Sanskrit — less!

I do hope the children are better. The weather here is simply gorgeous, as different as possible from last year.

Mr. and Mrs. James called yesterday and I gave them tea. Prof. James uttered the astounding remark that it was so easy to "pick up good pictures here." I wish it were. They were very funny. He will talk of nothing but Art, and he doesn't know anything about it.

With love,

M.

Will thee send me any reviews of Ibsen's new play that come out?



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Jan. 11, 1893²¹⁹

Dearest mother,

I have written twenty pages to thee, but I am going to keep the letter a day or two before sending it. In it, I have tried to explain my position exactly, but I think the letter seems a little mixed, and I will try to straighten it out before I send it.

I enclose a letter for Madge Nick.²²⁰

I will send Ray's powders tomorrow, and the prescription as well.

Thy letter about their acting "The Master Thief"²²¹ came this morning. Many thanks.

The weather has changed and it is raining today and very cold. But it is warm and cosy in my room.

Tell Logan that after reading the Potapenko article in the *Woman's Herald*, I realized to the full the justice of his criticism as to my style of slamming down one sentence on top of another. It sounds about as thumpy as a regiment of soldiers crossing a bridge! It is horribly monotonous.

Is Musgrave still with you?

I enclose some scraps for the chicks. I am too tired with writing to scratch another word!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

²¹⁹ Mary wrote '1892' by mistake.

²²⁰ See letter of Oct. 24, 1893.

²²¹ *The Master Thief*, a Norwegian fairy tale. A shorter version was included by the Brothers Grimm.



M-HS 1893.____

a one-page letter to her Father (I Tatti);
Strachey, p. 51

14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Jan. 14, 1893

My dear Father,

I hope to send thee soon a much better Potapenko.²²² When I see my writing actually in print, I realize how poor it is. There is no variety in it. I shall try to do better, and then send my effort forth to meet its fate.

Has thee read Le Caron's book about the American Irish Party? I found it intensely interesting, and I cannot help thinking thee would too. Politics seems a pretty bad business, when you know the inside.

I have seen Prof. James several [1.2] times. He is certainly charming, but he is so utterly out of place here, that it detracts from his charm. He will not look at anything except as an illustration of his a priori theories about Art. He would be furious if anybody took Psychology in that way, from a priori theories about Soul. What can you think of a man's intellectual method, when he applies it only in spots? In fact, my premonitions are justified. I felt sure he would come like most clever Americans, stuffed full of aesthetic theories, incapable of seeing anything.

[2] As to Mrs. James, she is the Ideal of the Undergraduate's song. She looks as if she had given her whole vitality and intellect to the production and rearing of a numerous progeny, and as if her highest flight of imagination was "pouring out the tea". She said she longed to get back to Cambridge, and when I asked why, she said she longed to establish a "hennery" and a nice "chicken run" in her own garden. Mr. Loeser's and Prof. James' birthdays come on the same day, so Loeser gave a dinner party. Mrs. James spoiled the dinner by coming half an hour late, and her excuse was that the dressmaker was late in sending home her "body". The "body" when it [3] appeared, turned out to be a red cashmere sack, tied in at the waist with a piece of ribbon! Loeser is as originally blind as ever; he thinks Mrs. James has "far more intellect than her husband".

If Mr. Musgrave is still with thee, tell him I have the rooms he lived in so long, with the rotund jeweller as land lord. Is he reconciled to London? Ask him if he is "Karl Karoli" who has written a new guide book to the pictures here, composed of all kinds of "elegant extracts"?

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²²² An article by Mary on the Russian author Potapenko?



a one-page typed letter to Ray and Karin

Monday, Jan. 16, 1893

My dearest Ray and Karin,

This is the beginning of a story²²³ which I am going to write and send you a chapter of every day. I hope thee, Ray, will soon learn to read for thyself, and this it will be great fun to read to Karin all the splendid stories that you sometimes act now. Gram told me how nicely you were acting "The Master Thief", and I wished I could have been there to see you. Do you remember how we played at being the mistress and the servant and the long-lost child?

I was delighted with the pictures you sent me on those little sheets of paper, and I send two more for some more pictures. I have dreams about you every night, so that when I wake up in the morning I often feel as if I had really seen my dear little chickens.

School will begin pretty soon now. I think it would be nice for thee, Ray, to take Ursula some pretty little thing, a card or a picture, in return for the nice Christmas card she gave thee.

With a hundred kisses, and fifth of the "very hardest"

I am your loving,

Mary

a drawing of six faces

Ray's sheet is the Cat and Karin's the little boy and girl.

²²³ Perhaps "The Six Giants"?



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page typed letter
Jan. <22>, 1893

My dearest mother,

I enclose another chapter of the story for the children. Do tell Ray that I am writing it for them because I love them. The sweet little angel!

Prof. James called here two afternoons ago. What charming manners he has! He has the air, when he is talking to you, of never — no never! — having had such an interesting conversation before. But unfortunately when he talks, he does not make you feel at all in the same way. It is really curious to me how a man can take his profession so merely as a profession as he does. I am sure he uses his “thinker” when he is doing professional work, but he seems to have an utter horror of using it anywhere else. In fact the scientific method with which he pursues his studies in psychology evidently seems to him to have nothing to do with the method of thinking about the other questions of life.

A person so profoundly ignorant, for an educated man, of all the things connected with culture and history, I have never met. I am not at all surprised that Loeser makes a great impression upon him. Some one told me that several years ago he confessed to never having heard of Watteau, but I could not believe it at the time. However, I quite believe it now.

He said the other afternoon²²⁴ that he had just been reading Violet Lee’s *Bellerophon*, and found it simply overflowing with genius. It was hard to keep my countenance when after a moment of agonized racking of my brain I discovered that he must mean Vernon Lee’s *Euphorion*. He admitted that he did, and went on to say how much he had enjoyed the first hundred pages in particular. It struck me that he must have read it in a very queer way, for he asked what *Euphorion* meant, any how, and she devotes a number of pages at the very beginning to explaining why she chose that name for her book. It was the name of course that Goethe gave to the child of Helen and Faust (i.e., the Renaissance, the child of the Classic and the Modern), and is of course one of the a b c things of any person who reads. I told him that the first part, and in fact nearly the whole of the book was a mere re-hash of Symonds, but he had evidently read nothing of Symonds. He talked as if Italy had suddenly burst out into the Renaissance, and had been as suddenly and mysteriously extinguished, and at last after a long and weary argument, for I feel it a duty to protest when people talk such nonsense as that, he confessed that he had never read any Italian history!!! Loeser himself could not do better!

²²⁴ Mary’s diary, Jan. 20, 1893: ‘Prof. James called, and was most amusing. He said he thought Vernon Lee’s *Bellerophon* was so “full of genius”. He hadn’t the faintest idea what *Euphorion* meant, and as to studying Italian history “historically”, that is to say, in connection with contemporary European history, he seemed quite electrified at the suggestion!’



The idea of comparing Italian history of the fifteenth century with the contemporary history in the rest of Europe was a perfectly new idea to him. He said so. But I think he was bored, *au fond*. He enjoys talking in the vague, about a sort of an a priori Italy, much more than getting any scientific ideas upon the subject. I really think he is just upon Loeser's level, and I am not at all tempted to dispute the prize. Mrs. James has, I really believe, thought more than he upon all subjects except psychology and metaphysics.

I am pretty tired with so much writing, so I will say no more, except to send my love.

Do write to me upon the type-writer.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Sunday, Feb. 5, <1893>²²⁵

Dearest mother,

I am practically well now, except for remnants of rheumatism here and there in my joints. I Have no more fever, and my appetite is coming back. I may go out for a little while today.

Prof. James and Miss Britten called yesterday, but as my attack was so much like influenza, I did not let them in, as I knew every cold for a month in themselves and their relatives would be set down to me.

Costa²²⁶ called too, but I saw him, as he has had influenza.

Loeser sent me some lovely flowers.

Thy postal card came and *Truth*, also the *Women's Herald* in which I was surprised not to see my Ibsen, as I have corrected the proofs. I don't suppose the new editor will want my articles, as they are rather outside the scope of a Temperance Suffrage paper.

But I will not write much today, as my head is achey and I do not feel very strong.

Love to the children. I hope they enjoyed the Pantomime.

Thine,
Mary

²²⁵ Mary wrote '1892'. Feb. 5, 1892, was a Friday.

²²⁶ Mary's diary, Feb. 6, 1893: All the rest of the week was spent, by me at least, in sickening for a slight attack of rheumatic fever, trying to walk it off, succumbing to it, and beginning to convalesce. We read a good deal of Pater together ... Costa and William James came to see me and Loeser sent me flowers.



a typed letter to Alys — from Logan (VIT)

Paris, Feb. 9, 1893

Dear Alys,

Thanks so much for thy letters, some of which I return. They are always most interesting, and I see thy writing with joy on the envelope, when they arrive. I am at present spending long hours at the dentist's, but I hope before long I shall be sated. Otherwise, Paris is charming. I am getting to know it better than last year, and it abounds in "subject" for me. Some time or other I will write more about it, when I am in the mood.

Louise Kinsella is going to sit to Miss Naylor, for her Salon picture, greatly, superabundantly to Miss Naylor's joy. Will Rothenstein is making a pastel of me — it is very clever, but hideous, as all his things are. He is really amusing; just now his ambition is to be a dandy, and he says he has a horror of talking art. I have also got to know Conder,²²⁷ who has really a beautiful talent, and Studd, the unevangelical artist of that family, who is slow, but nice. All these belong to the Kinsellas club. That club flourishes, but there is likely to be trouble, of an international character, as the English members, including myself and Philip Hale, want the Kinsellas to drop their old American friends, who swarm there, in desolating swarms, on Sunday afternoons. Such people! They must be memories of the past.

I spent an evening at Miss Brauner's — my first evening out — and I liked [2] her very much. She is most sympathetic, intelligent, and sings in a wonderful way.

I have sent off another story to the Observer — one that is rather slangy and vulgar but funny, I think. The next will be a prose poem. I have not seen the Sub-Warden, yet, my copy did not come.

Thank mother for the clothes, which came all right, and father for his letter. I will credit the £65.

I wish that I could write a longer and more interesting letter, but this must do.

Don't thee think white paint will be nice for the drawing room?

With much love to all,

Affectionately,
Logan

²²⁷ Charles Edward Conder (1868-1909) was an English-born painter, lithographer and designer. He emigrated to Australia



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page typed letter to Alys
Florence, Feb. 14, 1893

My dear Alys,

Many thanks for thy postal card, and for the book on French Art which came at the same time. I had already read some of the chapters of the book when they came out in one of the Mags, I think *The Century*. It would be great fun to review it, and I think I shall follow thy suggestion and try. I will send thee the review, and thee can do what thee likes with it. As a last resort it might go into the long suffering *Woman's Herald* — that is, if its columns are still open to me under the new management. But of course I should rather have it go in somewhere else. It has ceased to give me any emotion to see my articles in the *Woman's Herald*. But I am sure my emotions would be very strong if I actually saw myself in print in *The Spectator* or anything like that. I will grapple with the affair today, for I have already read a large part of the book. So if I don't send off any Giant to the children, will thee assure them it is coming the next day, and that I was so busy on my birthday that I did not have time for anything but to write and thank thee and Ray for your Valentines.

I went to dinner with the James on Saturday, and to my horror found a fairly large dinner party assembled. as we sat at a table, I wondered what on earth had brought us together, and the only explanation I could find was that everybody else had been taken in like myself, and had come thinking they were going to have a quiet family dinner with Mr and Mrs James. Curiously enough there was one [2] man there, a sculptor, whom Loeser had invited me to meet a short time ago. But I refused, on the ground that I did not want to make any new acquaintances. Then one night when I was dining at Loeser's this man came, but hearing that I was there, and knowing that I had refused to meet him, he would not come in. But at the James we met rather to our mutual disgust. He seemed to be a sort of "*fou sorti*", and a great talker, but interesting. I have a strong impression that he must be a poor sculptor. Mrs James spent the time after dinner deploring the modern tendency to educate "the masses", a theme on which I was so thoroughly out of sympathy with her that I found it hard to be even polite. Loeser came in after dinner, and came home with me. He told me that the James give two such dinner parties a week. And yet James never meets you without pouring out a heart-broken wail about the interruptions to his work he finds here in Florence. Presently they are going away to Weimar, to try to find quiet, but I am quite sure they will gather round them the same rabble of young Americans that they have here. Loeser simply lives there!

Tell mother please that the typo paper has not yet come, and that I am wild with impatience for it!

Tell her, too, that if I go on writing for the *Woman's Herald* I think I ought to have at least a guinea an article.



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Does thee think of anything I could do for “Sister Lion”? I liked her so much, and often think of her.

Lovingly thine,
Gummidge



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M-HS 1893.____

a one-page typed letter to Alys

<Florence,> Feb. 15, 1893

Dear Alys,

If thee will get this printed for me in *The Spectator*, or even in some paper less grand, yet not quite so low as *The Woman's Herald*, I shall be thy debtor to my dying day. Probably it is the first heat of composition which makes me feel that it is an article which has a good deal of sense in it, and which any right-minded editor would be glad to accept — provided he were not of the complexion of mind of Mr. Bale — but, at any rate, such as it is I send it to thee, with many thanks to thee for giving me the chance to write it and with the fervent hope that it may be taken somewhere.

The book is perfectly deadly, but I have not vented my spite on it. Indeed, considering how very poor and trite it is, and how inadequate to the subject, and how horribly, horribly written, I think I have dealt very gently with it.

With much love,

Thine,
Gummidge



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page typed letter

Florence, Feb. 16, 1893

Darling mother,

The two books by Clodd²²⁸ came this morning. Many thanks. (The Creightons have not yet come.) I have already peeped into them, and they seem very interesting, and just the things I want to read to Ray and Karin next summer. The typo-paper has not yet come, and I am simply raging with impatience, for the catalogues which I am in the midst of making all have to stand still and wait, and they have had to wait now such a long time. What can be the matter with the type people? They must be horribly careless about fulfilling orders, for it must have been at least a week ago that thee sent them the order.

I am dreadfully distressed to hear about these fresh colds. Why did thee not speak to Frank about taking Ray to sleep in another room? I think he ought to have seen that it was the only sensible thing to do. He told me he was ALWAYS at home at their bed-times, but I suppose this is not true at all. But if I were there I would arrange it with him in advance, for it is the only sensible thing to do.

I am pretty well by this time, with only occasional flying shoots of rheumatism.

I am afraid there will not be a chance of my deploying my vast talents on the new *Herald*. What does thee think? I hope Alys will receive my review of the book she sent me.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

I enclose a sheet of Saidee's letter I missed out. I do not want it back.

²²⁸ Edward Clodd (1840-1930), *The childhood of religions* (London: K. Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson House BL85 .C6 1891 Mary's copy?**



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page typed letter

Florence, Saturday, Feb. 18, 1893

My darling mother,

Did the photograph for Miss Irene ever come? I have not heard anything about it.

Also did a present from Evelyn to Ray arrive?

And has anything happened about Dr. Bucke's daughter?²²⁹

The typo-paper has not come.

I agree with thee about the Giants, I have only introduced romantic elements because I was afraid the children would get so tired of a "plain narrative". But I will return to it as fast as I may, for it is much easier to write. I have a desert to traverse first, however.

I am terribly sorry to hear about Marion.²³⁰ Her case shows how useful the family system is, even unto the second and the third cousin, does it not? Without some older relative to take her to, all those poor young things in Paris would have had a hard time of it. It is perfectly incredible that Marion of all people should have fallen a victim to brain excitement — her peculiarity always was to be very slow. It is awfully hard luck, and it seems perfectly inexplicable, although of course it has a cause. I hope Dr. Tuke will find out what is the matter, and find that it is some simple thing, and no organic disease of the brain. I am awfully sorry.

I enclose a letter to RAY for her birthday one. Thee says nothing more of the governess; what has become of her?

I am unwell today, and so feel rather under the weather, but it is gloriously warm and sunny, and when I have settled down with my books I shall be all right.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

²²⁹ Jessie Bucke.

²³⁰ Marion Lawrence (Mary's second cousin?) July 13, Sept. 1, 1892 (Paris); Feb. 18, 1893 (went crazy); Sept. 23, 25, 29 (Venice), Oct. 2, 5, 8, 11, 13 (last mention), 1893



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page typed letter

Florence, Sunday, Feb. 19, 1893

My darling mother,

Thy postal card came this morning, and did not tell me half I wanted to know. I hoped thee would have told me what Dr. Tuke said about Marion, and what you were going to do with her. Does some one have to be with her all the time? And does her excitement betray itself in actions as well as in words? I am interested to hear all thee has time to tell me. **What a terrible thing for her mother?**²³¹ I suppose Marion herself is happy enough, people are always happy when they are in a state of excitement. But it will be an awful blow for her mother — I cannot imagine anything worse. But I hope that by the time she arrives, Marion will be ever so much better. What are you going to do with her in the mean time?

As I was coming up my steps after luncheon, I was inwardly fuming to think that those tiresome people had not yet sent the typo-paper. But when I unlocked my door and came in, I found it lying on the table — to my great Joy! Thank thee ever so much for attending to it.

Tell Alys to go to see *Building-Master Solness*,²³² even although it is Miss Robins who is to act in it, and to be sure to write and tell me about it. I wish I had the chance of seeing it. Also I should very much like to see the review of it in the different papers.

Thank thee for the newspapers about the Home Rule Bill. It sounds like a queer hybrid scheme that cannot possible work, but I am not capable of judging. I have followed it in the Italian papers.

Do tell me about the Governess!

I send some more Giants.

I will get Edith²³³ out of this fix as soon as I can and return to more homely paths.

Lovingly thine,
M,

²³¹ Her mother is here called 'cousin Carrie'.

²³² Henrik Ibsen, *The Master Builder* (1893).

²³³ Edith Carpenter, wife of Bond Thomas?



M-HS 1893.____

a typed one-page letter

Florence, Feb. 20, 1893

My darling mother,

Thy letter of Friday came today. I should very much like to try one of those 5/6 electric belts, as there is so little expense, and it may prove a slight tonic. Not that I need it very much, as I am on the whole pretty well, but still it might be worth trying. I send back the advertisement. Do not go out of thy way to get it. Any time will do. I am hoping the Creighton may come any day.

How strange it does seem about Marion! I suppose you who see her have got used to the idea by this time, but I cannot somehow bring myself to believe it is true. What does Dr. Tuke give as the cause of it? Or is he at a loss to account for it? Dear me, I hope she will be better by the time her poor mother comes. Is there any craziness in the family?

I will send a photograph, as thee suggests, for Miss Franks today, a rather nicer one. I am glad the one for Miss Irene arrived safely.

I have bought a really beautiful book for Karin's birthday — so pretty that I can't bear to think of sending it away! The cost of it was only 7 francs (6 in Paris). That is what I call a real art epoch, when everybody can have beautiful things for little cost. The trouble is that there are no funny stories in it, but I will try to write a few to go with it.

I have missed not having *Truth* this week. Do send it to me regularly, for it gives me such a good idea of the general course of things.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.



M-HS 1893.____

a typed one-page letter

Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1893

Darling mother,

I met Lief [*sic*] Jones²³⁴ and a brood of young Howards on the street this morning, and he asked me to go and see Her Majesty²³⁵ at five this afternoon.²³⁶ So I am going, but without much enthusiasm.

Thank thee for that letter in *Shafts*. Nothing could be more explicit. Does it not show thee that Frank is not honest in the way he is trying to treat me? He cannot be ignorant of the law on the matter, and yet he explicitly said to me that I had no right whatever to take away any piece of furniture from the house.

Miss Bremner sent me a number of the *Westminster Gazette* in which there was an interview with the actor and actress of Ibsen's new play, and my literary vanity was flattered to see that they quoted my criticism in several places (without acknowledgment). Thank thee for the further number that thee sent this morning.

It is as warm as summer here, and everybody seems to have a sort of Spring fever-y feeling. I know I feel very lazy, and it is hard to screw myself up to do any work. Still if anybody would send me a book to review, I think I should enjoy it very much. It is a change from history and pictures, and if it has to be done quickly, it is rather pleasant. Tell Alys, and Logan too, if they find another book on any of the subjects I am interested in to send it to me, charging it to my account so that I can try my luck at reviewing it.

I feel as if I would give almost anything to have a glimpse of the children. I am glad to hear that Cousin Carrie²³⁷ and Lena have started. What a dreadful voyage it must be to Marion's mother!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

²³⁴ Leifchild Stratten Leif-Jones.

Mary's diary, Feb. 22, 1893:

We went to the Bargello. I met Lief [*sic*] Jones and a brood of young Howards, and he asked me to come and call on Lady Carlisle. After a walk and some more Lotto, I went and enjoyed myself very much trying to explain to her that there really is such a thing as scientific and reasonable art criticism.

²³⁵ Rosalind Frances Stanley Howard, Countess of Carlisle (1845-1921), wife of George James Howard, 9th Earl of Carlisle, known as 'The Radical Countess', was a promoter of women's political rights and a temperance movement activist.

²³⁶ Mary's diary, Feb. 21, 1893: After some more Lotto, I called on Lady Carly(s)le, who kept me a long time. I enjoyed it, as she asked me many questions about my studies. On the whole, in spite of her belief that I have a strong natural vocation for politics, I think I convinced her that I was not idle, nor likely to be a mere dead weight in the world.

²³⁷ Marion's mother. Lena?



M-HS 1893.____

a typed two-page letter

Florence, Feb. 25, 1893

Darling mother,

The post this morning brought me an unusually interesting budget. The best of all was to hear that Ray had enjoyed my letters and those messages from Karin about the story. Dear little soul! I am sure she is going to grow up a most attractive child.

The Creightons²³⁸ have come, and I am really overjoyed. On the whole, they are the best and most scientific and most modern histories I know, and I mean to know all four volumes by heart, and start from them, as it were. So I shall have an advantage over Creighton himself, who had not anything so excellent to begin with.

*The History of Venice*²³⁹ has come at the same time. I think something of reviewing it, if it turns out to be worth while.

Several papers came too.

What is the history of the *Cambridge Observer*²⁴⁰ that Logan sent me? It has an interesting article upon Ibsen's play in it — not so profound, it seemed to me, as my own! — but very interesting, especially to me, as it developed something I only touched on. It is probable that the character of Hilda had far more in it than I was aware of, and I am sure I should have seen this if I could only have seen it acted, no matter how badly.

Logan is quite out of it, he belongs to the past generation already, if he does not care for the play. I can't say how much I regret it, it throws a light upon his way of looking at literature which makes me feel as if he were out of sympathy with the REAL current of its development, and busy with an elaboration of side points that are of little importance in the march of things — about as important to the real life of literature as the question of whether or no you shall have lighted candles on the altar is important to the real life of religion. Still I hope that my impression in this is an entire mistake. I sometimes look forward to his work as a chance of getting certain sides of the "Woman Question" stated which I believe scarcely anyone could state so well and so sympathetically as he, if he only would. What a theme, the disadvantages, pursuing a woman all through her life, the cramping, the dreariness she spreads on the lives of others, because she has

²³⁸ See Aug. 23, 1892.

²³⁹ ?

Perhaps John Ruskin (1819-1900), *St. Mark's rest: The history of Venice written for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments* (Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent: George Allen, 1884). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR5261.S3 A1 1884 [Shelved as C.LXVI. 2.]**

²⁴⁰ The *Cambridge Observer* published in the early 1890s by undergraduates at Cambridge. One contributor was the young Bertrand Russell. See *The Selected Letters of Bertrand Russell: The Private Years, 1884-1914* (), p. ____.



not been allowed to get a decent education! Logan would write such a book
I am sure, and it would count as a real step in civilization, I believe.

[without a valediction]



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Feb. 25, 1893

Dearest mother,

I have just come back from dining with the whole Carlisle clan, Lady Cecilia and Roberts, Lady Mary and Murray, Lord and Lady Carlisle and about ten children.

Lord Carlisle and Mr. Murray were the nicest. Lady Carlisle insisted on quarrelling with her husband and ordering everybody around in an embarrassing way, and Ladies Cecilia and Mary drooped on various sofas and looked ready to faint out of sheer exhaustion. Roberts looked like a ghost and had a terrible cough, and seemed utterly and entirely crushed and cowed. It struck me as perfectly awful, living in such a rabble. Lord Carlisle was very amusing. He said the French nation was incapable of producing any great man in any line whatsoever, and that modern French painting was all utterly rotten and decadent and morbid, etc., etc. Mr. Murray, however, was secretly on my side, and he came home with me and made me give him a list of things to see in Paris. But he, too, is decayed and broken down, and is off on a year's leave to recruit. Their child is horribly delicate and cannot even stand up yet. They have it at Nervi on the Italian Riviera, and are going back to it on Tuesday. Mr. Murray is a great "Ibsenite", and so is Lady Carlisle, in a way.

I hope by this time Cousin Carrie has arrived and that you will soon be relieved from the burden of Marion. What could have caused her attack of mania? Did Dr. Tuke offer any explanation? It seems the most mysterious thing in the world, poor Marion! Fortunately

[a passage missing]

really well, to have people always on the look-out for her "queerness". She must be very trying. I suppose everything that ever passed through her mind, real and imaginary, comes out in a queer jumble with enough coherence to make it absolutely intolerable. I am so glad her mother is coming.

I have read half through the book on Venice. It is not at all so interesting as his other book²⁴¹ led me to hope, and I am not sure I shall find anything to say about it.

[a passage missing]

Sunday morning!

Thy postal has just come. How perfectly dreadful about Marion's aunts

²⁴¹ Whose book on Venice?



and uncle! "30 years in an asylum." It is simply awful, except that I do believe, as far as happiness goes, there is as much chance of it in an asylum as out.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____

a typed two-page letter

Florence, Feb. 28, 1893

My darling mother,

I dreamt all night about poor Marion, the most horrible nightmares.

What an awful trouble for her mother! I do wonder what they will be able to do with her? I suppose the kindest thing would be to put her under the care of a skilled alienist²⁴² who would do all that science can do to restore the equilibrium of her brain, and where she would be shut off for a time from anything that might excite her. But the dreadful thing of course is to manage letting her know that she is to be shut up. What she reports about me is decidedly mixed.

I can remember very well the talk we had about the children. In fact, I can recall all our talks, for we had only five. I said, and I think I am sensible enough in saying and meaning so far as I am able to carry it out, that **I do not mean to let my whole happiness be dependent on two children** who are bound to be brought up in a system I loathe, and which, as I know, tends to produce results on character that I detest. That is just one reason why I am so keen upon study, the personal reason, outside of the impersonal interest I take in the work I do. If I had no resource of this kind, I should only become more and more discontented and wretched as the years go on.

As to any determination not to love them, it is perfectly absurd. I can not help it in the case of Ray any more than I can help breathing. But I do not mean to be dependent upon her. Marion at the time said, with a sigh, "O, how much happier most girls would be if their mothers would only train themselves up to depend less on them for their happiness."

She has got things just a little distorted, with a basis of fact, just as I suppose she has done about her "engagement". I can remember now that when I saw her²⁴³ in August, or perhaps it was early in September, just before Miss Woodman came, she was rushing about in a very queer way, and did not seem to know from one minute to another what her plans were. At one time she told me she was going to Boulogne, then to Antwerp, then to a new hotel, then to Chartres, all in one day, rushing in for two minutes at a time to tell me of her change of plan. I suppose her brain was even then beginning to be unhinged. Poor little Miss Woodman. I expect she has had a good deal of trouble with her.

The Carlises have gone, I think.

I hope to have a visit from Miss Bremner soon, at least I hope she will come to Florence. I have no room for anybody actually to stay with me, and

²⁴² An archaic term for a psychiatrist or psychologist.

²⁴³ In Paris in August 1892?



solitude is so delightful²⁴⁴ that I have no inclination to change.

Tell Alys that I was perfectly delighted with her letter about Ibsen. I cannot help thinking that it is out of place in the play to make so much of Hilda, and that man could as easily understand the point of it as a woman. Still Hilda is a fascinating creature, a delicious impersonation of youth. But Solness was far more interesting to me, because he was a much more complicated problem, a character into which all sorts of contradictory tendencies had already entered, and who was being pulled about by them in a most interesting way. But of course if the part of Hilda was well acted, it would naturally be attractive.

With love,

Thy daughter,
MARY

²⁴⁴ As described in her diary, her 'life of solitude' on Feb. 28, 1893:

Spent an hour and a half downstairs among the drawings with Costa. I discovered a Benedetto Diana!!

Met Lord Carlisle and Roberts and the children and walked about with them. Lord Carlisle was horrified with the Zorn, but the children listened with open ears to every word I said.

After my German lesson we wrote a while and then walked.

I began Michelet's *Richelieu*. It is full of anecdotage, as compared to Ranke.

Mrs. James and Loeser called.



M-HS 1893.____

a typed two-page letter

Florence, Mar. 1, 1893²⁴⁵

My darling mother,

Thanks for thy Sunday letter and its enclosures. How interesting that is about monkey's speech! I hope by this time Cousin Carrie and Lena have arrived. But I cannot imagine what they are going to do.

I *shall* be glad if thee can have a good chance to try the new governess, without Emma.

Mrs. James has just been here to call, and I arranged to take her for a drive on Saturday. She said she had been perfectly overrun with American friends, each one nice in himself or herself but too much all together. Prof. James is in Munich, trying to arrange for a nice school for the boys.

I met Lord Carlisle and his clan in the Uffizi this morning, just as I was coming up from the room of drawings where I had been studying an hour. We went round among the pictures together, and Lord Carlisle and I differed on every conceivable point, but with great humour. The children were naturally of the Opposition, and welcomed my doctrines with amusing eagerness, delighted visibly every time I "scored" off their father, whom they evidently worship. He was really charming.

I meant to have called there today, but Mrs. James stayed too late. Lady Carlisle has had a chill, and they are all hanging on until she gets well. Roberts was in the gallery, but he only appeared cowed and frightened. I shall take him and Mr. Murray some morning.

If Alys has any rich friends coming here, I should like to make a little money out of lecturing to them. By this time, I do know the galleries pretty well, and I am sure I could make a very fascinating course. It is always nice to make a little money.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
MARY

²⁴⁵ This date must be incorrect:
Mary's diary, Mar. 1, 1893:



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Thursday, Mar. 2, 1893²⁴⁶

I have not time today to write a letter, as I have been exceptionally busy, and this afternoon I took a long walk on the hills. The anemones are beginning to come out.

I am to take some of the Carlisle party about tomorrow morning. I hope it will be the children.

When thee or Alys are passing Oxford Circus some time, will you stop at the photograph shop, Mansell's, and get me the two he has done of Hampton Court: the head of a many by Lotto and the Holy Family by Correggio? I shall be very grateful. Send them registered, as the post office here is unsafe. I have lost two things, and they won't look them up if they are not registered.

No, I don't want that book about the pictures here. It is very poor stuff. I have seen it.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Tell Ray she must not let Karin make Giant _____. All too fat!

²⁴⁶ Evidently written on Mar. 1, 1893, to judge from the entries in her diary.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Sunday evening, Mar. 5, 1893

I sent no letter yesterday, as I was very busy. I went to Santa Maria Novella with Mr. Roberts and Lief Jones. Also I finished the Hawthorne²⁴⁷ and partly copied it — a great relief.

Today I have finished the writing for Karin's book, and I will send it off tomorrow morning the 6th by book post. It ought to reach her on her birthday. I hope she will have a little party. Put my photograph on the table.

I have just come in from a very long walk behind Fiesole.²⁴⁸ It is perfect weather.

I expect Miss Bremner for ten days. She is to arrive on Friday.

They sent me the carbon paper, but paid 3/4 for postage, which is *perfectly absurd*. A registered parcel would have cost less than a shilling. They ought to be blown up.

The electric belt came, too, and I mean to try it. Many thanks.

Thanks also for *Truth* and the *W. H.*

I will write tomorrow.

The Carlises have gone.

Love to the children.

Thank Alys for her postal card.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

Where have they taken Marion?

²⁴⁷ An article on Hawthorne.

²⁴⁸ Mary's diary, March 5, 1893:

After lunch we took the tram to Settignano and walked to Fiesole by Poggio — a most invigorating, enchanting walk.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Mar. 7, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy letter with its enclosures this morning. It must be a great relief to have Marion away. How long the ten days seemed. Poor Marion! It is one of the saddest things I ever knew. Has it yet dawned upon her that you all consider her insane?

I forgot to tell Karin in her birthday letter how pleased I am that she was so brave about the bead in her ear, and how sensible it was of her to tell thee about it at once. I am glad Ray was so nice about it too, and tried to amuse her little sister.

I am sorry Logan will not take the plunge and print something. He reminds me of a story I read of a man who spent his life time condensing and refining his Great Work, which was to be the perfect art expression of modern civilization. From an Epic, down through a three volume novel to a short story, he went on refining and expurgating superfluities, and burning up his refuse. When at last he died and his friends sought for the precious manuscript to publish, they found he had refined it all down to two words, "Bonjour, Monsieur", which had come to be for him the summing up of modern life.

However, this is only in jest. I have no reason for thinking Logan does not know exactly what he is about. But even the "dramatic critics" whom he confidently appealed to, have judged him wrong about the Ibsen.

[a second page missing?]

I am wearing the electric belt.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter;
Strachey, p. 52

Mar. 9, 1893

Dear mother,

No letter came this morning, and I hope that means that everything is going on all right. I expect Christina Bremner tomorrow, but I have not heard definitely.

I called on the James' yesterday, to take the *Spectator* (for which many thanks), and found Prof. James simply *furious* over Vernon Lee's last book, *Vanitas*,²⁴⁹ which contains a long and minute character study of Henry James, almost mentioning him by name. Prof. James says it is the most indecent, indelicate, utterly incomprehensible affair imaginable, for his brother and Miss Paget have been very good friends — or at least seemed to be. Yet all the while she was taking cool, impersonal critical notes upon all his peculiarities and little habits and ways of thought and life. William James considers her a “most dangerous woman”, and he is going to write and tell her that, after this book she must not be surprised if he declines to continue their previous friendly relations.

All this indignation sounded very funny to me, I must confess, from the brother of the author of *The Bostonians*, which contains such an evident study — even caricature — of dear old Miss Peabody, who was the James' old family friend during Henry's youth. Yet he declared he did *not* mean Miss Peabody, and on the whole I can believe him, as I understand how readily a novelist can forget the individual who suggested his type to him. In the same way, I have no doubt, Vernon Lee is half unconscious of having drawn Henry James so to the life.

Prof. James read me some extracts, a great many of which sounded, in the funniest way, like an analysis of Logan's ideas and ways!!! I shall read it, and perhaps begin a suit against him for libelling *my* brother!

A few days ago, I called on Mrs. James, and she told me the *most awful* stories about Irish servants in Cambridge, who are under the control of a very well-organized Jesuit Mission. She said that James Bryce²⁵⁰ told her (what I have heard other Americans say) that war between Catholics and Protestants in America is simply inevitable, since the class distinction goes along with the religious one. In the mean time the priests are making it a duty for the Irish women to have just as many children as possible so as to strengthen their forces.

The weather here is perfect. I go for six or seven mile walks every afternoon. I think the electric belt has done me good.

²⁴⁹ Vernon Lee, *Vanitas: Polite Stories* (1892).

²⁵⁰ James Bryce, 1st Viscount Bryce (1838-1922), a jurist, historian and Liberal politician.



Much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____

a typed two-page letter

Florence, Mar. 10, 1893

My darling mother,

I AM glad it is not four years ago! Does thee remember when Karin was born? I hope she is having a little birthday party today.

Does thee not think she should be taken to some aurist if there is any chance of these gatherings in her ears making her deaf? I am sure Frank would agree with thee about it if thee spoke to him. If not, it must wait until I come home, and then I will take her. Who is the best aurist? It would be an awful shame for her to grow up even a little deaf, if anything can be done, now when she is little, to prevent it. I thought gatherings in the ear were very common. I know Arnold had them even last year, and it did not impair his hearing at all.

Thy letter of the 7th came this morning. No, I have not done anything yet about advertising for pupils, partly because, unless I got VERY well paid, I can get more out of studying on my own account. The days, as it is, are not half long enough for all the reading and writing and German and Italian and sight-seeing I want to do, and as I have enough to go on, I do not want to spend time dragging unknown, possibly stupid, people through the galleries, unless I get more for it than anyone would give to a perfectly unknown person whom they had heard of only by advertisement.

Prof. James brought me Vernon Lee's book²⁵¹ last evening, and I read the story, "Lady Tal", which is really quite amusing. I do not think it is anything for him to get into a rage over, it seems to me that she might very well have done it without any direct intention of making a caricature of Henry James, although it is no doubt very much like him, probably more than I realize. But there isn't really so very much, or so much that is disagreeable, about him, and you end by liking him very well.

It is curious to see how much his methods of work and Logan's — so far as I know anything about Logan's — resemble each other. I had a letter from Logan once about punctuation which might very well have been the original of all that the hero of this story says on the subject. Logan has, however, as is natural in the younger follower, refined upon his master, for Henry James is vulgar enough to publish his writings!

I rather expect Miss Bremner today, but I have not heard definitely. The weather is simply enchanting, and I hope she will come in time to take advantage of it.

How is father? I seem to have heard very little of him for some time, and Prof. James said he had received a letter from him written in rather a depressed spirit. I hope he is pretty well.

Where is Musgrave? I have not heard a word of him.

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And did a present for Ray from Evelyn ever come. This is the third time
of asking. Also about Jessie Bucke.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter
Mar. 13, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thanks for the *Truth* and the *Gazettes* — also for thy postal card yesterday.

I hoped to have heard something this morning about Karin's birthday, but I must wait until tomorrow.

The Woman's Herald has become rather less interesting — to me, at any rate, and somehow I feel as if not a word would flow from my pen if I took it up to write for it. What a dreadful picture of thee!!

I am worried about Karin's ears. Will not Frank consent to have her taken to a good aurist? Care now might prevent life-long annoyance — if there is the least chance of that. I never thought gatherings did any particular harm. It is in my remembrance that I had them myself, so I must have been at least as old as Karin.

I sent off half a dozen pages of 'Giant' yesterday. I hope they will arrive safely. I shall send more tomorrow, and so on, every other day, as thee said that was more convenient than every day.

Is anything settled about the Easter holidays? I wish I could come home and spend them with them! But *they* will be quite as happy with thee, if you only get to the country.

The weather is simply glorious, and the fields gay with daffodils and flowers of all colours.

I am working especially on sculpture now, and also upon several bits of writing, not for immediate publishing. Also I am getting on with German fairly well.

But there is not much to write about. One day is much like another.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Did the hypnotizer ever do anything for thy sleeplessness? How is father? Little photographs for the children's scrap books.



M-HS 1893.____
a typed one-page letter

Saturday, Mar. <18>, 1893

Darling mother,

Yesterday somehow slipped by so rapidly that I did not get a chance to write home, nor to send any story or anything. I was doing some other writing in the morning, then I had a German lesson, and then Prof. James came to take a walk with me, and we had to hurry home for me to be in time to meet Miss Bremner, who came at half past six.²⁵²

I have got her a room in the same pension as this, just a room, and she takes her meals with me. She has come prepared to enjoy Italy to the full. I think I shall try to get her to tell me her fresh unspoiled ideas about things to work into a *Manual of Average Culture* which I am making out for fun. I already have one or two definitions which are I think about the usual idea that comes up into English and American minds when certain words are used.

Renaissance: An event which took place in 1452, when the Turks took Constantinople, and all owners of Greek manuscripts migrated to Italy where they and their manuscripts corrupted morals, and led to all sorts of fascinating and unnatural crimes, which were described most sympathetically in the plays of the Elizabethan poets. (See Symonds, Vernon Lee, etc.)

Gothic: Any building with pointed arches, which has a dim religious light. In some mysterious way, obviously much more moral and religious than any other kind of architecture. (See Ruskin.)

Renaissance architecture: Barn-like, cold, irreligious, dishonest building. Sometimes showy and impressive, but always hollow and heartless. (See Ruskin.)

[second page missing?]

²⁵² Christina Bremner arrived on Friday, March 17, 1893.



M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

Florence, Monday, Mar. 20, 1893

Darling mother,

Thee must excuse a comparatively short, condensed letter today in answer to thine, as something queer is the matter with my eyes and I want to rest them. My left eye's muscles seem paralyzed, or rather quivering beyond my control and both eyes smart. An awful cold may account for it. I am going to the doctor if it is not better tomorrow.

I wish I had really thought of coming home for Easter before. Now Christina Bremner is on a visit to me, and almost as soon as she goes, the "Mikes", whom I have been urging for several months, are actually coming,²⁵³ and going with me to Rome (Does thee know of a good pension for us?)

So I do not think I can come back for Easter, although I sometimes feel as if I could not live away from the children. It is a struggle between a person and a mother in me, and I am dreadfully torn all the time when I am not actually occupied in work.

But it is not fair to say I desert them and whenever thee says it, I must protest. I would give anything except what I solemnly feel no person has a right to demand of another — and that is my personal liberty of action — to have them with me. **I would be willing to try to manage to bring them up on my £300 a year**, and they should want nothing it was in my power to give them. I should treat them very lovingly and as wisely as I knew how, and give them the best education in my power.

But they are kept from me because conditions are made that I do not think ought to be made. I am willing to accept those conditions for a fourth or a third of my life, that is to say, for three or four months every year — not because I think I ought, but because I can't help it — and I mean to do all I can for them in that time. If I had thought of being able to afford the journey home this Easter, I should have given them an extra month But I cannot now, as the Mikes have had such trouble gaining the old man over to this trip.

I had a most deceiving evasive letter from B. F. C. C. saying he always breakfasted with the children. The worst of it is, he is so false through and through that I expect he actually *thinks* he does — no, he cannot, but he does not know truth from falsehood.

Will thee get me the enclosed photograph?

Here is 10/6 which please credit to me. And send me £5 please, and my present account as it stands. I have about £78 left, have I not? And when is the next income due?

²⁵³ Michael Field arrived on April 20, 1893. On April 25, they left for Arezzo, Cortona, Città di Castello, Perugia, Foligno, arriving in Rome on May 3.



Lovingly,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Mar. 23, 1893

Darling mother,

A letter and a postal card came today, and yesterday some cuttings, one about Judith Ellen,²⁵⁴ which I hope is not true. Why should she fight against Lady Henry?

I hope to hear tomorrow that the children are back, and I shall wait without writing, although it is hard to. Men are very curious. The one and only thing I desire of B.F.C.C. is that he should be honest, and he will not be. He hides his plans and evades answering any questions.

What has become of Musgrave? Is he still at the Cottage? If so, there will be some one kind to the children, at any rate, and for that I could forgive him much. I am so sorry father has turned against him. But he is a man not to see too much of, I suppose.

Will thee ask Miss Willard²⁵⁵ if she knows about any American newspaper syndicate, and how I could get into connection with it? I have a dozen chatty little articles in my head, if only I could have some chance of getting a little money for them, I should write them. For instance, in the famous Tribune of the Uffizi here there is a most interesting collection of types of Madonnas — Correggio's human mother, and his sorceress Madonna, Michelangelo's pagan goddess, Dürer's Protestant Mary, Perugino's Catholic Virgin, etc. Again, in the collection of artists' portraits by themselves, each man has not only his own face, but his ideal face — he has made himself Byronic, Shelleyan, inspired, serious, humourous, grand, elegant, etc., etc., in each case, so far as I can trace it, following the literature of his day, and the fashion. Both these could be made into readable articles I am sure, and I am told the syndicates pay well.

Would Miss Willard recommend me, does thee think? Will thee please give her my warm thanks for the trouble she has taken about the Hawthorne? **I am sorry thee took the trouble to have it copied, for I always make two copies myself. On the type-writer it is as easy as making one.** But I thank thee for thinking of it all the same.

A lot of ideas are coming to me with Miss Bremner — using her as a chewing-ring, so to speak, to bring out my teeth. She is very honest and very nice, and enjoys herself exceedingly, far more than she expected to do. She discovered Tintoretto for herself yesterday, to her and my delight. I am sure taste is merely intelligence directed to art, perfectly capable of being acquired, not miraculous in any way.

I will send more *Giant* tomorrow.

I can imagine that the children would enjoy the cottage keenly, if the

²⁵⁴ Judith Ellen.

²⁵⁵ Miss Willard, the companion of Lady Henry Somerset.



flowers are out. Was Miss Letty there? Who helped them with that fine letter?

Thine lovingly always,
M.

Have any of you see Vernon Lee's *Vanitas*? "Lady Tal" is the story. I took a walk with James yesterday. They are coming to England for the summer.



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Tuesday, Mar. 28, 1893

Thanks for thy postal card and the National Gallery photograph this morning.

I wonder what Lady H. will do — just in the midst of her campaign! He might have waited till the B.W.T.A. meetings were over.

It is beautiful weather here, but colder and I have such a cold in my head I can scarcely see or speak or hear.

My eye is just the same, but I am not worried about it.

I wonder if the children came up yesterday?

I shall try to begin the Giants again at once, as soon as my German lesson is over.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a typed one-page letter;
extract in Strachey, p. 52-53

Florence, Apr. 1, 1893

Dearest mother,

My eye is much better today, and I have already got some of the Giant story under way.

I enclose a letter to the children, and I will write to Miss Willard today. How kind she has been. I will now try to sell some of my wares to the different people she has been kind enough to introduce me to, but of course I will be careful not to make her in any way sorry that she has given me these chances. Christina Bremner tells me that half the battle is won if you get a good introduction, and some of these at any rate may lead to some work. She has been most kind.

Thy letter brought tears to my eyes, in fact, it made me cry right out like a baby. How I do hope things may be endurable to thee. I am young, and the joy of life is strong in me, so that I can quite well bear a good deal of anxiety and real sorrow and deprivation without feeling that it is more than the ordinary lot. I have such very great pleasures, and I feel my interests enlarging every day. Above all I am young, and that makes one happy in itself.

But it is different for thee. Well, I will promise always to think of what will make things easier for thee.

Thank thee a hundred times for all thy love, and for this kind, sweet letter.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Apr. 3, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy note and cousin Carrie's letter. I will return it tomorrow. It seems to me the part of wisdom would be to turn Marion's mind away from religion — it is such a dangerous thing for mad people to get hold of. Still, I hope she will really recover, and I am glad cousin Carrie can find any consolation. How much she seems to love Marion.

I hope the fine weather will continue, and that the children will thoroughly enjoy the seashore.

When thee goes home, will thee send me a little more blue writing paper and envelopes, and some large, strong envelopes for me to put my various manuscripts, etc., in, in order?

Very lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____

a postcard c/o Mr. Larking, Station Road, Boxhill²⁵⁶

Wednesday, Apr. 6, 1893

Thanks for thy letter.

I have been out of doors all day today and yesterday, "excursing" with Christina to see Prato, Signa, etc. The weather is lovely. She is going on Friday, and I shall settle into regularity for ten days till the Mikes come.

I shall send some Giant tomorrow morning. I have some almost ready. I do hope the children will enjoy the seaside.

Tell Ray I liked her house and the fine multiplication table she sent, and I will write to her, and to Karin too, tomorrow. Tell her I always carry her little note in my pocket, and I expect her to keep her promise.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

²⁵⁶ Box Hill is a summit of the North Downs in Surrey, approximately 30 km south west of London.



M-HS 1893.____

a typed two-page letter

Florence, Apr. 8, 1893

My darling mother,

Many thanks for thy letter this morning.

How I do hope some impression about Emma has been made. It would not be hard for me to forgive B.F.C.C. all the things in which I think he has been unfair and unkind to me, or at any rate to forget about them, but I certainly can never, never forgive him for keeping Emma after all that is proved against her. It is a piece of terrible carelessness, which does not present a very bright outlook for them, unless they learn early to take things into their own hands — unless it is worse than carelessness. But I do trust that he will now get rid of her. I shall not write anything about it, as that might only confirm him in keeping her. He is absurdly cowardly, and tries never to face anything fairly and squarely, but to manage on as long as he can. This quality would prevent him from ever being anything as a statesman, even if he had the chance, although it might qualify him for being a clever politician.

Often it is only a distance of years that makes the majority of people realize the difference between a statesman and a politician. To take one example, I am convinced that Lorenzo di Medici, about whom Edith is just going to publish an essay, never rose higher than a politician. Unfortunately, without knowing too much of general Italian history, she still mistakes him for a statesman, a mistake which has grown hoary with tradition, but which all the modern historians see through. But what can you expect from a person who confesses that she takes up history merely as a byplay, and “specializes” at the very beginning.

I hope the children will return from the seashore better and stronger in spite of those wet feet. I suppose they are to go on at school, are they not? When does it begin? I am delighted with Ray’s music. She and I will have great fun with it this summer, I hope.

Christina Bremner went yesterday to Bologna *en route* for Venice. I liked her better at the end of three weeks than at the beginning. She is so very honest, and knows so well what she does not know and what she does — it is really extraordinary. She did not take much interest in pictures, except at the very last, but she enjoyed architecture, and above all the lovely walks about Florence. I find I am all the better for taking walks, and I can easily do five and six miles without getting tired.

My eye is better, although it still trembles in that curious way when I get the least bit tired. Otherwise I am very well, and feel as if I were going ahead very fast, although at present there is no writing to show for it.

The Mikes have not yet decided upon their exact plans, and mine are waiting to hear from them, because, if it is at all possible, I should like to go with them wherever they go upon leaving Florence.



I do not think thee need ever have a minute's fear about the Love of thy children, dearest mother! They may with the arrogance of youth set up to criticise thee here and there, and to disagree with thee, as young people must do with their elders, if they are to be independent at all, but we shall all of us always simply adore thee, I am sure of that, and count on thee, too, perhaps more than we ought to. Thee did not learn early enough that unselfish parents make selfish children! But we all do love thee. I am sure thee knows it well!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____

a typed two-page letter

Florence, Apr. 12, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy letter enclosing Aunt Lill's came this morning.

I wish thee had said a little more of Mrs. Sidney Webb's extraordinary views.

I was interested to hear about Flossie, and I am glad she should have a little success of her own. She is a nice young thing without a thought in her head, I am sure, but a little experience of people in a kindly way will do her a lot of good. Besides it is nice to think of people happy, and such a thing means a great deal to a quiet English girl.

I have no news at all, and there seems nothing for me to do about the children now that **Britten** has taken the matter in hand. At least he was not brought up a Catholic, and I feel very thankful for that. I think it makes him honester and squarer all round, and he will speak right out and let you know his intentions without pretending one thing while he is secretly trying to think how he can do another. I believe he is really fond of the children too. This is my impression of him, at least, although in some ways I do not like him very much — his mind is too anecdotic, too little really thoughtful.

The reign of fleas has begun again for me. I am going to try several other things before I return to flea powder, for that is such a hatefully dirty kind of affair, only less nasty than the fleas themselves. I bathe every morning with a little "Scrub's Cloudy Ammonia" in the water. (By the way, that is awfully nice and refreshing in a bath, and makes you deliciously clean. It cleans hair brushes too, and takes the stains out of things in a delightful way. Do get a bottle and try it. I am sure Alys would like it in her bath.) Then I anoint myself with eucalyptus oil, and I hope this regimen is going to be successful. The oil is not very nice in smell, and it hangs about me all day, but it is better than the oil of lavender which Alys' nurse recommended. That has a perfectly sickening odour.

O, if some one would only invent an effective and not too disagreeable remedy! Fleas are a perfect pest to the clean people here in Italy. They are said not to attack the very dirty ones, but the cleaner people suffer unmitigated tortures during all the warm weather. I have by this time a mass of statistics on the subject.

I met Dr. Baldwin at Mrs. James' yesterday, and he said that last summer the bacilli got into Gertrude's other lung, but that he had recently heard from her American doctor that the Adirondacks were doing her a great deal of good and that he firmly expected to cure her.

If there is time when Alys comes back, before the 22nd, which is the date I leave Florence with the "Mikes", will thee ask her to buy three blouses that fit her, and send them to me? One I want blue, that lightish blue that is so common. The others I will leave to her taste. Of washing material I mean. I



think with these I may manage to get along without a new dress. If she should see some little jacket, something like those of sateen and lace we bought last year, I should like one of those. Then I should certainly have enough.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

I congratulate thee on thy type-writer.



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M-HS 1893.____

a typed one-page letter

Florence, Apr. 14, 1893

My darling mother,

I enclose a copy of a letter I am sending to B.F.C.C. today. I do hope the change of weather induced him to bring the children up from the country. Here the glorious weather still continues, but it is rather dreadful to see the brilliant, cloudless sky day after day, when you know that the crops are simply starving for rain. The ground is parched and cracking open and great dust storms sweep over the country. Italians are in despair, and dread an outbreak of cholera if there is any sort of famine.

I enclose two envelopes for each of the children to send me a little letter when they come back. Tell them my heart is hungry to see their writing and drawing again. I will try to send more Giant too, but I am not sure of that today, as I am going to pack up my winter clothes in camphor, and this afternoon I am going to take a walk with an old lady whose acquaintance I made a week or two ago. Her name is Miss Lohse, and she is by profession an "Art Critic", who bases herself on Ruskin and Hermann Grimm, and goes about systematically adoring the "false" pictures, and seeking for nineteenth century emotions in them. I went with her to the Uffizi one morning to see just how such a person does her studying. I could make a very funny "article" out of her, but I have not the heart to do it. It seemed to me so pathetic — as if a person should go on studying astrology in the face of the science of astronomy. The only consolation is that it amuses her, but it is all such waste labour, and she wastes other people's time with it. Yet she loves pictures too.

I felt very depressed yesterday, but I took a long solitary walk and came back more at peace with the world. Landscape is certainly the modern substitute for religion. In poets like Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, landscape has taken the place of dogmatic religion. Matthew Arnold entreats you to love and follow landscape as Christians entreat you to love and follow Christ, and both he and Wordsworth — in fact nearly all the English poets — have a profound conviction that if you only love landscape enough, you will surely be saved. I know nothing that so quickly brings you into harmony with the universe as certain landscapes seen under certain lights, and after all the main human reason of dogmatic religion is to bring you into harmony with the universe. Whether this is accomplished by a mystic losing of ourselves in nature, or in nature personified — that is to say, God — is a question of temperament and education. Mill, for instance, after he realized that there was nothing in religion for him, escaped from his depression by reading Wordsworth, and found in it that consolation that a Christian might find in Thomas à Kempis. How many young people I have known to whom the reading of Mill's autobiography, and especially this part, was what is called an "epoch" in their lives!



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If thee hears anything of a second hand copy of Symonds' volumes on the Renaissance²⁵⁷ do get it for me. It is a set of books I must have. Inaccurate as he is, he has gathered together materials which no one else has put into one set of books.

I had a letter from Mr. Basle saying not to do anything about that article. His whole plan was to let me down "gently", and I think he did it in a very nice, soothing way. He invites me, vaguely, to try again, so if Alys or Logan find another book on French art, I might have anther try. It can do no harm.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

Does thee think if I came home in time, I could get a class to give ten lectures to on the important Italian painters, illustrating with photographs, in thy drawing room? I know that by this time I could make it *very* interesting, and I would like to make some money to go to Munich, where I could hear some Wagner and study German.

My collar size is 14 for the blouses.

[no letter after April 14 until]

²⁵⁷ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Renaissance in Italy: The age of the despots* (London, 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson DG533 .S93 1880**

Renaissance in Italy: the revival of learning (London, 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson DG533 .S932 1882**

A short history of the Renaissance in Italy, ed. Alfred Pearson (London, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson DG533 .S96 1893**



M-HS 1893.____

a three-page letter to Logan

Florence, April 21, 1893

My dear Logan,

Thy letter was most interesting. I wonder if what thee observes in Paris is a real movement in itself, designed to work out to something, or only the cry of youth which has to revolt against the standards of the generation just ahead of it in order to assert its own individuality at all? "Back to 1830" sounds very funny — it sounds almost perverse, because one never goes back. I suppose it [1.2] means in part that grandparents' tyranny is less galling than parents' and if they must have models they prefer less insistent, power-holding ones than the men who made them what they are. But it is curious, all the same. I have felt in the Salon sometimes that all this splendid work was the preparation for something which perhaps we might call Art, with a capital A, but it may be only Anglo-Saxon romanticism on my part.

I expect to come to Paris at the end of [2] May, probably with the "Mikes". Shall we come to thy rooms? or will thee, or someone else, be in it?

I mean to get to England early in June, and I hope thee will be at home then. "Michael" has the profoundest admiration for thee. She thinks thee 'the most interesting young man she knows'.

I start off with them on a round-about trip to Rome on Tuesday. After May 2nd my address will be Hotel Suisse, Via Nazionale, Roma. [2.2] Let me know there about thy apartment.

Mr. Clifford came to the Uffizi with me yesterday. I happened to mention "Michael Field", and his face glowed. He knew many of their poems by heart and had derived 'great spiritual nourishment' from them. So I finally introduced him to Michael, and he nearly made her faint away by comparing her to Tennyson!! It was amusing.

I am just starting out [3] to spend the day at Prato with them. I want them to see the divine little church there.

Poor Italy is being burnt to a cinder by this merciless sunshine. I did not know I could take any absolutely impersonal thing so much to heart. I half feared all my capacity for emotion was taken up in my own perplexities and worries. But I have the poor *contadini* with their spoiled crops weighing [3.2] horribly upon me. I remember one of Mrs. Kingsford's *Dreams* — that the sun would never rise again, but wouldn't it be awful if it were never to set any more?

In haste, for I hear the Mikes at the door.

Thine,
M.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Città di Castello, Apr. 29, 1893

Darling mother,

Thy news yesterday about darling Ray was indeed disquieting to the last degree. What I have foreseen with such anguish is happening. Thee may be *perfectly sure* that it is not Emma alone who has given Ray this idea about not hearing us read. It's B.F.C.C. who knows that the only way to keep her a Catholic is to give her a distaste for reading, and he has encouraged Emma in all she has said. The same thing would happen, but perhaps more slowly, if I were there. But if the child has any brains, and any of the spirit of her twin in her, *we* are bound to win in the end over influences such as these.

I am afraid thee does not believe me about B.F.C.C.'s *deliberate* intention in all this. But what else can account for his keeping Emma, when so much has been said to him?

When I come back if Emma is in No. 40, I mean to have the children entirely with me, night and day, and not permit them to see her. And I shall stay till she is dismissed. I think we can manage Ray in this way, winning her round, little by little. And I am sure it will not be hard to teach her to respect thee and obey thee, if we make sure of a governess who will not undo it afterwards. And this, with Britten's help, we ought to be able to do. We could call in Mrs. Barnett to it, too, if necessary. A mere report of Ray's vulgar talk would be enough for her, I am sure.

I shall come home in five weeks, during the final week in June. I think it is not too late. Children of Ray's age forget their nurses quickly.

Still, I do not overlook the fact that this is all part of B.F.C.C.'s settled policy, and we shall continue to have these same troubles all along, because the war between Catholics and Protestants is not one merely of *souls* but of *intellects* and of general outlook on life.,

But I am convinced we shall win in the end, for we stand for what is most attractive to the developing intellect — and if I go on, I am sure to be able to teach Ray many things she will love to know, and help her as she grows older in a hundred ways. If I gave up everything *now*, my influence would be over when she comes to be a woman herself.

I have not written to B.F.C.C. I am waiting to hear what happens through Britten's mediation. I hope to get a letter here this afternoon.

Please send the enclosed to Mr. Clifford.

I will write about my lectures later on.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

[no letter after April 29 until]



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Rome, May 15, 1893

Dearest mother,

The £10 came today. Many thanks for it, and for thy postal card.

I hope you three enjoyed the Crystal Palace marionettes! Thee has a real genius for finding out what children enjoy. "Michael Field" is astonished and can scarcely believe the thing. I tell them of my own youth — how thee used to drag us to school on sleds, and take us to markets to see sheep's eyes and cows' stomachs, and take us to sit under waterfalls, etc., etc. Such a childhood seems to them to belong to another world. *I* could not do it for Ray and Karin I know. How they will adore thee as they grow up, particularly with the contrast there is! I remember Florence Dike simply *adored* her grandmother, who must have been a little like thee, while her own parents were at first rather strict and doctrinaire.

We spent yesterday at Tivoli, and enjoyed it, but came home pretty tired. We have decided to stay over Thursday in order to go to Albano. Somehow, there is no way of getting to know a city so well as to go off and look at it from a little distance!

Did I tell thee I went inside the Colosseum and was very sorry? I did not find it impressive.

But, contrary to all our expectations, Field and I had one of the great "creeps" of our lives at the sight of Michelangelo's Moses. He seemed a fiery and thunderous incarnation of all the "*Thou-Shalt-Nots*" in the world. We were quite overwhelmed by him, and it was not till we were high up on the hill over San Pietro Montorio that we began to recover our spirits, and cast about from one of the commandments of the Decalogue to break on the spot.

Their *Book of Verses Underneath the Bough* has come. It contains some charming things. I would be grateful if thee would order it for me at Hatchards' to be sent to Miss Evelyn H. Nordhoff, Coronado Beach, San



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Diego Co., California, U.S.A.²⁵⁸ It costs 6/, but I suppose that means 4/6. If Alys and Logan would like to see it first, they can join me in the gift to Evelyn, which we will ask her to lend from Saidee who has been nourishing herself all winter in William Watson's poems²⁵⁹ and Stillman's *Italian Masters*.²⁶⁰

Evelyn writes that Saidee and Margaret have been with them for a while and have gone to Los Angeles for Saidee's throat. She seems to have a permanent bad throat, and the doctor has frightened her about it, but Evelyn hopes it is not really serious. Saidee wrote me herself that she was very much worried about her health.

The dinner-bell is ringing so I must close. Be sure the children send me word of something to get them in Paris.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁵⁸ Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1865-1898) was the second daughter of Charles Nordhoff, a journalist and author; born at Erwitte, Westphalia, Aug. 31, 1830; died at Coronado, CA, July 14, 1901.

Evelyn's brother, Walter, married Saidee Whitall Nordhoff (née Whitall).

See James David Hart, *A Companion to California* (), p. 352-353: Charles Nordhoff grew up in the United States and traveled in California and Hawaii (1871-1873) and as a result wrote *California for Health, Wealth and Residence* (1872-3), an enormously popular work which stimulated much settlement, and *Peninsular California: Some Account of Lower California* (1887). He also wrote *Communitic Societies in the United States* (1875), based on his visits to numerous communes. He lived for a time in Ojai, originally named for him, and spent his last years in Coronado.

His son was Walter Nordhoff, and his grandson was Charles B. Nordhoff (1887-1947), the popular novelist best known for *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1932).

In the 1870s Charles Nordhoff was working as an editor for the *New York Evening Post*. He was hired by the Southern Pacific railroad to help promote California. After traveling all through the state, in 1872 he wrote a book, *California for Health, Pleasure and Residence*, that became extremely popular. He said that California in the 1870s was settling down after the turmoil of the gold rush. The countryside was being domesticated. Civic life was orderly, but relaxed.

In the following years Nordhoff continued his campaign with other writings on California. For a while he lived in Ojai, which was originally named for him. He eventually retired to Coronado. His son Walter and his grandson Charles B. Nordhoff also became famous writers. Charles co-authored the 1932 novel *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Walter Nordhoff (1858-1937) — Saidee's husband? — a rancher in Baja California, retired to Santa Barbara. Photographs of Saidee at the NPG.

Ojai town was laid out in 1874 and named Nordhoff, California, in honor of Charles Nordhoff, but the name was changed to Ojai in 1917.

Not to be confused with Charles Bernard Nordhoff (1887-1947).

²⁵⁹ William Watson

²⁶⁰ William James Stillman, *Old Italian Masters*



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

<Rome> May 16, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy letter, written just as you were starting off to see the marionettes, came this morning. Thee must judge about what to show father and what not.

Well, I trust we can “manage along” somehow for the present, in a way that will not be too painful. Think out just what points we *must* gain, and we shall put them to B.F.C.C. in a family council. If Alys and Logan are willing, perhaps they are the best ones to stand by me in it, as we can then urge thy claims even better than if thee were present. What I want is to try to make sure that the children belong definitely to thee for part of every day. Then we must get rid of Emma. Has anything happened about that yet? Has Britten done anything?

I can get on very well with a few years of quiet study, not trying to do much, except possibly a little book on “How to Enjoy Italy”, which I am thinking of. If I wrote it, and it seemed at all good, would thee help me to publish it in case a publisher did not jump at it? I think I could do something not too ambitious and yet very helpful. Because I *have* enjoyed Italy, and have come to it so recently that I know all the steps in the process.

I must be off now to the Colonna gallery.

Give this little picture of elephants to Karin, and the one of the mother who dresses all her little girls in her coats to Ray, with kisses from me. I shall soon give them real kisses, not the kind you send in letters!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
<Mary>

Where is Logan and what is he doing?



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Rome, May 17, 1893

Darling mother,

I return thy letter. *Please keep it carefully.* I think we can combine to get rid of Emma.

I am just packing now, sending my type-writer to Paris and my trunk to Bergamo.

On Friday night we sleep at Ascoli, on Saturday at Fermo or some other town between Ascoli and Macerata, and on Sunday at Macerata. On Monday and Tuesday at Ancona, and then for five or six days at Bergamo. I only hope "The Mikes" will be able to stand the trip.

We drive from Ascoli to Macerata. The chief object in going to these places is Crivelli, a painter we all care very much for. We shall re-see the Lottos too, wherever we can.

Tomorrow we are going to spend in an excursion to Albano.

Will thee order another *Book of Verses underneath the Bough* to be sent to Norman Hapgood, Esquire, 18 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. The edition is selling off very fast, but I hope this will be in time. The second edition is to be brought out "Revised and decreased", as some of the poems have received rather scathing criticism as we talked them over. But there are really some charming things in this volume.

This, for instance, thee will very much sympathize with:

When I grow old,
I would be bold
To ask of heaven this boon:
Like the thin-circled and translucent moon,
That makes intrusion
Unnoted on the morning sky,
And with soft eye
Watches the thousand grassy flowers unfold,
I would be free
Without confusion
Of influence cold,
To pause and see
The flush of youth in its felicity.

I must go on with my packing now, and then go to the Villa Medici.
With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter;
Strachey, p. 53

In the train for Bergamo, 5.30 a.m., May 25, 1893

My dearest mother,

Owing to various delays, we did not reach Ancona until yesterday afternoon. There I found two letters from thee, and a postal card, for all of which thanks.

We had to stay two nights at Loreto for a picture by Lotto we went in search of at a little town near Loreto, was locked up. The canonico who had the key in his pocket had gone off to spend the day.²⁶¹ Various people went out to scour the neighbouring villages to find him, and after four or five hours the key came and we saw our picture. It was well worth the trouble, for it was a great beauty, but we missed our train.

We drove back to Loreto by moonlight, with a couple of big white oxen to pull us up the hill, and a lightning storm playing over the distant sea.

Then yesterday morning, when we reached the Ancona station, we found a train just starting for Jesi, so we jumped in without having time to get our letters. But we got back at 5.

Tonight I hope to find something at Bergamo. It seems so far away here in the Marche, and we have been wandering about in carriages way off the beaten track. At one place, Massa Fermano, they still preserved the tradition of an Englishman who had been there ten years ago — a sort of strange visitant from another sphere. What the legend about three English ladies will grow to in ten years is laughable to imagine, particularly “Miss Mike”, with her frowzy flowing hair, who insists on wearing a heavy fur about her neck on the hottest days, “to keep her cool”. I told the people they were Poets, like Dante and Ariosto and Tasso, and they were immensely impressed!

We are going to stay at Bergamo five or six days — I cannot yet tell exactly — and then go straight to Paris. Will thee send me another £20 to Paris, please, calculating it to reach me on the 3rd of June? It has been rather an expensive journey, for the Mikes are much more extravagant than I. Still, I shall have enough to last me through.

It is awfully hard to write in the full blast of travelling. We have been busy all the days, and then have sunk off to sleep directly after dinner.

I enclose a little note for the children.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁶¹ See Mary's diary, May 23, 1893.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Bergamo, Monday, May 29, 1893

My darling mother,

We are sitting out on one of the grass terraces of the town walls. We have literally been driven from the hotel by the church bells which keep at their diabolical clanging day and night. So we have come here for peace with our writing and reading.

Thank thee for both letters enclosing Alys' from Haslemere. It was evidently pure malice on the part of B.F.C.C. to send the children down there with Emma, after all that <has> been said, without giving thee a chance. Pray let Mr. Britten know all the details. It may be that we shall have to call together all the guardians of the children to lay the matter before them.

How admirable Christianity seems in the p_____ of such a devoted Catholic, who allows himself to give full play to all the feelings of hatred and revenge he has, and yet no doubt covers them with some hypocritical religious cloak. But this shows alas! that ill I have feared is but too likely to happen. He cannot be coaxed, but with the assistance of the other guardians he may be coerced. If Mrs. Barnett heard of that talk about the servants' beaux, she would be up in arms in a moment, although she calls B.F.C.C. a "noble" man. If he is noble, I hope never to come within speaking distance of nobility again.

We expect to reach Paris on the evening of the 2nd. I have already written to the concierge.

"Field" is rather ill here, with the bills chiefly, I think. But she is very delicate. We are all tired somehow. It isn't Roman fever, don't be afraid. I think it is sight-seeing and trying to keep up intellectual work at the same time. I look forward to Haslemere and the children as a blessed rest. At any rate they had a good time while Alys was there — and thee may be sure they won't forget all these things when they grow up. Children remember very well who it is who makes them happy.

Can we arrange a little birthday party for Ray for the 9th or 10th, when I come? Some little friends, whom she might like. How about the Turners? I would like to have them at Haslemere.

Did thee send in Karin's account book (post office) in April? If not, please do.

Also, I dread to ask, but what about Jessie Bucke?

Keep Evelyn's things, please.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Milano, May 31, 1893

Dearest mother,

We were literally driven away from Bergamo yesterday by the church bells. It seemed to be a *festa* of some kind, and they rang unceasingly from 4 in the morning on, and seemed likely to continue for a week. The grey matter of our brain was being beaten up like white of egg with the incessant clash and clang, so we suddenly packed up and came away.

Today we have seen the Brera and Sr. Frizzoni has taken me to a number of private collections.

Tomorrow evening we start for Paris.

I find I get on pretty well in Italian. It is like swimming — the chief thing is not to be afraid. Knowing a little Latin, I know the roots of most of the words, and if I can't think of the proper ending, I say the root, and it answers quite as well for the purpose of making oneself understood.

I think it was the bells at Bergamo that made us all so tired, for they began at 4 and went on till 6 and sleep was impossible. I have, too, a fatality about always getting a room where someone tramps overhead all night. But I try not to be nervous about it.

I hope everything is all right at home.

Milan seems so much nearer London than the Marches or Bergamo. I shall be home on the 8th or 9th at latest.

I wish Logan could sleep well. I have thought about him so much lately..

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

[sketch]

Kisses for Ray and Karin



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M-HS 1893.____

a postcard from Haslemere, postmarked July 18, 1893

Tuesday <July 18, 1893>

The blessed rain came on last night in a heavy thunder storm. Ray said the thunder was the devil (“if there is one”) roaring with joy over catching people, and the lightning was a little glimpse of God’s golden crown as he bent down to save them from the devil.

“But there seems to be more roaring than bending down”, she said.

Please send me my return ticket if possible for the train tomorrow.²⁶² It would be a pity to waste it.

With love,

M.

It is damp and misty today — a fine drizzle.

²⁶² The word ‘Received’ written over this paragraph.



a postcard from London postmark July 20, 1893?
addressed to Friday's Hill, Haslemere

Thursday, <July 20, 1893> 3.30

The children have just started off with Miss Clare for their party, full of delight in their pretty new white dresses and their brown stockings and slippers. They are invited from 4-8 and Gladys made them promise solemnly to come, rain or shine. However, the rain is holding up for a little. We got their dresses at Gorrings on the way to school. They will be nice for the Russells' party.

Please meet us at 4.18 tomorrow. We shall come in the 2.45.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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August 1893



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6 Feb 2022

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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard postmarked Aug. 14, 1893

Dover <Aug. 14, 1893>

Please tell father I was so sorry not to see him. By carelessness I let them mark my luggage Waterloo, so could not get out at Vauxhall, and so I was delayed, and never got time to top for my things or to see him. However, I came off.

I see that the sea is perfectly calm.

Will write tonight.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Hotel de la Hure, Laon, Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1893

My dearest Mother,

I sent off a hurried postal card today from Amiens before starting. It has been a day of real adventures for me — a sort of continuation of Haslemere society and gossip.

The first person I saw on my train was Egidio Fabbri, a young Pissaresque artist whom I knew in Florence. He was on his way to join Costa in a little town somewhere near here, and stopped for the day to see this Cathedral.

The next people I met upon arriving here were the Pennells, with Mrs. Pennell's sister. Joseph is "doing" the Cathedral for his magazine series. Mrs. Pennell joined him a few days ago. They are going to stay a couple of weeks more, and then Joseph is going to Rheims. Miss Whibbly and Leonard Whibbly are coming to join them tomorrow. You can imagine how interested they were in the account of Miss Sellers and Charles Whibbly²⁶³ — the Friday's Hill Tragedy!

I shall probably not stay at Rheims tomorrow night, but get on to Nancy, as Joseph Pennell says Rheims is rather a horrid place to stop at. I shall have to get up terribly early, so I have borrowed Mrs. Pennell's watch, as I came off with one that has no hands, and I cannot get it mended until Munich. I hope I shall remember to leave it for her in the morning. Joseph was as venomous as ever! He told me a lot of what he must have known to be lies about Vernon Lee, and Mrs. Pennell did not try to check him. I suppose she knows it is useless, and probably when you get used to it, it is amusing.

The Cathedral at Amiens and here both strike me as very beautiful, though they *are* Gothic! I feel it would be fascinating to make a thorough study of Gothic, **from the point of view of the history of the time when it arose — the only way of getting at the real meaning of any art.**

I envy Joseph Pennell his detailed knowledge of all these cathedrals, but he does not seem to employ his "thinker" upon them at all. He seems to take them as perfectly disconnected "facts", which arouse no speculation in his mind. Is this "venomous"? I hope it is, to pay him up for the things he said about Vernon Less! One art leads you so inevitably to another. French sculpture must have had an immense influence on Sienese painting, and Giotto, I think, formed himself under Sienese influences. This would explain the curious "Giottesque" look of the 12th and 13th century sculpture here.

²⁶³ Charles Whibley (1859–1930), journalist and author. His brother Leonard Whibley (1864–1941), was a fellow of Pembroke College Cambridge from 1899–1910 and a lecturer in classics.



I have succeeded in getting the noisiest room in the house, so it seems futile to go to bed. But I shall go and read for a while if the noise in the courtyard still goes on.

I hope to get a note at Nancy, telling me if the children got off safely. Frank left word that he would certainly take them North yesterday.

I did not have time to get my basket with the boiler, because going to Waterloo by mistake, and the train being somewhat late, I had to drive to Charing Cross, and it was already 10.30 by the time I got there. Still, I don't need the basket, and perhaps later thee can send it to me at Munich.

I shall be at Nancy tomorrow night, Strasburg Thursday night, and Stuttgart Friday night. If thee does not hear, please address Poste Restante, Munich, as I do not know where I shall be. I shall try the Pension, and if that isn't nice, Mrs. Pennell has told me of a nice place where she stayed.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Please put Rotherstein's picture of Ray into some room where there isn't much dust in dusting — in the Art Gallery I think would do, face to wall.

Also ask Alys to send him his wash, and whatever else he left to the Ilkley²⁶⁴ address he left with father.

²⁶⁴ A spa town in Bradford, West Yorkshire.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Nancy, Thursday, August 17, 1893

Dearest Mother,

I got here today at noon. Joseph Pennell told a lie, of course, when he said Reims was a hateful place to stay at with nothing to see but the Cathedral. I found plenty of things, and a charming hotel, just opposite the façade, so in the heat of the day I sat there and studied the marvellous sculpture from my window.

I came here this morning, meaning to go on to Strasburg tonight. But it was too hot. I have to go slowly. I shall get to Stuttgart Saturday and Munich Sunday. Please address Poste Restante, until thee hears.

I got thy letter a couple of hours ago. I see one consolation in what thee tells me, and that a very decided one — namely that Miss Clare has talked confidentially to thee. It is worth almost anything to get her on our side, and this business about Emma will, I am almost sure, make it impossible for Frank to get hold of her, and fill her with his prejudices. She is too independent and sensible, now that she has had a chance really to see how thoroughly inconsiderate he is.

I wish I had stayed until they were really off. He *promised* me he would take them to Scarborough on Monday. This shows what his promises are worth! When I once hear they *are* there, I shall wait a couple of weeks, and then write asking him to tell me whether, now that he has had a chance to see Miss Clare, he has decided to keep her and dismiss Emma. I shall simply say that all my plans for the autumn depend on it. I will send thee the letter first. I wish Britten could be persuaded to go and visit him and say how much he likes Miss Clare. When Britten comes down, will thee tell him what Ray said to me — that her father had told her he was never going to dismiss Emma, and that Miss Clare heard Emma say the same thing to the children? If Emma is not gone by the time they return to 40, I shall come straight home, wherever I am, and not budge one inch or give in to him in anything until she goes.

There is one thing more — as he is so false about his promises, how can we be sure he has not taken her after all to Scarborough? If he *has*, I shall go straight there, as soon as I hear. But I do not think that. If he has any secret plan to keep her, it will be done by his finding Miss Clare unsatisfactory.

I shall not do anything until I hear more, as they have probably started. I think Miss Clare will be able to manage Mrs. Costelloe.

The only thing except absolute fiendishness, or some illicit connection with Emma, that can explain his keeping her, is the very common man's feeling that he wants to show he is not acting under compulsion, and as he knows we are determined to oust her, he does it slowly, so as to seem to be doing it after mature deliberation and of his own accord.



Did the type-writer get there? If not, will thee send it to Miss Clare? I think *that* will make her retention more probable.

Of course thee will let me know any news of them. I hope to hear at Stuttgart. I have sent a letter and the nets to Ray at the Hydropathic Scarborough.²⁶⁵

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Thank Alys for her letter.

²⁶⁵ The Green Gables Hotel was originally built as the Scarborough Hydropathic Establishment in 1889. The hotel is located in the Falsgrave area of Scarborough, less than a mile away from the railway station and the beach. It retains many of its original features, and formerly offered a variety of baths such as Turkish and Russian.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Royal, Stuttgart, Saturday, Aug. 19, 1893

My darling mother,

I was glad to get thy letter of Tuesday and learn that the children really *had* got off, with Miss Clare and without Emma. Frank expressly told me that he would not keep Emma, so I can scarcely believe he means to do so — though of course we must do everything to prevent it. Miss Clare should write the whole thing to Mrs. Fraser, who will, I am sure, advise B.F.C.C. in a friendly, motherly way to get rid of a person who makes so much trouble. She should know in particular about the way Emma behaved when the room was to be prepared for her. She will be likely to have stirred up the other servants against Miss Clare. Mrs. Fraser should mention this to B.F.C.C. so that he will not be tempted to think it is Miss Clare's fault if she cannot get on with the servants. She is very nice, and she has the right ideas about letting the children have plenty of chances to enjoy themselves.

It is a great shame of B.F.C.C. to inflict his hateful old mother on them, but he feels it his "duty". She is an equally hateful burden to him. He vowed to me he would never have her live with him again, unless for a couple of weeks while she was seeking a London home, and he promised she should not be at Haslemere without him, and that no rules should be made to prevent their being with thee. But what are his promises worth?

When he has been at Scarborough a while I shall write and ask his plans definitely, both in regard to Miss Clare, Emma, and his mother, saying my own plans depend on them. He knows what I mean about Emma, and I will let him understand that if the children are to be oppressed again by Mrs. C. I shall come home to protect them. Thee may feel pretty confident, however, that Ray and Karin will grow up to hate his regime, and love mine. Children can learn to hate!

It is very hot, but I have done my travelling early in the mornings, and so have avoided the worst. I enjoyed Strasburg, although the Cathedral was not at all so good as the French ones I have been seeing. It is very mechanical in the Gothic part, but the earlier Romanesque choir is fine. I have a nice French book by *Corroyer* on Gothic,²⁶⁶ and another volume on Romanesque which are a great help.

The Pennells said their "most picturesque town in the world" is Le Puy, in the South of France. My books speak a good deal about it, and at Chalons I saw models of the Churches, which certainly looked fascinating I have never had such a gorge of reading!

²⁶⁶ Édouard Jules Corroyer (1837?-1904), *L'architecture gothique* (Paris: Librairies-impr. réunies, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson NA440 .C67 1891**
L'architecture romane (Paris, Quantin: 1888). **Biblioteca Berenson NA390 .C67 1888**



I am nearly through Ranke's *History of England*,²⁶⁷ and am going to begin his *History of the Reformation in Germany*.

I read Zola's last book, *Dr. Pascal*.²⁶⁸ It is not the one about Lourdes, but the one written to finish up his Rougon-Macquart series, which he does by killing most of them off by such melodramatic processes as spontaneous combustion, mania, locomotor ataxy, sudden hemorrhage, angina pectoris, etc. It is a rather sentimental, idealistic book, written very much under the influence of Tolstoi. I find it far less powerful than most of his preceding works. But I suppose a man cannot be always at his best.

I have found some interesting Italian pictures both here and at Strasburg, and at Nancy too, where the director was very nice. There is a Lotto portrait there. He vowed he would re-name it according to my suggestion!

I do not need the big trunk. It is to go to Florence anyhow, and may as well wait, as I may come back before long. The basket can wait too. It is too hot to want warm water.

I shall reach Munich tomorrow. The Wagner operas are not given quite as I thought. They don't give *Rienzi* at all, nor *Lohengrin*, and they repeat a good deal. I shall practically have heard all I especially want to hear by the first week in September.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁶⁷ Leopold von Ranke (1795-1886), *A history of England principally in the seventeenth century* (Oxford: The Clarendon press, 1875). **Biblioteca Berenson House DA375 .R198 1875**

History of the reformation in Germany, trans. Sarah Austin (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1845-1847. **Biblioteca Berenson BR305 .R4 1845**

²⁶⁸ Émile Zola, *Le docteur Pascal* (1893).



M-HS 1893.____

a postcard one-page letter;

Strachey, p. 53

Hotel Roth, Munich, Aug. 21, 1893

Darling mother,

I had a postal card and two letters from thee today, for all of which many thanks.

Yes, it has been hot, and I have thought of Haslemere regretfully. Still I have seen so much. I feel quite happy over it.

It is dreadful to shut yourself out from anything that has given great pleasure to cultivated people, and my conscience has long been uneasy about Gothic. Now I have seen it at its best, and feel more satisfied. Its real home is France, and that is the place to see it. I cannot say I care for it as much as for Renaissance architecture, but still I feel I know what it is. The historical side I know very little about. **Art has a curious growth of its own, an evolution which can be studied apart from history.** But that is technical, and I am sure you never have a *real grip* on any phase of art until you know the contemporary history. Only then can you make out what it stands for in the history of the human spirit, which is its real interest.

The technical part must be mastered, but it is quite by itself, and only the beginning.

Tell Alys and Logan that I have found out from Corroyer that the real characteristic of Gothic is the round arch, not the pointed! The pointed arch is merely the intersecting of the two round ones that support the roof.

[insert sketch]

Yet everybody talks as if the pointed arch were *the* characteristic thing, whereas it is only an accident of the essential construction, which is series of round arches.

I find the Pensions here, both the one whose address I had and two others they sent me to, full for the present, as Munich is crowded. I have succeeded in getting a fairly quiet, cool room at this hotel, where I was before, so I shall stay here for the present. It is only 2/ a day, and 8d for very good morning coffee.

Tonight I shall go to hear *Die Walküre*. I have already got a seat, not a good one for seeing, but excellent for hearing.

I hope from B.F.C.C.'s note that the children will be much left with Miss Clare. They seem to have begun that way. It is a good thing they are by the sea in such heat.

I left Didron's book on Christian symbols²⁶⁹ and Philippon's *Contre*

²⁶⁹ Adolphe Napoléon Didron (1806-1867), *Christian iconography, or The history of Christian art in the Middle Ages* (London: G. Bell, 1886). **Biblioteca Berenson N7830 .D52 1886**



*Révolution*²⁷⁰ which both belong to the London Library and ought to be taken back sometime.

I left my second-hand volume of Symonds' *Italian Literature*,²⁷¹ which I would like put into my grey trunk at 44 which is to come to Florence some time.

Evelyne's letter said she was ill, with abscesses in her throat, and she was afraid she would not have enough money to study under Mrs. Cobden Sanderson.²⁷² She was rather depressed.

I am sorry for cousin Carrie. I suppose she will almost have to go home now, taking Marion? Why do women give over this money to men? I think it's quite as bad as men's taking it.

I had a sweet little letter from Ray, very nicely written, and some pictures from Karin. Is it not nice to feel that Miss Clare is with them, for she is one of those people who are *on the children's side*?

With love to all the family and to Emily,²⁷³

Thy daughter,

Mary

Tell Alys and Emily I had such a delicious time at Rheims sitting in my window in pyjamas smoking and looking at the cathedral façade.

²⁷⁰ Martin Philippon (1846-1916), *La Contre-Révolution religieuse au XVI^e siècle* (Bruxelles: C. Muquardt, 1884).

Les origines du catholicisme moderne. La contre-révolution religieuse au XVI^e siècle (Bruxelles, Leipzig, Merzbach & Falk, 1884).

²⁷¹ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Renaissance in Italy: The age of the despots* (London, 1880). **Biblioteca Berenson DG533 .S93 1880**

²⁷² Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1865-1898) eventually studied bookbinding with Cobden-Sanderson at the Doves Press bindery in London.

²⁷³ Emily Dawson?



a two-page letter from 'Madge' (Margaret N. Nicholson) to Mary 'Bay'

Linden, Haddonfield, New Jersey, Aug. 21, 1893

My dear Bay,

Thy very welcome letter

Snowdon can keep Bank hours

It has been on my mind to write to thee ever since the receipt of thy kind letter in regard to my engagement



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Roth, Munich, Wednesday, Aug. 23, 1893

My dearest mother,

Thy postal card of Sunday arrived this morning. I see by the papers that it is fearfully hot in England, hotter than it is here. Here I am really comfortable. Even at noon today, coming from the Pinakothek,²⁷⁴ I was quite cool, as there was a nice breeze. At night it is very comfortable, as regards weather. I have had other hindrances to sleep, but I hope at last it will be possible to repose in quiet. The first room was charming, but it had no blinds, and only thin white curtains, so the first rays of sunshine entered and banished sleep.

The next room, from which I wrote day before yesterday, had no blinds either — none of the rooms have! — but with a dark curtain and a screen I managed. But it was opposite to a manufactory which filled the air with stifling smoke at 4 in the morning.

Yesterday I changed again and came to what I thought was the top floor, on the shady side. But there turned out to be an upper floor still, in the roof, where all the servants sleep, going to bed at 1 a.m. and getting up about 5.30. So I have changed again, and now have a room not under the servants' quarters, but under a trunk room. It is to be hoped nobody will want their trunks in the middle of the night! All this Logan may take as a parable against travelling.

The music, I hope, will make up. I heard *Die Walkyre*, and felt I was not yet in the proper Wagnerian spirit to enjoy it all. There were some terribly long passages, such as Aunt Mary used to describe in *Tristan and Isolde*, where they just sit and look into each other's eyes and utter notes which have no melody, while the orchestra shrieks and bangs. I was awfully amused to find a "guzzling motif", which I think no one has pointed out, where the hero slowly drinks beer. You hear it gurgling down his throat and digesting itself in his stomach! Wotan, the chief god, is a very sympathetic character, who retires when he becomes obsolescent.

I thought Christina Bremner might perhaps have a couple of volumes out on the London Library subscription. Will thee ask father if she may? It would be, I am sure, a great blessing to her.

I am just going to write some more Giant for the children, so I will close.

Love to all, including Emily,

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

²⁷⁴ Mary wrote 'Pinacotek'.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Friday, Aug. 25, 1893

Thanks for thy Tuesday's letter enclosing Miss Clare's. What a nice letter! I am sure she makes the children happy.

My type-writer got broken, and has only come back from the mender's, so I haven't sent any Giant yet, but shall the first thing tomorrow. I have written several times and sent them some pictures.

It has turned very cool and pleasant, after a rain storm yesterday. I have not seen anyone I know here except a young Harvard student named Hapgood,²⁷⁵ who has just come — a very nice young fellow — dressed about like a wild Indian!

Am just starting off to hear the last of the Nibelungen series tonight.

With love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.

²⁷⁵ Hutchins Hapgood, 'Fafnir' or 'Fafner', Norman's brother.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Sunday, Aug. 27, 1893

I am so sorry I did not make time to write a letter today. I meant to, but got absorbed in writing my Hampton Court guide, and afterwards in reading the text of the Opera tonight, and the afternoon has flown by without my knowing it. The Opera begins at 6 o'clock — an unearthly hour, too early for dinner. It lasts five hours, and you are hungry at the end! We pay for our pleasures!

It has grown very cold, all of a sudden, like October weather, but that makes it very nice for going about.

I have had no news today, but I hope for something tomorrow.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Roth, Munich, Aug. 28, 1893

My dearest mother,

I hope thee is enjoying the sea-breezes of Babbacombe,²⁷⁶ and untangling the affairs of Lady M. T. and Juliet now.

I am going to write a little note to B.F.C.C. saying absolutely nothing but the question as to his plans, now that he has had experience of Miss Clare. Has thee done anything about the bed at No. 40 yet? Perhaps Meatyard would exchange the single one that's there at less expense.

The Webbs are coming next month, I think.

Thank Alys for her letter and for Margaret's enclosed. I suppose she does not want it back. She says she envies Margaret the baby, but I wonder if she would like to have a little Mom's Carey on her hands?

Social life seems to be going peacefully on at Haslemere, with the new element of those devoted friends, Mrs. Rogerson and Mrs. Clifford, each saying all the evil they can of each other, with true English friendliness! I quite sympathize with Alys in loathing Mrs. Rogerson.

Well, I have heard a good deal of Wagner by this time — and alas! and alas! I am growing old. Wagner hasn't changed, but I have. I am not sure it is for the better. At any rate it used to be more fun when I adored his recitative, and found five hours far too short! Now I feel that he needs decided condensing, that he is shriek-ey in parts, and unutterably wearisome. Of course his works are not to be judged as operas, in the ordinary sense. He meant them to be, and they are, musical accompaniments to beautiful poems. The idea is all right, but I find the accompaniment doesn't always enhance the charm — it shrieks and bangs and whistles and yells, and goes on and on and on until you wonder why you came. Then it will suddenly burst out into exquisite harmony that thrills you as no other music ever written. Still, I admit I am like the ordinary person in a picture gallery. I should enjoy it a hundred times more if I had someone to "tell me how". I grapple with long-winded German analyses of the music, but they don't help much. Now that I know what it is to really appreciate one art, I realize that I am terribly "out of it" in regard to music. Still I enjoy it. Wagner is Wagnerian I think chiefly in his orchestration — certain instruments are used to express certain feelings. He can no more speak of Love without the harp, for instance, than Zola can without "la jeunesse", and the "clair de la lune", and out-of-door sights and sounds. If I knew the different instruments I could trace it all the way through, I am sure. I think one thing that has spoiled me for Wagner was hearing Berlioz so much in Paris a year ago. He was Wagner's predecessor, but without the straining after certain pre-determined effects which spoils Wagner, to a certain extent, just as it

²⁷⁶ Babbacombe is a district of Torquay, Devon.



spoils Zola.

Tomorrow I am to hear *Tristan and Isolde* for the first time. My opinion of my capacities will stand or fall by my power to appreciate that.

Today is Goethe's birthday, and I am going to see *Iphigenia*²⁷⁷ in *Tauris*. *The Doll's House* is to be given on Wednesday, and for the sake of my German I may go to hear it. But it will be miserable after that wonderful Eleonora Duse.

Will thee ask Logan to send me William James' short article that he had a couple of years ago, printed I think in *Mind*. He said it summed up his philosophy. I have got into a great argument with Hapgood about William James, and I want this article to bear me out. He wants it to support his side, so it is evident that one or the other of us has misinterpreted it.

The weather here is simply enchanting. It is like bracing October weather in America.

I am so glad Rothenstein is playing with the children — it will add to their happiness.

Give my love to Logan and Alys and father,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary

²⁷⁷ Mary wrote 'Iphegenie'.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Hotel Roth, Munich, Tuesday,²⁷⁸ <Aug. 29,> 1893

Dearest mother,

Can thee send me my basket, with the water-boiler in it? I do not know *how* it can be sent, probably by parcel post. I am sorry to give thee the bother.

If thee could send at the same time Dean Swift's *Letters* (edited by Lane Poole) from the London Library, I should be very glad. They belong to just the period I am reading about.

It is most delicious weather now, I have never known it nicer.

I heard *Iphigenia in Tauris* last night, in honour of Goethe. It was most amusing. The tradition of the German stage is about as funny as the Chinese!

Love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

²⁷⁸ 'Monday' crossed out.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Wednesday, Aug. <30> [29], 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy letter telling of thy talk with B.²⁷⁹ came today. I think I had perhaps do nothing. I have not written yet.

I think perhaps I will write a review of some such book as Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* for the *National Observer*, as thee suggests. Could thee send me on of those reviews?

I have sent two chapters of *Giant* to the children, and shall try now to send them every other day.

I am busy on the Hampton Court affair.

I don't want Symonds' book on Michelangelo²⁸⁰ — that really is *too* poor!

I had a note from Emily Dawson and I will write to her today or tomorrow.

Time flies by here in the most astonishing way.

With love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁷⁹ Britten?

²⁸⁰ John Addington Symonds, *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti based on studies in the archives of the Buonarroti family at Florence*, third edition (London & New York, 1899).
Biblioteca Berenson N6923.B9 S9 1899



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Munich, Aug. 30, 1893

Dearest Mother,

I feel quite delighted with myself that I can truthfully say I enjoyed *Tristan and Isolde* very very much! I still feel that Wagner might have condescended a little to the weaknesses of human nature and remembered that it is only capable of just so much emotional strain at a time, particularly without food! and that all seats are not comfortable for five solid hours. My seat, in fact, being an inexpensive one (though it cost 6/), began to grow very thorny after three hours or so, and as I had no footstool, my knee caps began to ache severely. I say this to show that my enjoyment was not merely that of sensual sloth! Yes, it was truly wonderful. The harps in the love scenes made just the proper shivers go up and down your spine, and the kisses that lasted ten minutes while the orchestra sobbed up and down were as delicious as ice-water on a hot day. I am convinced, however, more and more, that the only fair way to judge Wagner is as musical poems. And indeed this is evident from the fact that everybody, even the Germans, follow the libretto with the greatest care. I do not know enough to say certainly, but I think his poetry is very fine of its kind. Certainly he gives you real characters, in spite of the mythical setting and very splendid situations.

I have been looking a good deal at the German pictures here. How silly historians are not to take pictures as documents. They laboriously collate all sorts of things from by-gone literature, trying to reconstruct past epochs, when if they only opened their eyes they would find the very life itself before them. I noticed in the famous picture of the "Seven Joys of Mary"²⁸¹ a very interesting thing. The three Wise Men are represented in the background as standing on three separate mountain tops. Then their trains are seen winding across plains, or crossing great lakes, before they meet. The picture is in short an illustration to the sort of romantic books of travels, which were so common during the fifteenth century, and which preceded and led up to — at least the same spirit that produced them led up to — the discovery of America. I was thinking of this, when I found the date 1495 on the picture. I went through a lot of the pictures in that way, finding them most interesting. I wonder if I shall end up in my old age looking at the *Subject* — once so despised!

Well, there is more excuse in doing this with German pictures, for there is more subject and far less good painting than in Italian pictures.

Emily Dawson asked me for a good book on architecture, and I recommended the only one I knew. But my mind repents me — it is as dry as dust. It is full of architectural ideas, but has nothing else. When I wrote

²⁸¹ Memling in the Pinacothek?



to her I positively could not think of anything else except Ruskin, who is poisonous. But it now occurs to me — and will thee, Alys, if thee writes, tell her? — that Michelet, in his *History of France* must have said a good deal about Gothic. I judge this, because in his volume which I have read on the French Renaissance (one of the series) he apologises for having sung such palinodes over Gothic in his earlier volumes. Michelet is sometimes very interpretive when it comes to art, and he is always delightfully entertaining. I advise her to try to get that volume and see what it says. Even if it isn't as profound as one might desire, it is always worth while to read a really enthusiastic thing. I wish I could get all Ruskin and see what he really has said on Gothic. I have a volume of selections, but as he often contradicts himself, I can't be sure he is wrong through and through. But I am inclined to think the Gothic movement is not "religious" as he says, but really scholasticism in art, the delight of the human mind in its ingenuity, the desire to go as far as human cleverness and human logic can go. Certainly, although it is a profoundly logical way of building, it is logic of a formal sort, which runs, always logically, into wild fantasy, just as human reason does when it detached itself from the logic of life.

I have just sent off some Giant to the children.

I have a bad headache, and am now going to bed.

Very lovingly,

Thy daughter,
Mary



September 1893



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Munich, September 2, 1893

My dearest mother,

Thy letter of Wednesday has just come. It tells of starting a "Girls' Friendly" in connection the the Church. This seems to me very sensible. If it is an old fashioned institution, the English Church is at least very friendly and sympathetic. It doesn't "grunch" like the Catholic church, or pretend to be young when it is really old, like some of the non-conformist churches. It is gracefully old, and it is so well-arranged that I don't wonder at anyone falling back upon it, or even into it. The more I read of English history the more friendly I feel towards it. Then, as thee says, uneducated people can't stand alone, and it is very much better for them to rely on something fairly impersonal than upon one individual leader. It is better for the leaders, too. And then it is so important to have something to pass the girls on to. That always seemed to me the hopeless thing about Alys' work, that just when their real life began, they had no more club.

It would be fun to write "Why the Pearsall-Smiths became Tories", giving all the logical — the inevitable steps!

I went to *Tannhäuser* last night and enjoyed it more than any, except parts of *Tristan*. It was an opera at which I used to turn up my Wagnerian nose, as being altogether too old-fashioned and conventional and full of stagey effects. But I welcomed it with joy. There is something after all in the old tradition of having things happen, and having the music nicely divided into solos and duets and trios, etc. *Tannhäuser* was one of his earliest works, and you feel in it the generousness of youth, that doesn't economize effects, but elaborates every part, as if his whole fame depended on it. He brings in all sorts of scenes, hunting scenes, stately receptions, shepherds and their flocks, pilgrims, religion, passion, death, church bells, love poems, ballets — everything "regardless" — the spendthrift lavishness of a young man. And it is perfectly delightful! After so many hours of recitative, it rejoiced the heart to find everything sparkling and melodious. It was splendidly put on the stage, the costumes being really of about the year 1300, and the scenery much finer than in any part of the Ring.

Curiously enough, I sat just behind an old Smith College girl, whose name I cannot remember, but with whom I had a pleasant little chat. I wanted to take her to the gallery, but she was going to Leipzig today. The house was filled with Americans, eating ices and exchanging flirtatious salutations from one box to another. This girl's companions, who were both exactly like Miss Bliss grown a little older, had half a dozen flirtations going on all over the house.

I shall hear the *Rheingold*, the first of the Nibelungen²⁸² series, tomorrow,

²⁸² Mary wrote 'Niebelungen'.



and then I shall be “through”. Whether to begin and go to them all over again and see if I can’t get into the spirit a little more, I cannot decide. I am still thinking about it.

In the mean time, I have fallen into a most methodical habit of life. I go to the gallery every morning, and then to take lunch at the Scholastica, where you get four courses of decent German cooking for 1 mark.

After lunch, I read Ranke for an hour, and then write — either “Giants” or Hampton Court. Today, by way of exception, I did not go to the gallery, but stayed in and wrote my “Giants”. It is too dark and rainy to see anything. So I have this afternoon for the Hampton Court book.

I have seen something of Hapgood, who is a very nice Harvard boy come over for two years to get a Ph.D. He is “virgin soil” as regards art, but he has a good eye and is peculiarly honest. He has a jolly laugh, which comes from his stomach. It makes you feel very good-natured to hear him laugh.

I hope thee has had a nice visit at Babbacombe. How are Juliet’s affairs?

Has Alys done anything about that “fund” for Edith Woodman? And did “Bryson” come to Haslemere too?

Many thanks for the *Nations* (Aug. 10 and 17) which came today. I like to see them very much, and I should like to see *Truth* too, if it isn’t too much bother to send it.

I wrote a very friendly and short note to BIF.C.C., saying only what thee suggested. I will send thee his answer.

What a good idea those “paddling drawers” are! I am pretty sure they are having a good time!

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Munich, Sept. 4, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy letter from Torquay came today. It does not look hopeful for Juliet. If it is true, as Antoinette²⁸³ says, that "There is no such thing as death", Juliet might be excused for wishing that dear Lady Mount Temple should pass on into the next stage before she quite exhausts the money that was meant for Juliet!

I have written to Mr. Rothenstein today, asking him to send me half a dozen specimen illustrations so that I can send them with the "Giant" stories to Putnam, to see whether he will take them. I want Putnam's advice, too, as to how long the volume should be, for I feel to have an indefinite quantity of "Giant" bottled up within me.

At present, I am occupied in getting Edith and Amy out of the "Kingdom of Lies", where they are gradually beginning to perceive that it isn't as much fun to be deceived as it is to deceive! I send the children a fresh installment every other day, but I have not yet heard whether any of them have been received or not.

On the evening when I went to see *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, I sat by Hapgood, who sat, quite accidentally, by an old college friend of his own, a man named Bush, who is a raving Wagner enthusiast, and a musician besides. He is the one for whom I have longed, and now I am going to hear the Ring again with greater understanding for this Mr. Bush is going to play me the motifs and explain the score! I did not mean to spend the money to go over again, but this seems a chance not to be missed. Besides, I am myself so much more in the Wagner spirit than I was when I came. It is so easy to find fault! What you really need is to be generous to works of art, if you are to get the best out of them.

The basket has not come yet, but no doubt it will turn up all right. The bottle had methylated spirits in it, or what they called such in Milan. I am glad thee emptied it out. The kettle is the saucepan — it works perfect. It is easier to get cups and saucers than to carry them about. Spoons are superfluity when you don't take sugar in your tea. But it was sweet of thee to think of filling it up for me with all the luxuries of a settled existence.

The weather here is simply glorious — almost cold at times, and bracing. I spent a long time looking at the Aeginitan²⁸⁴ marbles this morning. They are really awfully fine. I know thee will laugh when thee recalls this, remembering their absurd smile. But when you separate all the original Greek things from Thorvaldsen's²⁸⁵ restorations, you see that the Greeks

²⁸³ ?

²⁸⁴ Aeginitan marbles in the Glyptothek.

²⁸⁵ Bertel Thorvaldsen ().



were immensely strong, and very expressive. The torsos and limbs are more expressive than the faces. They hadn't enough psychology to realize that a fixed grin doesn't express all the varied emotions of the warrior, but they did understand how to make a body solid and strong and convincing in motion. Very few sculptors get such solidity as they. You would think sculpture inevitably implied solidity, but it is in fact one of the hardest effects to get, just as it is in painting.

I must go now to my Hampton Court guide. I am just grappling with Tintoretto.

With love to all,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Munich, Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy postal card of the 2nd came today.

I did not go to the *Walkyrie* last night after all, as there were no tickets under 10/ to be had! But I am gong to *Siegfried* tomorrow and the *Götterdämmerung* on Friday. I shall then be ready, I think, to leave Munich — if I get my Hampton Court <Guide> as far on as I hope, and I am only waiting for the reply to my letter to Scarborough to settle my plans for the next few weeks.

I should like to get to Trent, being fairly near, and to Bassano. I hope to have an answer tomorrow.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter
Sept. 7, 1893

Darling mother,

I got thy postal from Swindon today, and the enclosed little letter from the children. I am sure Miss Clare makes them happy!

There is no word from B.F.C.C. yet, although he has had plenty of time. The toy money I sent the children, when they speak of, was sent two days after my letter to him. I do not quite know what to do. Who knows how long he will take to reply?

And I am quite finished with Munich — it seems a waste of time to stay on here. Still, I hope for a letter tomorrow or Saturday, which will determine my plans.

Berenson and Hapgood have set off on a walking trip through the Dolomites. I would like to join them, that is, so far as I can walk, doing most of it by diligence. I want to go to Cadore, and various small places in that district, ending up at Bassano, and going thence to Treviso and so to Venice — that is, of course, unless I come back at once. In any case, however, I could get to Bassano before going home, and then, if necessary could take the train to Trent and so back to London. It would not be much further than here. So thee had better address until Tuesday to Poste Restante, Bassano, *Alta Italia*.

If I don't go, I will write for letters. If I need to be wired for, for any reason, wire on *Sunday* Poste Restante, Innsbruck, Austrian Tyrol. *Monday* Poste Restante, Toblach, Austrian Tyrol. *Tuesday*, Pieve di Cadore, Alta Italia. *Wednesday*, Belluno, Alta Italia. *Thursday*, Bassano, Alta Italia.

But I hope there will be nothing to wire for.

If I don't go, I will send for my letters. I am waiting for letters, and cannot make definite plans, but this will be all right unless thee hears to the contrary.

What an awful mess at Babbacombe! How we all manage to muddle our lives.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Save the Swift till Venice. I will write for it again.



M-HS 1893.____

a postcard one-page letter

Friday, Sept. 8, 1893

Dearest mother,

No word from B.F.C.C. today. I shall wait till Sunday. If nothing comes, I shall then write again to him through thee. It seems to mean the worst that he has not answered. Do tell Britten about it. I particularly asked him to answer at once, as my immediate plans depended on his reply.

I sent a letter yesterday containing addresses. I can come back via Trent if I get bad news.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Thanks for the basket. It arrived yesterday.



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

September 9, 1893

Many thanks for thy letter from Reigate, enclosing Alys'.

I take back all I said about Wagner — that is, against him. Last night I heard the last of the Ring (really written first) and was absolutely enchanted for 4 hours and 50 minutes — from beginning to end. Wonderful! I think one matter was that last night was the first time I had a really comfortable seat. Then I was prepared in mind. O how wonderful it was! I really “entered in”, after a long apprenticeship, and I enjoyed it to the full. Frau Sucher, the Berlin actress, took the part of Brunhilde and interpreted it marvellously

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____

a postcard one-page letter

Innsbruck, Sunday, Sept. 10, 1893

Dearest mother,

I sent a note to B.F.C.C. yesterday saying I was very much disappointed not to have heard from him by this time, as all my plans were waiting until I knew about the children. I said further that I was relying on his promise not to have his mother at Haslemere in absence. I reminded him that he had fully admitted to me in conversation that it was most undesirable, and I said that if he could make no other plan than that, I should feel it an imperative call to come back and do all I could to prevent a repetition of last summer's difficulties. I asked him to reply via Haslemere. I wrote a friendly enough letter.

I sent a letter to the children, describing the curious sculptures here, like petrified Giants standing about the Emperor's tomb. I sent them a photograph of it too. If they keep the photos I send them, they will have an interesting book some day.

I am going on tonight to Toblach. Then to Cadore, Belluno and Bassano, reaching Bassano on Thursday or Friday. On Wednesday please address Poste Restante, Treviso, Italy, and after that Albergo Monaco, Venice.

I hope I shall hear from B.F.C.C. by Venice at least. Then I could come back via Vienna, as Hapgood is coming that way, going up to Berlin.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Cortina, Monday, Sept. 11, 1893

I expect to reach Cadore, Titian's birth-place, tomorrow, and Bassano the day after, where I hope for letters, especially from Scarborough.

I have walked 15 miles today, and feel much the better for it. I started on the omnibus, but the air was so bracing that I got out and walked. I met exactly four people in my walk. Yet it was more lovely than any part of Switzerland I have ever seen.

Here, however, is a regular English colony with the English Church Service in full blast.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____

a letter on ruled note paper

Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1893

Dearest mother,

I have been paying up for my long walk ever since the evening when I wrote thee a postal card, standing out in the piazza. That night I woke up with simply agonizing rheumatism, and I have had it ever since, though not so severe. I can scarcely walk a step! I had to go to Cadore by 'bus, and this morning I had 5 hours in the post coming here. Fortunately I had an outside seat, and the scenery was lovely. But I simply hobble about like an old old woman, and I can hardly creep up the steps into the churches to see the pictures. I can't think what brought it on, unless it was lying down on the ground to rest. The ground was warm in the sun, and I put a light shawl I was carrying under me, so I don't [1.2] see how it *could* have been that. Yet I can think of nothing else. Anyhow it is a great bore! Of course I am wearing flannels and sleeping in flannels. I hope it will go off soon. What a bore our bodies can be!

I am now sitting in the café nominally taking a cup of coffee. In front is a most picturesque piazza, with about 60 grey cows standing and lying about in it. I suppose it is the day of the cattle market, as scores of bargains seem to be going on, with loud Italian voices and vehement gestures. Just before I came out [2] I took advantage of a sunny window in my room to wash my hair. When I had got it thoroughly wet, I discovered that the rheumatism would hardly let me raise my arms, and I had a dreadful time drying it.

I saw a nice old lady with a comfortable American voice, at lunch. She reminded me of grandma Whitall. I think I will make her acquaintance at table d'hôte. She seems to be the only other English-speaking person here, she and her middle-aged, effaced looking daughter.

Cadore, Titian's birth place, was something of a disappointment, although nothing could be more romantic than its situation, on a smiling valley between fortress-like rocks of immense height. It reminded me a little of the Yosemite — in fact the whole dolomite scenery keeps calling up the Rockies. But I have had my fill of scenery. I prefer [2.2] a tree in the sunlight, or a green sloping field, to all the wonders of nature heaped together. So I rushed at once — or rather hobbled! — to the Church where Crowe and Cavalcaselle slay there is a Titian. Alas! the usual disappointment — a school picture. It is on a votive altar, and it seemed so like the avaricious, worldly old man we know him to have been, not to waste his own work on religion, but to put off God with a bit of *bottega* work, executed by a clever pupil!

There are said to be some fine Italian pictures here. I must go and look them up now.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,



Mary



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6 Feb 2022

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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Bassano, Saturday, Sept. 16, 1893

Thy letter enclosing B.F.C.C.'s to Alys and three postals were waiting
<for> me here today. Thanks for all. I will write tonight, but I send this to
catch the first post.

Have been delayed in getting here owing to rheumatism, which is happily
now gone by. Go to Vicenza tomorrow, then to Treviso, where I shall ask
for thy Wednesday's letter. The children seem to have been having a good
time. Miss Clare is sure to see to that, for she enjoys it herself.

In haste for the post,

With love,

Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

Bassano, Sunday, Sept. 17, 1893

Dearest mother,

I did not write last night as I had intended, because I was simply eaten up by fleas, and so spent what little evening I had after dinner catching and killing them, and applying ammonia to the bites. I have made a full trial of Ipecacuana, recommended in enthusiastic terms by Wauell, and it is an utter fraud. The fleas positively delight in it! No, there is nothing but that wretched flea power, and I have returned to it.

This morning has been my first time since leaving Munich when I have had a moment's peace.

I was two days late getting here, as I was too crippled with rheumatism to walk, and so had to go by detours, whereon I could take a post or a railway. Then, being near such places as Feltre and Asolo, I could not resist going to them.

At Feltre I found a simply splendid little pension, with an arbor of Concord grapes under which I had breakfast, and from which the genial host invited me to help myself *à toute heure*. Feltre is a tiny, tiny little town, very picturesque, and with the remains of a curious painter, Maestro da Feltre by name, who is a great mystery. No one knows anything about him, but it may be he who painted the famous "Three Ages" in the Pitti, which Alys will remember my liking so much. I went to all the places where tradition says he is to be seen, and gazed upon many half effaced frescoes, but without getting much clue.

One fresco was in the sacristy of a church whose windows looked out on the women's garden of the insane asylum. I climbed on the window sill and watched the poor creatures. Several of them gathered about me and I amused them by showing them my chatelaine. The sacristan's little son stood by me and told me all their peculiarities. There was one who looked very much like Mrs. Rogerson. She came at me with threatening gestures, but I looked straight at her and <she> smiled and kissed my hand, and she got very friendly. I like insane people — there is something irresistibly appealing about them — all except Marion!

The inn keeper told me afterwards that most of the cases are what is called "polenta madness". "Polenta", thee knows, is the chief food of the poorer Italians, a sort of Indian meal cake, or pudding. This was the way he described it. He said that when they had eaten too much polenta (I suppose monotonous and insufficiently nourishing diet) their flesh beings to "creep into their bones away from the skin", their brains shrink, and in the cavity in their heads water gathers, and they become mad. I do not know what this means scientifically, but it is vey dreadful, is it not, to think of people going crazy from poor food! As I ate the magnificent dinner my Swiss host had prepared, I had an indescribably feeling of hatred at the way we rich people



live while such things go on.

At Asolo and another little town near there, I found that Browning's son is starting lace manufactories. I suppose he does it in part to give the poor people work, and it will be a real blessing to the whole district. He has built himself a magnificent Villa on the site of Catherine Cornaro's "Court of Love", a fascinating spot, overlooking the plain towards Padua and Venice, with green hills rising behind, and an endless chain of blue mountains on one side. Evidently he, at any rate, doesn't let philanthropy interfere with comfort.

I slept at Asolo in the room Browning himself used to occupy. I had a huge green bowl to wash in, of the colour of malachite. It made a bath positively poetic. I wonder if it was Browning's taste that provided it. But alas! and alas! I caught three fleas in the bed in the course of the night, and fleas drove me to get up and watch a glorious sunrise over the hills.

Tonight I go to Vicenza, tomorrow Treviso, the next day Venice, Albergo Monaco. I am sorry I wrote it indistinctly. It is where I always go.

By the way, are the Lawrences still there, and what is their address? What are they going to do?

I have not had B.F.C.C.'s letter. It ought to have been here, but I am sure to get it at Venice. I cannot tell quite what I shall do until I see what he says. What I think I would like best, as this is the season for travel, would be to have them during their five weeks holiday at Babbacombe, if Lady Mount Temple would lend it to me, and also to be a while first in London, say another month. B.F.C.C. has already agreed to my taking them away for the holidays. But I can tell better when I get his letter. Will thee give them, if and when they come, these "Alpine roses". I picked and pressed them for their album. They can stick them in somewhere. I think there is a Hands Anderson story about Edelweiss,²⁸⁶ but I cannot remember it.

What is Logan doing? I have not heard of him for a long time.

With love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

I sent a volume of Creighton today. I read that Swift, but it was not what I wanted. But never mind, I will wait till Florence or till I come back.

²⁸⁶ Mary wrote 'Edelweiss'.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Treviso, Sept. 20, 1893, 6 a.m.

Darling mother,

I found thy postal card here yesterday, and hope for a letter tomorrow at Venice. I consider the Italian Poste Restante perfectly safe. I have never lost anything, and they are most obliging about forwarding letters, etc. That is why I generally have my letters sent to them instead of to the hotels.

I wrote last from Bassano.

I saw Vicenza again afterwards and walked out to what is called the Villa Rotonda, a magnificent palace with four façades build round an immense circular hall. Palladio was the architect. It stands on one of the spurs of the Monti Berici, overlooking the rich plain towards Padua and the Euganean hills, and on the other side a lovely little valley. It is falling into decay little by little, but it could be bought for about £400, and with a little restoration would be one of the grandest and most beautiful dwelling places on earth. I wish the Brownings would buy it.

Then, yesterday, I went to Cittadella, Campo San Piero and Castelfranco.

Today I am going to Conegliano, Susegana, and Serravalle, none of which I have seen before. I shall reach Venice tomorrow, and my home news, I hope.

What a good idea for Alys, to go with Lady Henry to America! I should think she would enjoy it immensely. I do hope she won't miss the chance.

Will thee ask her to send me the *Chronicle* review of Edith's book,²⁸⁷ and any others she has? I suppose Lady Henry would let her have a few days off to go to see her various friends, Grace and Carey, and Edith. It would be very interesting from every point of view.

Thee asked me on one card whether I knew Mme de Benitua.²⁸⁸ Yes, she used to come bothering me a good deal, but she seemed to be sort of cracked, and we never got anything but words out of her — no work. That is all I know about her.

I am reading Ranke's *German Reformation*²⁸⁹ with great interest. At Venice I mean to read Paolo Sarpi,²⁹⁰ who defended Venice for many years against the spiritual and temporal encroachments of the Pope. He also gave a true account of the Council of Trent.

Today is the anniversary of the taking of Rome — a great day — for it put an end to the claim of the Pope for temporal power, and this claim, for

²⁸⁷ ?

²⁸⁸

Madame R. de Benitua

²⁸⁹ Leopold von Ranke, *History of the Reformation in Germany*, 3 vol., 2nd ed. (London, 1845-1847) **Biblioteca Berenson BR305 .R4 1845**

²⁹⁰ Paolo Sarpi,



ten centuries, had more influence on European affairs than any other one factor. If it only could have happened four centuries ago, instead of 23 years! Italy, at any rate, might have been civilized by this time.

I will write again as soon as I get to Venice.

Give my love and congratulations to Alys. I hope she'll go.

Where is Logan? Is he sleeping better? And father?

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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[VENICE]



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

<Albergo> Monaco, Venice, Sept. 21, 1893

Just arrived and find all thy letters.

I will go and see Cousin Carrie tomorrow, in case of meeting her elsewhere, but shall not allude to anything until she does.

This is just a note to say that I am here and free from rheumatism.

I hope the children are at the cottage now.

B.F.C.C.'s note says he goes definitely at the end of this month, also that thee can have the children in the afternoons. He wants Miss Clare to give them lessons in the morning, as they have had none at the sea-side. I will enclose his notes in mine tomorrow.

Congratulations to Alys on her American trip!

With love to all,

Thy loving,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Monaco, Venice, <Friday,> Sept. 22, 1893

Dearest mother,

I was glad to get thy postal card this morning, saying the children were coming on Tuesday evening.

I enclose Frank's letters. I believe he is right in saying Mrs. C. has ceased from interfering, but thee can tell me better. I think Miss Clare would not put up with it, for one thing, for she is *on the children's side*. But thee will let me know. I would rather come home a little later than now, and spend a good long time with them. Now is the perfection of weather for the kind of work I must do, if I ever accomplish everything. Of course I too hear Ray's little voice calling "Mother! mother! look here", or "Mary, come here", and I do get awfully homesick for her sometimes, so that I feel as if I couldn't hold out, but must give up everything and come back and be her nurse and governess and mother rolled into one. Dear little soul! I long for thy news about her.

I do not think Frank's plan of their having regular lessons is a bad one. It really makes children enjoy their day more. But I expect thee could always have them for a drive, or anything special. They evidently have had a fine time by the sea.

I called on Cousin Carrie this morning. They were out, but I left word I would come tomorrow.

Then I went to the Frari. I noticed an attractive young woman rushing distractedly about with a Hare²⁹¹ in her hand. She spoke to me presently in front of a picture, and then as I was taking her to see another, I bowed to Mr. Massingham — the *Chronicle* editor — who was rushing in another direction with a Ruskin in his hand.

"O, you know my husband!" she exclaimed. So we made great friends, and I spent the rest of the morning with them.

They wanted me to lunch with them, but I did not, but made arrangements for future meeting.

Mrs. Massingham seemed *so* nice, and I never saw anyone drink up "the true doctrine on art" so avidly! Perhaps that was why I liked her. Massingham himself likes to stand in front of a picture, with his back to it, and "argue", but she says, "O yes! yes! go on I see what you mean!" A most enchanting kind of audience! I am not sorry to meet them because of the

²⁹¹ Augustus J. C. Hare (1834-1903), *Venice*, 3d ed. (London: G. Allen, 1891).

Biblioteca Berenson DG672 .H27 1891

Florence, 3d ed. (London: G. Allen, 1890). **Biblioteca Berenson DG732 .H27 1890**

Cities of northern and central Italy (London: Daldy, Isbister & Co., 1876). **Biblioteca**

Berenson two copies: **DG427 .H27 1876** and **Deposit DG427 .H27 1876**

Wanderings in Spain, 5th ed. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1885). **Biblioteca**

Berenson DP41 .H27 1885



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newspaper connection, and as Massingham is by way of being a friend of B.F.C.C.'s I am glad to have him see that I am hard at work and have really accomplished something. I think I could make great friends with Mrs. Massingham.

I am delighted to hear that Alys and Eva have taken to each other. Alys couldn't do better than work with Eva for a while. She is a hundred times more business-like and practical than Lady Henry, though perhaps without that spark of genius.

It *is* a temptation to come home when Miss Willard is there, but most of all (next to the children) because thee wants me, dearest mother. Don't want me too much if I don't come. I shall have a good long time later on, if I don't come now.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Albergo Monaco, Venice, Saturday, Sept. <23> [24], 1893

Darling mother,

It *was* nice to hear of the children seeing thee once more, and Ray's sweet little question. Do tell her thee told me she asked for me, and that it made my heart very warm and happy to know she remembered me, and that I will come home in about sixty days and pay [1.2] her a good long visit. Tell her I dream of her every single night, and last night I dreamt she was so brave that she saved the house from burning down. They shall have some "Giant" tomorrow.

Today I have been de-Ruskinizing the Massinghams, who are fast becoming Renaissance enthusiasts. I took them to Layard's and then to [1.3] see some Longhi frescoes, and then to Ruskin's athenaeum, a dainty little Renaissance church. They are very pressing for me to lunch and drive with them every day. I am going to dine tomorrow. They want me to go down to Florence with them, but of course I can't. *She* is a born Renaissance lover and she

[two lines illegible]

[1.4] He likes to argue à priori rather too much, but still he can see when he tries. And they believe what I tell them, which is very strange and delightful. I try to tell the truth, of course, and do, I think. But most people see a "trick in it" and won't believe I can know much. It makes them more receptive to beauty not to doubt my good faith and [2] I know they *did* enjoy themselves today.

I spent two blessed hours with Cousin Carrie and Marion this morning,²⁹² and am going to bathe with them on Monday.

They are going to Paris
in about a month.

Marion says

[three lines illegible]

[2.2] seen her so sweet and gentle and humble. She was really charming (!), but I felt sorry for poor Cousin Carrie who evidently longs to be at home. What a life to look forward to! It would almost be a blessing to get her married if only she had [2.3] no children.

Well, I must close. It is quite dark and the dinner bell has sounded.

A

hundred kisses to the darling chicks.

I long for

[several lines illegible]

²⁹² In her diary, Mary refers to 'Marion Lawrence and her mother' — 'Cousin Carrie' is not to be confused with Carey Thomas! In the entry for Sept. 25, 1893, she wrote 'Swim in the Lido with Marion **and her mother** in the afternoon'.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Albergo Monaco, Venice, Sunday, Sept. 24, 1893

Dearest mother,

At any rate things are working to put Miss Clare heart and soul on our side. But of course we must not let it appear. But Mrs. C. has, I am sure, made her our _____ adherent, and the children are certain to feel it through her, and be profoundly influenced by it, even if she says nothing direct.

Tell Miss Clare from me that much her best place it so speak to Frank about it. He will not now dismiss her, and he can speak pretty roughly to his mother when occasion requires. He knows perfectly well what she is, and nothing Miss Clare can say will surprise him. And I *think* he will see to it. Thee knows how he is about not facing a problem until he has to. It is an awfully cruel, careless way to treat two children, but at the same time I am sure he is capable of redressing it if he has to. Miss Clare had better tell him just the facts she told thee.

I have written to him saying I was glad he had decided to keep Miss Clare. I also said I had been relying upon what <the> second letter said, that Mrs. C. no longer interfered in anything. But, I said, thy first letter to me tells me that *on her orders* the children were not allowed to stay to tea with thee, and this too on the very first afternoon thee had had them after such a long absence. I said that I was strongly tempted to pack up at once and come back, but that — unless I heard of further exactions and interferences — I would wait to learn from him what definite precautions he had taken against the recurrence of such things. I said I feared she might interfere with thy taking them driving or on those picnics they enjoy so much.

I said, however, that October was close at hand, and begged him to let me know if there had been any change in the plan by which she was to leave the cottage on the first of October. I did not give the faintest hint of Miss Clare's having said a word. We shall see what answer he makes.

If I were thee, I should send over a polite note to Mrs. C., saying that thee fears it is a burden to her to feel obliged to entertain thee when thee goes to the cottage, and that therefore thee wants to relieve her of that burden. Thee goes to see thy grandchildren and play with them and read to them, and she need not feel thee in her mind at all when thee is there. Send Frank also a copy, or else write direct to him and ask him to give his mother orders to leave thee alone with the children and Miss Clare when thee comes to see them. It would be a sensible arrangement, and I am sure he would make it if he had to. Or else let Alys talk to him about it. He knows perfectly well it is no pleasure, but the reverse for thee to talk to Mrs. C. In fact, he hates it himself, so he will not be surprised.

I took the Massinghams to the Academy this morning. They enjoyed it very much.

Will thee send me twenty pounds (£20) of the £48 (?) remaining to me



please, in bank notes? The rate of exchange is very good just now (28.23 for 20/!!) and I want to have a little to my account in the English Bank at Florence.

I am glad the children seem so nice. Did Ray seem any more affectionate to thee? I am going now to write some "Giant" for them.

It will be great fun to take Alys and Emily on a trip in the spring. I look forward to it. If only Ray could come too!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Frank distinctly assured me they *were* to go to school. Get Miss Clare on thy side in this, also about the early breakfast.

I *think* I have the Franconia stories²⁹³ at Florence.

²⁹³ Jacob Abbott, *Beechnut: A Franconia Story* (1850).

Maureen E. Montgomery, *'Gilded Prostitution': Status, Money and Transatlantic Marriages, 1870-1914* (New York, 1989).



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Monday, Sept. 25, 1893

Please thank Alys for her postal which I enjoyed.

I have been to swim with Marion and Cousin Carrie. They were very nice, and the water was delicious. How I wished I had Ray and Karin for a swim in a little warm pool.

My type-writer is all out of order, but I hope to have it fixed by tomorrow.

Marion is going to take a studio with her mother in Paris. She seems utterly unconscious of her case, and talks a great deal about "the necessity of freedom for an Artist." Cousin Carrie, I can see, would give anything to go home where her boys and their affairs are.

With much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Monaco, Venice, Sept. 26, 1893

Dearest mother,

I am delighted with the children's lessons thee sent me. I am glad they are getting on so nicely. What a comfort to have Miss Clare! Thee and she must be drawn into close sympathy by your hatred of old Mrs. C. who really ought to have died long ago — only such hateful, talkative bores never do die. She reminds me of Miss White's aunt, Mrs. Palmer, more than of anyone I know, only Mrs. C. is far more vulgar, and even *more* tiresome. But I hope thee and the children will be relieved of her in a few days. Thee does not think it has occurred to Miss Clare to leave on account of her, does thee? I send a note to her. Thee can seal it up before giving it to her, if thee thinks fit.

Perhaps the children need some sort of intermediate flannels? But I think they will get on very well by wearing two combies²⁹⁴ in cold weather. It is what I always do.

I spent last evening again with the Massinghams. Mr. M. promised to send me all the Italian books that came to the *Chronicle*, that is, books on Italian Art and Architecture. He has another big newspaper scheme on hand, which, if it comes off, I am to be included in. He also said he would be glad to forward anything I might write to the editor of the *Fortnightly*.

But apart from what I had to gain, I liked them both immensely. Mrs. M. has children of Ray's and Karin's age, and she wants to have them meet. They are people with exactly my view on most questions, so that I am not afraid of anything Frank might do or say, as far as they are concerned. They *loathe* Catholicism.

The sea-air here makes me very languid. I can hardly hold up my pen to write! Give

[the second page missing]

Crow and Lion my love, if they are still at Friday's Hill.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

What is the news of "God Almighty"?

²⁹⁴ 'combinations' mentioned in next letter.



M-HS 1893.____

a postcard,

forwarded from Friday's Hill to Park Hotel, Cardiff

Venice, Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1893

Many thanks for thy Sunday postal card and letter.

I wrote to Miss C. yesterday about the children's combinations.

I am very glad to hear all about Britten and I trust his intermediation will effect its purpose. She ought, according to F's letter, to be gone in a very few days.

It is unusually cold here too.

I am going to the Theatre tonight with Marion.

With love,

Thy daughter,

Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter
Sept. 27, 1893²⁹⁵

Darling mother,

Just a line to enclose with the children's. I await anxiously thy next letter to see whether Britten made any impression about the old hag. Perhaps taken in connection with my letter and what Miss Clare may say, it will produce its effect. Britten *is* a comfort! He has such good sense.

Nothing particular is happening.

I am studying Tintoretto especially. Hapgood is simply carried away by him.

I met Roland Vaughan-Williams²⁹⁶ and Willie Peel²⁹⁷ in San Giobbe (Saint Job!) today and had a little chat. They have been in Montenegro with Mr. Anderson. They did not succeed in finding very much, but they enjoyed themselves, although they said they were eaten alive by fleas and bugs. Willie Peel said he wished he could show me the ravages, and I sympathized from the depths — or rather <from> the surface of my skin! They send their remembrances to you generally and their love to Logan.

I put them up to several things here: The Layard collection and some wonderful Longhi frescoes in a private palace. They both had beards. Tell Logan.

I must close in haste for dinner.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

²⁹⁵ Perhaps a mistake for Sept. 28, 1893?

²⁹⁶ Sir Roland Lomax Bowdler Vaughan Williams (1838-1916), a lawyer, was from 1897 to 1914 a Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal.

²⁹⁷ The Times of Philadelphia:

... while **the equally wealthy heiress of Lord Ashton**, who controls the linoleum production of the world, was married only a few weeks ago to **Mr. Willie Peel** after having jilted his cousin, the utterly disreputable Sir Robert Peel.

James Williamson, 1st Baron Ashton (1842-1930) was a businessman and Liberal Party politician, whose family business in Lancaster produced oilcloth and linoleum. he married three times; ... and thirdly to **Florence Whalley**, later Lady Ashton, in 1909, who survived him. H



M-HS 1893.____

a postcard one-page letter

Venice, Sept. 29, 1893

Thanks for thy letter telling of the interesting meeting of clergymen, deans, etc.

I have been at Torcello today, and am now just starting to see one of Goldoni's plays with Marion.

Thanks for the proofs²⁹⁸ which came tonight. I shall send them straight back to Putnam as soon as possible.

I saw Peel and Vaughan-Williams in the Scuola di San Giorgio today. Willy Peel was taking notes of St. Jerome's Study, to arrange one like it for himself.

Love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

²⁹⁸ The proofs of *Venetian Painters*, which will appear in 1894.

Mary's diary, Sept. 30, 1893: Bernhard's proof came and we corrected them. Great fun seeing first book in print.



October 1893



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Venice, Sunday, Oct. 1, 1893

Dearest mother,

I enclose Frank's note, written after his talk with Britten, and he says his mother "neither can nor will interfere"! I hope Mrs. Burt and Miss Clare will have opened his eyes by this time! But he must know, I think, only he will not face it. It is very hard on Miss Clare, very unfair to her. I can imagine how hateful Mrs. C. can be, and it is real cruelty of B.F.C.C. to inflict it on her. The only advantage to us is that it clinches her as our partisan, but the advantage would be lost if he knew anything about it. Please assure Miss Clare that no one shall ever know from me that she has said a word of complaint. I hope to plan sufficiently before for next summer and autumn so as not to have any chance of such complications happening again. It is too much to expect of Miss Clare to endure that old hag. Will thee tell her what sympathy I have for her, and how grateful I feel — more than I can possibly express — to her for standing between Mrs. C. and the children, and protecting them from her. I always feel she is on the children's side, and that she knows what makes them happy and is good for them.

I did enjoy the Theatre so much the other night. The first time I was going with Marion, we did not go, as the play was postponed, but we went night before last to see one of Goldoni's plays. The actors were perfectly enchanting! It was exactly what you see on the streets at any hours — various talking, gesticulating, shouting, stamping about, tearing of the hair, and great good-humour beneath. What seems so absolutely natural in the Italian, however, is awful when English people try to do it, and it is the fact that the English adapted the Italian stage conventions of acting — or rather the Italian natural stage manners — along with the plots they took from the Italian, and along with the rest of Italian culture, that makes the English stage so dreadful today. The actors I saw were fifth rate, at the best, but they were perfectly natural, and so the little play seemed alive and actual, and was thoroughly enjoyable.

I am going with Hapgood tomorrow night, and again with Marion before I go away from Venice.

Marion is really very sweet! There is something there never was before, awfully appealing. She wants to make the most out of her life — and who can blame her, ruined as it is, with the cloud of insanity hanging over her! I never liked her so much. But I am too busy to see anything of her.

Please read the enclosed to the children.

Many thanks for the £10 which came safely. I got a wonderful exchange for it. Poor Italy!

Thanks also for the *Truths* and *Nations*.

With love,



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Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Venice, Oct. 2, 1893

Thanks for thy postal card and letter from Cardiff.

I am very anxious to hear Alys' decision about America.

I am just off to the theatre with Marion, to see another of Goldoni's plays
— this time abusing mothers-in-law!

I had a nice letter from Emily Dawson today.

Love to the children,

Thy loving,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 3, 1893

My darling mother,

I think thee takes too dark and foreboding a view of the case. There isn't the slightest danger of B.F.C.C.'s sending Miss Clare away and reinstating Emma — not the slightest. I hope thy note has calmed his anger — his mother must deceive him — or else he is in league with her to torment us at the expense of the children, and it would be hard for me to believe him so idiotically foolish and short-sighted as that, for in the end everything will depend upon which side they take.

As to my "returning home in a practical and proper way" — as he puts it — it would simply mean slavery to him, and I do not mean to do it. But I shall come instantly, as quick as the train can carry me, if he sends Miss Clare away. But I do not fear that

I hope Alys will have a good time in America. Give her my love. I think she is very sensible to go. It will be a great experience. Will Logan be at home while she is gone? And when does she come back?

I have but a minute, as I want to go to Mestre this afternoon to look up some pictures, and again to the theatre tonight, as another of Goldoni's plays is to be given. But I want to beg thee not to allow thyself to worry over what may never happen. Frank cannot take Emma back. And his mother is certainly going to leave Haslemere in a few days.

Has thee heard anything from Britten?

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 4, 1893

Darling mother,

I await thy next news with great anxiety. It is too bad thee had to be away just at the crisis. But Miss Clare has good sense and much tact, and I am sure she will pull herself through. I wish I knew how long she was going to stay at Cardiff. I suppose now thee is very busy getting Alys ready for her trip. She is sure to want all sorts of clothes. I hope she won't be very seasick, and that she will have a really good time. Is she going to the Chicago Fair? I quite envy her the chance. She will meet all sorts of interesting people, too, being with "Lady Somerset". Thee must send me her letters. Give her my love.

I am dreadfully cut up about **Miss Sellers**. Plenty of women can do philanthropic work, but scarcely three or four in the world have ever been fitted as she to do that kind of independent, scholarly work which men make it such a reproach to women for never doing. **I always thought of her as perhaps the one woman I knew who was capable of devoting herself to impersonal scholarship, who was equal to a man in men's own line.** And now she has broken down, unable to satisfy herself in an intellectual life.

I had a horrible feeling about it when Mr. Anderson told me she had lately been very near going into a convent. This is her substitute, I suppose — uniform and all. She isn't fitted for that sort of thing. It wants a woman with a loud voice and boisterous manners, like Mrs. Rogerson, or a woman like Miss C____, not a rather dreamy, impractical, beauty-loving creature like Miss Sellers.

I *am* so sorry! I do hate to have to confess that men are doing all the intellectual work of the world. 'Yes', we say, 'but women haven't had a chance. Just wait.' Well, here is a woman with chances such as few women have — and what happens? Intellectual interests bore her so, she throws it all up, and turns into an upper-nursemaid. It's very nice for the poor children, but a decided loss to the "woman's cause".

Please let me hear of the children again as soon as thee can.

Could not Miss Clare regularly send me their lessons twice a week if thee gave her directed newspaper wrappers?

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 6, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy postal cards from the North have arrived regularly. It seems a long time to hear nothing of the children. I wish thee had thought of leaving an addressed envelope with Miss Clare to put some of their lessons into and send me. But I shall soon hear, I hope, how all has gone, and get some news of Ray and Karin.

Alys sails tomorrow. What fun it will be for her!

I am going again tonight to see another of Goldoni's plays, which I have just finished reading. I think I shall try a little article on it for the *Evening Post* to pay for my tickets.

I am going to send Mr. Massingham, in a day or two, a review of a book on Carpaccio which has just come out.

Yesterday afternoon I went to call on Cousin Carrie, and Marion took a sketch of me. It was *much* against my will that I consented, as thee can imagine. However, I thought as I had to see something of them, I might as well do it that was as any. They gave me very nice afternoon tea as a reward.

I do feel very sorry for Cousin Carrie, yet I can quite understand how anxious she must be to give Marion every possible chance, considering the dreadful fate that hangs over her. Yet her heart is in America with her boys, who are in trouble, and the only pleasure she has is in writing letters. Marion feels very unhappy over it, and yet she is naturally anxious to get the most out of life, while she is able to work and to enjoy. If only they had more money, Cousin Carrie could hire a companion.

I wonder if Frank would let me have the children for a while in Paris. If he would, I would like to stay in Logan's apartment for 4 or 5 months next winter, and have them really learn French, while I studied drawing. **Of course this would be on the understanding that Berenson would not be there.** Does thee think this could be arranged? Miss Clare would like it, I think. It would be nice for the children to really get a start in French, and I should be so happy with them. I think, too, it might help me a good deal in my work to know a little about drawing.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Sunday, Oct. 8, 1893

My darling mother,

Many thanks for the second £10, which came this morning, and also for the enclosure of Rothenstein's book. I hope a *Nation* and a *Truth* will soon be along.

I took *The Nation* to Cousin Carrie today. They are going away on the 18th to Florence, but after that their plans seem somewhat vague. Marion is determined on Paris, but I think her mother wants to put it off as long as possible.

I suppose Alys sailed yesterday. I hope she will have a smooth crossing. I am awfully sorry to hear that Logan is so out of sorts as to need a real course of doctoring. I wonder if a little "roughing it" in the inconveniences of travel and foreign hotels wouldn't give him a brace? It would be either kill or cure. The literary life is proverbial for making people nervous. They live so much in their own insides, as it were, and then the effort to create is a trying one. But I have no advice to give. He is of age. Only I do wish he were well and in full possession of his powers, and I am sure he would do something very fine.

I send an article on Gladstone to father. It is by that Robertson whom my friend Maude Mosher married, and I think it is a splendid, thoughtful piece of real criticism, such as one sees little of in the reviews. He has — poor man! — just started a new magazine. It is called *The Free Review* — published at one shilling, Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.²⁹⁹ He says some good things in his preface about the stuff he is going to put in. "It does not claim attention as being written by persons of literary standing any more than by persons of title inasmuch as men rarely win an undisputed standing until their ideas are relatively trite, supposing them ever to have been otherwise ..." which is sound sense, but bad business, I fear. He has written to ask me to write an article, and I think of doing one on Ruskin, but I do not know whether I really shall. It is tempting to write a hundred things, but my business now is learning so that in due time I may speak out of the fullness and not out of the emptiness of my heart.

O, I do long for some news of the children! I hope Mrs. C. is gone by this time. Don't let Miss Clare give all in a hurry. If she really feels unable to go on, tell her to let me know before she does anything.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Will thee start off my trunk, *petite vitesse*, to H. M. Humbert, Via Tornabuoni, Florence? Of course my name, care of H. M. Humbert.

²⁹⁹ Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Venice, Oct. 9, 1893

My darling mother,

I have been feeling awfully cut up about the effect of my note to B.F.C.C. in making thee so unhappy and anxious. It was a most peaceable note from the outside, but I suppose he saw what lay below. It will not do for me to have *any* correspondence with him except through thee, as thee is the one who has to bear all the immediate discomforts. So thee may be assured it shall not happen again.

Also thee must of course tell [1.2] me about that conversation with Alys, to which thy letter of Friday alludes. I promise not to let him know anything about it by word or action. Be sure thee tells me.

I sent off a little article on the Venetian theatre last night to the *Evening Post*. I think of re-writing it a little and trying its luck in England, sending it to Mr. Massingham, who promised to help me with any journalistic enterprise I might undertake.

I am delighted to hear that [2] Ray complained to her father. It shows she is getting a little bit able to help herself, which she will need badly enough, poor child!

What was the plan thee had to propose to me that Lady Henry suggested?

By the way, has anything ever been heard of my Hawthorne article? Ask Miss Willard, will thee? If it was refused, I shall like to try it elsewhere.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Please send 10/6 to Mabie, Todd & Co.³⁰⁰ for a fountain pen to be sent me here at once — medium point. I want it for Anderson, the Roman photographer, who is here making wonderful isochromatic photographs of the pictures. Please ask them to register it when they send it, as things get stolen sometimes in the Italian post. But I want it soon, please, as he is going away in a few days.

³⁰⁰ The company originated in America from the beginnings during the 1860s when a Mr. Todd and a Mr. Mabie began making pencil cases and pen holders in New York. Later they were joined by the Bard Brothers who made Gold nibs and by 1873 the company of Mabie Todd and Bard were established in New York.

By 1878 the first patent was filed for the design and manufacture of a fountain pen, achieved under the design leadership of one William Washington Stewart. The first Swan fountain pen followed just 6 years later in 1884 with an over-under feed with ink delivery assisted by a twisted silver wire.

This same year an office had been established in the UK with a showroom in Cheapside, London. The UK was being supplied with a steadily increasing supply of pens from New York and by 1905 new, larger showrooms were established in High Holborn.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 11, 1893

Darling mother,

I am just going up to Cousin Carrie's and will tell her the news about Lady Henry. I hope it will turn out to be all right about ____omers. She must be anxious.

Thanks for the *Truth* and *Speaker*, and the various letters, etc., enclosed inside.

I am going away from Venice on Monday. Please address on Saturday, Sunday and Monday Hotel Croce d'Oro, Padua, and then Poste Restante Verona until thee hears.

My present plans are to go from Verona to Florence, stopping at various places on the way. Then at Florence get my winter things and come home.

If thee sees Mr. Britten, tell him I have nearly finished the Hampton Court Guide. It has taken a good deal of work, as I have completely made it over.

I look forward to thy letter tomorrow, hoping to hear more of the children.

How is Logan's treatment succeeding?

I have decided not to go to Hull, as I have nothing except art to lecture upon. Thee must not speak to B.F.C.C. about it. I hope thee has not done so.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Venice, Thursday, Oct. 12, 1893

Thanks for thy Monday letter.

Can thee send me any particulars of Lady Eastlake's death? I am so sorry about it. If thee chances to see any notice of what is going to become of her pictures, please send it to me.

I have made the acquaintance here of a Miss Mercier whose pictures I have always liked in the Salon. She seems very pleasant.

The weather is splendid.

I am glad to hear that the children look so well and rosy. Have they put on their winter flannels?

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Will thee please send 5/ for me to Christina Bremner, 14 Trent Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 13, 1893

My darling mother,

I shall probably start for home tomorrow. I have wired to B.F.C.C. in the care of Dr. Bull at Paris, saying "Has your mother gone as promised? I await reply telegram before deciding about immediate return."

Either he will telegraph to her to leave Haslemere at once, or he will have to have me home again to protect them. It is fiendish, as thee says, of him to leave his mother there — or would be if he knew. But I gather from thy letters that neither thee nor Miss Clare have had the courage to say a word, and that Mrs. C. behaves all right when he is there. Therefore it is much more your fault than his.

What I blame him for is promising me she should go, and not keeping his promise. It was evidently a promise not meant to be kept, and shows what bad faith he has. But when nobody complained, how could he imagine there was any harm in letting the old thing stay! *That* is not his fault, but yours. Miss Clare's rather, for I know thee is afraid to mix thyself up in it. It puts me all in the wrong as it happens, and ultimately thee, for he will think nothing except that thee has inflamed my mind without the slightest reason behind it, and that we both lack common sense. If Miss Clare had only spoken! However, we shall see what happens within 24 hours.

Give the children my love.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Venice, Oct. 13, 1893, 7.30 p.m.

My darling mother,

I have had no answer to my telegram to Paris. Either Dr. Bull did not know Frank's address, or he, having received, has reasons of his own for not answering it.

I am writing this to reach thee Monday morning. Please wire me here instantly if thee thinks I ought to come home on the grounds 1) that Miss Clare cannot protect the children from old Mrs. C., and 2) that Miss Clare is likely to go away. Of course thee need not state these grounds. I shall understand them if thee wires "Come". If thee wires "Wait", I shall understand that means wait for thy letter, which I shall expect at Padua, Hotel Croce d'Oro. Thee must send it, if possible, by the morning post on Monday. And be sure thee telegraphs at once Costelloe, Albergo Monaco, Venice. Especially if this does not reach thee by the morning post on Monday, and thee does not get it till half past one, please telegraph at once.

I will tell thee just the reasons why I do not want to come back unless it is necessary. In the first place, I especially want to have a good long time with the children at Christmas, and I could not afford the two visits so near together either in time or money. Secondly, this is the only weather for travelling in Italy, and I do not want to lose the chance unless I have to.

Thee will understand me I am sure when I tell thee that my only resource is to make myself absolute master of the subject I have taken up, so that, independently of my domestic *imbroglio*,³⁰¹ I shall have a definite standing point for myself, independent of anyone else. **I must know my subject in as scholarly and thorough a way as a man would**, for I mean to base myself on the work I do. If I leave home and take all the risks, and leave the children to grow up without me for a large part of the time, I must have something to show for it. And this means hard and steady work — work I enjoy to be sure, but which I cannot take up as an extra to nursing the children. When it is necessary to protect them, I am prepared to come home, and lose so much time and chance of working up my subjects. But I do not want to come at this time, when each day with its warm bright weather is especially valuable for study, unless it is necessary.

Still, this seems to me decidedly a case when it would be a good chance to warn B.F.C.C. that he must keep his promises. He does not want me there, but I warned him I would come unless his mother went, and I am prepared to do it, and indeed think it might be a good thing on this ground alone. So if thee wires "Come", I shall start off on Monday night and reach Haslemere at 11 on Wednesday morning.

I think I have said almost everything. There is one thing more. If thee

³⁰¹ Mary wrote 'embroglio'.



feels thee cannot get on without me, that the strain is too much for thee, I shall gladly come to help thee all I can. So if, on any or all of these grounds, thee wants me to come, wire me to that effect and I will start instantly. Please tell Miss Clare about this, so that she may know I am on her side.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

Venice, Oct. 14, 1893

My dearest mother,

B.F.C.C.'s telegram came last evening. "Wire illegible – am writing fully, no need for return – everything going smoothly", a characteristic reply.

I don't believe my telegram was illegible — his came without a single mistake. And he used to pride himself on finding out what telegrams meant. I remember his interpreting "Boat calls Friday" correctly into "Be at Calais Friday". As to "everything going smoothly", I really cannot blame him for that, for who hinted to him that it was otherwise?

His telegram makes absolutely no difference to me. His letter will come of course in which he will be obliged to confess that he had broken his promise and kept his mother on. I warned him long ago that if she stayed I should come home, so I am perfectly free to do so, and shall start at once if I get a wire from thee. If on getting this letter thee wants me, wire "Come" to the Hotel Croce d'Oro, Padua. I shall be there till Thursday night, and could easily start from there. I am inclined to think it would be a good thing to come, so as to teach him that if he plays us false in this way he will have to endure the discomfort of having me return.

As to his talk with Alys, it bears out what I have told thee all along, although thee would not believe it, that he hasn't the very slightest intention of getting a divorce. What he wants to do is to be able to say, if I insist on having one, "It isn't my fault. As a Catholic I did all I could, and at any rate I never legally condoned her." Now it is absurd for him to talk of condoning what never happened, but he evidently lives and breathes for appearances and seems willing to sacrifice everything to them, including the sympathy and respect of all the people with whom his daily existence is bound up. So we must take him as he is, and work upon his dread of appearances. I believe that he would rather I had the children away from England than to have me stay on in London seeing them all the time. And *that*, thee must remember, he cannot prevent. **The very provisions of the Separation insure that to me.** So when he talks about not allowing me to be in London, he is wasting his breath. He has no hold on me in that matter.

Does thee follow the chain of reasoning? I want thee to see it quite clearly, and then thee will not suffer so much from those terrible anxieties that overtake thee.

(Here it is 5 minutes to 8. I can't write another word on account of the post — no I will take this to the central post office.)

My argument is this: Frank is not willing to get a divorce. That being so, he does not want me to be in London, because if I am there, making friends, and perhaps meeting him, he will be forced into something that looks like "condonation". Therefore, he will do almost anything to avoid



that.

This is the hold we have on him, and the chief reason that makes me think it would be wise to come home now is because my coming would prove to him that it is not a merely empty threat when I say I mean to come if things are not arranged for the children to my satisfaction.

As to the other things, that about Berenson was a lie I know, and thee would see it in a second if thee did not wish to believe it, and that about Ray was a lie, I suspect. It is not very likely that Emma would have said such a thing. Still she may have. But again, Ray is not likely to say I said it when I didn't. So I believe he made it up as a sort of excuse.

About Berenson's remark which the supposed friend is supposed to have repeated to him, consider a moment what possible friend they have in common. Nobody but a terribly intimate friend would dare to repeat such a thing, and Frank has almost no intimates except Webb, Wallas, Britten and Flanagan, none of whom Berenson practically knows. They have scarcely a single common acquaintance.

I am saying these things to show thee how impossible it is even on his own ground that Berenson would say such a thing. If he were capable of it, of course I would have nothing more to do with him, but it is merely of a piece with plenty of other lies B.F.C.C. has told.

Now if thee stands by me, and doesn't upset everything by a terrible panic just at the wrong moment, we can get very favourable arrangements out of B.F.C.C. The last thing he wants is to have me, unreconciled to him, always hanging round the children, and by using this we can bring him to reasonable terms.

I must close now.

I await thy telegram Monday, and a further one at Padua, if thee thinks, on second thoughts, it would be a good thing for me to come.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Venice, Oct. 16, 1893

Dearest mother,

Having had no wire from thee yet, and having received this morning a note from B.F.C.C. to say that his mother was leaving for No. 40 on the 12th (did she really go then?) I suppose it means that thee does not think it best for me to come home just yet. But I shall wait to hear at Padua (where I go tomorrow) before making decided plans. But if nothing unexpected occurs, address now Poste Restante Verona.

I am in the midst of packing and cannot answer all thy letter at once, as I want to send a note to Miss Clare and to the children. Thee is quite mistaken, however, in thinking I am shut out from England or London. B.F.C.C. has no claim whatever to interfere with my movements, nor can he do it, as any scandal at present is greatly to his disadvantage.

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

If thee speaks to B.F.C.C., let him understand distinctly that I wired to ask him if his mother was at the cottage, as I had asked him to let me know, and he had not done so. I did not wire on complaints from thee, as he may be inclined to suspect, but because of his silence in answer to my request to let me know whether she was going to go.

7.45 Thy telegram has just come. If thee wants me, I will come at once. I do *hate* to have thee unhappy. I could easily come from Verona, if thee wants me to start the children in at school.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter to Frank;
Strachey, p. 53

Hotel Monaco, Venice, Oct. 16, 1893

To B. F. C. Costelloe,

..... As to your remarks about my having no right to interfere in your household, I must remind you that both as the children's mother and as their legal guardian, I have every right to interfere if I consider that unsuitable arrangements are being made for them. This [1.2] right no threats of any kind shall induce me to give up.

.....Nothing that touches the children is indifferent to me. Very much your best policy would be to be perfectly frank to me in any plans you may make that affect them. It [1.3] would save us both a great deal of annoyance.

Yours truly,
M. W. C.



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Padua, Oct. 17-19, 1893



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Hotel Croce d'Oro, Padua, Oct. 17, 1893

My dearest mother,

I have been dreadfully worried for fear B.F.C.C. would do something to annoy thee on account of my telegram, and thy letter shows that he did. It seems very strange I cannot ask him a question **without his endeavouring to bully thee about it**. I purposely put my telegram as a question, so as not to implicate thee. I asked him last month to tell me if the plans for having his mother leave in the beginning of October were changed. He replied that they were not. When they were, he ought in fairness to have told me, and he drew the annoyance of my wire upon himself by his silence.

My telegram did not contain any fresh threat. I told him before that if she stayed on without him, I meant to come home. He knew that perfectly well. But I telegraphed to him because apparently neither thee nor Miss Clare had had the courage to ask him how long she was going to stay, and I had to know before responding to thy appeal to come and protect the children from her, whether she really was going to stay on.

From B.F.C.C.'s wire, it appears that she left the very day I telegraphed — probably he wired to her to go, in consequence of my message. I did not implicate thee in any way whatever, and

[the xerox of the verso of the second page is **missing**]

a letter dated Oct. 18 is **missing** at Libby —
perhaps at I Tatti?



M-HS 1893.____
a four-page letter

<Hotel> Croce d'Oro, Padua, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1893

Dearest mother,

I am afraid thee is going to do me a very great injury by tacitly or otherwise admitting that B.F.C.C. has the slightest right to keep me out of London. He cannot do so, and thee should not for one instant yield to him on this point. If thee does, it will make things a hundred times worse, for all the result will be that I shall take lodgings instead of staying at 44. I have to go to London sometimes, both to consult a doctor (I am afraid there is something wrong in my insides again), to do my shopping, to be with you when you are there, to see the National Gallery, to see the children's school, etc., etc. Frank simply has nothing whatever to do with it, and his trying to frighten thee about it is one of his usual pieces of cowardly bullying. He knows he can easily scare thee, and cause me all kinds of misery in that way, so he rejoices in doing it. Of course the Devil himself from "his point of view" is "not to be wondered at",³⁰² but I am surprised thee should thyself take B.F.C.C.'s point of view. His point of view is this. He doesn't care for anything except for his selfish political ambitions (which will lead to nothing, as we know very well!), and to these he is willing to sacrifice everything and everybody. Seeing that he has people with strong affections to deal with, he uses those as a whip to drive them his way. "From his point of view" of course he is a sort of archangel of justice, but I cannot admit his point of view for a second, any more than I can admit the Grand Inquisitor's. It is neither humane, nor considerate, nor civilized.

But thee simply *must not* give in to it. The idea of thy sympathizing with his pretended "duty as a father" to keep *my* children from my anti-Catholic influence! When thee says such things as this, it makes me feel almost hopeless about ever saying another word to thee. I suppose it is the effect of religion, though, to completely de-naturalise people, and to make them think it holy and acceptable in God's sight to separate mothers and children, just as they used to carry on all the most atrocious wars "in the name of God and Jesus Christ". Christianity, historically speaking, has always tended to de-naturalise people. Instead of asking what human nature is, they set up a rigid, non-human ideal, and try to crush everybody into shape. If B.F.C.C. thinks to save the children's souls by any such means as keeping them from me, he will damn his own soul, and his career too, in the process.

But to go back, considering that his career is his aim, he does not want any scandal, and he will greatly prefer my being quietly in London to my following the children about wherever he may send them. Thee seems to

³⁰² Voltaire, *On Tolerance*:

'If there were a devil, he would revenge the war which I make upon him.' ... If Bekker has so many scruples concerning angels, it is **not to be wondered at** that he has some concerning devils ...



forget that he *cannot* deny me access to them.

To show thee how he thinks he can work on me through thy panic-stricken concessions, let me tell thee this. He wrote to ask me my plans in September. I replied at once that I meant to spend a month in London, watching the children at their school, etc., and then take them for their holidays to Babbacombe, if Lady M. T. would lend it to me, or somewhere else. This was what I told him in my last talk with him. Neither then, nor in answer to my letter, did he make the *very slightest* sign of an objection. Either he felt none, or was afraid to make any. If he felt none, then what has made him feel it since? Obviously, seeing how he could terrify *thee* into any concessions. From that, the idea came to him to try to coerce me. Or else, if he felt them, but was afraid to say so, he will be equally afraid now.

☞ Do not on any account consult him about my return. Say I keep my plans to myself and do not attend to thy advice. It is infinitely better for me to settle things with him, by word of mouth, than for thee to have anything to do with it, for he always tried to bully thee. ☞

The reason my letters are so unfortunate is because he deals with thee about them. So I will give them up. But I can manage him in conversation. Miss Clare is with the children and Emma is gone. We had an *awful* word-fight over it, but he had to come around in the end, and he did, thee sees, though tardily.

Therefore, thee must leave it to me about my home-coming. I do not propose to be shut out of London, and I know he will not dare to propose it to me in a conversation. Neither will he make me difficulties about the children's holidays, of that I am sure. He may arrange an ingenious system of lies to account for it, but he will not oppose me there. Thee must simply leave that to me. As thee and I are working for entirely different ends, **as I explained to thee in my last letter,**³⁰³ we can't manage things for each other. Every time thee tries it, it gets worse, and every time I try to arrange matters for thee, it makes thee unhappier.

But I am sure I can manage at least a part of what I want. Of course I would *like* the children to have nothing to do with Catholicism. If there was any hope of accomplishing *this*, I would give up everything for it. But there is none. The mind soon accommodates itself to the inevitable, when it once is sure a thing is inevitable. And I have many plans by which I hope afterwards to undo the effects of B.F.C.C.'s Catholicism. But my being shut out of London, and reduced to "a few weeks" of the children is not in the least inevitable. Thee can make it nearly so if *thee* arranges terms for me with B.F.C.C., but if thee leaves it to me, it will not be so in the least.

I have said all I can say — thee must let him understand this distinctly. It was nothing but the news that he had gone to Paris, and the uncertainty he had left me in of his plans with regard to Mrs. C. that led me to wire, and

³⁰³ Which letter? A letter of Oct. 18, 1893?



for this he, and not thee, is responsible.

If Miss Clare had asked him, as she might very well have done, how long Mrs. C. was going to stay, saying that she found great difficulties when he was away, this imbroglio would not have happened.

However, thee *must not* let thyself be worried by his bullying. He delights to terrify people, and make them feel he has vast and terrible powers in reserve. In this he is a thorough Jesuit. But, like the Jesuits, most of it is pure talk, and only terrifies those who do not really think out the situation to see how much can lie behind the vague threats.

B.F.C.C. has every interest in keeping things quiet, and none in setting scandals afloat. He knows very well that public opinion would crush him forever, if he allowed and encouraged scandal about me to spread, or even if it spread very widely without him and he did not get a divorce. And that he cannot do, as a Catholic. He merely uses such threats to terrify thee. I am the more sure of this, as I know his ways on Committees, whom he had often reduced into almost slavery to him by the use of menaces he knew at the time to be of no real import.

He will act, as thee knows very well, for his own interest, regardless of everything else. That is clear. Well, thee may put thy mind at rest. He will not take the children away, nor will he spread scandals about me. If he did the first, no consideration would prevent my raising an awful row, and bringing him into the greatest trouble. Because, thee must remember, he has pledged himself always to give me access to the children. If he did the second, everyone would despise him if he did not get a divorce, and that, I assure thee, he certainly will not do, however much he may threaten it.

But I fear thee is inclined to take a perfectly pessimistic view, and that is it little use my talking. If thee would take my policy and bear me out in it, and not show thyself perfectly cowed by the slightest threat the hateful bully chooses to utter, we could get on much better. But the trouble is we are working for different ends, and so we are bound to spoil each other's plans. Thy policy is to give in to him on every single point, no matter how many lies are told in the process. **Thee would have me confess meekly that my friendship with Berenson was very wrong and wicked**, and admit that B.F.C.C. had a perfect right to dictate his wife's life — in short that I am not my own but his property. And then thee would have me build up an elaborate lie by living in the same house and pretending to be his wife!

Of course I can prophesy nothing about what Ray and Karin will be, when their beautiful Catholic education is completed, but if they have a grain of self-respect in them, they would not thank me for such a series of sacrifices, such a tissue of lies told for their sakes.

Sometimes I think thee only looks forward so far as to the time thee hopes thee and father will both die — that is to say, when the children are about 15 and 16. But most of my acquaintance and association with them will probably come after they are that age, or even older.



This being thy policy, however, thee is pulling exactly the opposite way to me, and we shall probably never get out of this state of horrible embroilments. For certainly I simply cannot conceive myself coming to take thy view.

B.F.C.C. sees he can scare thee half to death, and he knows how awful it makes me feel to have thee unhappy. I was idiot enough to let him see it. So he uses that as a weapon over me. But it does not really effect anything except to make us all more and more uncomfortable.

When I return in December, I shall try to put matters on a firmer ground. But with thee constantly pulling the other way from me, I have great fears of accomplishing nothing. With B.F.C.C. alone I am certain I could manage to come to terms. They would be fighting terms, but they would be definite, and we should know just what we had to expect.

But I must post this now. I am not particularly well. My trouble of last year has come on again, or something like it, and I am a little "unwell" all the time. However, it doesn't interfere much.

As to thy telling me about the children, I beg thee will continue to do so. The times when I can wire are at the most very few, and I should be terribly unhappy if I thought thee did not tell me everything that concerns them. Mrs. C. cannot very well bother them any more for the present, so I trust all will go smoothly for a time.

In haste, with love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Would thee mind keeping this letter?



Verona, Oct. 21-29, 1893

M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Colomba d'Oro, Verona, Saturday, Oct. 21, 1893³⁰⁴

Darling mother,

Thy letter and thy cheering postal card were waiting <for> me when I reached here this morning. Also the *Scribner* and *Truth*.

The letter I cannot send to Cousin Carrie, for I do not know her address. They left Venice on Wednesday, with vague plans to go to Florence and Siena. I told them of a very nice pension in Siena where a good many English people go. Thee cannot think how Cousin Carrie brightened up at the idea of meeting some people she could talk to again. But Marion made a face and said, "O, but I want a real Italian place, where I can't hear a word of English." Poor Cousin Carrie's face fell, and I could not resist coming to her rescue. I reminded Marion that learning to speak Italian wasn't her profession after all, and that if her mother gave up everything so that Marion should have a chance to paint, at any rate she need not make a point of cutting her off from all society. Cousin Carrie looked very grateful. But I believe she would skin herself if Marion expressed a desire to use her skin as a paint-brush rag. Now that I have gone over to that side, I think I shall start a "Protection of Mothers" society! Still, I can understand how Cousin Carrie must feel at the idea of this terrible insanity hanging over her child's life. But Marion is evidently as heartlessly selfish and self-centred as ever. She evidently considers herself a great genius, and she talks about her "artistic temperament" in very much the same way Miss Lucas used to talk about hers.

As to her painting, I don't believe she will ever learn to do anything even passable. Still, if it didn't bore Cousin Carrie so much, it would be a nice harmless occupation for her. Marion had gathered about herself a few young art students. It was very amusing to hear them talk. They criticised each others' miserable daubs with such seriousness, and spoke with absolutely bated breath of all sorts of poor minor painters, who had perhaps come near once to getting something into the Salon. I mentioned the greater painters like Degas, Besnard, Zorn, Monet, etc., but they had never seen their pictures, and had hardly heard their names. Marion had,

³⁰⁴ Mary's diary, Oct. 21, 1893: My home letters were as usual very distressing, **father threatening not to leave me any of his money.**



because she went round the Salon once or twice with me³⁰⁵ and I *made* her look at them, but the others, although they had been several years in Paris, were absolutely ignorant of anything but their own achievements and the achievements of their own set.

So there is circle within circle, and I suppose this explains how so many painters go on, contentedly with their miserable work. Of course not one of them had thoughts of casting so much as a glance at the "Old Masters". That would have been too much to expect. Marion kept vowing she longed to learn from me, and reproaching me for not telling her more, but I noticed she carefully avoided going to see the one thing I strongly urged upon her to look at, a series of frescoes by Longhi in a palace conveniently near. Even Cousin Carrie had scarcely been anywhere or seen anything. She seemed totally devoid of curiosity.

It is much colder today, but bright and sunny.

I have finished the Hampton Court guide. If my type-writer were in order, I would print it off at once. I hope to get it fixed at Verona.

I am also hoping to get several books from Massingham to review.

If a *New York Evening Post* comes for me please send it on.

I am going to try an article in the *Nation* soon.

Has Miss Willard heard anything of my "Hawthorne"?

In haste, with much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁰⁵ Mary saw Marion Lawrence in Paris on July 13 and Sept. 1, 1892.

Mary's diary, July 13, 1892, Paris: Bôcher has been here, and **I have seen Marion Lawrence once or twice** ...

Mary's diary, September 1, 1892, Paris: Marion Lawrence came and bored me nearly to death.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Verona, Sunday <Oct. 22, 1893>

I am spending today resting, trying to get well, so I will send only a postal.

I have still three volumes from the London Library of Ranke's *History of the Reformation*, translated into English. When must I return them? They leave off at the most interesting place — where can I get the fourth volume? Has Mudie's Library³⁰⁶ got it? If so, I want it very much.

The pen has not yet come.

It is wonderful weather. It is dreadful to stay indoors, but I can do nothing until I am well.

Send me Alys' letters. Also any word of Logan and father. I need not say of the children!

How is Miss Willard?

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁰⁶ Charles Edward Mudie (1818-1890), publisher and founder of Mudie's Lending Library and Mudie's Subscription Library.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

<Verona> Monday, Oct. 23, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thank thee for thy letter this morning. I think I know just how thee feels about my whole conduct. I don't think thee is right, but still we must manage together in spite of different opinions even in such vital matters, because I love thee so very much, and I know thee loves me no matter what I do or think. After all these years of so much love from thee, it is absolutely impossible for me to feel anything but immense love for thee, and I do hate to make thee unhappy. Sometimes I get irritated, as thee sees from my letters. That is almost inevitable when my "struggle for life" pulls me one way, and thee wants me to go another, and adds to that natural desire (with which I sympathize) the other feeling with which I have less sympathy, that thy ideas are "right", and mine "wrong", and that my "duty before God and man" is to go thy way. Still, I can't help thy feeling that it is as natural, I suppose, as that thee should want me to make a compromise and live at No. 40. I take back what I said about Frank's terrorizing thee, as it is evidently unfounded. Still, it is almost the same thing if he does it through Alys. He knows it is thee and Ray I care about.

But I will try my *very hardest* not to let him get angry at thee. There is a natural hate set between you — of light and darkness. But I hope he will be fairly kind to thee about the children.

Thy news of Miss Clare is really splendid. You must be on excellent terms if she sends the children over to ask for Stupid³⁰⁷ to go exploring with. How nice that she enjoys it! Does thee think she is contented and likely to stay! She is splendid for the children. Is Ray really proving more affectionate to thee? I cannot believe that, under such friendly influences, Emma's stupidities can keep much hold on her. Thee feared they always would, but I do *hope* not. Karin must be a little dear. She has always been affectionate to thee. (Do they seem like good, clever children?)

I did not mean, as thee seems to think, that thee was anxious to tell lies, but merely that if I came back and pretended to live with B.F.C.C. it would be a lie. It is impossible. But discussion does not do much good, I fear. Still, I do trust thee to tell me anything that affects the children. Frank expressly told me they were to return to school. I think it very important, although the country is so good for them that I am not in a hurry to have them go back to town. I hope they are strong children. How much easier it is to bring up children in the English climate!

I am no better today, and am keeping absolutely quiet. (I went out to see a church, but came in again in less than an hour.) The only thing I can think of is that it is a return of ovarian neuralgia, coming on with the first snap of

³⁰⁷ ? Perhaps the name of a dog?



cold weather. But I do not know why that should bring on my “unwell” period ten days too soon and protract it so much longer than usual. I shall see what rest will do. I could not think it wise to take a railway journey just now, but if the flow stops and the pain continues, I will come home to that nice doctor.

I am afraid no more of the Ranke is translated, alas! If thee would send me the three first volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Seeley's *Napoleon Bonaparte*³⁰⁸ from Mudie's I should be glad. I shall soon be out of reading

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁰⁸ Sir John Robert Seeley (1834-1895), *A Short History of Napoleon the First* (London: Seeley, 1886).



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Verona, Oct. 24, 1893

Dearest mother,

Since the trunk hasn't started yet, it had better wait until I come. That will be cheaper, and I think I can get along without the things in it.

The proofs from Putnam's³⁰⁹ haven't yet come, but I hope they will turn up tomorrow, if Logan sent them on from London.

I think, all the same, that if I hadn't telegraphed to B.F.C.C. his mother would still be at the cottage. Thee sees he wants peace more than anything, so I have no doubt we can arrange things comfortably.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁰⁹ Evidently the proofs of Bernhard's *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance* (New York & London, Putnam, 1894).



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Colomba d'Oro, Verona, Oct. 24, 1893

Dearest mother,

I enclose B.F.C.C.'s letter, which, so far, seems quite satisfactory.

I think the children ought to go to school, but they need not begin music lessons until later. I will write to him to that effect, and also speak again about the necessity of my being for a time in London. If the big house is not let, no place could be so delightful, even the sea. Still, if I had to pay for the coal, servants, etc., it would be too expensive for me to stay there, I am afraid, as I haven't much money left to last me out! How would that be? I may have to pay for some doctor's bills too, unless I get well in Nature's way by resting. I am better today, but I am going to spend the whole day reading and writing, and not walking about at all. Tomorrow I hope to be all right. Still there must be *something* the matter to have such a thing happen. I think I shall go once to the doctor at any rate.

The pen has not come. Was it registered? The Italians are such thieves, I should never dare to trust anything valuable unregistered.

I have had a letter from Henry Norman about doing reviews for the *Chronicle*. He says he wants particularly to talk with me about it, so I may run over to Venice on Friday to spend Sunday there. I think if I really saw him and talked with him, I might induce him to give me regular work, not only in Italian art, but history as well, for by this time I have a fair acquaintance with the history of the Renaissance, and I have very definite ideas as to how it should be treated. Still, I do not know that the expense is worth while. I may content myself with writing to him. It depends partly on my health.

This is Madge Nick's wedding day. I hope she will have better luck than I!

The weather is simply lovely. I am sitting with both windows wide open. I hate to miss so much of Verona, but it's no use trying to do things without health.

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Verona, Oct. 25, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy letter and the pen have arrived safely.

I hope the proofs will soon turn up.

Although I wrote to all possible post offices and hotels, Rothenstein's drawings have failed to make their appearance. I always leave my address behind. Thee will have seen before this that B.F.C.C.'s letter to Venice was forwarded to me here.

How nice Miss Clare is to notice everything, and to tell thee! She really is the person of tact and good sense we longed for.

I laughed at Ray's account of thy borrowing ladders to climb up and get the moon for her. It showed decided insight. How nice it is for a child — or for anybody — to feel that some one is on their side. It gives them a solid human resting place. Does thee know, in spite of thy disapproval of my actions, I always feel that way about thee? I cannot help it. I do not feel so about anybody else in the world. Ray and Karin must have some such feeling, unconscious, of course, but it is sure to leave a permanent influence on them. I am glad Miss Clare encourages their love for thee. She really seems a person after thy own heart, does she not? Or does thee see faults in her thee has not mentioned? Do tell me what thee really thinks about her!

I want thee to pre-empt Lady Henry for Christina Bremner. The poor girl is having a simply awful struggle to make a penny, and through no fault of her own, for she has plenty of brains and ability as a writer. Could Miss Willard think of anything for her to do? She is more than capable of editing an English woman's column in any paper, if only she got the chance. Suppose she wrote a bright, readable article on Lady Henry's impressions of the Fair, etc., where should she send it in America? Do try to think of something, for she really deserves it. Fate and the McLarens have rather left her in the lurch.

I am decidedly better today. I went out for a while this morning to see some frescoes³¹⁰ by a predecessor of Paul Veronese. Nature seems to try her hand a good many times at the same sort of thing before she turns out a thoroughly satisfactory article, and then, having got into the habit she goes on repeating him for some time when he is no longer needed. Some of these Veronese painters, and in particular one who went by the elegant name of Brusasorci — Rat-catcher — come as close as possible to Paul Veronese, so that, but for the last fine touches, they are identical.

Then after Paolo, what a weary waste of followers appeared, whose numbers have almost obscured all knowledge of the one real artist who appeared in the school! Nature, to paraphrase *Peer Gynt*, may be beneficent,

³¹⁰ Mary's diary, Oct. 25, 1893: Went to San Giorgio.



but she certainly is not economical!

I can't decide whether to run over to Venice or not. I think I will try the effect of a note first.

After thee receives this, address for three days, please Poste Restante, Brescia, and then Poste Restante, Cremona, until thee hears.

I have been "re-writing" my Hampton Court Guide — a fatal habit, I fear, if it once sets in!

I hope, from B.F.C.C.'s letter, that the children will go to town about when you do.

With love to father, and sincere regrets that I am missing Miss Willard's visit,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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

M-HS 1893.____

a postcard one-page letter

Verona, Thursday, Oct. 26, 1893

My darling mother,

Thy long letter came today and it made me very unhappy to think I had seemed to misunderstand thee so. I don't think I really *did* so much as thee thinks. I do think thee allows too much for B.F.C.C.'s sincerity, but still his pretended sincerity is certainly an element we have to take into account. As to his various suspicions, thee must know but thee has probably forgotten, that a lawyer's invariable rule is to accuse the other party of the worst things they can think of, even to murder, in the hope of frightening some damaging admission out of them.

B.F.C.C. has tried it on me a number of times, accusing me of things I never even dreamed of, or rather saying that he had "had information" which had made it all evident to him. He would say these preposterous things and then watch my face, as if I were a criminal in the dock, in the hope of catching some guilty admission there. I ought perhaps to have taken it more seriously and made him ashamed of behaving in that way. I was secretly amused to see his professional habits so strong in him, and of course I loathed him all the more for it. But I did not say anything, because I thought he would be less on his guard. I remember now he did say to me in a very queer tone, "I know all about the illness". I thought he meant that I was shamming ill, so I replied, "But I am *really* ill", and he did not say any more. But what thee tells me, shows what he had in mind. It was one of his lawyer's devices. I do not suppose for a moment he *really* thought it, but acting on the legal principle that human nature is capable of *anything*, he tried the dodge.

Well, thee must forgive me once again all the hateful things I said. I expect I have a share of father's gift in letter-writing! At any rate thee knows I love thee, at least I want thee to know it, for it is true I never pass a night in a room without thy photograph up in some place where I can see it all the time. And I know this, too, that thee longs to have me happy. I don't think I could feel quarrelly with thee more than a minute, and I suppose thee cannot feel to me any other way than I feel to Ray, only "more so". So we have to be friends!

I am a *great deal* better today. I felt rather down over this illness, it seemed so perfectly uncaused, because I couldn't even remember taking cold. But I am so much better today that I feel encouraged.

The proofs have not come.

Doesn't thee remember? I sent my Hawthorne article to thee to give Miss Willard?³¹¹ You read part of it together on the train going somewhere. But don't bother her about it any more. It isn't worth troubling her. I have a

³¹¹ Does Miss Willard work at Putnam's?



copy, and I will simply try it myself somewhere. They say after all that introductions count for very little with editors. I do not know where it was sent, but if it had been taken, I suppose I should have heard by this time, and it is fairly safe to try again.

With much love,

Thy daughter,

M.

I never can hear enough of the children. How do they wear their hair? What dresses have they? I like to get any scrap they make, write or scrawl!



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

M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Colomba d'Oro, Verona, Oct. 27, 1893

Dearest mother,

I don't know Cousin Carrie's address any more than thee. Thee might try a postal card to the Pension Chiusarelli, Siena. If Marion hasn't dragged her poor mother off to some dirty little Italian hole, they are probably there.

The proofs haven't come. Did Logan send them?

I have not yet decided whether to run over to Venice or not. It depends somewhat upon what answer Mr. Norman makes to a note I sent last night. In any case, it would not interfere with Brescia and Cremona.

I am much better today, in fact quite well, except for getting tired very quickly when I try to walk or stand.

Tonight is "Michael Field's" first play — to be given at the Independent Theatre. I hope thee will send me some notices of it. I dreamt last night that it was so loudly applauded that the noise could be heard at Hampstead! But I fear nothing like this will be the case. But, who knows? "Michael" may have the talent for writing modern plays. I am most anxious to hear about it.

How is the B. W.³¹² getting on — the new and the old?

Thee does not say a word of letters from Alys, but thee must have had some.

This is the last I shall send to Friday's Hill. Tomorrow I will write to 44.

There are two Scotch boys here who are being educated in the Scotch College at Rome for the priesthood. One of them is a clever fellow, very conceited, who talks a great deal. He is only about 20, so that he reveals, in his talk, the whole system of education he is being formed upon, and it is most interesting. Of course nothing he says is original — he merely repeats what has been stuffed into him. He calls the King of Italy "The King of Sardinia", evidently believing that the Pope is the real King of Italy. This is the sort of ideas they give him — that logic does more harm than good in the world, and that, anyhow, even if you do grant the two premises of a syllogism, there is no necessity of granting the conclusion. This is evidently their method of answer to the historical and scientific facts that have been brought to light, which even Catholics cannot deny. Their only refuge is to say that conclusions can't be drawn from facts! He has been taught to hold the Renaissance in perfect abhorrence, as a seething chaos of wickedness and dishonesty. I suppose that is so that he won't think it worth while to read anything about it, for reading about it might lead him to read about the Reformation. Being very clever, and a great swell, they are evidently taking especial pains to mis-educate him. There is a nice old English lady and her niece here, and we draw him out to talk. They know nothing of Catholics except that they are in general to be hated, but I explain to them after each



talk the exact meaning of it, and they are enormously interested. It is curious that the boy is encouraged to read Ruskin — in fact knows him by heart, to the very line of each page. This makes him think he is up with modern culture. But Ruskin abhors the Renaissance. His educators are certainly very clever, if not very honest!

I am interest<ed> to hear what St. George Mivart³¹³ will do now that the Inquisition has come down on his theory of happiness in Hell. Do let me see any further developments.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³¹³ St. George Mivart (1827-1900), 'Happiness in Hell', *The Nineteenth Century* 32 (Dec. 1892), placed on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. Further articles were 'Happiness in Hell: A Rejoinder', *The Nineteenth Century* 33 (1893), p. 320-338; 'Last Words on Happiness in Hell', *The Nineteenth Century* 33 (1893), p. 637-651; 'The Index and My Articles on Hell', *The Nineteenth Century* 34 (1893), p. 979-990.



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Saturday evening, Oct. 28, 1893

Thy postal card came last evening, coming quicker from London than the country, so I have had nothing else today.

Have the proofs been forwarded?

The weather here is very beautiful, warm but exhilarating.

I am going to send the Preface to my Hampton Court Guide tomorrow to ask for thy and father's and Logan's suggestions, if you think it worth looking over.

I have written to Mr. Britten that I can send the manuscript as soon as he wants it.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Later. Thy Thursday letter just received. I will see what to do with the returned article. Am much better.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Colomba d'Oro, Verona, Oct. 29, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thanks for Alys' letter which I return. I am glad she was having such a good time.

I will return the Rankes at once. Do see if there isn't a fourth volume of his *Reformation* translated. It leaves off, like Creighton, at just the most interesting place!

I send thee today my "Preface". If Mr. Britten writes that he wants it, I will ask thee to send it on to him.

I feel that in some ways it would have been much the best thing for me to have acknowledged in the Preface my indebtedness to Berenson. Everybody, particularly those who are engaged in study, understands the relation between teacher and scholar, and certainly this would be a chance for making it clear. I have not said anything because I feared a discussion with thee, but if thee thinks with me I can easily add a few words.

In the Giorgione I have mentioned his book "*to which I am indebted*" instead of "*to whom*". This I cannot take out, as many of my ideas come straight out of the book Mr. Putnam is publishing, and I should be simply despised as a plagiarist if I made no acknowledgement. That is the sort of thing that has got Vernon Lee into thorough disrepute among students — her unblushing plagiarism. Private instruction you don't have to acknowledge, but printed you *must*.

Well, I must close for the post. It is still lovely weather.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

I don't think I need bother any of you to send over the _____, etc. they will do well enough, I am pretty sure.



Brescia, Oct. 31-Nov. 3, 1893

M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Brescia, Oct. 31, 1893

Dearest mother,

I will write this tonight, although there is no chance of its getting in, as it is pouring, and I have taken off my wet boots. I am sure that if I gave it to the porter, he would promise to put it in and keep it in his pocket at least till tomorrow, and who knows how much longer?

I received everything both addressed to the Colomba d'Oro and the Poste Restante, including Putnam's letter. I also received here "The Science of Motherhood", and two letters, both containing very nice accounts of the children and enclosing some of their nice lessons. How well Ray is beginning to write! I expect she already feels how thee adores her and she knows quite well she can march into the room and say nothing but "Read", and thee will be ready to eat her up with kisses for it. But there is such a thing as being too much 'on the children's side', I am afraid! It must be balm to thy soul to hear their comments on "you know who". People never really appreciate anything without contrast, and I think from that point of view old Mrs. C. is really a blessing to us, both in regard to Miss Clare's feelings and the children's. I do hope they have come up to town by this time, as B.F.C.C.'s note said they should. **Won't Aunt Lou³¹⁴ be glad to see them. It must be a comfort to thee to have one satisfactory daughter!** I hope she will go round the world with Lady Henry and Miss Willard. She would enjoy it immensely. When do they talk of going? And if they go, will Anna Gordon have to go too?

I re-read thy little tract. It shows a genius for writing that makes me dreadfully envious! The charm of it is its not being stilted at all, but coming as close as possible to actual intelligent conversation. Therefore every point drives home almost as if thee were speaking. I *want* to write like that, but my pen seems to rush into nonsense the moment the awful word "Print" suggests itself to me. I have tried to be simple in my Hampton Court book, but I never get anywhere near the simplicity and directness of thy style.

Please thank Miss Willard for sending my Hawthorne on. I will write to the editor myself tomorrow. Try and try again is the way, I suppose, to get into journalism.

Rothenstein's things are hopelessly lost, I fear. It was hateful of him to send them to Munich, when I told him Haslemere. What shall I do? I should like to have everything ready at Christmas. I met an English girl at Verona who draws fairly well, and she offered to do the illustrations for me.

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Of course they wouldn't have anything like the *chic* of Rothenstein's — they would be about like Lady Henry's book, sweet but commonplace illustrations, not over correct as anatomy, but passable. Had I better get her to do them, or will thee write to Rothenstein? He is terribly afraid of thee, and thee might awe him into doing something!

Then what about a publisher? Shall I try Putnam, or does thee know any publisher to whom thy recommendation would mean a good deal? Does Revell publish such things? Will thee write me a preface? I will alter anything thee does not think thee would like to endorse. This would make the book sell among thy many thousands of disciples. What does thee think? We could do everything about it at Christmas if it was all ready.

I hope Miss Clare has kept "Giant Story Teller".

It would be lovely to be down at Friday's Hill at Christmas all together, with the children too.

How glad thee will be to see Alys tomorrow.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

The pen came all right.



M-HS 1893.____

a postcard one-page letter

<Brescia> Friday, Nov. 3, 1893

I have stayed over an extra day to take a very wonderful excursion, which I will write about tomorrow from Cremona. I am going to try to make a little article about it for that paper Miss Willard kindly sent my article to, and I will send it to thee on the way.

I left word at the post to send anything that came to Cremona, so if thee sent anything after the Sunday's postal card I shall get it there.

After receiving this, please address for two days to the Poste Restante, *Parma*, then one day ditto *Modena*, and then *Bologna*.

I hope the children have come up.

Love to Alys. I wish I could hear about her experiences!

With love,

M.



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Cremona, Nov. 4-8, 1893

M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Cremona, Nov. 4, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy letters, the proofs, papers, etc., have all come. I cannot reply tonight, for I want to think over what thy letter says.

Thank Logan for his note.

I am sorry the Mikes' play was not a better success. I hoped it would have been something more modern and psychological.

It must have been nice to see Alys again. I hope I shall hear from her.

I send thee my article. I have mislaid Hamilton Mabie's³¹⁵ address, but if thee will send it to him in my name I shall be very grateful just saying that I could send many such sketches about Italian things, or more serious criticism of books on art or Italian history if he wanted them. If he takes this, tell him to send a cheque to Millbank Street Post Office and one copy of the paper to 44.

If it isn't the kind of thing for him, will thee try the Chicago Newspaper Press Co., Office of Chicago Herald, Chicago, saying the same thing?

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

³¹⁵ Hamilton Wright Mabie, Williams '67, Columbia Law School '69 (1846-1916) was an editor and critic. In 1884, Mabie was promoted to associate editor of the *Christian Union* and then elected to the Author's Club



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

<Cremona> Monday, Nov. 6, 1893

Thanks for thy letters, the papers, the children's letters, etc.

Have been very busy, but will write tonight. I am just sending this to catch tonight's post.

Do ask Alys to write me about Edith Thomas. Did she see F. Dike?

I am sure I cannot illustrate my stories — do stir up Rothenstein.

Did my "Preface to Hampton Court Guide" come?

I sent an article on Brescia.

I do hope the children have come up at last!

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

Cremona, Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1893

My dearest mother,

I sent thee a postal card yesterday, and meant to write last night, but was too tired to do so. Thy two postal cards of Saturday came this morning. Many thanks. I hope thee wrote to Parma yesterday. Please write to Bologna until thee hears to the contrary.

I have naturally been thinking over the warnings of thy last two letters. I do not think there is anything but a bullying threat in what B.F.C.C. said to Logan. I can see that his plan is to make you all think he is firmly convinced that I am very wicked, while he is conscientious and outraged. This is the attitude he wishes to impress on you, and is apparently succeeding in doing. He talks so differently to me, that I am sure it is nothing but one of those tricks lawyers know so well how to play.

Then I do not believe such a thing is ever done as to publish a notice of that kind in newspapers (except about debts), or if it is, that it would do him any good. No one could feel anything but hatred for a man who would do that and yet not have the courage to bring the matter into court, and at any rate set his wife free. Besides he knows that if he drove me to desperation by such a wicked thing, I should sue him for libel, and at once publish my journal — or at any rate parts of it, and all the letters I have. None of them of course contain accusations of a legal nature against him, but they would pretty effectually ruin his career. He knows this, and he is therefore only using the threat in a way in which I have known him deliberately use threats before — so that anything less than the suggested plan shall seem such a relief that he will get all the credit of having done a noble action in yielding his point. This is both a common legal and political dodge.

I must say here that I think you make a great mistake in going in to feel his pulse, as it were, every little while.

In saying why I thought it unlikely he really means any of his threat, I did not allude to the effect it would have on Ray and Karin, for I do not believe he cares about them at all, at any rate compared to a possibly successful candidature for Parliament. However, I do care about them enough to promise thee it shall not come to that if I can help it, and I am sure I can.

I shall write to B.F.C.C. as thee suggests, but I do not count on that at all so much as having an interview with him. He is much easier to manage in an interview. (I think I had better ask him to meet me in Paris.) I could never have got rid of Emma by writing, but one long talk did it.

By the way, much as thee bewailed my telegram to Paris, it was that which made him bring the old woman up to London to a half furnished house.

As to the scandal, I know he exaggerates it on purpose to make his own position harder. Thee knows what London is — people haven't time to keep



talking about past affairs. I do not know what Peel and Vaughan Williams³¹⁶ may have said, but they could not have said a word that could do me harm for these reasons:

1. They did not meet Berenson through me, but through an Oxford don, a mutual acquaintance of all three.
2. At the same time they met young Hapgood, who was with Berenson all the time he was in Venice.
3. They met me afterwards with Hapgood and Berenson in the Gallery and in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, and we had, all five of us, perhaps three minutes chat.
4. I was alone when I met them in S. Giobbe, and with Marion when I saw them again in the Piazza.

What probably happened is that Peel, meeting B.F.C.C., said something nice about Berenson, for Hapgood said he drank in his words like a dry sponge, even taking notes of where to go and what to see in different towns.

Last summer B.F.C.C. threatened divorce if I came to London. Thee felt sure he meant it, and it made me horribly miserable, though I *knew* he did not. Now he is threatening this, which I am sure is equally a myth. But I cannot convince thee. I can only remind thee of thy letters in which thee said thee was *sure* he meant to get a divorce.

Still, I shall heed thy warning, for I realize that he is exasperated. I shall certainly prevent its coming to the worst.

I have my "Giants" all except "Story-Teller", which Miss Clare has. (I cannot do the illustration. It is very different to make a drawing suddenly out of one's head, and another do it for a subject. Do stir up Rothenstein.)

Give the children my love and tell them I had their nice letter and such a lot of lessons, and that I will write tomorrow. I hope they have begun to go to school.

I enclose a receipt for a nice savoury, and the announcement of a book Miss Clare might like to have if she does the housekeeping at 40.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³¹⁶ Mary had met Willie Peel and Roland Vaughan Williams in Venice.

See the letters of Sept. 27, 1893: I met Roland Vaughan-Williams and Willie Peel in San Giobbe (Saint Job!) today and had a little chat. They have been in Montenegro with Mr. Anderson. They did not succeed in finding very much, but they enjoyed themselves, although they said they were eaten alive by fleas and bugs. Willie Peel said he wished he could show me the ravages, and I sympathized from the depths — or rather <from> the surface of my skin! They send their remembrances to you generally and their love to Logan.

and

Sept. 29, 1893: I saw Peel and Vaughan-Williams in the Scuola di San Giorgio today. Willy Peel was taking notes of St. Jerome's Study, to arrange one like it for himself.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Cremona, <Wednesday,> Nov. 8, 1893

My dear Logan,

It was very good of thee to write me about Michael Field's play. Their own silence is ominous. Thee just hit it when thee said their drama dealt in incidents Reigate could scarcely afford! How different from Goldoni who wrote one of his best comedies upon incidents he had observed [1.2] upon moving from one house into another.

Michael *felt* every character (in so far as she can feel), in spite of what the papers say. They were real enough to give her indigestion for a week if anything untoward happened to them.

I have begun to read Ruskin's *Modern Painters* straight through, for my sins. He admires Landseer [1.3] above almost everyone else for his splendid ideas", such as the spectacles lying in the half closed Bible, marking the lonely, pious life of the man who has just died! Still, for all his rubbish, there is a lot of thought in this early book, and if he had kept as sincere all the way through, I should admire him immensely. But even here he seems to want draining. [1.4] He is as bad as a marsh before any scientific agricultural improvements have been made. His arguments meander about this way and that, with o definite, well-directed course. He has plenty of brains, but absolutely no method. Later, he gets a method, but it is a bad one.

My hand is so stiff and jerky with much copying that I cannot say more. Send me any novel thee thinks I would like.

Thine lovingly,
M.



Parma, Nov. 9-11, 1893

M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Parma, Nov. 9, 1893

Many thanks for thy postal card about the children, for the proofs and for the *Outlook*. I do not think they are likely to take anything of mine so far, but I will write a short article when I get to Florence on “Types of Madonna in <the> Tribuna” and try it.

I will write later, when it is too dark to see any pictures, etc. This is just to ask thee to address me now 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence.

Love to the children. Tell Alys to write me about Edith.

Thy loving daughter,

M.

I can never think of Aunty Lill and Eva’s³¹⁷ washing without laughing!

³¹⁷ Eva McLaren.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Parma, Nov. 9, 1893

Dearest mother,

I suppose thee is at Edinburgh today. I hope it was arranged for the children to go to school on Tuesday, before thee left. Miss Clare, if she cares to, can soon get the housekeeping arrangements into her own hands. B.F.C.C. is very careless and untidy and I don't think he cares how he lives.

Yes, I should like to see the Fabian manifesto. I think they are quite right. Of course, even if they did vote for the Tories for a while, no one would dream that it implied that they were Tories. I notice Labouchère³¹⁸ in *Truth* frankly says that the Liberals would not win if it came to an election now.

I have heard nothing of my "Preface" and nothing from Mr. Britten, so that I cannot help fearing some letters have got lost somehow. If thee or Alys see him, will you ask him about it?

It is now entirely ready to be put into the printer's hands, with the exception of a page in the Preface I want to change, substituting one of Ruskin's mistakes for George Moore. Ruskin rails against Canaletto chiefly because he mixes him up with his followers Belotto³¹⁹ and Marieschi.³²⁰ There is a lot of good stuff in his *Modern Painters*,³²¹ mixed with bucketfuls of pure rubbish.

Has thee ever enquired about further translations (after volume III) of Ranke's *Reformation in Germany*? If there are no more volumes translated, do send me the Gibbons.³²² No, after all thee need not send them now, because those I can get from Vieusseux's, but if the Ranke translations exist, I should dearly like to have them.

I am going to Bologna tomorrow for about four days, and then Florence, 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli.

³¹⁸ Henry Labouchère (1831-1912) was a politician, writer, publisher and theatre owner. He lived with the actress Henrietta Hodson from 1868, and they married in 1887. Mary and Bernhard met them at the Hotel Bellevue in Cadenabbia on Sept. 23. 1901.

Labouchère, who inherited a large fortune, engaged in a number of occupations. He was a junior member of the British diplomatic service, a member of parliament in the 1860s and again from 1880 to 1906, and edited and funded his own magazine, *Truth*. Unable to secure the senior positions to which he thought himself suitable, Labouchère left Britain and retired to Italy.

³¹⁹ Bernardo Bellotto (c. 1721-1780), a painter famous for his *vedute* of European cities. He was the pupil and nephew of Canaletto and sometimes used the latter's illustrious name, signing himself as Bernardo Canaletto.

³²⁰ Michele Marieschi (1710-1744), also known as Michiel, was a painter of landscapes and cityscapes who painted views, mostly of Venice.

³²¹ John Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, 6 vol. (Sunnyside, Kent: G. Allen, 1888). **Biblioteca Berenson House ND1135 .R8 1888 [Shelved as C.LXVII.2.]**

³²² Edward Gibbon, *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 6 vol. (London, 1776, 1781, 1788-1789).



With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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Bologna, Nov. 11-14, 1893

M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Bologna, Nov. 11, 1893

Dearest mother,

It is very cold and I have caught an awful cold, and consequently do not feel up to much except reading. I am trying, too, to write a review for the *Chronicle* but it doesn't get on very well with this depressing cold.

I shall get on to Florence in a day or two and get my rooms settled. I shall write to B.F.C.C. from Florence.

Thy postal from Edinburgh reached me at Parma yesterday, although it was pouring, I managed pretty well to see the Correggios, which, as decoration, beat anything that has ever been done in Europe — even Puvis de Chavannes at his best! He was one of the very, very great artists of the world.

I am still reading Ruskin, but he gets worse as he goes on. His third volume was written ten years after the first two, and he has grown worse in the interval.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Bologna, Nov. 12, 1893

Dearest mother,

I have sent off an article to the *Daily Chronicle*. Will thee look to see if it comes out? It is a review of an Italian book about Mantua and Urbino. If it comes out, please send me half a dozen copies — cut out, if it will save postage, but one whole paper. If he returns it to thee, will thee please send it to whatever paper thee thinks it might get into. I can't think of any myself. I know it couldn't get into Hamilton Mabie's paper.³²³ Indeed, I cannot think of any.

I have not spent more than three hours writing it, because I want to write an *average* article, such as I could turn out for the *Chronicle* without too much trouble, if they wanted that sort of thing. If I polished it up too much, it mightn't be any better, or, if it were, it would arouse false expectations if they gave me another book to review. Perhaps the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Westminster, might take it.

Thy postal card from Edinburgh came today. I have written to Modena for thy letter, as I did not stop there on account of the rain and the cold.

My Brescian article won't do for Mabie's paper. I am glad it is not yet sent off. I shall await thy beginning. But I think it is a very different matter to state your idea, at the beginning, when you are writing about ideas, as thee does, and another thing when it is merely a chatty description. In the latter case you can lead up to it by chat round about. No one reads it for the point, but for the gentle amusement by the way. Thee is like an artist judging pictures who wants things done in his own successful method. But a light, ephemeral newspaper article requires very different handling from a piece of thought and ideas like thine. Still we shall see. The advice of an older person usually has something in it, strange to say!

I long to hear about the chicks.

Did thee have a nice time in Edinburgh?

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³²³ *Christian Union*.



M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

Bologna, Nov. 13, 1893

Dearest mother,

I am delighted to hear that the children are so well and are going to school. Thee must be a great comfort to Miss Clare in her difficulties. It seems crazy not to finish the house, and it must indeed be uncomfortable.

Will thee please get me at once the new volume of Morelli recently issued by Murray.³²⁴ It deals with the Munich and Dresden Galleries. Hatchards³²⁵ will send it direct to me at 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence. I had a note from Mr. Massingham³²⁶ today saying it had not been sent to them, but if I had it and would review it they would take my review. So it is an opening although the pay will not do much more than cover the cost of one book. However, one must be content with small beginnings, and I shall have the book anyhow. Of course I want it just as soon as possible.

I have just re-written and sent off the old Assisi article to Mr. Hamilton Mabie. The Hawthorne thing stands no chance there. It is about ten times too long for one thing, and then the subject is inappropriate for a paper like that. But this Assisi article is more in tone, especially in its somewhat improved form. So I have sent it with a note.

Do not send the Titian and Moretto³²⁷ article³²⁸ to him, but to the Chicago Newspaper Press Co., Office of Chicago Herald, Chicago (enclosing, if thee has them, American stamps for return if refused), with the enclosed note. I think the beginning I have will do all right for that, as it is merely a chatty, descriptive thing, with absolutely no "central idea" in it. I think I have spent more time over the railway journey than the Titian, so it would give a false idea if I started with the Titian. Let it try its fate as it is. It may bring me in a couple of pennies. If I go on writing, I shall get in somewhere at last, particularly as it comes easier each time.

Has thee seen Britten? I am anxious about the book. [p. 2]

I cannot imagine how thee or Logan can believe Berenson would be so

³²⁴ A request for the second volume of Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff), *Italian painters: Critical studies of their works*, trans. Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes (London: Murray, 1892-1893). **Biblioteca Berenson N2810 .M6 1892** The first volume dealt with the Borghese and Doria-Pamphili galleries in Rome.

³²⁵ Founded at 173 Piccadilly by John Hatchard in 1797. It moved within Piccadilly in 1801, to No. 189-190; the site of the first shop was cleared in 1810 for the Egyptian Hall to be built. The second shop had a numbering change to 187, in 1820. It still trades today from the same address.

³²⁶ The editor of *The Daily Chronicle* whom Mary had met in Venice.

³²⁷ Alessandro Bonvicino, Il Moretto da Brescia (c. 1498-1554).

³²⁸ Is this an article on both painters? Perhaps an article describing their hectic visit to Paitone to see the Moretto; Mary's diary, Nov. 3, 1893: Went to Paitone in the afternoon, and rushed up to the Santuario to see the wonderful Moretto. Bernhard had a sort of heart attack from hurrying.



absurd as to speak of me as “*his latest conquest*”, for it is, on the face of it, so ridiculous, considering that we have known each other so long, and have done now two years of work together. People only speak of “latest” things when there is a little novelty about them.

Of course the person B.F.C.C. meant was **Musgrave**, although I cannot imagine why Musgrave should make up such a thing. I think it is B.F.C.C.’s making it up because of that story Logan is responsible for repeating about **the Berlin actress**. Mr. **Spaulding**³²⁹ is not very well up in his poets or he would have known that “she has forgotten my kisses as I have forgotten her name” is one of the commonest quotations from Swinburne³³⁰ and might be said, as it was to him, merely as a poetical way of saying, “I do not recall her name”. It referred to a perfectly respectable German actress whom Berenson admired very much as an actress, but with whom he never had any acquaintance. She acted at the Deutsches Theater. This I know not only from himself, but from two of his friends who were in Berlin with him and constantly went to the Theatre to see her,³³¹ as Alys went to see Miss Robins. She acted in Ibsen and in all the most interesting plays that came up.

B.F.C.C. told me this tale a very long time ago. At that time I had rather more curiosity than I have now about people’s private affairs, and I wrote to know the exact truth. The result is what I tell thee, and I think it is about time such an absurd piece of scandal should drop.

As to Gertrude, I do not think thee knows what she is, or thee would not be surprised that Berenson should have said things about her to me. The disloyalty lay in my making them matters for common gossip. **Gertrude herself told me a great deal more about her infatuation for him** than he ever thought of saying.

I do not say these things because I want to stand up for him through thick and thin. I should not like to do that for myself or anybody else. But I must protest against the repetition of perfectly unbased scandal, and the assumption that his private affairs anyhow matter to me. It is no more my business what his immoralities, if he had any, have been, than it is his business to know **that I had a child without wanting it**. The only point that can have any interest for me is that he should not say anything untrue about me, and I certainly will not take B.F.C.C.’s or Musgrave’s word against his, considering anyhow the unlikeliness of it. B.F.C.C. has every advantage in trying to make you and me believe such a thing, and B.B. on the other

³²⁹ ?

³³⁰ Charles Algernon Swinburne, ‘An Interlude’:
“And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame,
If you have forgotten my kisses
And I have forgotten your name.”

³³¹ These friends were probably Carpenter and Santayana. For a visit to the Deutsches Theater, see the letter to Senda 1888.23, April 26, 1888.



hand has absolutely nothing to gain by such a remark. Neither has Musgrave, unless the innocent pleasure of scandal.

Please show this to Logan

Thy loving daughter,

M.

Please do not think I am in the least ungrateful to Alys and Logan for the help they have given me. Nobody could have behaved more like bricks than they. I should be glad, however, if Logan would drop this actress affair, for I have investigated it thoroughly — which I should not do now if I heard it for the first time, as I do not consider it is my business.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Bologna, Nov. 14, 1893

Dearest mother,

If Mr. Britten is ready to publish the guide at once, I would much rather have him do it than delay for the uncertain chances of any magazine. Thee knows they often keep your things for months, and, even when they accept them, it is months again before they print them. And I want it to come out, especially because I can then get a few a little better bound and send them to a few people, particularly on the Continent, whom I want to recognize me as serious student. Also I would like to send copies to some people in America, chiefly with the idea of showing that, at any rate, I am at work. If Mr. B. would print it any sooner, we might offer to subscribe to the Committee something for the expenses of printing. **It cannot cost more than £10 at the outside to print such a book.**

If he does not want it, for any reason, I will undertake it myself, if thee will help me. Putnam would charge about £20 for printing it very nicely, and it would be the easiest thing in the world to arrange to sell it at Hampton Court.

I have worked a good deal over it, and I have made, I think, a useful little book. I have tried to connect all the painters with the history of their time — a thing that has not been tried yet for any Gallery, at least to this extent. It is a book I would not be ashamed to send even to very scientific people, although I have tried to make it clear. I am *very* glad thee liked the preface.

[the second page missing?]



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Florence, Nov. 14-Dec. __, 1893

M-HS 1893.__
a one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Nov. 14, 1893, 7 p.m.

I find on arriving here that they have changed my apartment [*sic*] into a sort of pension,³³² with the entrance at 12. Thy letters will reach me all right, however. I must find some other place, for this does not suit me at all, but address here until thee hears. I shall spend tonight here. I came down from Bologna today. Tomorrow I shall write to B.F.C.C. as to my coming home, etc.

Give the children my love. Do they like to get photographs at all? I suppose not. Well, give them each 6d from me, for their own purses. Ray was so fond of having money of her own. Thee might buy them each a little bank from me.

With dearest love,

In haste (for dinner),

Thy loving daughter,
M.

I hope Hatchards will quickly send the new translation of Morelli, *Munich and Dresden Galleries* (Murray).³³³ I think 15/.

³³² Mary's diary, Nov. 14, 1893: My rooms have been changed and they want a great increase of rent. I liked them in some ways better as they were.

³³³ The second volume of *Italian painters: Critical studies of their works*, trans. Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes (London: J. Murray, 1892-1893). **Biblioteca Berenson N2810 .M6 1892**



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard to Hannah (?)

Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1893 (Post Office)

Thanks for thy postal card and *Truth*.

I think I shall stay at 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli after all, in spite of the bore of a pension, as the rooms suit me so well.

The weather here is simply wonderful, like the best English October day.

How do the children seem to like their school? Are they taking dancing?

Love to Alys and Logan and Father,

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, <Florence> Nov. 15, 1893

Thy Sunday's letter came just now (3 o'clock), dearest mother.

Thee had a beautiful "Aunty Lill-ism" in it, which I must remind thee of. Thee was saying how Miss Clare was dressing up the children's dolls for them "and even curling their hair with curling tongs, to the children's intense delight. *She certainly is a gift of God.*" I don't think Aunty Lill herself ever arranged a happier combination of ideas! But I rejoice as much as thee to think they are learning to be tidy and to enjoy their toys without ruining them.

As I wrote thee on my postal, I shall stay here in spite of the "pension", because of the sun and the lovely view.

Please thank father very sincerely for offering to help me place my Introduction. It is *very* good of him. But I have already written to thee to explain why I would rather have it come out in a book as soon as possible. It is my best — and only — answer to criticism, perhaps not much of an answer, but in the end if you keep on doing honest, thoughtful work, people will end by wanting to put the best instead of the worst construction on your actions. I think I can do much better work than that, when I know more, but I am in haste to begin my "Apologia". Some of it wants "Re-Writing", but that will be very easily done, for I know just what I want to say.

If I could think of a place to print it in, I would write a thorough criticism of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, trying to account for its success. But it is rather like attacking a "Dead Dog", I fear. I am writing an article for the *Free Review* to expose the popular fallacy that the Church has been an affectionate patron of art.

Do ask father to send me anything he writes, and also any articles in the Reviews he particularly likes. I feel as if, **even if my family cannot approve of me — now at any rate** — yet we have so many impersonal interests in common that we ought to live as much as possible on those until brighter days. I honestly *am* at work over intellectual things, and although it is not a line you care much for, yet, incidentally I come across a good many things that might interest you all, father particularly.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

If there were a chance of Knowles³³⁴ deciding on it *quickly*, then I would send it to him. I could liven it up with bitterer criticism of Pater and Ruskin. I want to change those pages anyhow. I will send thee the revised page tomorrow.

³³⁴ p



M-HS 1893.____

a two-page letter to Alys

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, <Florence,> Thursday, Nov. 15, 1893

My dear Alys,

Thanks for thy interesting letter. I never heard of so much crowded into two days. Thee could scarcely have had time to wear all thy swell English clothes!! It must have been rather fun seeing them all in that way — all absorbed in their own lives, and enjoying the sight of thee, I suppose, as an audience. What thee seems to have missed is the numerous Infants. I was glad to hear about Bond and Edith, and I hope they *will* carry out their plan of coming over next summer. Edith and I are “out”, but it may be all right when we meet. Again it may not.

Florence Dike wrote me that she had had one of those friendship-destroying letters from Edith some years ago, taking [1.2] the same tone of upbraiding and censure that she took toward me, and that they had never been able to make it up. Since that letter of hers, our correspondence (now ceased) has been most unfortunate. It put me into a most unfriendly attitude to her, and I suppose such things come out in a thousand ways.

If Florence Ayling's mother had any sense she would treat her the way Goldoni's parents treated him when he announced his intention of going into a monastery. They gave not the slightest hint of opposition; on the contrary, they made him feel that they were entirely sympathetic, and *most anxious* to help him. They managed affairs, however, so as to gain a delay, and that period they filled to the brim with pleasures of all the kinds he particularly liked, and there was [2] nothing more heard of his saintly inclinations! But Mrs. Morley hasn't psychology enough for that, and I suppose J. M. doesn't care. I have a strong temptation to write and beg her to wait on the chance of my being killed in a railway accident, in which case she could marry B.F.C.C. and be “happy ever after.” At any rate, do use thy influence to persuade [*sic*] her to enter some *active* order, or teaching or children's home order. She has a nice way with children and an affectionate, unintellectual nature that would be miserable in pure meditation and prayers and seclusion. Be sure thee does this. Thee might even talk to Mrs. Frazer about it. It may make all the difference to her. B.F.C.C. could manage it.

A LINE OF TEXT ILLEGIBLE

steady rain, so I have spent the day getting installed, and going over my papers. I am sending mother a small photograph of the picture near Brescia I went to see. It is so poor that it only conveys a faint idea of the picture. Yet even so it is pretty, and I would like the children to see it and hear the story, as a fairy story. If Miss Clare seems to like it, give it to her from me, with my love. It really is a picture to make you believe in Virgin Worship!

I hope thee won't get as bored with public speaking as I did. I guess thee has too much sense. It was good of thee to take time to write such a long letter.



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Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Nov. 15, 1893

Sirs,

I venture to enclose a short sketch of travel which I trust you may find suitable for publication. In case you accept it, kindly pay me, if convenient, by bank cheque. If possible, I should be glad to have a copy of it when printed.

Yours truly,
M. W. Costelloe

To the Chicago Newspaper Press Co.

Enclosed please find stamps for return if not used.

Address: Mrs M. W. Costelloe, 44, Grosvenor Road, London S.W.,
England



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M-HS 1893.____

a six-page letter to Robert (is there a xerox at I Tatti?;
Strachey, p. 54

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Nov. 16, 1893

My dearest Father,

I have thought again and again of writing to thee, particularly of late. But I was afraid if I wrote to thee of the many things that are occupying and interesting me, thee would think that I was doing wrong in having any pleasures or interests when I am causing anxiety to those I love,

This is, it is true, a constant cloud over every pleasure I have, except some of the purely impersonal ones, where I quite forget [1.2] myself. I was reading over only last night the part of my journal where I set down word for word one of my conversations with thee (so far as I could remember it immediately afterwards),³³⁵ and I cannot tell thee how I entered into sympathy, as never before, with most of what thee said. I think that experience of the world proves that children are by no means a safe investment — they rarely repay the outlay, but still it is natural to long to have them at hand and satisfactory in one's old age. I very well understand that, after all thee and [2] mother have been through, you *longed* for peace and quiet — the chance to enjoy us and the grandchildren without anxiety, amid the interests of London and the beauties of Haslemere. Still, I must remind thee that thee is *exceptionally lucky* as a father in having two such brilliant children as Alys and Logan, winning golden opinions on every hand, and promise at least that I will make every possible endeavour to keep the children from being separated from mother, both for her sake and theirs and [2.2] my own.

As to my own self, in view of the disappointment I have had and the possibility that the children may grow up to be Catholics, and that we may have little in common, I am laying up a store of interests to carry me through middle and old age. Youth and health are enough, when you have them, to make anything enduring, but you have to have something, either satisfied affections or practical or intellectual pursuits, to carry you on the rest of your life. I sometimes think [3] the happiest people are obscure German professors grinding away at their "*Fach*" all their lives long, and becoming thoroughly absorbed in the Greek dative or whatever else they have given themselves to. At any rate, scholarship doesn't die, or marry in a strange land. You always have it to fall back upon.

I see the way open to me, with the start I have had, of becoming really a scholar in all that pertains to the art of the Renaissance. one advantage of this study is that so many [3.2] paths are still unexplored, and so many sources of original investigation are still open. I haven't very great ability —

³³⁵ See the entry for July 12, 1891, scan 058-069 (without page numbers); for Jan. 22, 1892, scan 0191-0194; July 14, 1892, scan 0281-0283.



still I have a certain facility and plausibility which will ultimately gain me a hearing, and if to this I add as I mean to do, an absolute accuracy as to facts and the occasional contribution of perfectly new matter, I am bound to make a certain place for myself, particularly among Continental scholars who are more interested in scholarship than the English. It will not be [4] very brilliant, and of course I have a good deal standing in my way. If I were free to lecture in London, I could soon have a small band of disciples — not because of personal merit, but because I know the things they want to hear about. They would help me sell anything I might write. But B.F.C.C. is taking care that I shall have no chances of that kind, so I must depend on writing.

If in the course of years I can thus gain an impersonal position as a serious student and [4.2] an agreeable writer, I shall have plenty of interesting friends. I have a few, even as it is, people who know the whole situation. But it is not that so much, nor the satisfaction of ambition, as the secret hope that some day I may win back Ray and Karin. They will be free at the impressionable age of 21, just at the age when young people most long for “culture”, and they will find no one who can give it to them in half so thorough or interesting a way as I can. Perhaps it is not much to build upon, [5] but such as it is, the hope is very dear to me. For the moment, I am very well satisfied with Miss Clare, who seems to play the part of a very excellent and devoted mother to them. I am especially happy that she and Mother get on together. I cannot tell thee what a difference it makes. For days and days together, when I have had anxious letters from mother, I have been unable to see the sunshine, and all my work was pure drudgery. But I hope things are better now.

I do not think I am a “Tatum” [5.2] in the way of secretiveness, for I am always tempted to be indiscreet and say too much rather than too little! I suppose most of my letters have been “business” letters, that is, about the children and the various arrangements for them, and then the attempt to reassure mother in her anxieties, and so she has kept them to herself. But I have wanted, so much, again and again, to write of all I was reading and enjoying. It seemed such a pity to spend all one’s energies upon personal and immediate matters. Well, [6] I am glad to write to thee, and I shall go on doing so, when I have anything interesting to say.

Will thee please not forget to send me the things thee writes? I have asked for them before, but it is better to apply to thee direct. Send me all that has been printed, please. Also it would be a pleasure to look over any manuscripts thee has on hand.

I am still reading Ruskin’s art criticism. It is like riding in a train that is continually “jumping the track”. System, which he [6.2] lacks, is what continuous rails are to a train.



Will thee send me the name of that *History of the Jews*³³⁶ thee liked so much? I should like to read it.

I hope to come home very soon. Considering the great anxieties mother suffers when B.F.C.C. and I are actually quarrelling, I have written politely to ascertain his convenience in the matter. So I hope this visit will pass off smoothly. I propose to stay six weeks or two months. I am longing to see you all again.

With love, and thanks for thy delightful letter.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³³⁶ Heinrich Graetz (1817-1891), *History of the Jews, from the earliest times to the present day*, edited and translated by Bella Löwry, 5 vol. (London: David Nutt, 1891-1892).
Biblioteca Berenson House DS117 .G82 1891



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Nov. 17, 1893

My dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy letter enclosing Evelyn's. What paper was that sickening review called "Inexhaustible Italy" taken from? I think I can at any rate equal *that*!

I had a very nice (and interesting) long letter from father today, which I have just answered with real pleasure. I have been thinking of writing to him again and again.

By the way, **if he won't leave me his money**, can he not be induced to settle it on Ray and Karin — in trust for them? That would please me not quite so well, but almost as well. **I suppose enough is entailed on me anyhow to make me a little better off than I am.** How is that? I should be glad to know. Of course it is awfully inconvenient not to have more. For instance, I am sure I could gain instant fame and recognition if I could buy the very extensive sets of reproductions of medals, because I could then identify, I am sure, half the Renaissance portraits that now puzzle people. No one has thought of comparing them with medals, but what is more likely than that the people who had metals struck in their honour should be the ones who had their portraits painted? But these would cost me at least £60, so they are out of my reach, alas!

This reminds me. Will thee please send me another £20? That will almost exhaust my account. It ought to leave me about £8. See if this coincides with thy account.

I have written politely to B.F.C.C. asking him what is convenient about my returning, also whether he will meet me in Paris.

Of course I am not in the house with B.B. I would not dream of it. He is at No. 24 where we all were before. This Lungarno is the only one where they have small appartments [*sic*] to let.

Ask Miss Clare just to keep a little note of the annoyances she may have with the servants. Without implicating her at all, I think I can make a change when I come, if things are not comfortable for her. She is a *jewel*.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, <Saturday> Nov. 18, 1893

Many thanks for thy Wednesday's postal card.

I saw in the Italian paper last night that Mr. McLaren³³⁷ had beaten the government on some point connected with the Suffrage. What was it? I shall send the Italian cutting to Eva, though I do not know whether it was Walter or Charles McLaren.

I am glad Miss Clare likes to have a pretty room. Tell her I am going to bring home a cast of a very lovely statue here, a little Christ Child Blessing, one of the loveliest things I know. It is to stand on their nursery mantle piece.

Please thank father for *The Fortnightly* and B. Shaw's³³⁸ letter.

Has thee heard anything of Michael Field? I have not heard from them since their play!

With love,

M.

³³⁷ ? Charles McLaren, the husband of Eva McLaren.

³³⁸ Bernard Shaw.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Nov. 18, 1893

Dearest mother,

Will thee please send to Hatchards' for the new "revised and decreased" edition of Michael Field's *Underneath the Bough*, George Bell & Sons, 1893, asking them to send it to Miss Marion McIntyre,³³⁹ 4 Highland Place, Roxbury, Massachusetts, U.S.A. It ought not to cost more than about 3/6.

Will thee also get out of my grey trunk the volumes of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and of **Morelli (in German)** and send them to me by book post? You can send up to 10 lbs. by book post, and although it will be expensive it is the only way to do now with their tiresome new regulations. I want them *very* much within a week, and if thee can find time to send them almost at once, I shall be very grateful.

I heard from Michael at last. I think they are rather pleased than otherwise about the storm of abuse that greeted their play, and compare themselves to Shelley. People who pretend to desire anonymity are usually the most delighted with any sort of publicity, and I fancy Michael is pleased to be talked about at *any* cost!

By the way, please tell Alys and Logan they must not repeat the things I say about the Mikes, for I am really fond of them, and I shouldn't like them to be hurt by my words. I mean such things (which I ought in truth not to have repeated) as that old Mike writes the best poetry and Field does the best (in fact the only) thinking.

Tell Alys I have had a nice letter from Emily Dawson.

It has been raining hard all day, but the sunset is a beautiful pale sulphur colour. I hope it will be clear tomorrow.

I am beginning the review of Morelli even before it comes!

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

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She was evidently a friend of Bernhard's. She is mentioned in his letters to Senda: McIntyre, Miss Marion 87.15, 88.38, 88.39, — 1889____ mentioned in 88-89 diary



M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Florence, Sunday, Nov. 19, 1893

Still a continuous pour. The river is much swollen and rushes by with a continuous *boom*.

Many thanks for attending to the Morelli so promptly. It came today, and I am sending off the Review with this. Please watch out for it and send me some copies if it appears.

Have thee or Alys seen Mr. Britten? It is curious that he has not answered my letter.

Tell Logan that Michael enjoyed his visit to their box. She seems to think the play was a great success! I suppose it is human nature to think well of our children, whether flesh and blood, or literary.

I certainly feel (for the moment!) that no one could have written a better review of Morelli. Let us hope Mr. Norman³⁴⁰ will take the same view!

With love to father and kisses to the children,
Thy daughter,
M.

³⁴⁰ See the letter of Oct. 24, 1893: I have had a letter from Henry Norman about doing reviews for the *Chronicle*.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Nov. 20, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thy Friday's letter came today and was very welcome, because I had no news yesterday.

Poor little Ray "quaking with fear of bears". I do wonder how it ever got into her head. I enclose a little story which may be some help to her. I do not think it would do any harm for thee to suggest a night light. Certainly, if she seems to long for it when I come home, she must have it. Fear of the dark is awful. But Ray is a natural "Gummidge",³⁴¹ I think. Often I have known it <to> take her about five minutes to get to sleep, and yet she said next day that she lay awake for *hours*!

I was glad to hear what Eva McLaren said, although I felt sure from the beginning that B.F.C.C. was either inventing or exaggerating, in order to make his position seem worse. Mr. Massingham of the *Chronicle* is one of his best friends and is the sort of person who would be likely to hear everything. Yet he appeared enchanted to meet me in Venice, insisted on my going everywhere with him and his wife, wanted me to dine every evening with them at a large hotel filled with English people, has been writing most cordially ever since, and wants to arrange for me to see as much as possible of them both when I come back. Of course neither Mr. and [*sic*] Mrs. Massingham are Catholics, or religious in any way. They regard marriage as merely a civil contract, and think the divorce laws are something horrible. Yet at the same time I am sure if they had heard any scandal against me, they would not be so cordial, not perhaps because they would be personally prejudiced, but because, the world being so full of people, it isn't worth while putting yourself out for people who are likely to be criticised and to drag you into criticism with them.

Well, Massingham is a good sample of a man in the midst of politics who has heard nothing, and Eva of a woman. Therefore we may be pretty sure that what he says is a kind of lawyer's dodge to get his own way. The only person I can think of who might say things to him is Graham Wallas.³⁴² Curiously enough Wallas has not a very keen sense of honour about women, as I have occasion to know and he has always disliked me. **B.F.C.C. talked the whole affair over with him in the beginning**, and probably goes on doing so, and Wallas probably encourages him to think the very worst of me. That is, I think, the utmost foundation B.F.C.C. has for his statements.

I think I shall try the paper thee sent me the advertisement of with a little

³⁴¹ A character in British children's fiction.

³⁴² Graham Wallas (1858-1932) was a socialist, social psychologist, educationalist, a leader of the Fabian Society and a co-founder of the London School of Economics.



illustrated article. I shall send it through thee, for I have no American stamps to enclose for its return. If it's refused, and I shall want it returned, as I am going to illustrate it with photographs

I shall have to consult the doctor when I come home, as my "period" this time is again too soon and is lasting twice as long as it ought to do. It is a great bore. However, I feel pretty well in spite of it.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1893

Dearest mother,

No letter today on account of the hateful London Sunday.

If Ray seems to approve of this part of the story, will thee give it to Miss Clare, and tell her I wrote it as a suggestion for dealing with Ray's "Bears"? Find out whether Ray would like to have such a help to her little mind, or whether she thinks it is strong enough to learn to walk alone.

Such a little tale as this, it seems to me, might easily get printed, after it has done its work at home, particularly if some one would draw the one or two pictures. It wouldn't take Rothenstein ten minutes, and then we might send it to *Babyland*³⁴³ or one of the children English's papers. But of course if it fails to interest Ray it isn't worth trying.

I had a nice visit from that girl Miss Jeffrey³⁴⁴ yesterday. She is engaged to a Norwegian writer, and she knows Ibsen, and Grieg, and Bjørnsen all very well. She is a Quaker. They are going to live in Italy for some years, so I shall probably see more of her.

Vernon Lee is going to send an artist friend of hers, a Miss Cruttwell, to see me this afternoon. She is going back to England in about ten days, just about the time I want to go, so we may travel back together. Vernon Lee says — politely! — that she is very anxious to see my Hampton Court book.

I hope I am somewhat better today.

I went out yesterday afternoon and arranged with the sacristan at S. Lorenzo to come back today and clean Verocchio's Medici tomb,³⁴⁵ which the careless priests and sacristans have allowed to fall into a state of indescribable filth, so that the dust is eating away the beautiful bronze. Perhaps after I have once cleaned it, they will keep it clean. It is the most precious thing in Florence, from my present point of view.

With much love,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Read my letters, when thee can, to father. Perhaps he would like to hear the story when the children are hearing it.

Please send proofs at once if any come.

³⁴³ Evidently a children's magazine.

³⁴⁴ Emily Marion 'May' Jeffrey (1863 -?) married Olaf Landsem, a Norwegian novelist, who drowned at Scarborough, near Bangor, Maine, in 1896 (?).

Mary's diary, Nov. 12, 1893: Talked with a girl in the evening named May Jeffrey.

³⁴⁵ ?



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter;
Strachey, p. 54

Monday, Nov. 21, 1893

Dearest mother,

I enclose some more of my moral tale for Ray. *Do* let me know whether she makes any comment on it at all.

Thank thee for finding out about the Ranke. I was afraid there was no more.

I am expecting a girl³⁴⁶ today to lunch whom I made friends with in the hotel in Bologna. She is a very independent person who is travelling about Italy all by herself, not knowing a word of Italian, and usually looking at the wrong things! I am always hoping to find a girl or woman interested in my work, but I fear she is not really the person.

O, that reminds me. Vernon Lee says it is a pure *canard* about Miss Sellers. giving up her career and taking to philanthropy. She says Miss Sellers is very ambitious, and that the *only* reason she and Miss Lowndes thought of moving was because they were too crowded in this London apartment and wanted more room for their things and more quiet for study. She, who was staying with them while the scheme was in full progress, never heard a word about the poor children from London, nor about the monastic dress. The plan, however, has been given up. She thinks they are still where they were. Alys had better go and call upon Miss Sellers. I am sure she will like her.

Michael writes me a rather less jubilant note this morning, congratulating me on not having a poet's heart, for a "poet's heart", she says, "is at best a healthy Wound". I *am* indeed glad I haven't one! All the same, I have a suspicion that I have quite as much heart as Michael! What turns a so-called heart into a wound is very often vanity, unless of course there is some serious loss, which Michael is not suffering under. Goldoni was so much nicer and franker. Instead of posing as a martyr, he writes about his unsuccessful plays — "Pazienza! that was another play I took a great deal of trouble to write, and it fell quite flat. A most honest piece of work most honestly *andata a terra* — gone to the ground." If Michael had been as frank as that, there would be hope that she might really write a successful play sometimes. But when you cherish "black drops at the heart", I fear the public is not likely to care much about the stuff you write. But I am tired of telling her so. I am going to send her Goldoni's autobiography as a hint.

The sun has come out again, but I do not feel well enough to go out and enjoy it. however, it streams in very gloriously at both windows.

With love to Father and Alys and Logan,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

³⁴⁶ May Jeffrey, mentioned in the previous letter.



Tell Logan that I suppose the fear of a literary anti-climax kept him from saying that besides having seen “the ladies fluttering behind the curtain of their box”, he went in and had a chat with them! Well, I forgive him, for “fluttering” was certainly *le mot juste*.

no entries in Mary's diaries
from Nov. 22, 1893 to Feb. 14, 1894



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M-HS 1893.____

a one-page letter to Hannah

Thursday, Nov. 23, 1893

Thanks for thy Sunday letter, which arrived only today! What a time the post takes. I am waiting to hear from B.F.C.C. before fixing the date of coming home, or anything. I am better today.

Let me know whether Ray likes this story, please.

I have not had a *Nation* for a long time, although *Truth* came safely today, also the *Westminster Gazette* and *Scribner*. Christina Bremner sent me an article she published in the *Echo*.

I am going to write to father a little later.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

12 o'clock

The money has come. Many thanks. I will write about the Hampton Court book later. Get the Preface back from Mr. Britten, please.

Tell Ray I send her a *wink* over the story I am writing!



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter to Alys

<Florence, Thursday,> Nov. 23, 1893

Beloved Antilou,

I envy you your concerts, but I don't envy anyone tomorrow, for Placci and Buonamici are coming up to play us Dvořák's new Symphony, and Miss Buttles is coming to sing. My piano is a splendid one.

Maud and Loeser have had a regular up and down quarrel and I am to see Loeser on Tuesday and either patch it up or bid him an eternal and cheerful farewell. He is really too much! But what shall we have to talk about?

Again I ask, has Bertie read Pearson's *Grammar of Science*,³⁴⁷ and what does he [1.2] think of it?

And have you read *Bouvard et Pécuchet*?³⁴⁸ What a book "Les femmes de Bouvard et Pécuchet" would be, making them act and talk and never having their husbands appear. *Voilà un idée!*

It has turned cold. I grieve to say, and it looks like snow.

Rosas and Pia send their compliments and hopes of seeing you again. Rosa makes us the most wonderful dishes of mushrooms!

Farewell,
Bouvardine

³⁴⁷ Karl Pearson (1857-1936), *The Grammar of science* (London: W. Scott, 1892).

Biblioteca Berenson House Q175 .P36 1892

³⁴⁸ **Biblioteca Berenson House PQ2246 .B68 1895 [Shelved as SAL.V.3.]**



M-HS 1893.____

a two-page letter to Robert;
Strachey, p. 54-55

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, <Friday,> Nov. 24, 1893

My dear father,

I feel quite delighted this morning with a note from *The Chronicle* accepting the review of an Italian book I sent them, and “asking for more”. Of course it isn’t much to write for a daily paper, yet it is practise in writing, and it gives one a feeling of being useful in a small way. And then, there is no doubt about it, it is a pleasure to express one’s self.

I am getting, day by day, an [1.2] accumulation of ideas about Italian art and history and I enjoy having a chance to air them!

I have got my Hampton Court book all ready, but as mother writes me that Mr. Britten says his Committee will not be ready to publish it for some time to come, I think I shall try it with another publisher. If the worst came to the worst, it would not cost more than £25 or £30 to publish a thousand myself, and by selling them for 6d at Hampton Court, I think I could pretty nearly repay the expenditure.

I am anxious to publish it, because [1.3] it will at once give me an independent standing among professional people, who now of course know me, if they know me at all, as a pupil of Berenson. It is important for me, therefore, to stand on my own feet as soon as possible. Still, I should not want to publish it unless I thought it was pretty good. I do not mean the writing, but all the information and the ideas. There is one *perfectly new* idea there that I rejoice to think will make Dr. Richter and Signor Frizzoni and the few [1.4] others “in the business” open their eyes!

This reminds me to answer thy question, which I overlooked in my last letter, as to the proofs which have been addressed by Putnam to me. Thee remembers **the essay on Venetian painting** which I gave thee to read a year and a half ago? Well, I offered it to Putnam then, along with some badly arranged Hampton Court material. He said he liked it, and if it could be combined with something less cumbrous and of more general [2] interest than the Hampton Court stuff, he would print it. As I was not in possession of sufficient knowledge to do anything else with it, I gave it to Berenson and advised him to make lists of all the genuine works of Venetian painters. This he did, and I submitted it to Mr. Putnam last summer and he accepted it at once. My idea of course was to have both names, because I thought, and still think, that the best way to answer scandal is to tell the [2.2] exact truth as openly as possible, namely that we have been doing serious and scholarly work together. Mr. Putnam wanted both names, but mother opposed it so decidedly that I yielded the point, and asked Mr. Putnam to leave out my name. This I thought was only fair, as **the smaller part of the work is mine**, and then **I am using his notes for the Hampton Court book which is to appear in my name**.



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So that is the way it has been arranged, and Mr. Putnam has sent all the [2.3] proofs to me. It is going to be a useful little book for those who care for the subject. But human nature is queer! One thinks one isn't ambitious, and is only anxious to have peace to do quiet scholarly work, no matter who gets the credit, yet I find myself much more interested in the possible publication of the Hampton Court affair than in *The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, although I hope that may have a small success, which is the most to be hoped for for a book [2.4] of that character.

In a spirit of economy I enclose my daily 'story' for the children. Will thee please give it to mother?

It is such a pleasure to write to thee freely about all my affairs and interests. I shall write soon again and tell thee of some interesting things I have been reading. Don't forget to send me thy 'articles'.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Friday <Nov. 24, 1893> (at the restaurant)

I wrote to father this morning, enclosing the end of Ray's story.

Thanks for thy letter enclosing Henry Norman's. I am gong to send my review to the authors,³⁴⁹ with my compliments and tell them (after Norman said) that I will be glad to review any new book they may publish.

Today I am busy trying to get Miss Jeffrey a permit to go into the gallery. The American consul gives them to everybody, and the English consul puts every difficulty in the way, so we are applying direct to the Secretary of the Uffizi.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁴⁹ The translation of Morelli?



M-HS 1893.____

a two-page letter to Robert

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, <Florence, Monday,> Nov. 27, 1893

My dear father,

Thy letter just received is a great pleasure to me, and I hasten to answer it, as that is the only way in which I can let thee know how glad I was to get it.

I am delighted to hear how much thee has been enjoying Robertson, but I sent thee the first part of <an>? article on Gladstone from Venice, did thee not receive it? I knew thee would like it, it is such a very thoughtful piece [1.2] of criticism, and I sent a message to thee to get the rest as it came out, month by month. Well! the upshot of his criticism of Gladstone's moral nature seems to be that Gladstone *honestly* believes dishonesty is the best policy — that is as far as I can follow him in his defence of Gladstone. But what a profound piece of criticism that is, where he points out the course Gladstone, if he had gone into the Church, would have taken, a course diametrically opposed to the one he has taken in Church matters, yet clearly [1.3] inevitable had he taken up the Church as a profession. No enemy of the G. O. M.³⁵⁰ could say more cutting things than this friendly critic.

I wish I could sometime write a criticism of a painter equally profound. **I am going to devote this winter to preparing a work on Botticelli and his School, which I hope to make very thoughtful piece of criticism.** Mother fears that B.F.C.C. may hinder my publishing in any way that my name would be known, but I do not anticipate that, because Mr. Britten, after he *must* [1.4] have spoken with B.F.C.C. about it, declared his readiness to publish my Guide to Hampton Court as soon as he had the money.

I am now only waiting to hear from B.F.C.C. before coming home. I wrote to him and asked him to meet me either in Paris or elsewhere, to discuss calmly several points. I notice that when I talk to him — when I am well enough not to be cowed by his bullying — I can generally get my point. The substitution of Miss Clare for Emma was the result of a conversation in which, without seeming to be angry, I pointed out to him that [2] wherever the children went with Emma, I should go too. He said that I was “threatening” him, but I replied that I was merely pointing out to him what I intended to do, so that he could arrange matters to suit himself in view of my determination. He said no more, but Emma went — to the joy of us all!

I hope for thy sake, thee will be able to let Friday's Hill. I do not really anticipate any difficulty about remaining in London, provided I can have a talk with B.F.C.C. first. He has delayed ten days answering me — his usual habit of procrastination — and it is very annoying, as I am wearying to see

³⁵⁰ *Grand Old Man*, a nickname for Gladstone. In 1892 Gladstone formed his last government at the age of 82. The Second Irish Home Rule Bill passed the Commons but was defeated in the Lords in 1893. Gladstone resigned in March 1894, in opposition to increased naval expenditure. He left Parliament in 1895 and died three years later.



the children and all of you again. I shall probably travel home [2.2] with a good friend of "Vernon Lee's", with whom I have made friends. Vernon Lee sent me a message from Ravenna where she is visiting, that she hoped to see a great deal of me this winter I am told she is much more thoughtful than her writings would indicate.

Do send me anything thee prints. *The Chronicle* has accepted a couple of my reviews but I do not think they have come out yet.

I must not write more now, as I am due at the gallery to meet Vernon Lee's friend, Miss Cruttwell.

With love and a thousand thanks for thy kind, sympathetic letter,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

44, Grosvenor Road, S.W., Nov. 28, 1893

Dear Sir,

I venture to enclose, for your inspection, a work upon the Italian pictures at Hampton Court. Should you desire references as to my capacity for undertaking the work, I shall gladly send them to you. But I think it best not to trouble you with that, but to let the book speak for itself.

In case you do not care to undertake the risk of its publication, may I ask you for an estimate of the probable cost, [1.2] should I decide to publish it at my own expense.

I am,

Yours truly,
M. W. Costelloe

To: George Bell, Esquire, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Tuesday, Nov. 28, 1893

Darling mother,

I am in the midst of rewriting my Preface for a magazine article, but I will take a moment to thank thee for thy letter, and ask thee to give father my thanks for Robertson's book which came this morning. It is especially interesting to have his marks. Robertson has written to ask me to send an article to his magazine, so if I can't get this in anywhere else, I will put it into the *Free Review*, but I would rather have it where it was paid for. The *Free Review* pays (?) on the cooperative system! When I write to him I will tell him some of the pleasant things father says about his book.

Thy letter was delicious! What strange things do go on in children's heads. I used to *live* in dreams of ogres and fairy princesses and such things. Did Ray seem to catch the *wink* of the story, and apply it to Bears? What a charming remark of Karin's as to the *cause* of little Mary's unhappiness — no wonder thee hugged her!

I hope B.F.C.C.'s selfishness will not be too much for Miss Clare. She must find thee a very rock of refuge. I am sorry she had that annoyance about Emma, but I hope it is the last time. Thee was very good to her about it. Although she is a Catholic, she is nice to get on with. It comes partly from her non-Catholic bringing up. Then she is not Irish, nor an ambitious politician. Perhaps it is even more a question of race with B.F.C.C. than of religion — in which case there is some hope of the American leaven in the children working out to our satisfaction, even if they should (as I hope they will not) remain Catholics.

I had such a nice time with **Miss Cruttwell, Vernon Lee's friend**, at the Gallery yesterday, and I am to meet her and my little Anglo-Norwegian friend, at the Medici Tombs today. She kept saying, "Why, I have been with Miss Paget (Vernon Lee) for six moths, and she never told me *this!*" and she begged and begged me to write down just what I had been telling her. I said I hadn't time, so she went straight home to write down every word she could remember. Does thee wonder that I say had a nice time! It is very easy to get a following — the only point of importance is the quality of one's followers. Miss Cruttwell is one of these English "young girls" of 33, who is just beginning to wake up.

With much love, and sympathy with Miss Clare, besides a million thanks to her.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1893

Dearest mother,

I am in midst of my article, which I am prefacing by an attack on the "Raphaels" in the Louvre", and the "Botticellis" in the National Gallery. It is more of a work than I thought, but I hope to send it off tomorrow. I would like to try the *Nineteenth Century* first. They *may* take it, as it is a semi-popular subject, and will certainly arouse controversy. If it is refused, I will try the *Fortnightly* through Massingham, and then, as a last resort, the *Free Review*, which I know will take it.

I am stopping in the middle of writing in order to answer thy letter, which I will do briefly.

Until I know who the people to whom Alys so mysteriously alludes were, I can place no reliance upon the accuracy of the report she was at such pains to repeat to me. I need only call up to thy mind the story which was current in America, circulated by a lady *who had heard thee say so*, that thee had joined the Catholic Church, to show thee how unreliable third-hand, and still more fourth-hand testimony is. What may have given rise to the story is that **Miss Sellers, whose acquaintance I owe to Berenson**, heard him snub me unmercifully but justly in front of a picture upon which I disagreed with him. A friend of hers, Mr. Klein, was present, and took my part, but Miss Sellers agreed with him, and so did I, although I believe I lost my temper, that business was business, and the only way to go to work in front of a picture was to treat any fellow-student as a fellow-student, and if they really were idiotic to tell them so. Miss Sellers said she continually received such snubs. Some such incident as that, possibly misunderstood by Mr. Klein, or mis-reported, is more than enough to give rise to such a story as Alys heard.

In contrast to it, I must put in the balance a long course of behaviour to me which has been, in respect of scandal, most considerate, and wisely so, for naturally he has nothing to gain.

To take the last example. He has been anxious for me to make friends here, but did not want me to meet them, Vernon Lee, etc., through him. I met Vernon Lee at the British Museum last summer, but so casually that I did not feel sure about continuing her acquaintance. However, **she knows Berenson very well**, and the other day she asked him whether he knew my address, as she wanted to call. She said, "I have heard she is your most brilliant pupil." He replied (as Miss Cruttwell has told me since), "O she stands quite on her own feet, as an independent critic by this time."

As Vernon Lee was going away, she said she would send Miss Cruttwell to call first. Berenson came in from Maiano to Florence with her, and found out the day she meant to call, on purpose not to come himself by any chance that afternoon. He told Miss Cruttwell that I could guide her about



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as well as anyone living.

Since then, as I liked her, I have seen a good deal of her. Berenson likes her too, and I have urged him to come to the galleries with us, but he has refused on the ground that he was anxious to have me make my own reputation. Of course if he came, it would be evident that he knew more than I, and that what I know I take from him.

Now this is not the behaviour of a person who has made a conquest and wishes to boast of it and show it off. Therefore, unless I have something a little more definite than hearsay to go upon, I shall not ask him about such a thing.

I am very tired of writing about it, but I must bring up one more proof. Thee will remember the Bôcher incident. He cried over it in Paris, poor old man, and said if Berenson had only said one little word to him, even so much as to ask him as a personal favour not to mention our names together, he would not have said a word. But he said Berenson never mentioned me, and his reserve made old Bôcher angry with him. So there was a case in which he actually did himself harm by his excessive caution in not speaking of me. I could give thee a number of other instances which have come to my knowledge in ways like this of Bôcher, absolutely independent of Berenson, but it bores me to write so much on such a matter, and if these do not convince thee of the improbability of his talking in this way, a hundred more such instances would not.

There is this much certain, however, that a certain amount of scandal will be circulated. That I believe is inevitable, but it will grow less and less serious the more it comes to be a recognised that I am hard at work, and the more I drop out of people's minds as a personality. The threat of ostracism is meaningless. I can have as many friends as I want under any conceivable circumstances.

Take the people for instance who know *everything* there is to be known, even to B.F.C.C.'s accusations: Costa, the Mikes, John Burke, Maude Roberson and her husband, the two Hapgoods, Christina Bremner,³⁵¹ just to mention the first that come into my head. They are far more important to me than anonymous ladies who repeat scandal to my relatives which they are not willing to bear the responsibility of repeating. If she has given her name, I should have been ready to believe she meant well. As it is, I can only think she was gratifying her innate love for gossiping, because to imagine that I would give up a friendship of years because my sister told me that a lady told her that one of her friends told her that Berenson had said something slighting or insulting of me, is really too absurd for a reasonable person. Of course when you dislike a person you readily believe all you hear against them, and it fits into your preconceived notion of their character with almost the decisiveness of proof. When you believe in them, however,

³⁵¹ These are their best friends.



you require something a little stronger than mere hearsay to make you believe a story that contradicts most of the actions you yourself have observed.

But “enough or too much”,³⁵² as Blake says. I do not mean to involve you all in a “cause célèbre”, but at the same time we may as well be prepared for a little inevitable talk. The best way to meet it is with at any rate apparent unconcern, and a perfectly open acknowledgement of the fact that I am his pupil, but am now beginning to stand independently, and to say, “Yes, such talk *is* likely to arise, but it will die down again.”

I enclose B.F.C.C.’s letter. This decides me to get home about the 12th. Is Logan’s apartment free? I want to stop in Paris a day or two with Miss Cruttwell on the way home. Be sure thee lets me know at once.

I shall write asking B.F.C.C. to let the children stay up two or three days, as I simply cannot go down at once.

I shall want thee to send me my last £5 to Paris, to buy Christmas presents. I must take my board on credit until my January money comes in.

Lovingly,

Thy daughter,
M.

Do not let B.F.C.C. know thee has seen his letter. It contains a nice whopping lie about Florence Ayling by the way, does it not? Her letter to Alys said she had seen him. Please keep it.

³⁵² William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believ'd.
Enough! or Too much.



M-HS 1893.____
a three-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Dec. 1, 1893

Darling mother,

Just a hasty word before I finish my article.³⁵³ I have asked father to send it to the *Nineteenth Century* if he can make sure that it will be read at once, and quickly either accepted or rejected. I don't want it to lie by for months. If he can't make sure of this, I will send thee a note to send with it to Mr. Massingham.

I am really writing to beg thee and the rest of you not to pay much heed to scandals. If you listen to them with reverberating ears and anxious minds, they will make us all rather wretched. There are bound to be some, but thee knows what London is, and how little it means. If I once do anything in the way of writing, they won't count one way or another. But in the mean time, my peace of mind lies to a certain extent in your hands. If you gather up the idle talk, or search it out, and make yourselves unhappy over it, I am bound to be *very* unhappy too. If on the other hand you simply accept the fact that there are bound to be some rumours, and pay no attention to them, they won't amount to much, as far as we are concerned. B.F.C.C. of course plays the part of the Ear of Dionysius — under the circumstances it is explicable.

I can't imagine what Mrs. Pennell³⁵⁴ has against me, except that we rather quarrelled when I met her in France over her little tin god on wheels, R. L. Stevenson, and over some of the venom Joseph poured into my ear about Walter Cope³⁵⁵ and some of our other acquaintances. She probably has magnified the fact that she saw me with the painter Fabbri, who was by chance there for the day — as I think I said, did I not? But it is like the irony of things to get credit for what you *don't* do. Now she *might* have met me when she could, with a certain show of justification, have talked. Still, it is scarcely worth thinking about, considering what the Pennells are.

But I do hope thee will bring thy ordinary philosophy to bear. **Look at all the scandal there was about father, yet he weathered it.** London is very big, and the world is bigger still. The present talk can only hurt me through *you* for it is a matter of almost indifference to me. The people I care for know the whole story, and are not likely to go back on me.

Dearest love to Ray. I shall probably get home Wednesday night the 12th or Thursday.

³⁵³ ? 'The new and old art criticism', *The Nineteenth Century* 207 (May 1894), p. 828-837.

³⁵⁴

³⁵⁵ Walter Cope (1860-1902), an architect in Philadelphia. He and his partner John Stewardson 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.



I had a note from Cousin Carrie and have written to her that I shall reach Paris on the 11th. Miss Cruttwell is coming with me.

With love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, Dec. 1, 1893

My dear father,

I was very glad to get thy long letter today although it opens questions which I do not see my way to discuss at present. Still, I think I see very clearly every point thee makes. I agree with thy system of and basis for ethics, speaking generally, although I feel that there are always some people who prefer independence to gregariousness, and who are therefore entitled to a system of ethics to suit their cases. The unfortunate beings are [1.2] like myself, partly gregarious and partly independent, with one foot in Bohemia and one which they would fair plant in Belgravia. They are like those souls in Dante whom Heaven rejects nor will Hell receive.

I am glad thee should write to me frankly what thee thinks, and what thee wishes me to do. I do not know, but it is just possible that I may come to a more workable *modus vivendi* when I have another talk with B.F.C.C. As things at present are the breach [1.3] by its own momentum (to use a mixed metaphor) inevitable grows wider every day.

I am sending to mother by this post an article I should be very grateful to thee for trying to get into *The Nineteenth Century*. There is just a chance, I think, that Mr. Knowles might take it, as it is about as sensational as such an article could well be, attacking the “Frenchies”, and upsetting some of the English household gods. Of course I can *prove* every point [1.4] I make. But I do not want it to lie for months unconsidered, so do not give it to Knowles unless thee can, at the same time, induce him to consider it quickly. Thee sees it must come out soon, so as to be out the same time as the Burlington House Old Masters, and also so as to antedate my book. So if thee thinks Knowles will lay it by for indefinite future consideration, do not give it to him, but let me know and I will get mother to send it to Massingham, who promised to [2] do what he could for me with his friend, the editor of *The Fortnightly*. But I should like to try *The Nineteenth Century* first, if thee can insure its speedy acceptance or refusal.

As my plans at present stand, I expect to reach home on the 13th on Thursday, or Wednesday night the 12th. Vernon Lee’s friend, Miss Cruttwell, is coming home with me. We are going to stop a day in Milan and two days in Paris. She is a nice girl, and I think it very likely that she will [2.2] take up my studies and possibly travel with me a great deal in the future — which would be the removal of *one* difficulty at any rate.

I do not suppose the books treating of biblical personages as a part of ordinary human history, would have much effect upon me now, for it is a point of view that seems to me so perfectly inevitable, and suits my mind so thoroughly, that I cannot distinctly remember ever having any other, although I know I did.

I have written mother fully about vol. IV of the Ranke. It must be



somewhere at [2.3] 44, for I sent it together with vol., V from Munich. I remember it particularly as the two volumes made such a large package that I had some trouble making them up together for the Post.

I entirely agree with what thee calls thy “pessimistic” idea that it is best to leave alone what we can’t find out, and devote ourselves to the world and human life and history which we haven’t begun to explore. Only, being young, I take this view with enthusiastic optimism! By the way, one is not, as thee supposes a “purely imaginative subject.” It is our truest record of [2.4] past states of human emotion. I think Robertson wastes his time in his anti-theological arguments, which are, at bottom, just as theological as orthodoxy.

As to mistakes in art criticism involving no sad consequences, I think they easily may shut out yourself and other from what is certainly one of the purest, least enervating enjoyments the human race possesses. To me that seems far sadder, because it is actual and definite loss, than the loss of any metaphysical abstractions such as “soul”, etc.

But I must close quickly as Miss Jeffrey has come and is waiting for me.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

[1] Thanks for the Psychology Society report which I read with care. It is so removed from my world that I can’t think about it. The spirits (if they are such) seem so silly and uneducated that they aren’t worth arguing with.

Thanks for thy postal just received.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Florence, Dec. 2, 1893

Dearest mother,

Will thee slip another couple of sixpences into this note for the children.

I shall start on Saturday the 9th at 2.45 (or 14.45 as they call it here!), so after Wednesday address me one day Hotel Bella Venezia, Milan, then 14 rue de la Grande Chaumiere. If thee *could* send me a registered letter the first thing on Monday, containing £5, I should have it to do my shopping with on Tuesday. It would be sure to reach me Tuesday morning.

Miss Cruttwell is to be with me. A very little urging and she would become my definite pupil. I do not mean paying, but taking up my studies in my way. By this time, I am convinced that I shall be able to do really good work in my own line, and I believe I shall learn to write clearly and pleasantly. I have already a great many things to say, and **as soon as I once begin to get printed**, I am sure I shall make my way.

Thee will not like me to say it, but I must in honesty give a great part of the credit of this to Berenson, who has been really untiring in his efforts to put me on my own feet, intellectually speaking. **As he said the other day, I might never see him again, and yet be able to go on in *his* line and make a name for myself.** Where another person would have kept his professional secrets and best ideas to himself, or at any rate would have used me to do *his* work, he has placed at my disposal all he knows, and has urged me to work for myself and in my own name far more than I have done. He has been busy a year helping me collect materials for **my Botticelli**, which is, I hope, going to be a thorough and very thoughtful piece of work. This is the more generous as he has to depend a good deal on writing for his own future and my working on the same lines will crowd him out.

Thee has caught, like *Building Master Solness*, the tag end of a scientific idea, which thee does not understand scientifically, or thee would not speak of me as “hypnotized”. However, I know it is of no use arguing on such matters. Yet at the same time, it is only what I must in fairness say. I have, for myself, gained enough to compensate for a good deal of scandal. And your plan is certainly to ignore it — that is the only way to kill it. If you search it out and contradict it and take it seriously it always become worse. I shall live very quietly in England, doing my own work, and years will deal as gently with all such things as they usually do when people forget one.

Please thank father for his newspapers and letters and cards.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

Monday night <Dec. 4, 1893>

Please thank father for his daily notes and the *Chronicle*, also for the account of Miss Ackermann, etc. He has been very good about sending me things.

The letter from the north came today. I hope to hear of the children tomorrow.

I shall leave on Saturday with Mss Cruttwell. She has to circle by Turin, so I will go to Paris that way after all, and will write to the Bella Venezia for my letter which I told thee to send there. I expect to reach Paris on Monday the 11th.

I have been very busy taking a look all round these last three days, and showing some pictures to a certain English family named Boord, whom I met in the hotel at Verona.³⁵⁶

Love to all,

Thy loving,
M.

³⁵⁶ Mary's diary, Oct. 27, 1893: Made acquaintance with some English people named Boord at table d'hôte.



M-HS 1893.____

a three-page letter to Robert

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, <Tuesday,> Dec. 5, 1893

Dearest Father,

People may talk disparagingly of the climate of Italy, but for the last three weeks I have sat down to write every morning, as I have done this morning, with both windows wide open. It was cold last night — wintry — but with the sunshine, which shines full in at my windows from dawn, it gets quickly warm.

I have just read and made up to return to thee, the rest of Miss Ackermann's interesting account. I have ventured to suggest here and there a slight verbal correction. It is very interesting and I am glad thee let me see it. I returned the Cousin Richard correspondence, which I also read with interest. *Carter's Liver Pills* are, I think, the most widely known.

I looked over the magazines at the Library yesterday, when they arrived. I am afraid it is [1.3] not very likely that my article will get in anywhere. It isn't the kind of thing. If they do desert politics at all, it seems to be merely to allow some one whose name is already famous in some special line — generally politics — to air his views on subjects of which he knows comparatively little. (As Mr. Benn, an Englishman living here, said, "The thing for the magazines is to get some man who knows all about one subject to write on another!") They supply the lion-hunting taste, by putting within the reach of everybody the unprofessional ideas of well-known men. Of course if a subject is very apposite, a new person has a chance of getting in, but art is never apposite in England. It always has to be lugged in by the ears. Still, I should like to try all the same, even if I do have to end up in *the Free Review* at last, whose editor is almost indifferent to the famous names of his contributors. Unfortunately, he is a little too indifferent to some other things as well. I fear *the Review* cannot [1.4] go on. His own "Study of Gladstone" is the best thing he publishes. Hobson's paper on property, however, was full of thought, and I liked the absolutely non-theological, common-sense tone of Archer's article on suicide.

I met an English family at Verona,³⁵⁷ enormously rich, with a huge Elizabethan house in Susses and house in Berkeley Square. I suppose they feel like Willy Peel on the Continent, they "don't mind seeing people they don't [2] know, you know", so they have taken me up with more enthusiasm than I care about. The eldest girl, if she could be detached from the rest, would be interesting. She has a lot of character, and so much superfluous

³⁵⁷ Oct. 21-30, 1893. See the entry for Oct. 27, 1893: 'Made acquaintance with some English people named Boord at table d'hôte.'

See also the entry for April 22, 1894: 'Florence. I met Miss Boord, and she came in to see me. She was evidently awfully glad to meet me again, and said with glee that her mother was ill. Evidently the old toad keeps her in utter subjection, and the girl resents it and hates her mother in consequence.'



energy that she has gone in for all sorts of things, from cooking to lace-making. Being naturally intellectual, none of these pursuits have been able to hold her. I am always looking out for some congenial woman to take up my pursuits, and [2.2] if Miss Cruttwell fails me, perhaps I can win over Miss Boord.

Vernon Lee called yesterday. She is much nicer and more intelligent than her writings. In those she always seems to me to be dancing a moral tight-rope which I suppose makes her very fascinating to some people. I cannot endure it. Zola never offends me, really, but there is scarcely a page of Vernon Lee that does not disgust me. Mother would like her, for her great enthusiasm at present is Motherhood and [3] heredity, subjects which have the same sort of attraction for her, I suppose, as the painting of rocks had for Leonardo when he was settled in the Lombard Plain. She treats these subjects about as fantastically as Leonardo treated rocks!

I have just had letters from Mother and Alys, which I must answer, so I will close this.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Please give the enclosed to Alys.



M-HS 1893.____
a two-page letter

Dec. 5, 1893

My dear mother,

I am very sorry that the expression in my letter was disagreeable. I used it because I saw that Alys, as she said, considered it a kind (and I suppose Christianly) thing for a person to repeat evil of another at the same time hiding herself, so that the person of whom the evil was spoken could not possibly justify himself or clear himself of the imputation. To my view *nothing* can make this sort of thing honourable, no motive of kindness or anything else. Because the kindness you may conceivably do to the person you warn is balanced by the evil, without chance of redress, you do to the person of whom you tell the evil. I should have thought it was scarcely necessary to point this out to honourable people, but it seems it is. Or else our notions of honour are so different that we can scarcely <be> said to be speaking the same language, which I hope is not the case, for a very great deal of my happiness depends upon thee and Alys, and misunderstandings are perhaps the most painful things in the world. People can and ought to resign themselves to bear the blame of what they really do — at least that innate and strong sense of justice is not revolted. But when you are misunderstood and unjustly blamed, it seems to turn your heart to pulp. Yet misunderstanding will inevitably happen if we begin to use words in totally different senses. I cannot help calling it dis-honourable to repeat such a story as that lady did, and give the person against whom it reflected no chance of explaining it. She should have remembered in the kindness of her enthusiasm for my welfare, that Berenson, too, is a human being, quite as much as I. I have not said anything about it, for it did not seem worth while. I am truly sorry thee and Alys were worried over it.

Later

As to my coming home, I shall get to <Paris>³⁵⁸ on the 11th (Monday), but I shall stay at the Hotel Corneille, rue Corneille, with Miss Cruttwell. It is just by the Odéon, very convenient. You get a room there for 2 fr. and eat where you choose. It isn't worth while to turn Cousin Carrie and Marion out for such a short time as I am likely to stay, as they are renting it. I have written to them. Therefore on Monday, please send my registered letter with £5 to the Hotel Corneille.

I would have taken thy suggestion and not come back till a week later, so as not to break in upon the children's school. But it is *such* a blessing to have an interesting person to travel with, and Miss C.'s ticket is unfortunately up on the 13th.

I will see. I will write to B.F.C.C. and find out what I can arrange. If we *could* have Christmas at No. 44 (he being away) it would be much nicer, and

³⁵⁸ By mistake here Mary wrote 'Florence'.



if by delaying my return till the 20th it could be arranged, I should stay in Paris. There is plenty to do there.

Thank Ray for her "pretty page". Tell her I kissed it twenty times.

Write to me on Saturday and after Hotel Corneille, rue Corneille, Paris.

Thine lovingly,

M.

This letter must be old Mrs. C.'s.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter to Alys

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, <Tuesday> Dec. 5, 1893

Dear Alys,

Miss Bremner's address is Miss C. S. Bremner, 14 Trent Road, Brixton Hill, S.W. It would be nice if thee could find her a little work!

What has become of Drs. Rhoads? I am delighted that Carey has got the position she deserved. It is a good thing for women too, that when a woman does the work she should get the credit [1.2] instead of having a male buffer interposed! I wonder if Miss Sellers will go? It is just possible.

I am going to write to mother later about the date of my coming home. Miss Cruttwell is coming today, and we will talk it over. Unfortunately, her ticket is up on the 13th. I want to travel, at any rate, as far as Paris with her, because it is such a miserable journey alone. Probably I shall get home about the 18th, so as not to break the children's school. [1.3] But I will send definite word as soon as I have seen Miss Cruttwell.

Tell mother also that with the Introduction and the second batch of 250 pages I sent her about ten days ago, which contained a letter to Bell the publisher, she has the whole Hampton Court Guide. I should like it sent to him at once.

I saw in *The Chronicle* that Lady Elizabveth Cust had presided at the Vegetarian annual celebration, and that a Mrs. Forwards [1.4] had made a speech there. It is a good man for Logan. They also had the review of a book by a certain Richard *Inwards*!

Thine lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____

a two-page letter to Alys

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence, <Wednesday,> Dec. 6, 1893

Dear Alys,

Thy letter was a real pleasure. I have myself thought of Emily Dawson, but her mother is simply impossible. Like Ireland, she “blocks the way.” Besides, real connoisseuring wants more money than Emily has, for traveling around.

Let me have the Kinsellas’ address and I will invite them to go to the Louvre with me and “sample” Louise. I heard from Cousin Carrie. Since they *are* going out anyhow [1.2] on the 16th, they may as well go out for me, so please tell mother to write and send my money to the Grand Chaumière after all. I will write to Cousin Carrie. Tell mother also that this is what I shall probably do: Keep Miss Cruttwell with me until the 13th, and then stay myself to have a little glimpse of Miss Sellers. In the interval before she comes, I will look up Louise Kinsella. This will bring me home about the 18th, I should think.

I will write to B.F.C.C. and [1.3] see whether it isn’t possible to have our Tree at 44, which would be much nicer. I hope to see a little of Edith Woodman, too, if I carry out this plan. When Miss Sellers comes, shall I go out? I had better, I expect. Or else I could stay a couple of nights (sleeping in the sitting room) to get her into the ways of the place. It might be convenient. Miss Lowndes will be with her, I suppose.

There is a girl here,³⁵⁹ the one I wrote thee about yesterday, who interests me [1.4] very much. She must be 30 at least, but, with all her abounding energy and intellect, she is in complete outward bondage to a stupid tyrannical mother — can’t make a single engagement for herself, etc. The younger sister and the brother are the same. They came her to tea after the gallery, and I asked the children (the mother was talking to some other people) to come on Thursday. They said they would love to, but — and all three gave me a kind of wink — “you’d better ask *her* [2] first, or we shan’t be allowed to!” So I asked her, and she accepted for herself as well as for them, which was not what I wanted at all. If I were staying on here, I should try to get at that girl and persuade her to study something she wouldn’t quickly come to the end of. I have lent Pater’s Renaissance to the Ibsen Jeffrey girl, and she is completely carried away by it. I have an idea it is the first book she has ever read. It is a marvellous book I keep reading and [2.2] re-reading it. It is strange that when most of his facts are wrong, he should nevertheless have reached such marvellous conclusions. The truth is that the book is a great artistic work, bearing only so much relation to fact as is necessary to give a sort of feeling of reality — like the landscape of a great imaginative painter, often inaccurate in details but giving *his view of the world*.

³⁵⁹ Miss Boord.



Pater gives his view of the Renaissance [2.3] as glowing and golden as Giorgione's landscapes — and as fascinating. I know no book which prepares you *half* so well for enjoying Italy.

Please thank mother for attending to the Hampton Court Guide. I hope something will come of it.

I am going out to call on Vernon Lee tomorrow. I have offered this apartment [*sic*] to the Mikes for Christmas, but there is almost no chance that they will take it. Does thee know of anyone who would like to pay me 20 fr. a week [2.4] for it? It is the only apartment on the Lungarno (the sunny side) which you can have without Pension — and you could have Pension in the same house if you liked. The view is really the best in Florence. It is furnished with my books and pictures and rugs and busts and is really perfectly charming. I have to pay 105 fr. a month, so 25 would not be much gain.

I enclose a story for Ray, in accordance with her instructions.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter
Dec. 7, 1893

Dearest mother,

Thanks for the £5 that reached me this morning.

I am anxious about Miss Clare's illness. Of course thee will let me know at once in Paris, so that, if necessary, I can come home at once. I could reach home on the morning of the 13th or even the night of the 12th if Miss Clare is not better. Will thee tell her from me how sorry I am she should have all this. Maybe instead of Haslemere, she will have to go to some mild sea place. Or if she comes to Haslemere, she may have to stay in one temperature, in which case perhaps Frank will agree to their all staying for awhile at the "Big House." I will send him a note today or tomorrow. I suppose he will not send the children down with Winny³⁶⁰ before I come?

Please let me hear in Paris just how things are.

Poor Miss Clare! Pleurisy is no joke.

Lovingly thine,
M.

³⁶⁰ Ray's maid.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Dec. 8, 1893

Dearest mother,

I am just starting — that is, tomorrow morning with Miss Cruttwell. I shall write to B.F.C.C. tonight, and await his answer in Paris. I reach 14 rue de la G. C. on Monday the 11th. Miss Cruttwell will stay until the 13th with me, and then we shall see how affairs are at No. 40.

There is no fear that B.F.C.C. will send Emma down to the country with the children. Absolutely none. Remember how last summer, although Emma was there, he never let her come to the country at all.

I *am* sorry about poor Miss Clare. I hope the servants pay decent attention to her, poor thing! I feel as if I ought to be there to see to her, especially as thee and Alys are so full of engagements, yet I am not sure that my coming might not add to the general confusion. Please let me hear *everything* in Paris. My plans will be guided in part by what B.F.C.C. replies.

I went to see “Vernon Lee” yesterday, and enjoyed my call very much. Little Miss Jeffrey spent the evening with me. She has very distant relatives of her name in Birmingham, but she is not acquainted with them. We went together the other day and cleaned the Medici monument in San Lorenzo, the wonderful bronze tomb made by Verocchio which was being ruined by the filth and neglect of the priests and sacristans. I brought a feather duster, and we had rags and water and climbed on ladders and polished it up the best we could.

A great many English people came along and sympathized with us, but the filthy priests did nothing but laugh. At last a man came in with some fresh bunches of paper flowers, and I turned round and gave him a piece of my mind about spending their money on such hideous things while the most precious piece of bronze in the world was being ruined by neglect. Several English people applauded my tirade, and the priests hastily departed.

Let me hear all that happens, please.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Londra, Genoa, Dec. 9, 1893, 9.30

Darling mother,

I am too tired to say much.

Thank father for sending me Knowles' note.

I enclose B.F.C.C.'s. I have written him a letter *almost* like the one thee suggested. We shall see the result. I also asked him if I delayed my coming until the 18th whether the children could not stay up over Christmas. I shall await his answer in Paris.

I hope Miss Clare is better. Give her my love.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1893.____
a postcard

<Paris, Dec. 12, 1893>

Have arrived safely and found all the letters, etc. Thy yesterday's postal came this morning. I wish I *were* there to help in all this confusion.

If I don't hear from B.F.C.C. I will come on Saturday <Dec. 16> and we will try to arrange for the children to stay up a little while longer. I wrote as thee suggested, very much. The trouble is that being in Ireland he may not get my letter soon.

Am just off with Miss Cruttwell to the Louvre.

In haste,

Thine,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1893

Dearest mother,

I am only waiting to hear. If I hear nothing, I think I shall cross *Friday night*, unless Alys writes to stay and meet Miss Sellers.

It is pouring today, and too dark to go and see anything. However, I have lots of reading. But I must confess I would rather be at home, particularly as Miss Cruttwell goes today.

Poor Miss Clare. I am awfully sorry, not only for the inconvenience, but chiefly for what must be her great suffering and dreariness.

I hope B.F.C.C. *will* write, but if he doesn't, I shall come on Friday night, getting home to breakfast on Saturday. I shall come by Dieppe, I think, on account of its being so much cheaper.

Tell Alys to let me know about Miss Sellers. I should rather like to see her for this reason, that I want to persuade her to take up as original work the connection between classic and mediaeval sculpture. I believe no one has gone over that ground. It is an interesting question, and it would throw a good deal of light upon my studies.

Thank father for his note, I return Bond's letter.

With love and *longing* to see thee, now I am so near.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Thursday, Dec. 14, 1893

Dearest mother,

It is odd thee did not receive by yesterday my Saturday's letter from Genoa. However, thee has heard from me now. I am sorry to say, I have a gathering in my ear, which has been coming on for several days, and last night was excruciating. How I pity little Karin. But I have poulticed it and put warm oil in, and shall keep by the fire today, so I hope I shall be well enough to come home if not Friday night then Saturday morning. There was so much that I wanted to see here, but I shall have to stay in and be content with reading.

Give Alys my love and thanks for taking care of the children. What a funny story about Ray wanting to burn up her old grandmother C.!

Give "Sister Crow" my love, too, and gratitude for all her kindness to the chicks, and to poor Miss Clare.

Marion and Cousin Carrie took tea here yesterday. They cannot talk of anything but Edith Woodman's marriage. Marion seems very well and looks actually pretty, but Cousin Carrie looks awfully ill and tired and bored. Poor thing! Her only resource and happiness is letter-writing. They have taken a large studio at No. 8 in this street, and are living in the one room. I think they do most of their own cooking too. Cousin Carrie says Marion has a great many friends and that when they were here they had "afternoon teas" every day. It is nice enough for Marion, I am sure, but it is awfully forlorn for Cousin Carrie. They are expecting to see Juliet.

Is the Luigi marriage all off?

But I forget — there is no time to answer questions.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1893.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Friday, Dec. 15, 1893

Dearest mother,

My ear is still pretty bad, and I have a slight attack of diarrhaea.

I had a wire from B.F.C.C. asking me to wait for his letter, so I cannot come tonight. I would not anyhow, for I remember once having to stop at Rouen with an attack of diarrhoea, and it would be rather miserable in this cold. I may be well enough to come tomorrow or tomorrow night <Dec. 16>, or Sunday. <Dec. 17>

I will wire when I start — that will be the best way.

I had Alys' note. Please thank her.

Even although Miss Sellers *isn't* coming, I am glad I turned Cousin Carrie and Marion out (except for Logan's rent), because I had to get up so often in the night and that would have been wretched in a hotel.

The concierge here is very nice.

I hope to be home soon, so I will not say anything more.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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January 1894



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard from Haslemere

Wednesday afternoon <Jan. 3 10 17 24> 1894

Dearest mother,

Snowing again.

The children had a *glorious* morning tobogganing down the lawn. Bays took up some of the fence and they careered [*sic*] down to the farm over the field, shrieking with joy and not a bit cold! Tommy and some village boys took them after I had started. The toboggan is perfect — the children are in ecstasies!

Uncle Logan is going to take them again this afternoon, and then he and I are going to take tea with the Nowers.³⁶¹

I shall get up by the 9.56 tomorrow.

The *Chronicles* have come.

³⁶¹ Nowers: a reference in *The Letters of Sidney and Beatrice Webb*.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Tuesday, Jan. <16> [18], 1894

Dearest mother,

Nothing has happened, and the Dr. thinks now that nothing will happen this month. He says this sometimes happens after a severe flow. Nature is taking her way to recuperate. He says there is no need to be distressed at all, or to expect anything but the ordinary thing the next time. So I shan't try any more pills or hot baths or anything else, but possess my soul in patience.

Father came, but as he did not read thy note at the station, we had nothing but a tiny scrap of tough beefsteak for dinner. He said he would have a chicken killed. He seems cross and out of sorts.

I gave Logan thy message, and he was delighted. I had to read "Margli" over again to the children, and we also finished *Robinson's Island*. The rest is only his voyages. They finished their cats,³⁶² and Winny, I must say, played with them very nicely.

Please tell Alys, when she returns, that I agree to her offer about the black silk, and also that I will keep Sunday afternoon free, and will write to Lady H. about Christina.

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Thee really need not come down on Friday, though we should love to have thee. Father is not coming up till Saturday.

³⁶² They were drawing cats?



[to father] 1894.____
a postcard one-page letter

<Paris,> Sunday night <Jan. 28, 1894>

A very rough passage, but it is happily over I found Logan well and looking very handsome. I was awfully sea-sick, but recovered quickly on laud.³⁶³ I hope to see Edith Woodman and Miss Sellers tomorrow.

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

³⁶³ An abbreviation for the drug *laudanum*, a potent combo of alcohol and opium first invented in the sixteenth century.



1894.____

a one-page letter to Robert (VII)

14 rue de la G. C., Paris, <Monday?> Jan. 29, 1894

My dear father,

Logan and I have had a pleasant day. We went first to call on Miss Sellers, who was vague and beautiful, as usual. She said she wanted very much to travel with me in the Spring, but did not know whether she could arrange it. She was. [1.2] busy reviewing a fat German book, so she did not come out with us, but her friend Miss Lowndes came, and we had a very jolly time, seeing various collections.

Afterwards we called on Edith Woodman Burroughs, who was hard at work on her Dial, from a very beautiful nude model who was crouched up on a high platform, being copied by Edith and a young French sculptor. Edith's husband is well, but her "backer" in [1.3] America has gone under in the commercial crisis, and cannot continue her supplied. Her husband has \$900.00 a year, but she does not like to live on him.

We came home to have tea, and caught Mr. Burke, who told us a lot about peat and its various uses. It seems it is cheaper than straw as stable litter, and has the quality of preserving all the volatile gases like ammonias, so that non only is the stable [1.4] fresh and sweet and the horses more healthy, but the old litter is is twice as valuable as manure. It is worth looking into. They make peat into nice horse-blankets, too, and into clothes which is as cheap as "shoddy", but wears like the best wool tweeds. It makes a fine anti-septic surgical dressing, and has already superseded the ordinary lint in the Paris hospitals.

Burke thinks it is going to be a simply enormous industry as the company developes. [*sic*] It is, as it were, conquering a new natural force and making it subserve human ends. I find it wonderfully interesting. Please send the enclosed to the children.

Logan sends his love.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<Paris> Tuesday night <Jan. 30, 1894>

Am just off to Milan.

I was so glad to get thy letter this morning and will answer at Milan.

I told thee the children are to try the lunch plan. Logan is very well. He got the wash with thanks.

Have been with Miss Sellers all day.

Edith Woodman is going a lovely thing for the Dial.

In great haste,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Milan, Wednesday night <Jan. 31, 1894>

A fairly comfortable journey.

I find a note from Dr. Frizzoni, who is going to take me to see some private collections tomorrow.

I have written to arrange about the party. The children had better wear their new dresses, and use up the white silks (which will soon be too small) at the dancing class.

It is nice and quiet here, and I look forward to a long sleep.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Milan, Thursday evening <Feb. 1, 1894>

Somehow I have no time for a letter. I have been rushing about all day seeing pictures with Dr. Frizzoni, who has been very kind.

Now I am going to get some photographs and dine and then go to the great opera of Milan where all the singers make their débuts, La Scala.

Tomorrow I go on to Parma, just to spend the night, and I expect to reach Florence on Saturday. I had a sleep of 11 hours last night, and feel first-rate.

I hope thee will be able to see the children off to their party. They need new slippers, unless Winny has thought to bring their brown ones home from school. I hope you have had a successful time.

Give Alys my love and tell her I hadn't a minute to go to the Bon Marché for gloves!

Thy loving daughter,
M. W. C.



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Florence, Feb. 2-June 14, 1894

M-HS 1894.____

a two-page letter without a date or day

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence <after Feb. 3? 4? 1894>

My darling mother,

Thy postal came this morning, and I am looking forward to a letter about the children tomorrow.

I arrived yesterday afternoon and found my rooms swept and dusted and everything very nice.

I feel full of energy for work, and am going to grapple with several reviews for the *Chronicle* at once, besides set to work **on my Botticelli**.

I am going to see Vernon Lee on Monday, and make an arrangement for seeing her at definite times.

I did not stop at **Parma** but at **Pistoia**, which I enjoyed very much, not having seen any of the things there for two years. How different they looked! My eye is so much better trained than it was then.

I enjoyed Milan, too, very much. Dr. Frizzoni was so nice. He even offered to come to the Scala (Opera) with me, but his face involuntarily assumed so doleful an expression that I entirely refused. I explained to him that I was accustomed to going about alone, and he gasped but acquiesced with joy, for I think it would have bored him to death to go to hear Wagner. The *Valkyrie* bored me less than it did at Munich — partly because I took an opportune nap at the dull part. And there are parts of it so divinely beautiful — they give you such an inimitable sensation, as if all the world were good and beautiful and one always felt as a lark must feel when it rises and sings in the early morning. To obtain the exact feeling that comes from the Spring Song at the end of the First Act, I would sit through hours of recitative.

After the opera came a ballet that to me was absolutely fascinating. I sat there enjoying myself keenly until a quarter to two!! It was the subject — not the execution for that was mediocre. It was the modern “Miracle Play” — the triumph of Science — bringing Steam, Electricity, Canals, etc., etc., into a popular form of art — a sort of pendant to the Eiffel Tower “Obscurantism” — the modern Devil — dressed, like the old Devil, in red and black, was continually trying to quench science, but she conquered [2] him at every turn, scalding him with steam, deafening him with railway whistles and electric bells, knocking him over with a battery, etc., etc. It was so interesting to think of it in connection with the Miracle Plays they had when man’s only outlook upon the universe was through religion. Now that science is beginning to get a grip on nature, the religious miracles are turned to steam and electricity, but the art goes on just the same, only with a different subject.



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It makes one feel how inevitable an expression of the age any art is — just from such things as a Roman Pageant, a Miracle Play, a Renaissance “Triumph”, and such a ballet as the one in Milan you could practically reconstruct the general attitude of the mass of thinking of each epoch towards the problems of life. I do love to trace things straight down to the present, and this ballet interested me from that point of view more than almost anything I ever saw. How different from *Robinson Crusoe* — or is it that my brain is more active here in Italy? No, I think the Drury Lane affair was really not in touch with anything except Vulgarity, but here, in this blessed land, they are real artists — in everything except politics!

I must unpack now.

With devoted love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1894 (Thy birthday!)

No letter today. The London Sunday, I suppose.

Here the weather is simply wonderful, but I cannot fully enjoy it, for I am ill again, as I was at Padua. I have written to Dr. Duke for his nice medicine, and pending its arrival, I am keeping vey quiet in the house. It seems an awful waste of time, when the sun is so bright and the air so fresh. Still, I have lots of writing and reading to do, so time does not pass badly. But I wish I had the children to read to!

Give them my love and tell them so.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Thursday afternoon <Feb. 8, 1894>

Still unable to go out. It is a great bore. I expect Miss Lohse,³⁶⁴ the New Zealand lady, to tea.

Tell Alys I send some photographs to 44 for her to forward to Miss Coombe, for which Miss Coombe can pay her 9/. I do not know Miss Coombe's address. The 9/ can go to my account.

Tell Ray I was glad to get her heartful of grey love. *I* should say love had a slight purplish tint in it, like the lovely shadows at Haslemere. I am glad they enjoyed their party.

How I hope thy cough is better and thy appetite returned. It seems like violating a law of nature to have thee ill, and it must be very nasty for thee. Do not forget to tell me how thee is.

When is Miss Clare coming back?

I do not think there is much in what Ray says about Winny and Nana. Still I wish Miss Clare were there.

It is a lovely day, but I can't go out to enjoy it. I hope to be better tomorrow.

With love,

M.

Never mind about the brown bonnet. I had no room for it.

³⁶⁴ See the letter of Apr. 14, 1893.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page typed letter
Feb. 9, 1894

Dearest mother,

Thy letter yesterday, and thy postal card today were both welcome, as thee can imagine. I did not write yesterday, for no letters are delivered on Sunday anyhow. I am not much better, I am sorry to say, and I do not feel up to much writing. I send a little letter for the children. If thee could get Ray to learn that poem as a surprise for me, it would be a pleasure to her all her life. It is nice to fill the mind with such lovely pictures of woods and lakes, and there is a magical classic air over the whole poem, that Matthew Arnold almost always gets, which will become dearer and dearer to her as she grows older. It does seem such a pity to spend all the child's fresh memory upon things that she will only long to forget when she grows up!

How nicely Logan's story reads in the *Macmillan*.³⁶⁵ I do not think, however, that £8 is very good pay. They might have made it guineas at least!

I am not going out to Vernon Lee's to lunch until tomorrow. I hope I shall be better then, and more able to enjoy it. It is especially tiresome to be ill now, because I came back feeling so eager to work and so full of ideas of things to do, and now I don't feel up to anything except reading. However, that is not a waste of time, and I've got to make the best of it. It would be dreadful to be both ill and in low spirits. I hope Dr. Duke's prescription will come soon.

There is absolutely nothing to say about myself, because I don't go out nor see anybody. I am reading Mrs. Creighton's little history of France, which is a perfect marvel of clearness and simplicity, combined with very interesting thought. If ever I could learn to write about art in that perfectly simple way, I should be very happy!

I have been busy cutting down my Hampton Court Guide by 65 pages, and I have been trying to simplify it by the way, but it still sounds vey words compared to Mrs. Creighton.

I feel rather tired of writing, so I will close, with much love.

Thanks for the india-rubber bands. The sewing woman didn't do *any* work for me, did she? except put the braid on my dresses.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Sunday, Feb. 11, 1894

Darling mother,

I have written to Hatchards for vol. V of Creighton, which has just appeared, my beloved Creighton! (I suppose thy present meant the whole set!!!!!! If not charge to me when thee pays it.) I feared it would never come out, now that he is Bishop, but here it is. I read the *Chronicle* review of it today.

I have just got back from Vernon Lee's. I enjoyed it — she talks so well. I am going there to stay from Friday to Monday, so please address my letters on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday to c/o Miss Paget, Il Palmerino, Maiano, Florence.

I quite look forward to it, for besides Miss Paget there is her friend Miss Thompson and an interesting brother.

Thy postal was very nice today, but thee must tell me *all* the things about the children, not the nice ones only.

The £5 was a contribution from me to help out the printing of my Guide which I want to get over as soon as possible. I promised it to the secretary. It will be the only expenses, unless I decide to have some better bound and printed on better paper. I have nearly finished type-writing it, and I hope that in 6 weeks it will be done. By dint of constantly poring over it, I have come to think it is the most marvellous book ever written! I could point thee out a thousand beauties in it no one would ever suspect!

I am ravenously hungry, a sign of getting better, I hope, so I will close and sally forth to get a beefsteak.

With much love to father and Alys,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Feb. 12, 1894

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy long letter of the 9th. It makes me very glad to think I was mistaken about thy worrying. That is a very good testimony to the power of religion.

I *am* sorry about the luncheon arrangement. What is to be done? Can't Miss Franks find some other place for them? With Miss Clare they could go further than just across the street. It was so good for Miss Clare too.

I shall gladly make a good trial of the medicine thee speaks of. I do want to get well.

In haste,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter to Robert

<Florence> Feb. 12, 1894

My dear father,

Many thanks for thy letter. I shall indeed be grateful if thee will enquire after the fate of my article in *The Nineteenth Century*, and if thee will tell him that in the unexpected event of its being printed, I want to sign it "Mary Logan", and want to see the proofs, which can be sent here. If it is refused, I do want it back, to send to *The Free Review*. I have no copy.

I am going to stay a few days with "Vernon Lee" at the end of this week. They have a charming, [1.2] quiet little place about 3 miles out of Florence, in the midst of almond trees, which are now in flower, and green country lanes — almost as beautiful as Haslemere!

I haven't been reading anything because I am constantly at work on my Hampton Court Guide, which I hope to send off in its final form tomorrow.

I sent a **Botticelli review**³⁶⁶ to Mr. MacColl who kindly offered to help me place articles.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

³⁶⁶ Bernhard's review, published in *The Studio*.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter — **VIT?** xerox from Libby **MISSING**
Feb. 13, 1894

Dearest mother,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

Mary's diary begins again on Feb. 14



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter from Mary to Alys

Feb. 13, 1894

Dear Alys,

Will thee sometime when thee is at the British Museum ask if they have casts of Pisanello's medals? If so (and I am sure they have), will thee ask them to send me two of them: (1.) the reverse of the one of Vittorino da Feltre; (2.) and the reverse of the d'Avalos.

Please pay all charges and put to my account. I promised Vernon Lee I would do this, but do not put thyself out for it. Any time when thee is naturally there will do. [1.2]

I am glad to think thee had the pleasure of seeing Bertie on Sunday. Emily Dawson is coming to visit me on Tuesday. She says she is wild to talk about "Alys and B. R." so I suppose thee has told her.

When thee sees Rothenstein, do hurry him up about my Giant pictures. If he doesn't want to do it, let him say so, and I will try to get some one else. I shan't be offended. But if t'were done, Now 'tis done, 'twere well t'were done *quickly*.

Please tell mother I was delighted [1.3] with her card today and am so pleased she has found a place for the children to lunch. Tell her I am in a piteous plight with no pen-filler, and there are none to be had in Florence! Maybe she will send me a couple.

Also, I want particularly to read William James' *Psychology*. I think one volume at any rate is in thy room (the big one). If she would send it to me, I should be very grateful. Also the other if she can find it.

I hope thy article will get into the *Nineteenth Century*. Do not think I [1.4] have forgotten the one for the *Lantern*. I shall get to work on it very soon, but I haven't been well enough to do much of anything. "Aunt Sally"³⁶⁷ is an abiding guest, but still I feel better now somehow.

The fruit trees are beginning to blossom and the country is enchanting.
With deep affection,

Thine
M. W.

³⁶⁷ A way to refer to menstruation.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Feb. 14, 1894

Dearest mother,

I will gladly try thy medicine if Dr. Duke's seems to do no good. I feel better in spirits, but the flow goes on getting worse.

Perhaps the few days at Vernon Lee's, out in the country, will do me good. I saw her yesterday, and she talked like an angel about Botticelli, putting flesh and blood to **the abstract "law" I have discovered about Botticelli's development.** I felt like giving up the attempt to say a word about him! She strikes me more and more every time I see her as a "Genius", such as I have never met before. Indeed Browning told a great friend of his here, a certain Carlo Placci,³⁶⁸ that Miss Paget was the greatest genius he (Browning) had ever met. It is curious how little it comes out in her writings, for her talk is absolutely inspired. She has a very noble, generous nature, too, and evidently grows from day to day.

Will thee ask Alys to add to her other favours to me by stopping some time at the National Gallery and getting me as large a photograph as they have for sale — of No. 593, the "Adoration of the Magi" attributed to Filippino Lippi, and the same of 1126, "The Assumption of the Virgin" attributed to Botticelli. If they haven't them, Spooner's on the left side of the Strand going to Chancery Lane, is pretty sure to have them. I do hate to ask such favours out of busy lives, but these I need very much for study.

I am going to call this afternoon on the Hapgoods' parents who are here and have sent me word that they would like to see me.

I feel rather old, being thirty today. Tell Alys that if she breaks down before four years, she will have my sympathy, at any rate. She is so fascinating in every way now, I hate to think of Bertie not being at hand to enjoy her!!

I suppose and hope Karin is better, as she came in without Miss Clare. Do send me some of their scribbles.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³⁶⁸ Mentioned here for the first time.



M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter

on the stationery of Il Palmerino, Maiano, Florence

Feb. 18, 1894

My dearest mother,

I have perused the "Orange Blossom"³⁶⁹ pamphlets, and am burning with eagerness to try the remedy. I hope thee has sent some.

I am being coddled and nursed here in a delightful way, with a long chair, cushions, hot bottles, and all sorts of things. Both Miss Paget and her friend have been through a similar siege, and they are awfully sympathetic. And I am much better, that is the best of it. Today I feel as if I should soon be well. But of course the thing is not to have it come again. I shall certainly try the "Orange Blossom".

I sent for two books by Pater yesterday, at Hatchards. Please pay for them and charge to me.

Thank thee for the Creighton. I hope it has arrived at my rooms in Florence.

I paid the sewing-woman 11/6 I *think*, yet I am not at all sure. I cannot remember! She will know perhaps. Maybe it was 10/ — yes, it must have been, because she had no change, and 11/6 is an unlikely sum.

Miss Paget's friend, Miss Anstruther Thompson, is awfully interested in Italian pictures. We spent a great deal of time yesterday looking over photographs.

Tell Alys I sent her letter on to Edith. I am glad about the *Nineteenth Century*. Logan says, " 'Tis a vulgar, modern invention", out of jealousy, but somehow one can't be jealous of Alys. She deserves everything. Then I am sure her paper will do a lot of good.

What a nice plan for her at Easter, but I wish they were coming here.

I sent a letter to the children at 40 yesterday. I am sorry Ray didn't like the Matthew Arnold. I must "croon" it to her myself, for I remember simply adoring the poems thee used to sing us — much more abstract ones, like "Self-Dependence". And she used to like "The Merman".³⁷⁰ However, I suppose it needs night time and her mother to sit by the bed, singing it.

³⁶⁹ Orange Blossom vaginal suppositories, prepared by Myers Laboratories, Warren, Pennsylvania and by J. A. McGill, M.D., & Co., 3 & 4 Hubbard Court, Chicago, Illinois
The 1885 booklet: <http://www.mum.org/oranblo1.htm>

³⁷⁰ Matthew Arnold, "The Forsaken Merman".



I haven't seen Whibley's³⁷¹ article yet, but I fancy I shall more or less agree with him about the dryness of "Ears". Morelli only began the thing, and it is easy to see his limitations. But to sneer at the limitations or mistakes of a new science is a poor task. The thing to do is to try to make it more profound and thorough.

Could thee send me James' *Psychology*,³⁷² does thee think? One volume was in Logan's room, near the fire-place.

With much love, and hugs to the children,

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

³⁷¹ Charles Whibley (1859–1930), journalist and author. His brother Leonard Whibley (1864–1941), was a fellow of Pembroke College Cambridge from 1899–1910 and a lecturer in classics.

Aviva Briefel, *The Deceivers: Art Forgery and Identity in the Nineteenth Century* (Ithaca, New York, 2006), p. 58, n. 18: Charles Whibley, 'Italian Art at the New Gallery', *Nineteenth Century* 35 (Feb. 1894), p. 335. Whibley describes this dangerous democratization as heralding the end of a Ruskinian devotion to artworks. He expresses surprise at the "readiness with which Ruskinism has yielded to the first assault."

³⁷² William James, *The Principles of Psychology*, 2 vol. (New York, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections BF121 .J36 1893 M**

Or perhaps a reference to *Text-book of psychology* (London, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson Special Collections BF121 .J36 1892 S** [Inside front cover, ink, legible, signature]



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Maiano, Feb. 19, 1894

Darling mother,

I am going back to Florence today, and expect Emily Dawson tomorrow.

I have had such a nice visit here, and the flow has almost ceased. But in case of future emergencies, I shall faithfully try "Orange Blossom" when it comes.

Miss Paget and her friend have been kindness itself, and they have made me promise to come back again in warmer weather, which I shall enjoy doing. Like the ideal parent, they give you "your mornings to yourself". I have coffee and a fire in my bedroom.

With much love,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Florence, Wednesday night, Feb. 21, 1894

My darling mother,

Thy letter of Saturday, sent to Miss Paget's, reached me this afternoon.

What are thy reasons for saying thee thinks Miss Clare "is very strict when we are not around, and doesn't let the children have much fun"? This comes as a great surprise to me, and I must know just on what it is founded, for I have never heard a hint of it from anyone, thee or the children, before, and it comes as a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky? She certainly showed no sign of it last year, and only think how she spent her time in bed dressing up dolls for them, and wrote them joking letters about "Mr. Mark". Do please give me thy reasons, and we will see if nothing can be done. Of course, we can't expect them to have two "Grams" — no child has. Even I should not be anything like thee for giving them a good time. That I don't expect in Miss Clare, and perhaps it is not desirable, but I really cannot imagine her cross or strict. She would have to entirely change her character. And it would be odd if an unfavourable change should take place just when she was taking kindergarten lessons to teach her to deal more tactfully with children!

As to their holidays, I will write and ask B.F.C.C. his plans so that thy mind may be set at rest one way or another. I will suggest to him to have plenty of fruit for them. I do not think thee need be worried over their medicine — it is sort of tonic, a supplement to their food, to nourish them more completely. Dr. Baldwin told me the other day that doctors are beginning to find out how to *build up* a child's system by supplementary irons, etc., and this is what the children are taking, Dr. Flanagan told me, with that very end in view. But I do think it important for them to have fruit.

I am delighted with what thee says about their father seeing them so little.

That is a nice smell Ray has discovered — the "sort of *reading* smell"!

Fancy the little witch arguing about public-houses!

Emily came last night. She is full of interest about Alys.

Today I have had a neuralgic headache all day, as the wind is from the snow mountains and it is very cold, although bright and clear. Still I took her to see Botticellis, and we have had a very good time. If it gets warmer, we shall go to Prato for the day on Friday.

The Creighton is perfectly delightful. I can't steal enough time to read it.

Be sure when thee writes to tell me whether thee still gets on in a comfortable and friendly way with Miss Clare. I will close tonight, and add a few lines tomorrow, if another letter comes.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<Feb. 22, 1894>

If Mr. Knowles sends it back, please send my manuscript here. I want to go over it before sending it to the *Free Review*. Thank thee so much for taking trouble over it.

It is a wonderful day. Emily and I are off to the Certosa.³⁷³

With love,
M.

³⁷³ Mary's diary, Feb. 22, 1894: In the afternoon Emily and I went to the Certosa and Bernhard took a last walk with Fletcher, who is going to Rome.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Friday evening, Feb. 23, 1894

Dearest mother,

I did not write today, because of the London Sunday.

Thy nice long letter came, telling such delightful things about the children. Karin *does* say sweet things! I am almost afraid to have Ray learn to read. She will always be at it once she knows how. But what a blessing for a child to begin early to care for books! They say that unless you begin from infancy, you never learn really to care. I fancy Ray is something like me. Certainly B.F.C.C. doesn't care much for reading! I like the idea of a "reading smell". What happy children to have such a grandma. Thee must know — only it carries no conviction to thy soul — that Dr. Ord himself, *the* London specialist on skin diseases, prescribed this bacon diet for them. Who knows? At any rate, if thee keeps them in fruit, the effect of bacon may be neutralized, if nothing more!

I am glad Mr. Knowles has taken my article.³⁷⁴ I shall now set to work with more cheer to prepare some more — one for Alys — one for the *Free Review*, etc. But I must get well first. I have begun to use "Orange Blossom", and am feeling rather ill today, but I expected that. The paper says it is a sign the medicine was needed. I hope it will do me good in the end. And I hope I shall soon be up to working again. The Hampton Court Preface *was* the same as this article, but is so no longer. I had to cut it out, on account of length, so that is all right.

Emily is, I think, enjoying herself very well, and I like her. She is very appreciative. **We have devoted ourselves entirely to Botticelli and architecture.**

She had a letter from Alys this morning in which she says she is much more in love than when I was at home. Alas, for those four years! I am sure they have already come down to two!! Does Lady Henry know yet! I am afraid it will be a painful surprise to her. Why couldn't Alys and Bertie have the whole drawing room floor of 44, having their meals in father's study as a real dining room, and paying for extra servants — in fact a *really* separate establishment, yet leaving thee and father less lonely? Could it be made to work, with a few strict rules about no visiting unless on special invitation? Still four years (!!) is a long way off. I believe they will secretly go and get married in Paris at Easter!

I can't help thinking of how sweet it was of Karin to appreciate thee — the little darling. One can't help loving her, in spite of her not being Ray!

³⁷⁴ Mary Whitall Costelloe, 'The New and Old Art Criticism', *Nineteenth Century* 207 (May 1894), p. 828-837.

Mary's diary, Feb. 23, 1894: Mother and father and Alys all wrote that Knowles has accepted my article on art-criticism for *The Nineteenth Century*. I am glad, but not elated. I believe my first article in the *Woman's Herald* gave me more pleasure.



She has a very sweet little personality of her own.
With thanks for thy letter,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1894

Just a line to thank you for thy Wednesday's note. I am so glad the children love thee so, but how can they help it? There never was such a Grandma!

Thank Alys for her note, and for attending to the medals, etc. The photographs haven't come yet, but will no doubt turn up. Two Paters came today, for which please pay Hatchards in time to get the discount.

Thank Ray for her picture of "Three people who think too much of themselves." I have put it up on my mantlepiece. The colour is gorgeous, even if the drawing is somewhat defective.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Saturday night, Feb. 24, 1894

Dearest mother,

The "Orange Blossom" is working marvellously. The paper warns you that the "serum is drawn off and hardened and comes away like paper on the lining of a chicken's gizzard." I thought it was all nonsense, but tonight simple *rolls* of a papery stuff came away like wet parchment or dry tripe — most mysterious and interesting!! If this affair has any sense in it, this means that my womb (or ovaries) was much congested. Otherwise, it says, the "treatment" comes out unaltered, that is, a sort of brown paste. I feel somewhat better, too. If it works for three weeks, I shall write to thee to send another 10/. Such a cure is very cheap at the price. I have a horror of secret patent medicines, but I will own that the appearance of these mysterious rolls of paper as the result of putting a tiny think like a brown caramel inside myself, causeth the unbeliever to refrain from Blasphemy!!

Sunday morning

I was glad to get thy postal card this morning. What a good thing that the children keep so well!

I hope thee enjoyed Studds' party, though I can't imagine thee did, unless for the pleasure of watching Alys. This was the only thing I enjoyed at Rothenstein's, except a little nap, while the rest were at supper!

Will thee ask Alys to send me Rothenstein's address and Miss Coombe's. I have found nice lodgings for the latter.

Emily Dawson went away this morning, having enjoyed herself, I think, very well. We saw the Botticellis pretty thoroughly, and a good deal of architecture, which, Ruskin-blinded, she had never looked at before. I think it is awfully hard on her to have no room to herself. She sleeps with her mother (who is a wretched sleeper) and they have no sitting room.

I am glad to think Alys' article will appear.

What revolting and sickening things Mrs. Harrison and Lady Jeane gave utterance to! — positively mediaeval.

Will thee please attend to the enclosed, sending him with the letter and cheque for £3.7/6?

The photographs came. Many thanks.

Two Paters from Hatchards also came.

With much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Florence, Sunday, Feb. 25, 1894

Dearest mother,

I have just finished a review of Dr. Ulmann's *Botticelli* for the *Chronicle*,³⁷⁵ which I shall post at the same time as this letter. Will thee keep a look-out for it, and when it comes send me six copies? I particularly want to have this one. I think he will call it "The Botticelli Vice", or some such name. I have made it short in the hope that he will not cut out the point this time.

I am thinking of going to Viareggio tomorrow for a few days to tone myself up. I am not even yet in very good condition, and as I have a lot of work I want to do, I want to be in first-rate condition. I shouldn't stay more than 3 or 4 days at the outside. But somehow I long for a breath of sea-breeze, and the pine woods. I had a half idea of going today, but it was raining, so I gave it up, especially as it is a wrench to tear myself away from my comfortable rooms here. I thought of asking Emily to go with me, but decided **I would rather be alone with my books.**³⁷⁶ People are rather a strain, unless you have, as Miss Sellers says, the background of the family to help you out with them. She was very nice, however, and we quite enjoyed each other. She is devoted to Alys, and adores Logan in fear and trembling.

I have read Pater's *Plato and Platonism*.³⁷⁷ It seems to me by far his best book. I am enjoying the Creighton so much, thanks to thee. But somehow the days slip by and I seem to get awfully little done. I suppose that is because I have not been well. I am glad I am sure of the *Nineteenth Century* at any rate!

Monday <Feb. 26, 1894>

It is a beautiful day, and I have decided to go to Viareggio. My letters will be sent on for a couple of days.

In the meantime, comes thy letter about Miss Clare. Surely thee has it in thy power to make her entirely friendly with thee? I cannot imagine her not wanting the children to come in, *unless* B.F.C.C. has given orders. Do try to find out by talking confidentially with her. Keep her supplied with exciting novels when thee wants the children, I advise. As to her making them keep quiet while they are dressing, I am not surprised. Thee knows what perfect *torments* they are when they caper about — even we had to speak crossly to them. Thee must remember that Miss Clare has to get them off to school in good time. Before they begin to get dressed I think they always have a good

³⁷⁵ p

³⁷⁶ Mary's diary, Feb. 26, 1894: We reached here at 3 o'clock and had a walk in the Pine Woods until dinner.

³⁷⁷ Walter Pater (1839-1894), *Plato and Platonism* (New York & London, Macmillan and Co., 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson House B395 .P28 1893 [Shelved as C.LVII.2.]**

Mary's diary, Feb. 25, 1894: Bernhard lost himself in Pater's Plato.



romp with her. They used to. I do not think her whipping them is serious. Ray talked to me about it, and at last confessed it was only in fun. In fact she showed me on Karin how Miss Clare did it, and it was only a bit of romping.

What does thee think I had better do? Shall I write a friendly note to Miss Clare, telling her that I like the children to be with thee, or can thee tackle it thyself?

I must go now for my train.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

START CHECKING 1894 BOX HERE Feb. 25, 1894



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Russia, Viareggio, Feb. 27, 1894

My darling mother,

I will just send a line with the children's letter to say that I got here yesterday afternoon, and already feel much better. The piney sea air is delicious, and I slept like a top for about eleven hours last night between sweet-scented sheets that were dried on the goise.

I have brought a lot of writing, but so far I haven't done anything but sit on the moss under the pines and listen to the sea. I shan't stay longer than till Friday, I think, but I am sure it is doing me good. I begin a second "treatment" with the patent medicine tonight.

I hope you are all well.

I will write to B.F.C.C. about the music when I get back to Florence.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Wednesday, Feb. 28, 1894

Both thy letters, the Saturday and the old one enclosed, came here this morning. I was glad to hear all thee said. I write now in haste to catch the post, but will write a letter later.

It is wonderfully warm here, almost like midsummer, and the pine-woods are fragrant and delicious. I feel ever so much better, and have begun to do a lot of writing.

Give dearest love to the children and tell them I wish they were here, digging wells and making sand castles in the beach.

Give Miss Clare my love too, and tell her I hope she gets a chance to rest now and then, for she must be careful not to fall ill again.

If thee were very crafty, thee would contrive to make her view the children's visits to thee in that light. She hated old Mrs. C. because she never took the children off her hands!

With love, in haste,

Thine,
M.



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March 1894

M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Viareggio, March 1, 1894

My darling mother,

I have been thinking over thy letter very carefully. I cannot see, from what thee says, that Miss Clare is *cross* with the children, but only a little strict, and over-punctilious in the matter of tidiness. Thee must remember about this, that it is an inestimable blessing for a person to form tidy habits, and long after the annoyance of not being allowed to upset the nursery chairs has passed away, the spirit of order will remain with them, and make everything easier for them. I speak from the uncomfortable experience of an untidy person. B.F.C.C. is very untidy too, so a little *extra* severity in this matter may be, and I am inclined to believe, really is, a blessing in disguise for them.

The only point that *really* troubles me is about the children being allowed to be with thee as much as thee wants. This I think thee can surely manage by keeping Miss Clare supplied with interesting novels. No doubt, with her rather strict ideas, she thinks thee “spoils” them a little, as grandmas always do. But thee knows everybody says that grandmothers are not the best people to have the actual charge of the children — which means, of course, that it is better for them to *live* with a person who has rather stricter ideas. This the children have in the training of daily life, the forming of their habits — and if they continue to have thee as a resource of sympathy, I do think they are very well off. So far, they have not been kept from thee. If thee invites Miss Clare in to tea now and then, and gives her novels to read, I hope this anxiety will pass over. She used to play with them so nicely with their dolls — does she do so no longer? Please keep me very fully informed of anything thee notices. I will not interfere until I can do so really with effect, but I think I can prevent their being kept from thee. She does not seem to have grown very friendly with B.F.C.C., does she? When I was at home, she disliked him, and did not think his opinion counted for much.

How does their staying at school seem to work? Do they like it? That, at any rate, keeps them well occupied during the greater part of the day.

I am much better here, and am going back to Florence tomorrow.

I sent off to the *Chronicle* yesterday a review of a book called *Echoes of Old Florence*.³⁷⁸ Will thee look out for it, and send me 4 or 5 copies, please?

³⁷⁸ Leader Scott (1837-1902), *Echoes of old Florence: Her palaces and those who have lived in them* (Florence: G. Barbèra, 1894); second edition (London, T.F. Unwin, 1894); third edition, Florence, Flor & Findel, 1907.



I am writing another upon a new Louvre Catalogue,³⁷⁹ which has just come out.

I enclose a note from "Vernon Lee".³⁸⁰ It would be nice to do that work with Miss Sellers.

With much love, and the earnest hope that things may be going better by this time,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³⁷⁹ Mary's diary, Feb. 28, 1894: I finished a *Chronicle* review of Leader Scott's *Echoes of Old Florence*, and began one on Lafenestre's Louvre Catalogue.

Leader Scott (1837-1902), *Echoes of Old Florence: Her palaces and those who have lived in them* (Florence, 1894).

Georges Lafenestre (1837-1919) & Eugène Richtenberger (1856-), *Le Musée National du Louvre* (Paris, 1893).

Neither volume is in the Biblioteca Berenson.

³⁸⁰ Is this letter preserved in the Lilly Library?



M-HS 1894.____

a postcard one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Saturday, March 3, 1894

Darling mother,

I found a reassuring letter from thee yesterday afternoon. I wonder why, though, Karin said she did not like her school? Can thee find out?

The medals also were waiting for me. Many thanks for sending them. I enclose the bill.

Will thee also send a postal order for 2/6 to Miss Bremner, 14 Trent Road, Brixton Hill S.W. She is going to send me the *Times* weekly summary, as a corrective to the *Chronicle*. I see Gladstone is about to resign.

I had two *Nations* from Logan yesterday. Mrs. Pennell's article on the "New Gallery" is a dull re-hash of Whibley's *Nineteenth Century* article!

I will send Mrs. Keen some addresses of pensions, and will go to see her if she comes here.

It is so funny to get back to civilization again. I believe I was the only person except "natives" at Viareggio, but they treated me very well in the matter of food. The old waiter even put on a superannuated dress suit to serve my dinner. I am going back to lunch with Vernon Lee on Monday, for some music and a drive afterwards.

I had a letter from Saidee today in which she says she is "expecting the mingled bliss of another confinement in July". She expects to go home³⁸¹ in April, and hopes to be able to get back to California in four months.

Thank thee for sending the money to the "New Gallery".³⁸² I received the receipt today.

Emily Dawson writes very pleasantly about her visit here. They are coming here for a fortnight on their way to Venice.

With love to father and Alys and to the children,
Thy loving daughter,
M.

³⁸¹ Saidee Nordhoff evidently returned to the East Coast to give birth.

³⁸² For a book?



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Saturday, March 5, 1894

Darling mother,

Thy letter came all right yesterday, and I was very glad to get it, and to hear that things seem to be going a little better with Miss Clare.

I wrote a short note to B.F.C.C. yesterday asking him about Ray's music and the Easter holidays.

I will send some flowers for the children's party, and some of those boxes of chocolates with spoons.

Will thee send me some of that blue writing paper and envelopes, also some smaller size "silurian"? It is next to impossible to get paper here, and I forgot to bring any with me.

Also sometime when thee is near the Civil Service Stores, will thee go into the lamp-shop just beyond and get me a yellow paper lamp-shade for a large lamp? I can't get a decent shade here, and I burnt up the one I had. It is a large lamp and very hot without a shade.

The *Pall Mall* was right after all about Gladstone's resigning! I had already seen it in the Italian papers.

I am going to the Library today to look up Alys' article in the *Nineteenth Century* which I see noticed in the *Woman's Signal*.

I am sorry Norman refused my Botticelli. Yes, do try Mr. Bale. It is only 1^d anyhow. I don't believe he will take it. I wish Norman would send me some of those English books to review! Never mind, I shall go on sending him things all the same, and some will be sure to get in.

Is it true that the *National Observer* is going to be sold?

I am feeling decidedly better for that "Orange Blossom".

O, it is late — I must rush off to catch the train³⁸³ to get out to Vernon Lee's to lunch.

With much love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Will thee just look over my Botticelli and scratch out the frivolous reference to Mr. Whibley's "vast knowledge of art"? and anything else that would not be appropriate for Mr. Bale.

³⁸³ The tram to Fiesole from Piazza San Marco?



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, March 6, 1894

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy letter of Saturday and the children's enclosures. Tell Karin I think her sunset was splendid, and Ray that I liked her pattern very much.

The lady who saw their "impressions" of the Drawing Room told me yesterday that she had laughed over it ever since, and that while she could forget Botticelli and his cigarette-smoke draperies, she couldn't forget a single line of their drawings!

I was much interested to hear of Juliet and of Mrs. Rogerson, but even more of the children's having had a nice morning rolling their hoops in the garden. Logan sent me on thy letter to him, and Grace's letter.

I sent another review to Mr. Norman today, which I hope he will accept, but we shall see. It was nominally on the new Louvre catalogue, but really about the National Gallery management.

It is a wonderful day.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Wednesday <March 7, 1894>

I am trying the experiment of sending some flowers, hoping that they will arrive fresh for Karin's birthday. I have put them in damp cotton-wool. I send them each a box of chocolate.

Rothenstein's drawings came today. Two of them I like very much. If Alys will get from him some time the manuscript which he has, I would like it sent with these drawings to a publisher.

Will thee send me a "St. Nicholas"³⁸⁴ to see the advertisements of publishers of children's books? Or does thee know of a suitable publisher? Putnam will not do, I am sure.

It is again a wonderfully lovely day.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

It is vol. II of *James* Psychology, not Bryce, I want.
Are the Liberals going to give up Home Rule?
Nothing new with the "Orange Blossom".

³⁸⁴ St. Nicholas Magazine was a popular monthly American children's magazine, founded by Scribner's in 1873. It ceased publication in 1940.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Mar. 8, 1894

My darling mother,

Will thee please send a cheque for £1.13/ to Miss Maud Cruttwell, 1 Scarsdale Studios, Stratford Road, Kensington W. She has bought photographs for me to that amount.

I was glad to get thy Monday's postal card this morning.

I read Alys' paper in the *Nineteenth Century* yesterday³⁸⁵ and liked it very much. In fact, it is the only sensible, thoughtful word that has been said in the whole controversy. What an idiot that Lady Kathleen Cuffe must be! Alys really goes to the cause — the others dabble about helplessly among the symptoms. Do urge Alys to keep carefully a file of the whole controversy. It will be one of the most interesting "human documents" she could leave her grandchildren! I feel like writing a paper explaining why it is that women are beginning to "want themselves" just at this moment. If I had a better grasp on history, I could make something very interesting out of it.

I am not feeling very brilliant in health. My "premonitory symptoms" have been bothering me for three days, with no result so far. It is like that time at Haslemere over again. When I get over this period, I want to go on regularly with the "Orange Blossom". Will thee have another box sent me, please?

Also, if thee sees it on the book-shelves of 40, will thee get and send me Richter's *Manual of Harmony* — a large, thin, rusty black book, considerably used? I am becoming very much interested in music again, not for practising, but as an intellectual pursuit, and a comment on the "development of artistic forms".

I hope the children will enjoy their party. Thee *is* good to them!

Love to father. Has he been writing anything lately?

Thy daughter,
Mary

³⁸⁵ Alys Smith Russell,



M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Friday, March 9, 1894

My darling mother,

What a delightful account thee sent me of the children! I hope the party will go off all right. Miss Clare seems to have come round again — and indeed she would be a great goose not to.

What a funny story of Ray's about the Tulip. I suppose Karin thought it very wonderful.

I am getting another gathered ear, I fear, and my "period" is behaving exactly as it did at Haslemere. Since Monday I have been laid up with "premonitory symptoms". I tried a mustard bath last night, and shall take one tonight as well — and I shall go to Dr. Baldwin, who is very clever, and see if he can suggest anything. At any rate, I must have him for my ear, which kept me awake all night. Well! at any rate, when I have to stay in, I get through an awful lot of reading.

There is a nice Annex girl here,³⁸⁶ whom I see something of.

Yesterday I took Vernon Lee's friend to see some pictures, but she was not half so nice as Emily Dawson.

I haven't given "Orange Blossom" a fair trial yet, so Christina and Miss Chapman must wait awhile for my report.

Do send me the press criticisms of Alys' paper. I will return them all promptly.

It is wonderful weather here, and if crossness was any good, I should feel very cross at not being half able to enjoy it. But it is enough to be ill, without adding a rage against Providence to it!

I began the article for Alys, but haven't had the spirit to finish it. Besides, how can raw Americans enjoy Italian pictures after all. If I write it, I shall have to take some other tack, that seems to me so hopeless.

With love to father,

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

Could Alys send me some of that pink paste for the nails? I can't get it here.

³⁸⁶ Charlotte Hallowell of West Medford.

Mary's diary, Mar. 10, 1894: Miss Hallowell and I took tea in Bernhard's room, after he had shown her the Brancacci Chapel. She painted an awfully depressing picture of the Harvard Annex.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, Sunday, March 11, 1894

Dearest mother,

My dreaded ear turned out to be a rotten tooth in which the nerve was dying, so I went to the dentist, and he is killing the nerve, and is going to fill the tooth tomorrow. It is still rather painful.

As to the other, I am still in the condition I was in at Haslemere. Nothing has happened. Dr. Baldwin said it was due to "lack of nerve tone". I am feeling rather ill, but I hope for better news soon.

I do hope Ray's cold has not amounted to anything. What an awful pity about Mrs. Duke! Do let me know what the London doctor says about her case. She needn't be worried — people with heart disease often live along time. Look at Lady Carlisle, for example. Poor Mrs. Rogerson, too. Is there anyone to see to her?

Miss Sellers is a terribly discontented person, I can't imagine why. Everybody who knows her feels distressed about her, for it seems as if she *might* be so happy, and yet she is actually so miserable.

The worst of being ill is that you can't read or think to any purpose. I feel as dull as a squeezed-out sponge!

I hope the children enjoyed their party.

When is Mrs. Morison³⁸⁷ coming? I hope thee will like her — I like her so much.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

³⁸⁷ Janet Morison, from Vienna.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Monday <March 12, 1894>

Thanks for the lamp shades. They are perfect.

When did thee send the paper? It has not come — stolen, I fear. Be sure to let me know.

I got the *Chronicle* from Christina Bremner.

No news. I feel rather low.

Love to the children,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, March 13, 1894

Thanks for thy postal of Saturday.

I am sure the children. must have had a *splendid* time at their party.

The writing paper has just come — many thanks.

It is a beautiful day, but I am still rather ill and do not feel up to anything.

I had a “wisdom tooth” filled yesterday, and am going to the dentist again today to see if it is necessary to lance my gathering (under a tooth) again.

Ugh!!

Give Alys my love. Tell her to stand firm about Germany!

Love to father and the children,

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, March 14, 1894

My darling mother,

I was glad to hear all about the party, and to know that it went off so nicely. It must have kept thee busy. Perhaps the children will begin to appreciate all thee does for them when they are grandmothers themselves. I am sure they take it all now as a matter of course.

What a dreadful report of B.F.C.C.'s lying-in-bed habits. If anything he is getting worse. I well remember how annoying it used to be. I can scarcely remember once being in time for church in all those years!

Thy news about Alys is very interesting. I believe I am on her side, *whatever* she decides to do — I shall practically be on hand all next summer and autumn and most of the winter, so if she gets married in the summer, I shall be there to partly fill the gap. Bertie would be so glad <that> he would be sure to take a house anywhere where Alys liked in “the row”, and a cottage at Haslemere or near Fernhurst. I advise Alys to think seriously of it. Then they can go to Germany together and he have his year abroad all the same., and Alys have all the advantage of it. That's what I'm “for”, I think, though it is probably very wicked. Thee can tell Bertie so with my compliments, and he will love me forever, I think!

I am sorry to say I am no better. I have been to a bath establishment nearby and had a hot bath, which let us hope will do me some good. It is now ten days that I have been afflicted with severe “premonitory symptoms”. Dr. Baldwin said I must just wait and tone myself up by a tonic he gave me. It *is* annoying.

I had a nice visit from Vernon Lee's friend today, and I am going out to stay with them again soon.

I feel so dull and stupid, being ill — I simply haven't an idea in my head!

Why did thee send me three *Woman's Herald's* of the same date?

Love to father. Please tell him I would write, if I didn't feel too dull for expression.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Thursday, March 15, 1894

Thanks for thy postal card. I have just come in from the pleasant occupation of having a gathered gum lanced. I am going to the doctor later on to see if he can't think of something to make me better, for I feel very low. Illness, besides being hateful, is awfully expensive!!

Did vol. II of James' *Psychology* ever turn up?

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard to Hannah

Florence, Friday, March 16, 1894

No better! The doctor counsels patience!

Thy letter of Tuesday came and I have written to Miss Clare telling her about the vaseline, etc. I wrote to B.F.C.C. long ago about Karin and the aurist, but he has not answered, so I have asked Miss Clare to see that affair through.

Thee must remember that with Ray a grievance once happening and spoken of seems to remain fresh a long time. She told me the same things over and over at Haslemere as if they were new trials each time. Her having once been scolded for "taking advantage of thee", would mean to her, when she was on the subject, a continual scolding.

Ask Ray is the vaseline is being attended to, for I wrote explicit directions.

Thanks for the papers, but I see *The Chronicle* every day and the *Times* summary every week, besides a French paper, so I keep up with English politics.

What a mishap to be beaten on the Queen's speech!

With much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter to Alys

Florence, <Friday,> March 16, 1894

My dear Alys,

It is enchanting to think of thee as mother describes thee, “falling more and more in love every day.” It recalls to me the poetical days of my youth:

“Tis a brave master
Let it have scope
Follow it utterly
Hope beyond hope.”³⁸⁸

I don’t know why I should quote Emerson at thee, after all, except that lovers from time immemorial [1.2] have been a butt for bad poetry! Well! I am going to give thee, unasked, wicked counsels. Why don’t you get married! You can both settle down to solid enjoyment tempered with work much better than during the abnormal state of an “Engagement”, and really, for Bertie’s sake, thee ought to let him marry thee while thee is yet young enough to change thy habits!!! I think you are both young enough to form [1.3] habits together, and have most of your mental experiences in common, and the sooner you begin the better! Besides, why not be happy when there is no real reason against it? I am sure Bertie won’t go abroad without thee, so why not go together? Logan and I could divide the honours of family life during the autumn and winter.

There is one thing of course thee will make sure of — not that it is necessary, of course — but who [1.4] can tell what strange things life may lead you to? I mean thee will have a firm, signed and sealed, compact that thy children are to be thine, no matter what happens. Bertie, I am sure, will want to do this as soon as it is suggested to him — it is so obviously just, and does a little to mitigate the barbarity of the laws of marriage to which (I suppose) you will submit yourselves. What could be [2] and perhaps effectual protest, would be to go and get married in Norway, under the really civilized laws there. If only a few people of “leading light” would do that, things would quickly change in England. Do think of this, beloved **Lurelda**. Do not be too much in love to care, for it’s so awfully important, if not for thee, for others. I am sure thee would be glad all thy life just to have the feeling that, in this most important and personal [2.2] action, that had acted in every detail up to thy social ideal. of course it would be a bother, and that Grandmother would “block the way, but it is worth fighting for.

Lovingly and sympathetically,

Thy sister,
Mary

³⁸⁸ Ralph Waldo Emerson, ‘Give all to love’:
Give all to love;
Obey thy heart ...





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M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Florence, March 17, 1894

My darling mother,

Thy letter of the 14th, Alys' nail salve, and the "Orange Blossom" all came this morning and were very welcome. I am ever so much better today. The troublesome affair came on in the night, and I feel in good spirits today and able to grapple with life again.

Dr. Baldwin has given me constant "regulating" medicine, to take for several months, and that with the "Orange Blossom" will, I trust, put me all right. He did not seem to think it very serious — said he had such cases constantly, particularly among people who travel a good deal. He gave me a nice "pain killer" which I can use safely if I am troubled again.

I have to go to the dentist's this morning to have my gathering lanced again, but I do not mind that much now that I am feeling well again. I have found an awfully good dentist here, who comes to London for the season, and I think I will take Ray and Karin to him regularly unless he turns out to be terribly expensive! He says my old fillings by Dr. Essig of Philadelphia are among the best he has ever seen, and that they ought to last me my life. How grateful I feel to thee for having had them attended to so carefully. I remember going so many times, with thee to hold my hand, and treat me to ice-cream and "white mountain cake" afterwards! I am determined Ray and Karin shall have the same cause to be grateful to me.

If thee or Alys see any particularly pretty shirts, do send me one or two, particularly blue ones, to wear with my grey suit. It is getting so warm I shall soon have to begin on them.

I have been filling up the dull spaces of being ill with making out charts of the different schools of painting with arrows and lines to show the cross-currents of influence. Sometime I think I shall publish them.

This and reading are all I have felt "up to" for the last ten days, but now I can begin again. I *hope* to get that thing for Alys done.

By the way, an American girl³⁸⁹ told me a curious story about Carey yesterday. She said a friend of hers, a Bryn Mawr girl, went to the Dean in great trouble, having lost one of her family suddenly, to ask if she could go home. She was almost heart-broken, and knocked, almost in sobs, at the Dean's door. She said a person with the tact of a flea could have seen that she was hardly able to control her tears. "Can I go home?" she asked, too much upset to say anything more. "Well", said Carey, looking at her very coldly, "I should have thought that anyone in my English literature class would have known enough to say 'May I go home.' " "Yes, you *may* go." And with that she dismissed her.

Mother, do urge upon Alys to have a *definite* arrangement about her

³⁸⁹ ? Perhaps Charlotte Hallowell of the Anex?



children. I know it does not seem necessary, at all. But **Bertie is so young that it is not possible to say what he will turn out to be.** Both his father and mother were very queer, as they grew older, and it is only fair to Alys to take every precaution, although I trust and indeed believe that none are necessary. Bertie himself will, I am sure, see at once the reasonableness of a woman's owning her own children, so he will not raise any opposition. I have already written to Alys about it, and do thee reinforce what I have said. It would be a perfectly easy matter to arrange legally, and I do think it ought to be done before they are married — which I expect will be pretty soon!

I am writing to Miss Cruttwell today to ask her whether she could **take a little villa with me next January or February for a few months, outside of Florence, near Vernon Lee's.**³⁹⁰ I am rather tired of lodgings, and would like to be in the country, but not quite alone. I expect she will do it gladly and will do a lot of work with me. I wish it were Miss Sellers, but she is too inconstant I fear to bind herself to any plan. What does thee think of this?

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

³⁹⁰ Villa Rosa at Villa Kraus in Fiesole?



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<March 17, 1894>

Please send me *The Academy* for March 10th (3d) by sending 4 1/2 to The Publisher, *The Academy*. They will send it here. It has something in it I particularly want for my Botticelli.

I have sent back the newspaper cuttings about Alys' article. How funny and how dreadful they were! People do seem to be tempted to cast lurid light upon the state of their own minds. What a muss of public opinion there seems to be against girls being anything but pieces of furniture.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Sunday <March 18, 1894>

Please send me the children's address in York, and find out, if possible, how long they are going to stay. I am sorry they are to miss their school. I think it is a great mistake to interrupt it, now that they have begun so well.

If thee hasn't yet bought the *Harmony*,³⁹¹ never mind.

I am much better today.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁹¹ Richter's *Manual of Harmony*.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, March 19, 1894

Dearest mother,

I am sorry thee is so worried about the children's medicine. I think if thee would get the prescriptions and have Wavell or some independent person tell thee just what they are, thee would be less worried. I had a long talk with Flanagan about it myself, and he explained to me (as I think I have already told thee) what seems very reasonable, that doctors now-a-days begin from the beginning to build up any weak spots there may be in a child's constitution. Both the children inherit from B.F.C.C. a tendency to inflammation of the mucous membrane, coming out in Karin in her skin troubles and in Ray in her coughs — for, as thee knows, the mucous membrane lines the throat and chest, etc., and surrounds the lungs, and *is* the same as the skin, only an inside skin. That being so, it seems to me sensible to build up their constitutions against it. The medicines, or rather tonics, were ordered after several consultations with Dr. Ord, and I have no doubt that they are doing the children good. Of course if they upset their stomachs, it would be another thing, but that does not seem to be the case. I do not believe Flanagan will give Ray medicine for costiveness. He will probably suggest some regulation in diet, or a glass of water the first thing in the morning.

I am sorry awfully thee is so worried over it. I really do not think there is any need about the usual things they take, and I do not believe he will give her medicine for her costiveness. But let me know whether he does. Thee knows Dr. Ord himself forbade them certain kinds of raw fruit and jam because of its action on the skin, and also told them not to eat fruit with sugar. I think it is the sugar that is the objection to the bananas. And why do they need sugar with bananas? We never used to have it.

There is a nice fruit shop in Baker Street, on the opposite side to the school, nearer Oxford Street. When I take the children to school, I usually get them a banana each and 3d worth of grapes. Thee could arrange that with Miss Clare. Then the management of fruit for their lunch would be very easy, I should think, by saying a word to the person at the head of the restaurant where they lunch. Get Miss Clare on thy side by making her realize that fruit would help her costiveness as well.

I hope thee will send me the children's address — why are they going to York — is it not Redcar by the sea in Yorkshire?

When are you going to Paris?

Emily Dawson writes that Bertie is in Rome, and she likes him so much.

Thee will have had my letter before this, saying that I am arranging to stay at home until January at least. We can get the children well started into our ways.

I am feeling very well today.



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With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, March 20, 1894

Darling mother,

It certainly is odd that B.F.C.C. shows no recognition of all thee gets for the children. I think he is like the fabled ostrich, always hiding his head in the sand, for fear *facts* might make some encroachments upon his theories — and his theory in this case is that *he* provides for the children!

I guess there is nothing to do with that Botticelli review. Send it back to me, please, by “book post”, and I will add it to my little grave-yard of rejected manuscripts. I don’t care much, because Mr. MacColl³⁹² is attending to another, rather more serious, on exactly the same subject.

Thee gave an enchanting account of Ray and Karin and Mr. Monk. Ray must be very clever at managing. I do hope it will stand her in good stead when she wants to get her own way with her father.

I am much better today and am going to begin on the “Orange Blossom” again tonight.

I had a nice note from Mrs. Keen,³⁹³ who is coming here at the end of this month.

Wasn’t Lady Gabilla³⁹⁴ coming down? Not that I care much, for I find it a simply awful bore to take people to the galleries. I have completely got past the stage of liking to do it.

Evelyn writes that she is really coming over soon. I hope she will come in time to spend a week with me in Paris.

Thee has never told me when thee and Alys are going, so I send this enclosed in a letter to father to be forwarded in case you have started.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

³⁹² Dugald Sutherland MacColl (1859-1948) was a Scottish painter, art critic and writer. From 1890 to 1895 he was art critic for *The Spectator*, and for *Saturday Review* from 1896 to 1906. From 1906 to 1911 he was keeper of the Tate Gallery and of the Wallace Collection from 1911 to 1924.

His papers at the University of Glasgow.

Here, curator Dagmar Korbacher explains how Botticelli’s drawings for Dante’s Comedy ended up in the Berlin collections.

an early reflection on the newly-founded Courtauld Institute of Art by art critic Dugald Sutherland MacColl in literary magazine *The Nineteenth Century* from 1938.

³⁹³

³⁹⁴ ‘Gabriela’?



M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Florence, March 20, 1894

My darling mother,

I am glad the children are at the seaside. I hope they will come back very well, and that B.F.C.C. will then attend to Karin's ears. I have written to Miss Clare to urge it upon her. Redcar³⁹⁵ is a *lovely* place, with miles of smooth sea beach. Of course it is cold now, but still I think they can have a good deal of fun.

I received the proofs today, and sent them off to Mr. Knowles as there were one or two corrections of names, etc., thee of course could not make. I am *afraid* he never takes a *nom de plume*, but we shall see. It seems to be a pretty long article. I ought to get at least £10 for it. It is most hateful to think that it has gone and more than gone, to the Dentist, but maybe thy heart will feel tender and thee will help me out with the dentist's bill?!!

If the Engagement is being talked about, doesn't thee think it is better to announce it straight out, since it has to come sometime? Then the "little old grandma" will have to learn to content herself about it. She is evidently a fussy, unmanageable sort of a person, and Alys does very well not to mind a thing she says.

I don't put much reliance upon what Ray says of Miss Clare. Children are always having "pretends" of one kind or another. As to her "trembling at the thought that it was Miss Clare", that was, I am almost sure, a kind of pretend. I remember at Haslemere one day she said, "O, I just trembled at the thought that you might come upstairs." I never found out why, but I suppose it was because she was adding a little spice to some innocent game or action by imagining I would stop it, if I came up to the Tree room. I cannot believe Miss Clare is unkind to them, nor that she resents thee in any way, and I should not think of it if I were thee, unless thee thyself sees signs? If she wants the children all to herself, as ray says, why does she object to going down to the Cottage with them?

I hope thee will enjoy thyself in Paris. As to Alys, she is sure to. Tell Logan to take you to Durand-Ruel's, where we went with Miss Sellers — thirty something, 5 or 6, rue de Rome — from 2-4 in the afternoon. Thee would like the Monets and Pissaros, I am sure.

Miss Paget is very keen upon Miss Cruttwell and myself taking a Villa near her for a few months next year, and she says she has a perfect one in view for us. We could live rather more cheaply than I live now, it seems, and be really more comfortable.

I shall probably go out to stay with her next Friday to Monday but do not write there until thee hears, as she may go to Rome and put off my visit until later.

³⁹⁵ Redcar is a seaside resort and town in the Tees Valley in North Yorkshire,



I hope Alys will convert Bertie to Paris. Tell her to take him some morning to see the sun rise over Notre Dame and flash through the marvellous stained glass of the chapel behind the altar. Also to go on the tower and see the gargoyles

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

March 21, 1894

Thanks for thy Sunday's postal card.

I can catch the sound of Ray's merry laughter, as she played with
"Lion"³⁹⁶ — dear little angel!

Mary Stuart³⁹⁷ is like Mr. Britten's friend who had had a very pleasant
winter "owing to dear papa's death".

I am much better today and am just going out to see some pictures with
Miss Hallowell.

Will this ask Alys to find out for me (if she can) who wrote the review of
Thomas Hardy's last novel in the *Chronicle* of March 16th? It was an awfully
sensible review. It said exactly what I think!!

I have got the silver things Aunt Lill offered me for a present, and I am
enjoying them very much!

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

³⁹⁶ Lucy Fitzpatrick (1869-1957) was nicknamed 'Lion' on account of her mane of
black hair. She was employed by Lady Henry Somerset in her philanthropic work and
was a close friend of Alys. Later she married Robert Phillimore (1871-1919), the son of
Sir Walter Phillimore, a rich Liberal Law Lord, who had proposed to Alys in February
1894. He married 'Lion' in 1895.

³⁹⁷ Mary Stuart?



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

NOT AT I TATTI?

Florence, March 22, 1894

My dearest mother,

Thy Monday letter came this morning. I suppose the children are off today — I wish I knew where?

I have thought that perhaps *some* of B.F.C.C.'s behaviour might be accounted for by the fact that he expects to pay for the children's things in the end. Thee remembers that last summer he gave them a cheque for £7 and something, which of course didn't begin to cover it, but still went towards it. So perhaps he is thinking he ought to be consulted, because he will be asked to pay again. I think that must be at any rate part of the explanation.

I am glad my letter to Miss Clare bore fruit so quickly in regard to the Vaseline. I hope it will be continued. I suppose and hope that nothing further has been heard about additional medicines.

Alys is of course right in her decision to wait until Bertie is twenty three. Has she seen the grandmother yet, and what happened at the interview? I am glad she approves of the children contract. I think I agree with her that it isn't worth while making a martyr of one's self for a thing that is bound to come about gradually. Still it is *awful* to think of putting yourself in the power of such laws as the English laws of marriage. When is the Engagement to be announced?

When thee sees Logan tell him I am expecting him to send me the Nordau.³⁹⁸ Ask him if he has ever read Nietzsche, who carries his pessimistic into the whole cosmos?

Has Whistler begun to paint Miss Kinsella?³⁹⁹

I feel perfectly well today in spite of a two hours siege with the dentist who clipped off a tooth from the roots and is now building up a new one. When this is finished, there will be nothing left to do.

It is a most gorgeous day — raving Spring-time!

I think I shall go to Lucca with Miss Hallowell for a few days if this weather continues. She is bound by a promise to her mother not to travel alone, and she really hasn't the money to pay a companion, so she is cut off from all the nice short trips she might have made. She says the "Daughter Question" is at a more bitter point in Boston and Cambridge than it can

³⁹⁸ Mary's diary, Apr. 20, 1894: In the evening we read Nordau's *Dégénérescence*, and talked of it.

Mary's diary, Apr. 21, 1894: I read Nordau.

Max Nordau (1849-1923), *Dégénérescence* (1892).

³⁹⁹ Whistler, Rose and Green: The Iris - Portrait of Louise Kinsella (1902)



possibly be in England! Alys' article will be sure to find enthusiasts there. Emily Dawson told me she had sent it to Helen Morton, and that it was like an earthquake to her, but on the whole it made her more miserable, for she cannot escape from the tyranny of her mother's ill-health and now she has grown conscious of her state.

With much love to Father and Alys,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary

Will thee please send a postal note for 7/6 to J. M. Robertson, Esq., 60 Princes Street, Edinburgh, saying on it for 7 copies of the November number of the *Free Review*⁴⁰⁰ to be send to me here?

400



M-HS 1894.____

a postcard

addressed to 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

Florence, March 27, 1894

I am thinking of thee crossing today. I hope thee will enjoy Paris enough to make up for the misery.

The second volume of James came today. Many thanks.

I have written again about the Vaseline question, and I think it will be attended to this time.

I have no luck at all! My heel has given out these last four days, and I can scarcely hobble about. I am using "Elliman's Embrocation"⁴⁰¹ and if it doesn't get better, I must go to the doctor. It is like the affair I had years ago, thee remembers, but I think it is the *other* foot this time. I can't remember receiving any hurt, though I notice some very black bruises near the heel. It is provoking! And I want so much to walk out into the country.

Love to Alys and Logan.

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁰¹ First sold as a rub for animals, by 1850 Elliman's Embrocation was being sold for use by humans, as an aid for aching muscles and joints. Elliman's Embrocation is now made by GlaxoSmithKline.



April 1894⁴⁰²

⁴⁰² The letter to her mother in Paris asking for £40 (see April 13, 1894) seems to be missing.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter
on the stationery of Il Palmerino, Maiano, Florence

April 1, 1894

Dearest mother,

I am enjoying my visit here very much. It has burst into full Spring, and the walks and drives are enchanting.

I hope my letters will come out today — I did not get any yesterday — and that there will be some word from the children. It is perfectly desolating to be so long without hearing from or of them. I have sent them a letter nearly every day. How long are you going to be in Paris? There is nothing half so delightful as thy descriptions of the children's sayings and doings, so I want thee back again in London!

When thee is getting my things, will thee also get me a dark blue belt or sash arrangement? The one thee gave me last year is worn out. Also a simple black belt, to wear with my grey suit, would be a great convenience. The grey suit turns out to be simply horrid? It doesn't fit anywhere, and the skirt is just that touch too short in front that is inexpressively ugly. But I can manage with it and in travelling. For Paris, however, it would be impossible, and I don't know what I am to do when I get to Paris for a week in the Exhibitions. Maybe Alys will let me hire my black silk back again, with a black bonnet? For I shan't have time to get a dress made.

Miss Paget has taken me to see a charming villa near by,⁴⁰³ which she wants Miss Cruttwell and me to take next January. It has a beautiful view, and seems very convenient in every way. The rent is £65, which halved is not much. The cost of a servant is somewhat less than £4 a month, food included. She has calculated it for me, and the running expenses of the house and table come to something less than £8 a month, which is certainly not more than I can afford. I have written to Miss Cruttwell to ask how the plan strikes her. Miss Paget says Miss C. would certainly do the housekeeping, for she likes it and does it well. In return, I would take her as a pupil.

But the blessed months of the children and thee that are to intervene, make all these plans seem very misty and far-away.

Has anything happened about the farm opposite to Friday's Hill? Do put it into Alys' head to take it for Bertie and herself before someone else snaps it up.

With dearest love, and hopes that thee is enjoying the Parisian experiences,
I am

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁴⁰³ Probably Villa Rosa at Villa Kraus in Fiesole.



M-HS 1894.____

a postcard to 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, April 2, 1894

I have just come back from "Vernon Lee's". Probably I shall go again the end of this week, to stay three or four days, but write here all the same, and letters will be forwarded.

My foot is well, thanks. I rested it at the Palmerino, and that seemed to be all that was necessary.

I have heard from the children, who are wild to stay on at Redcar, but B.F.C.C. is not going to leave them. Karin's operation is to be performed when the holidays begin, and after she gets well, they are to go to the Cottage for a week or ten days.

The weather is almost full summer now, and the country very wonderful.

You will have a delightful time along the Loire. The Chateaux are very interesting.

With love,

Thine,
M.W.C.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard to Paris

Florence, Tuesday, April 3, 1894

I suppose you are floating down the Loire. My respects to the company. Ray has sent me her kettle-holder. I have just been writing to thank her.

I had a visit from Loeser last night, in which he explained how Sturges came to say such a thing about B. B., and said he was going to write to Sturges at once and say it was absolutely untrue. He has, I think, spread several such stories, under the influence of anger, but he is very much ashamed of himself and is going to try to set them right. What a queer world! Why can't people live at peace with each other?!

I am just off to look at a villa.⁴⁰⁴

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁰⁴ Mary's diary, Apr. 3, 1894: We went house-hunting, slightly to the detriment of our tempers, over the Fiesole hill in the morning.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard to Paris

Florence, Wedmewday, April 4, 1894

I am off villa-hunting, for though I have found a lovely one,⁴⁰⁵ I want to see all there is.

I am going to the Palmerino again from Friday to Monday; it is so nice in the country.

I had an enthusiastic call from Miss Hallowell yesterday. Her people have written her (after hearing her description) not to make friends with me, as no self-respecting woman lives apart from her husband. Miss H. says she thinks no self-respecting woman lives *with* her husband! Isn't it strange how the generations differ in their views of life?

You are wise to stay in Paris.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁰⁵ Mary's diary, Apr. 4, 1894: We went house-hunting and found just what we wanted!



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard to Paris

Thursday, April 5, 1894

Thanks for thy postal card from Fontainebleau, and also for the nice box of *papier gommé*.

I will write once more to Paris, and then to London, unless I hear from thee that you are going to stay longer.

I am wild for news of the children. Thy news, for I do not trust anyone else to tell me just the things I want to know.

Emily Dawson came to see me this morning. They were here for a fortnight. Her family thinks she was most indecently attentive to B. R.⁴⁰⁶ when he was in Rome! She enjoyed him very much.

I look forward to the country tomorrow.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁴⁰⁶ Bertrand Russell.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard to London

Sunday, April 8, 1894

I am afraid thee did not find the children yesterday, as B.F.C.C. wrote me he was going to take them to the Cottage for Sunday. But thee will see them tomorrow.

I went to see Mrs. Keen yesterday. It seemed as if they came literally from another world, yet one strangely familiar, too. I cannot describe quite what it was like. Thee will probably feel something of the same kind when they come to England, for I think thee has left Philadelphia far behind. I was enchanted with thy letter where thee said thee could be quite happy living in a studio in Paris, like Cousin Carrie. Thee pretends to be old, but thee is really younger than thy children, not to say thy grandchildren!

I am so pleased with the success of Edith's⁴⁰⁷ play. I do believe she is now on the right tack.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁰⁷ Edith Cooper? of 'Michael Field'?

Edith Woodman, wife of Bryson Burroughs? See next letter.

Edith Carpenter, the wife of Bond Thomas?



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Tuesday, April 10, 1894

It must have been a disappointment not to see the children when thee came home. But I hope thee saw them yesterday. I have had nice letters from Miss Clare. Does Ray seem grown?

I hope Alys will like my article for the *Lantern*. I am going to start one for *The Atlantic* today upon **Botticelli**. I am feeling so well now that I want to begin to write again.

I saw a wonderful piece of sculpture today by a young Swiss artist named **Obrist**⁴⁰⁸ — one of the *very best* things I have ever seen. If Edith Woodman comes here, she must meet him. I am going to send Logan a photograph of this fountain. It is absolutely original.

With love to father and the Chicks,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁴⁰⁸ Hermann Obrist (1862-1927).



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Thursday <April 12, 1894>

I did not get a chance to write yesterday, as I went on an all-day excursion to the Incontro — a long and very beautiful walk.⁴⁰⁹

I will write tonight. I send this for the earlier post, as I am just starting with Emily and her sister to show them a villa they may take. I am very well.

Please tell Alys to add *Revival of Learning*⁴¹⁰ to the names of Symonds' volumes I have recommended for reading.

The things from Paris have not come, but I hope they will turn up today.

With kisses to the children and thee,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁴⁰⁹ Mary's diary, April 11, 1894: We spent the day with Loeser and Miss Hallowell walking to the Incontro. We took our lunch and Santayana's just-published poems.

⁴¹⁰ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Renaissance in Italy: The revival of learning*, 2nd. ed. (London, Smith, Elder, & Co., 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson DG533 .S932 1882**



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, April 12, 1894

My darling mother,

I suppose the children *were* enjoying themselves in the country, but all the same I wish thee had seen them on Monday, for I am *hungering* for some of *thy* news about them. I look forward now to tomorrow.

The Paris things haven't come. Had I better make enquiries at the Post Office? Let me know how thee sent them and where from, and also send me any receipt thee may have.

I went to Dr. Baldwin (10p) but either he did not know anything about Lord Henry or did not want to say. I could not insist on it, and he turned the conversation very quickly. Besides his consulting room was filling up, and I could not detain him. I cannot find out anyone else who knows Lord Henry, since Costa is no longer here, and I really know so few people that I am afraid I have no way of finding out. Private detective work isn't much in my line anyhow. Still if I could have found out in any ordinary way, I should have been glad to do Lady Henry a service. But I cannot think of anything else. Dr. Baldwin may be his doctor, and if so he very properly will not discuss one patient with another. He counselled common sense for my own (imaginary!) ailment.

I hope to hear soon that Bertie has grappled successfully with his grandmother. I should think it would be a relief all round to have it announced. As an old Italian proverb says, "Love and a cough cannot be concealed."

I dreamt last night that I was walking in a crowd on Market Street, Philadelphia. At some distance, across the street, I saw the backs of two old quaker ladies in sugar-scoops and grey shawls. I ran after them in the wild hope that one of them would be dear grandma Whitall, but they kept always the same distance ahead of me and I could not catch them, and I woke up with the effort of running.

Do send me some of the children's scarps. When is their holiday?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

April 13, 1894

Dearest mother,

I am afraid thee did not get the letter which I sent to Paris,⁴¹¹ asking for £40. I should like it as soon as thee can conveniently send it, and my account as well.

The Paris things have not turned up yet! Do send me full particulars.

I am going out to Maiano today or tomorrow to stay a few days. It is so nice to get into the quiet of the country. Afterwards, Miss Hallowell and I may take a little trip to some of the smaller towns, but nothing is decided.

I took Emily yesterday to look at a lovely Villa hear here, and she was *enraptured*. She has half persuaded her mother and sister to take it for next winter. In that case, tell Alys, she would become a definite student of Italian art and history, under my august direction. She and Miss Cruttwell and Miss Anstruther Thomson would form quite a little "school" here, which would be very pleasant. She is very much in the mood for it, and I think she has decided aptitude.

I saw signor Fabri⁴¹² [*sic*] last night and he is very keen upon teaching me a little painting. I believe I could do a little — that dreadful picture of thee dancing that I have put into the children's letter, has a certain distant, absurd likeness!!

With much love to Father ad Alys,

Thy affectionate daughter,
Mary

⁴¹¹ dated Apr. 1, 1894.

⁴¹² Ernesto Fabbri.



M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter

on the stationery of Il Palmerino, Maiano, Florence

April 15, 1894

Dearest mother,

I am having a most delightful three days here, resting and reading (I was taken "unwell" the day I came, so the visit was well timed.)

I have read all of "Vernon Lee's" multifarious productions, and lot of other things beside, and I have read aloud a good deal to her invalid brother. She has just gone off to Rome, but I am staying on to keep him company.

I drove in yesterday and found thy postal card saying how well the children look and how happy they seem. Thee can imagine I was glad to get it! There is nothing like the country for children, and I am glad they have Haslemere. What a blessing that we got that cottage in time! Is there any talk of the Farm? If Blackdown House is sold, perhaps the new owner will let you have that spot along the Cottage road for another Cottage. It would make such a difference to thee to have Alys within walking distance, and to her too, though she can walk further than thee. I am sure Bertie would agree to it. Fortunately, he is very sympathetic with all the family — not like B.F.C.C.

Do tell me about the Blackdown estate. I thought the New Zealand man was a fixture.

Give lots of love to the children, and tell them I have dreams about them every night.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Monday <April 16, 1894>

Just in from Maiano — very well — thanks for letter.

Can't wait till 21st, I fear, for money for I start with Miss Hallowell before the post on 23 for a little trip.

Send me £10 to go on with please.

I am *so* sorry.

Dearest love,

M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, April 17, 1894

Dearest mother,

I could only write hastily yesterday, as I had visitors from the moment I came back from Maiano. I had such a nice time there! I read aloud a good deal to Mr. Hamilton, discussing as we read, and read at least twelve books to myself.

Miss Hallowell was here when I came back, and we have arranged to take a little trip next week, which is the reason why I must have *some* money. I am so sorry to inconvenience thee.

Will thee address on Friday, Poste Restante, Cesena; Saturday, Albergo Zongo, Pesaro; Sunday and Monday, Albergo Italia, Urbino; Tuesday, Poste Restante Gubbio, Wednesday and Thursday, Poste Restante Assisi.

If there should be any need to telegraph, I shall be at the Albergo Zongo, Pesaro, on Tuesday night; and at the Albergo Italia, Urbino, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (April 25-27); at Gubbio (Poste Restante Saturday; and Albergo della Posta, Foligno, on Sunday; and the Albergo Subasio to lunch Assisi on Monday. But I hope nothing will happen to telegraph about.

I suppose the children are up again for a day or two.

Isn't Karin's ear going to be seen to? B.F.C.C. wrote me he would *certainly* attend to it.

Is thee going down at all while they are there? Nothing is lovelier than the country in Spring for children, but I hate to have them away from thee.

I will send Rothenstein's drawings today, and directions what to do with the manuscript.

I am delighted with the Paris things. They are all pretty. I have had my grey dress lengthened and fixed a little, and it does better. Those belts thee sent are *perfect*.

Tell Karin, if thee is by way of seeing her, that her picture of Redcar was splendid, and I am going to write to her about it. Her treatment of Miss Clare's legs sitting down is very ingenious!

[sketch]

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Will thee please send a postal order for 5/ with the enclosed bill.
IMPORTANT.

I hope to hear about Alys and Bertie tomorrow and the ever tiring grandma!



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

April 18, 1894

Darling mother,

A hasty scrawl just as I am starting on an all day excursion with Emily and her friends.

Thanks for thy letter and Carey's.

Congratulations to Alys on her surprising news!

The children had better go to school next term, for I shan't get home till the very end of June or the beginning of July. Evelyn is to sail on the 5th of June, and I want to spend a fortnight with her in Paris.

Do try to persuade B.F.C.C., through Alys, to get the operation performed *before* school begins again, so that they won't have to stay away afterwards.

I am using "Orange Blossom" with *great* success. It seems to have completely cured me. I got through this "time" without any trouble and on the right day. No, my walks do me good, I think.

I will write about the Giants when I have more leisure. I sent thee my various addresses yesterday.

Dearest love,

M.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, April 19, 1894

Thanks for thy postal card, dearest mother. It is nice to hear of the children. I am writing to Haslemere today, to them, and to B.F.C.C., urging him to have Karin's operation performed during the holidays, so as not to interfere with the School.

I had a letter from Aunty Lill in which she says she has sent thee 240 francs for me. Let me know, please, if it arrives, and send it on as soon as possible after May 1st, when I shall be here again. If it reached here (with the rest of the £40) on May 2nd it would be very convenient for me. I am somewhat behind-hand with my rent.

Mr. Thompson — Mr. Putnam's agent — has sent me the *National Observer* of April 14 containing a very favourable review of *The Venetian Painters*. He wants it back, but I would be very grateful if thee would get me a copy. A number of other papers have reviewed it very favourably, but I am glad my name is not attached in any way to it, not only for personal reasons, but because it is too small a book to bear two names. Everyone complains of the shortness of it. Well, that is better than having it too long.

I can't make up my mind about the Giants, so please keep it till I send word.

Emily has just been in to say good-bye. We had such a nice time yesterday. I like her friend Lillian Rea. I told Emily she might tell her mother, but no one else, of the Engagement — for her mother thought Emily's behaviour to Bertie was most peculiar!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I am very well. We had a six mile walk yesterday.⁴¹³

⁴¹³ Mary's diary, Apr. 18, 1894: I took Emily and Miss Rea to Prato, and we walked across from Poggio a Caiano to Signa.



M-HS 1894.____

a postcard

written in haste after the letter of the same day

Thursday <April 19, 1894>

Will thee send me three *National Observers* of April 14? I shall be very grateful.

Am just off on a Botticelli hunt, an 8 mile walk from Signa to Montelupo.⁴¹⁴

Love,
M.

⁴¹⁴ Mary's diary, April 19, 1894: After lunch we took the steam tram for Signa, and then had a magical walk over to **Montelupo**, through pines and banks of white heather with a windy cloudy sky and bright bursts of sunshine. Such romance, and wildness, and beauty! We missed the train to Florence (6.18), so drove to Signa (3 fr. 50 mancia) where we missed the tram. But we had an excellent dinner at the caffè and a moonlight stroll, and then caught the 10 o'clock train home. We were very happy and enjoyed each other and the walk to the utmost.

Mary's diary: April 20, 1894: Wrote in the morning Bernhard about Montagna, I about **Botticelli**.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Friday, April 20, 1894

I have written to the children at Haslemere, and also to B.F.C.C. about the operation.

Thanks for thy letter enclosing the children's drawings. Has Ray learnt how to do a full-face yet?

I hope thee has sent 5/ to the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford Street, W.C.

I am having a very quiet three or four days before starting on our trip, and am writing an article for the *Atlantic*.

Be sure to send me the *Nation* for April 5, as it has an article on the *Cicerone* in it, I want to keep.

Ask Alys if she knows anyone who would like to play piano duets with Maude Robertson's violin (for a consideration). A good many people want to learn to play accompaniments, and Maude plays the violin splendidly. She is coming back to London May 1st and wants to make a little money (or a good deal, if she can) in that way. Her address is 157, Broadhurst Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W. I do hope Alys *will* know of someone.

Thee does seem to be full of meetings!!

With love to father,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

XEROX MISSING

Florence, April 22, 1894

My darling mother,

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard postmarked Ancona

April 25, 1894

My darling mother,

I received thy letter enclosing Logan's I (which I will return). I fancy it will not be hard to arrange everything in a satisfactory way when I come back. I had a note from B.F.C.C. in which he did not hint at keeping the children in town *after* I came back, only he expressed the wish that I would not come in June on account of their school and Mrs. Morison. Father said they were to spend July at the "Big House"?

We are having a very interesting time. The weather is quite perfect. I will write tonight.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.
a postcard AT I TATTI?

Foligno, May 1, 1894

I have sent *everywhere* for thy long Sunday's letter thee spoke of as "important" and it has not turned up, either in the hotel, or Poste restante at Pesaro, nor at Urbino? I fear it is lost. What was it?

I have not written for several days, as we have been moving so rapidly. We have enjoyed ourselves,⁴¹⁵ and I am well.

I shall probably get back to Florence today.

Dearest love,

Thine,

M.

Thank Alys for her letter received at Gubbio.

⁴¹⁵ Mary is travelling with Bernhard, Miss Hallowell, ____ Loeser and Hermann Obrist.



Florence, May 2-June 13, 1894

M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, May 2, 1894

Dearest mother,

A hundred thanks for thy letter from Haslemere. What a blessing to have the children so perfectly healthy, and so fond of thee, as they seem to be. I am worried at having missed the Sunday letter, the one of April 22nd, which thee said thee sent to Pesaro or Urbino. It is the first letter I have ever lost here in Italy, and I cannot understand it.

We had a wonderfully successful trip, driving a good deal of the way over mountain passes, and climbing to steep peaks to see pictures in inaccessible monasteries. **I never felt so well in all my life as on this trip.**

One of the party (we were 5) was a Swiss sculptor named **Hermann Obrist**, a photograph of whose fountain I have just sent Logan to show Edith Woodman. He is really a genius, I think, and a most interesting man. His mother was Scotch — a Miss Grant-Duff. He talks a very picturesque mixture of four languages, with the gestures of all four as well. I met him at the James' last winter. William James liked him very much.

I got quite fond of Miss Hallowell, too. She has a lot of pluck. Of course she was much the youngest of the party, being only 23, but she is so intelligent and self-possessed that she was not a bit of a drag.

I enclose a letter for the children.

I received the *National Observers* — many thanks.

I hope thee has sent the £30, which I think I asked thee to post so as to reach me here on Thursday. Will thee send me Aunty Lill's money, too, please — that is to say, another £10 — and my account.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Tell Alys I have written to the Webbs. I wish they were coming here.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, Thursday, May 3, 1894

Many, many thanks for thy letter of Monday, telling all sorts of interesting things about the children.

I wonder how the *Nineteenth Century* article is signed? I tried to make him put Mary Logan, but I fear he never really accepts *noms de plume*. I should like six more (charged to me of course), as I want to send them to several people.

And after all Poynter⁴¹⁶ is appointed Director of the National Gallery! What a disappointment.

I am very well and hard at work.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

[No diary entries from May 3 until June 1
during the love affair with Hermann Obrist]



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

May 4, 1894

Thanks for thy postal card of the 1st, and the two <copies of the>
Nineteenth Century. I am sorry he put my name.⁴¹⁷ Please send me six more.

I hope the money will come tomorrow! Also send on Knowles' cheque
when it comes.

Have the children begun school again? I hope so. Ask Alys is she has
communicated with Mrs. Robertson (Maude Mosher) about that music
affair? I expect she is awfully busy, but this would be *such* a kindness if she
would arrange anything.

I am unusually well, and doing a great deal of work.

Love to father and hugs to the children,

Thine,

M.

⁴¹⁷ Published under the name of 'Mary Costelloe' or 'Mary Whitall Smith'?



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, May 7, 1894

Please tell Ray that I find her design very ingenious and pretty. If she keeps on, she will one day be able to design lovely wall-papers and carpets and book-covers. I really thin a rug made like her painted pattern would look very pretty.

I received thy long letter and various papers, etc., at the same time. I will think it over and write again, when I have a little more leisure. It is possible some plan might be come to. We shall see. Thy other letter has not turned up. I expect thee said, "after ten days".

Love to father and to Alys who seems to have distinguished herself over Welsh disestablishment? Did thee speak at all?

Thine

M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Florence, May 9, 1894

Darling mother,

I have received all the letters, except the one about Mrs. Amos, which seems to have gone hopelessly astray. **Somehow, I cannot answer them fully at present.**⁴¹⁸ I hope I may make a rather better arrangement with B.F.C.C. when I see him. At present I feel rather upset about my plans, **owing to several causes.** If it were any good writing endlessly long letters, I would try to discuss it all out with thee, but after all I must make my own decisions in accordance with what I know I can do and bear. But I do trust things will be a little easier for thee after this.

I am thinking a little of going for a few days of quiet to Vallombrosa with a French lady I know, Mlle Ruchet, and the sculptor Obrist, whom I have written about. Mlle Ruchet is working under him, doing very marvellous embroideries, but he is ill and has to go away, and they have asked me to find them a quiet place, and come with them, if I feel like it. I am in very good general health, but have been almost entirely sleepless for about ten days, and I think the change would do me good.

I hope thee has sent Aunty Lill's money and Mr. Knowles' cheque, which I can cash here. It ought to be paid soon, ought it not? Do send me my account, please.

Lots of love to the children.

I am so glad thee saw *The Wild Duck*.

Lovingly thy daughter,
Mary

⁴¹⁸ Mary is busy with Hermann Obrist in this period.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

May 10, 1894

Darling mother,

My letters to B.F.C.C. were of the most friendly and innocent kind, apologizing for the mistake about my name in the *Nineteenth Century*, and urging more friendly counsels upon him. I will really not do anything on information thee gives me, without telling thee, so thy mind may be made easy.

I am sleeping so badly that I think I shall go to Vallombrosa for Sunday, particularly as it is just my "time", and the change may do me good. The "Orange Blossom" has really worked wonders — either it, or ____ perfectly natural recuperation. I have walked and walked and climbed and climbed, and **feel like a young plant simply bursting with sap**. My sleeplessness does not seem to interfere with my general health at all. I believe my "internal organs" are in perfect condition. Whether it is "Orange Blossom" or not, I can't be sure, but I shall certainly never be without a box of it for emergencies.

I am glad to hear about Florence Ayling. She has somewhat weighed on my mind, for I felt sure she had no "vocation".

With love to father and Alys,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Florence, May 12, 1894

Darling mother,

Many thanks for the half dozen *Nineteenth Centuries*.

I do not think I want the purple serge, I am afraid of the colour, for a certain shade of purple makes me look livid. But will thee send me a little piece, as a sample to try the colour? I have rather a prejudice against anything approaching violet in dress.

I have decided not to go to Vallombrosa, at any rate for more than a day's excursion, as Mlle Ruchet and Mr. Obrist are not going after all. I am sleeping better, and my "time" is passing over in a most satisfactory way, thanks to all my long walks.

This afternoon five of us, including Miss Hallowell, are going out to make tea on the hillside and read Isabella Fry's stories, which she has just sent me. Loeser is a great friend of McIlvaie,⁴¹⁹ the publisher, and will recommend them very strongly, if he likes them, so I will feed him well with sandwiches and cake first, to dispose him favourably. He is so much improved from what he was — so much. I really quite like him. He is doing pretty well with the tiny amount of brains and sensitiveness nature has bestowed upon him.

The weather here is simply adorable. It is hard to stay in the house a moment.

I shall be grateful to Alys for any help she can give to Maude Mosher.

With love to father,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁴¹⁹ James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

The letter of Violet Paget in London to Matilda Paget in Florence, July 4, 1893.

Summary:

publisher **MacIlvaine** has accepted new volume of Dialogues, to be called *Althea*; will write a final dialogue, "summing up"

Recommended Citation: Lee, Vernon (Violet Paget) and Paget, Matilda, "Violet Paget (London, England) to Matilda Paget (Florence, Italy)" (1893). Vernon Lee: Letters Home. Paper 667. http://digitalcommons.colby.edu/letters_home/667/



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard postmarked May 13, 1894

Sunday <May 13, 1894>

Just a line to send thanks for thy note and Ray's design.
I am just off for Signa to spend the day.
With love,

M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, Sunday, May 19, 1894⁴²⁰

What dreadful news about Frank Whitall! Such a short life, and with promise in it, too. But he is spared some dangers. How many troubles people have to bear, even the good ones!

I had thy letter about exercise, and shall act on it, to the extent of resting a great deal. I am much better now.

I will write later, but I want to get this in the first post.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴²⁰ Mary wrote 'Sunday, May 19, 1894'. Is the correct date Saturday, May 19 or Sunday, May 20?



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter
May 22, 1894

Darling mother,

I return Knowles' cheque. Thee will send me the £10 soon, I hope? In fact, at once, for I believe a change would do me a lot of good. I've been having a square stand-up fight, and have come out at the end victorious, but a little battered!

I am going to Vernon Lee's to dine tonight, and Mr. Obrist (the sculptor) is going to call for me to bring me back. I do want to know whether Logan ever received the photograph of his fountain. I will send also a photograph of a faun's head he has made. And he has been only three years at work — before that he was a doctor!

I saw Musgrave yesterday. He sent his love, particularly to Logan. His father has been very "inadequate" he says. He is going to spend the summer at Vallombrosa.

Farewell, dearest mother. Thee is my great comfort and stay. Thee mustn't worry over me. **We all have to have our knocks, and life is very wonderful and delightful all the same!**

Thy loving daughter,
M.

Of course I have written to Saidee. I am glad Alys' doctor's reports are so satisfactory.

Thee might show her my yesterday's letter, if it is not already destroyed, for it hurt me that sleep should be so unfair to me, and just when I was gaining **the hardest-won victory of my life.**



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, May 23, 1894

Thy Sunday postal card came today. It is wonderful weather here, so cool and invigorating. I succeeded in sleeping very well last night, and feel quite a different person today, I am glad to say.

I enjoyed dining with Vernon Lee, and we had much interesting talk.

I had a *very* friendly note from F. this morning. He says the Morisons are coming next month.

I am going to begin my packing in a day or two, and send a small case of books to England.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, May 24, 1894

Please thank the children for the lovely flowers picked by their own fingers. I was very much surprised to see a white blue-bell. I did not know there were such things. It is a great treasure. Tell them I shall keep it carefully.

How did thee like Rothenstein's picture — the second one? His things are far the best in that awful *Yellow Book*.

I am gong to decide today about Munich and will let thee know at once. But I hope thee has sent the £10 anyhow. I do not feel very well today, but I think it is the heavy weather.

Congratulations to Alys on making "all London" interested in her affairs!
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a three-page letter;
Strachey, p. 55-56

Friday, May 25, 1894

Dearest mother,

Thee *must* be busy with so many people in the house, and Yearly Meeting going on. Thee is so good to write to me every day. It is a golden thread running through what seems **a pretty dreary pattern** at present. But still I am inwardly upheld by the consciousness that after all I haven't been an idiot and that is a pleasant feeling.

I liked thy account of my lecture very much. I admire exceedingly thy clear practical grasp of a subject, and the intelligible way in which thee presents it. I often wish thee were my own age, or a little younger, and had the inclination to take up my pursuits. How I should enjoy thee! But I expect thee is not anxious to be young again.

No, I don't want that purple serge. I have bought myself a brown jacket, which will do for ordinary wear, and if Alys will hire me the black silk for a fortnight in Paris, for extra occasions, and a bonnet or hat to go with it, I shall get on.

I have about decided not to go to Munich, although it is peculiarly tempting, as Mlle Ruchet would go with me, if I went, and I should be able to do Mr. Obrist a favour by seeing if his fountain is properly placed in the Exhibition. But I am getting on here, am comfortable, and scarcely feel the energy to tear myself up by the roots, just for the moment.

The amusing **Oscar Wilde** is here, and **I have seen him several times**. This afternoon I am going to take him out to call on Vernon Lee's brother, Eugene Lee Hamilton, who, by the way, has just published a very decent volume of poetry called *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*.⁴²¹

Oscar says such extraordinarily clever and subtle things, I can't help liking to talk to him, but he is so untrustworthy, on the other hand, so utterly lacking in any kind of character with which I have sympathy, that it is a "mingled cup".

Of course I wrote to Saidee. It is a perfectly terrible thing for them. Dear me! If I believed in a Devil, I should think he "created the world". Still, God made the sunshine and the clouds, and they are very beautiful today. I am going out to enjoy them.

I do love thee, dear mother!

Thy daughter,
Mary

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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter;
Strachey, p. 56

<Florence> Saturday, May 26, 1894

My darling mother,

Thy little letter of sympathy and consolation was very sweet. I have read it a great many times. I am getting on, but the days seem rather long.

However, I am managing to fill them up pretty cleverly with diverting things, such as yesterday taking **Oscar Wilde** to see Vernon Lee's brother. It was a great success. Oscar talked like an angel, and they all fell in love with him — even Vernon, who had hated him almost as bitterly as he had hated her. He, on his part, was charmed with her. He likes people without souls, or else with great peace in their souls, and when he met her before he found her restless and self-assertive. But yesterday he admitted that she had grown less strenuous.

I took Miss Anstruther-Thomson to the Uffizi this morning, and she said that my bringing Oscar was one of the kindest acts I ever did. It had given poor Mr. Hamilton something to think over for weeks.

This afternoon I am going to take Mlle Ruchet to the Bargello, and then I have work to do this evening. So the “wingless hours” creep by, and I shall soon be coming home to thee and the chicks.

If thee really can make me that present, I shall use it not for Munich, but to stop at Modena (where the gallery has been re-hung) and one or two other places *en route* to Paris, which will interest me very much. After all, almost everyone has some such experience.

With tenderest love and gratitude,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

<Florence> Sunday, May 27, 1894

Darling mother,

The £10 came today — many, many thanks. How good thee is, but can thee really spare it? I shall spend some of it on some books I need, and the rest on Modena, etc., on my way north.

Yes, I entirely agree with thee that, under circumstances, absence is the only possible course. I have not thought otherwise. Why should one put one's self to torture? But thee does not fully understand the "new psychological ethics", or thee would know that there is no danger, from either side, of our meeting again. Men are, I am inclined to think, quite as sensible as women when it isn't a supernatural standard of duty or religion, but the practical, tangible one of comfort. Other things they can't enter into so well, but *that* they can appreciate.

However, no more on this topic. *C'est fini*. I lay awake from 2 on, last night, and literally thought of nothing but literature all those hours. It was a triumph. Salvation by literature! I quite enjoyed it, but I shall take a dose of **sulphonal** tonight.

Dearest love, in haste,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Monday, May 28, 1894

Thy Friday postal card came this morning. After all, I didn't take **sulfonal** last night, but managed to sleep without. One can do a good deal by determining to, and I am going to conquer my sleeplessness.

It's windy March weather here — nice and cool for town-dwellers, but bad for the country.

I am going out to dine at Vernon Lee's tonight. I have written to Emily that I may come there a little later. I am very fond of her.

Gertrude is at Lausanne and wants me to come there, but I don't think I can. She is very ill, but hopeful.

Love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Florence, May 30, 1894

My dearest mother,

Thanks for thy postal card. I have decided, as I told thee, not to go to Munich, for I am so comfortable here, and am doing my packing little by little, and have lots of things to interest me. Both Mlle Ruchet and Herr Obrist have a *totally* different way of looking at the Renaissance from anything I know, and I find it peculiarly interesting to come in contact with their views. I have been taking Mlle Ruchet every afternoon to some gallery or church, and **Herr Obrist comes to see me almost every evening to discuss and explain.** (I think they have all vaguely seen I was in trouble of some kind, and are trying, in a kindly way, to help me out.) They are both more interesting as minds than Emily (at present), particularly Herr Obrist, who is, on the whole, the most original and picturesque thinker I have so far met, and a madly enthusiastic German by preference, so that I am always having hammered into me what I never knew much about — the part Germany has played in European culture.

All this is interesting, and I feel my “Thinker” putting out fresh, timid little sprouts, perhaps the greatest pleasure in life, for one is aware that it will lead somewhere.

So I shall be here until June 10th at any rate.

What can I do for Ray’s birthday? Will thee and Alys think of something for me, and give it to her wrapped up, as if it really came from me? Perhaps a pretty little sewing-basket, with everything complete, would please her, because she sewed that kettle-holder for me? But I leave it to you, only don’t forget it!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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[Mary's diary begins again on June 1, 1894]



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

June 2, 1894

Dearest mother,

Just a line with the letter to Ray to tell thee that I have overcome my sleeplessness and am feeling pretty well. I am doing my packing slowly.

I hope thee got something for me for Ray's birthday — the little angel!

Thank Alys for her nice letter. Tell her, so far as I am concerned, she is to have no secrets from Bertrand. I am glad her affairs seem to be passing into smoother waters. When is it to be announced? And what is the result of the exams?

With love to all, and special thanks for all thy nice letters,

Thy loving daughter,

M.

I will return the newspaper scraps about Frank Whitall tomorrow.



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

June 7, 1894

Dearest mother,

I ought not to have let yesterday pass without writing, but I did. Today I was glad to get thy postal card about the birthday party.

I am getting along, but I have had a real stomach upset, and it leaves me feeling flabby.

I shan't leave here till the 14th (a week) as I don't want to get to Paris before Evelyn arrives on the 23rd. A week there will do me.

Yes, I expect to be at home until New Year's. If B.F.C.C. insists on taking the children to the seaside for a month, I may go to Germany, but perhaps he won't do it.

I have made such a charming new acquaintance, Count Papafava of Padua.

But I feel too lazy to write.

It keeps cool and pleasant here, and I am getting better in *every* way.

Lovingly thy daughter,

Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Florence, June 8, 1894

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy letter, with Karin's splendid painting enclosed (thank her and tell her I'll write), and for the money, which I expect tomorrow.

I am better, I think, but just today for natural reasons I am below par. I shan't leave here until the 14th — the day my month expires!

Tell Alys I have some third-hand clothes at very reduced rates, if she is thinking of getting her trousseau!

It is *wonderfully* cool here.

Much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Special love to father, to whom I will write *very* soon.



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M-HS 1894.
a postcard **XEROX MISSING**

<Florence> Saturday morning, June 10 <1894>

My darling mother,

Tell her I am on my way home now, and will be there in two weeks.

I spent yesterday seeing pictures with Dr. Frizzoni

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a note

<Florence, Monday> June 11, 1894

Dearest mother,

Please give this to Alys. I am sorry about Evelyn's not coming over now. I looked forward so much to seeing her. I suppose she will come later.

I am not very well today — feel rather nauseated, somehow, though the weather is cool. I shall get off on Thursday, and a few days in the mountains at Bergamo will do me good.

I shan't stay long in Paris, now Evelyn isn't going to be there.

I am sure there is nothing serious about this attack of mine. Mr. Obrist told me last night he had had just such an attack when he was worried over his fountain last winter.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Will thee please send three shillings from me to Leonard C. Lindsay, Esq., New Gallery, Regent Street W.



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M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter without a date or a day

<Florence?> <Monday, June 11, 1894?>

Address

Tuesday: Poste Restante, Parma

Wednesday: Albergo Concordia, Milan

Thursday, Friday, Saturday: Poste Restante, Bergamo, Alta Italia

Dearest mother,

The above are my addresses for a few days. I do not quite know whether, after Bergamo, I shall go straight to Paris, or pass by Verona and Munich, or Bâle and Strassburg. Nor do I know just the date upon which I shall reach Paris, but I shall let thee know in good time.

I am better today. The diarrhoea still continues slightly, and I feel just a little nausea all the time. Also I had a good deal of pain at my "period", which came on on Friday.⁴²² Still, I take it as it comes, and manage to get on pretty well, if not rapturously. I am glad to be alive, and am still young enough to find a distinct pleasure in "experience", even experience of pain!

Thank Ray for her picture. I can imagine how they enjoyed their "frolic" with thee! Tell her I mean to learn to draw at Haslemere this summer, all by myself, with her to help me by telling me whether the things really do look like.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Thanks for the £20, which came yesterday.

Don't send Bessie's letter *again*!! This is the second time!

⁴²² June 8.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<Florence> Tuesday, June 12, 1894

Thanks for thy letter. I am *much* better today, and busy with packing and last arrangements.

I slept for eight hours without waking last night — a real triumph.

I am going out to see Mr. Lee Hamilton this afternoon. Vernon Lee has already gone to Paris.

Tell Ray I am delighted that she can roll her hoop so well.

Lovingly thine,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<Florence> Wednesday, June 13, 1894

All right today. Nearly packed.

After Saturday⁴²³ address two days to Poste Restante, Strassburg,
Germany, please.

I shall break the journey to Paris there in order to see Hutchins Hapgood.

With much love and thanks for thy postal card,

Thy daughter,

M.

⁴²³ June 16.



Milan, Bergamo, Strassburg, Paris, June 14-28, 1894



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Milan, Thursday, 10.30 p.m. <June 14, 1894>

Have just arrived, for I decided not to stop at Parma after all, but to take the time at Bergamo instead, as that is nice mountain air. I will write for the letter.

Tell Karin I had her paintings today, and really I *could* not believe she did them! I thought it was Ray at least, until I saw her name! They are splendid.

All well.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1894.
a postcard I TATTI MISSING?

Milan, Saturday morning, June 16, 1894

Tell Ray her man on card-board was *splendid*. I have never seen anything like it before — indeed, I should never have thought such things could be made! It made me laugh and laugh. Tell her I am on my way home now, and will be there in two weeks.

I spent yesterday seeing pictures with Dr. Frizzoni, and towards evening went to the “Universal Exposition” to see the pictures and sculpture. There was not *one* thing that seem to me worth a second glance, and I felt awfully depressed. I hope it will be better in Paris — of course it will.

I go to Bergamo today, and expect to reach Paris on Thursday. On Monday, write Poste Restante, Strassburg, Germany.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard

from the Grande Albergo Reale d'Italia, Bergamo

Bergamo, Sunday <June 17, 1894>

Thank Ray over and over again for her paper man. I thought it was very well made, and I shall bring ti home with me, so that she can see it again.

Yes, please, do send a dress to Paris. I am literally disreputable in appearance.

Also, will thee get out of Mudie's and send to Paris MacCrie's *History of the Reformation in Italy*?⁴²⁴ I want it there, particularly.

I was interested in hearing about Miss Willard and Lady H.

Write to Paris.

Love,

M.

⁴²⁴ Thomas Maccrie, *History of the progress and suppression of the Reformation in Italy in the sixteenth century* (Edinburgh: Blackwood & London: Blackwood, 1833).



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Bergamo, Monday, June 18, 1894

Thanks for thy postal. I have been on a 40 mile drive today, and am rather sleepy, so will send only this.

I leave Milan tomorrow night for Bâle and get to Strassburg Wednesday, and Paris Thursday or Friday.

When does the school play come off? I should love to see it. It is still deliciously cool here, even cold at night. I hope it will be cool in Paris.

I had a long talk with the school mistress of the village I drove to. She says they still believe in witches, and that there are four in that one village!

With love,

M



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Milan, Tuesday evening, June 19, 1894

Just starting North for Bâle and then Strassburg. I am at a restaurant⁴²⁵
dining in the garden.

Please be sure to send me the date of the children's play, and tell them I
will do my best to come home in time to be there to see them dressed as
peasants.

I am going to take a sleeping powder in a few minutes.

The trains starts at 10.

Much love,

M.

⁴²⁵ Cova's.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Strassburg, June 20, 1894

I reached here at one today, after missing my train at Bâle. The sleeping-powder is still heavy on me. Hutchins Hapgood has found me a nice quiet pension, and I am simply living to go to bed and sleep tonight.

I shall go the Post Office in a few moments to see if there are any letters. It is still nice and cool, but I was eaten up by fleas in the train last night.

I shall be so glad to get home, although I do want to see the Paris pictures first.

Much love,

M



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M-HS 1894.
a postcard MISSING I TATTI?

Strassburg, June 21, 1894

Many thanks for thy letters of Saturday and Sunday.

Tell the children I will come back on purpose in time to see their play on the 4th. When does their school end?

I am so glad they had nice weather for the country. Here is is cool, almost like late autumn.

I asked thee to send the dress and McCrie's *History of the Italian Reformation* to Paris. I shall get there tomorrow or Saturday, and not stay more than a week.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Strassburg, June 22, 1894

I have decided to stay here until tomorrow morning, reaching Paris tomorrow evening.

The weather is deliciously cool, and I am pretty well. I have written to the concierge to tell her I am coming tomorrow.

Love to the children. Tell them I certainly will come for their play.

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Strassburg, Saturday, June 23

Have decided not to go to Paris until tomorrow — it is so pleasant here. I shall get there tomorrow night. I hope the dress will be there.

I expect to get to London on the 2nd or 3rd and to go to Haslemere as soon as I can arrange about the children.

With love,

M.

[no diary entries from June 23 until August 23]



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, <Paris>

Sunday night <June 24, 1894>

Thanks for letters and card which awaited me when I arrived at 7 this evening.

The dress is at the Gare du Nord, and I must go and fetch it tomorrow.

Tell the children their letters about the girl with the — they know what — that grew — they know how (it is a secret) — made me laugh a great deal. I will answer them tomorrow. I have something of a headache tonight.

Will thee be up when I get to London on the 3rd, for the children's play?

Give my love to Alys especially,

Thy daughter,
M,



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<Paris> Monday <June 25, 1894>

Many thanks for thy letter of Sunday. It took me *the whole morning* to get the dress from the Gare, but now I have it, it fits quite well. It makes me look like a series of balloons, but fortunately for my own eyes, I can't see myself. I think it is very nice stuff and I am glad to have it, as thee can imagine.

I am afraid I can't get back on Saturday,⁴²⁶ as I have an appointment on that day with **M. Reinach, of the Louvre**, who is going to arrange for me to publish a handbook on the Italian pictures there. I shall be very busy with this all this week, as I have to see any quantity of people connected with the Louvre. But tell the children I shall certainly come to the play.

I saw Marion this afternoon.

With love,

Thine,
M.

⁴²⁶ June 30.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Paris, Tuesday, June 26, 1894

Thanks for thy Manchester postal card. I suppose thee is about reaching home at this time, and seeing the children. Tell them I am looking forward to seeing the play more than I can say.

I have been twice to the Champ di Mars, and found it interesting but not exhilarating.

Mrs. Hapgood has just been here to tea, and I am going in to see Marion after dinner.

I was at the Louvre today.

Expect me home Tuesday afternoon.

Much love,

M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

<Paris> Thursday, June 28, 1894

It is hot today!

Yes, I shall be home on Tuesday.⁴²⁷ I can't say what time, but I will let thee know when I have looked up trains.

I am much interested in the sculpture this year, and find a great deal to like and a few things to kindle enthusiasm.

I shall write to 40 tonight to say when I am coming, and that I hope the children can come to Haslemere.

Marion and I cut that awful frill off my new dress, and now it bears some faint relation to my figure. The effect before it is impossible to portray!

[sketch]

Love to the dear children. Do they want any toys?

M.

⁴²⁷ July 3, 1894.



July 1894



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard from London to Haslemere

Saturday afternoon <July 14, 1894>

(Just taking the children to Battersea Park.)

Have seen F. and he promises for next week for good — that is till middle of August.

I am going to Michael's for Monday night.

Let me know what time thee will be up on Wednesday.

We shall come down Thursday, I hope.

Ask Alys to let me know at once who is to be at F. H. over next Sunday?

Lovingly,

M. W. C.

Please send me Mrs. R.'s address



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard from London to Haslemere

Saturday evening <July 14, 1894>

We spent the morning in Battersea Park and the afternoon having a grand game, until they went out to tea at Mrs. Frazer's.

Please send me a cheque for £5 unless some one is coming up Monday to bring it. I am quite out, for I have bought new supplies of boots with the money I had.

With love,

M.



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August 1894

diary resumes Aug. 23, 1894

M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Lille, Saturday a.m. <Aug. 25, 1894>

Just arrived. No further news about the children, but I have no doubt they would start today. If not, they were to go to the Zoo.

My address until Thursday will be Hotel Corneille, rue Corneille, Paris, and then Postlagernd, Dresden, until I send a more definite address.

I shall start for Dresden Thursday afternoon or Friday morning.

I should *love* to have Christina Bremner join me there, and if thee will give half, I will give the other half. She would enjoy it so much. She would come about Sept. 7.

I did a lot of errands yesterday, and I have arranged about the Hampton Court Guide.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard one-page letter

Lille, Aug. 25, 1894

Please forward letters, etc., to Hôtel Corneille, rue Corneille, Paris. I am going to try that as **Mr. Burke** always stays there and finds it very nice. It is just by the Odéon. I shall be there until Thursday (after I arrive) and then go to Dresden. Postlagernd thee had better address until I find a good pension.

Love to all,

M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter to Alys (no VIT)

Hotel Corneille, rue Corneille, Paris, Aug. 29, 1894

Beloved Lou,

I can't send my address to Bertie, for I don't know it, until I go to look at Pensions there. For two or three days, I may go to a place an hour away, if Mlle Ruchet and Mr. Obrist are still there. ____ I expect to hear tomorrow. But as soon as he sends me word to the Post Office Dresden I shall arrange to meet [1.2] him. It will be delightful having him there. I only hope it won't make more trouble. Mother was awfully against it, because she says things can't be _____. But *wehe mir!* What an awful pity you two can't be together this wonderful month! Me 'art bleeds, it do hindeed.

The Lille bust is beyond words marvellous. I think it is Renaissance, not antique, but whether it [1.3] is Raphael or Leonardo, the de'il take me! but I can't say. The modelling and spirit are Leonardesque, the composition and type Rahaelesque. Anyway, it is a perfect, perfect work of art, one of the most entrancing I have ever seen. It is worth ten times the journey from London and back to see it. There are some fine drawings there, but otherwise Lille is rather a loathsome place. I went to Beauvais, too, where there is a fine choir in a Cathedral, but I am [1.4] glad to be in Paris, where there is so much. I saw the Luxembourg and the Sainte Chapelle yesterday — quite a gorge of sight-seeing after so much donkey-ing in the country! I am glad the children are by the sea.

Burke — thee remembers him! — and his wife have done such a sensible thing. Finding they didn't get on, they have decided not keep up the pretence any more, and have separated. She is going to live in the Channel Islands, and he in London. They are very jolly over it, and declare they have never been such *good* friends as now. Each feels as if a tremendous incubus were lifted from their lives.

Adieu. Can't thee come to Dresden, too, incog.??

Thine,

Mary

[1] Please give mother the enclosed cheque and ask her to credit it to me.



M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Paris, Aug. 30, 1894

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy postals from Babbacombe. So Alys is to be married in December!! I shall congratulate Berty – Burglar – Beetroot – Baur when I see him in Dresden. You will be busy enough getting ready. My love to her.

Will thee send a cheque for £6 (six pounds) to C. S. Bremner? This will cover all her travelling expenses. She is perfectly delighted, but asks to be allowed to pay it back if her affairs go decently. We shall return via Berlin, Amsterdam and the Hook of Holland. It is the cheapest and pleasantest route. I am so glad she can have this pleasure. It helps me a great deal, too, to have an intelligent person to “chew on” in a gallery.

I wonder if Berty can get a new heart about pictures?!

I go to Dresden tomorrow morning. Postlagernd is the address, until I write further.

I won't say any more as I am writing this at a Café en face de Notre Dame, and I have a lot of things to do.

Love to all,

Thine,
M. W. C.

[Aug. 31 Bernhard leaves for Boston and New York; will return ____]



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Dresden, September 1894

M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Pension Baedeker, Weisser Hirsch bei Dresden,
Saturday, Sept. 1, 1894

I reached Dresden this morning, and found it *steaming hot*. **Mr. Obrist** came to see me and advised me to come to this place, which is on a hill where a cool breeze blows. He is at a “cure” near by, and I shall have my meals at the Establishment while I am here — for three or four days. I shall get my letters at the Postlagernd tomorrow morning, and write again.

I am too utterly tired and sleepy to write more now than just this.

Please continue to address Postlagernd, as I shan't be here long.

I hope to see the “Horrible Baur” soon.

Love to Alys. Tell her I have found the wedding present I want to give her!

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Dresden, Sunday, Sept. 2, 1894

Only thy Thursday's postal, and a note from Berty telling of a probable change of plans. I am in such a non-writing mood, that I will send only a card.

I wired for the children's address before thy card came, because I did not hear from Miss Clare as I had expected to.

I hope Christina will come the beginning of next week.

I went to the Gallery today, but it was so hot in the town I was glad to come out here.

Mr. Obrist is at a "Cure" and takes sun and air and steam-baths, so I see him only at intervals. I fear his nerves are at an end, and he seemed to me to have so much artistic promise! The powers that be generally do cut off the good artists young.

Write still Postlagernd.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Dresden, Monday, Sept. 3, 1894

Thanks for thy letter. Will thee please send me my letters not opened, even though it does cost a little more? I don't have many.

I am glad to hear of the Secretaryship — it is a *very* good idea. But I am sorry B. R. won't be here.

Of course I shall come home when the children do, and I hope, if all goes well, we can manage for a week or two extra. It must be lovely at Friday's Hill now. What a misfortune for me to miss Miss Sellers! I *am* sorry.

I am very busy here and feel as if I hadn't a moment to write! It has grown rather cooler.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.
a postcard one-page letter **XEROX MISSING**

Weisser Hirsch, Dresden, Sept. 5, 1894

My darling mother,

a request for £20

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Pension Donath, Lüttichaustrasse 13, Dresden,
Thursday, Sept. 6, 1894

Dearest mother,

Will thee send me here as soon as thee can a volume of "Tokology"?⁴²⁸ I want it for Mr. Obrist's sister-in-law, who has such a horror of child-birth that she won't have one, although she and her husband are anxious beyond words to have children. It is a curious case.

Thank thee for thy letter which came with the children's card and Christina's letter. I wrote thee yesterday to send £20.

I have had a very wonderful time, *finding out Germany*, in that most marvellous way of all, through its art. Mr. Obrist, who, I think, believes in me as a critic and interpreter of works of art (naturally, seeing I liked his fountain so much!) has taken a good deal of trouble over putting me in the track of just the right things. It has exercised my patience a good deal, to have things shown to me — for I am by way of thinking I can find them out alone — but I have ended by being very grateful, for I have seen lots of things it would have taken me years to find out.

I went to hear the *Valkyrie* last night, and enjoyed it as never before. In the night I had a marvellous dream of the opera that could be written upon the story of Theseus and Ariadne. I told it to Mr. Obrist today, and he jumped out of his chair with delight and nearly hugged me! His brother is a musician with very great talent, but no literary fancy, and he has long been looking for a good theme. He is Director at the Augsburg Opera. Mr. Obrist thought this might be the very thing, particularly when I unfolded all its capacities to him.

My brain has ever been so active in all my life as since I came here. But it is nothing I can exactly write about, having to do with German things. But one thing (tell Logan for his exultation) I have had to change my mind about — and that is the importance of metaphysics. I have hated the very name so violently for years, but I have had to drop that prejudice.

I look forward very much to being at home again with the children. I hope they will learn a little French to chatter.

Tell Alys how sorry I am Berty isn't coming here. But he will see more of life in Paris.

With love to all,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁴²⁸ Tocology, tokology, the science of obstetrics or midwifery.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Pension Donath, Lüttichaustrasse 13, Dresden,
Friday, Sept. 7, 1894

Am just off to hear *Siegfried*.

I got they card this morning saying Musgrave was married. He has at last succeeded!

I saw some wonderful Klingers this morning, and I have been hard at work reading Nietzsche so I have enough to keep me busy.

I expect Christina tomorrow or Sunday. This is a nice pension, but full of Americans, and I don't see any really interesting looking ones.

Love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Pension Donath, Lüttichaustrasse 13, Dresden,
Saturday, Sept. 8, 1894

Thanks for thy letter of Wednesday, enclosing Helen Thomas'. I expect Christina tomorrow morning, and am looking forward to a very good time. I never was in such a high state of mental activity as since I came here, and I am quite wild for a listener!

Mr. Obrist was absolutely useless that way, for he talked himself all the time! Poor Christina!!

I enjoyed *Siegfried* last night as I almost never enjoyed anything. I heard it all with my eyes shut, and I had a loge all to myself (as it chanced) where I could stretch out at ease.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Sunday, Sept. 9, 1894

Christina has come, and we are enjoying ourselves very well. It has been pouring.

I went last night to hear *Der Freischütz*, an opera first given in 1821. It was considered the last word of refinement then, and people fainted with ecstasy at hearing it. And to us nowadays it is hardly anything but comic — after Wagner. It is like going back to the novels of that time from Tolstoi and Ibsen. I sat by a young Englishman who was just of my opinion. But O to call up once more that audience of 1821!!

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Dresden, <Tuesday> Sept. 11, 1894

Thanks for thy postal card.

The 5d on my other was due to the fact that it was a card out of use. I bought it nine years ago, going to Russia!

What a coil over the Inebriate Horne!

Christina and I are seeing pictures and hearing music and discussing the social laws of the future to our hearts' content.

The weather has turned to fine and cool.

We are going for the day tomorrow to Meissen.

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Dresden, Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1894

Too cloudy to go to Meissen.

No, I did not take that gold watch. I told Ray there was one for her when she was old enough, but I did not know where it was.

Has thee send the money yet?

I have written for the exact date of the children's return. I do not know it yet.

Christina and I are enjoying ourselves very much. Tonight we are going to hear the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Lovingly thine,
M. W. C.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Pension Donath, Lüttichaustrasse 13, <Dresden>

Thursday, Sept. 13, 1894

Thank Alys for her letter and its enclosure.

☞ Tell her to send me word what she would rather have for a present —
a perfect etching (large and as effective as a picture) by Klinger, or a piece of
Clément-Massier's pottery, of iridescent colours. ☞

I will send the *Nation* on to B.A.W.R.

Thanks for the *Studios*.

We are just off to hear *Faust* — what a fall from Wagner!

With love,

Thine,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a three-page letter;
Strachey, p. 56-57

Pension Donath, Lüttichaustrasse 13, Dresden,
Sept. 14, 1894

Dearest mother,

Of course I have considered the question of “scandals” arising about me — have considered it, I think, from every point of view. As thee knows, for myself it is a matter of absolute indifference. I can always, under any conceivable circumstances, have all, and more than all, the interesting friends I want. The only points, therefore, which I have to consider are: 1. the children, both how it will affect B.F.C.C. in letting me be with them, and how it will affect their own relations to me, as they grow up. 2. Thee and father — particularly, of course thee.

I have thought it all over carefully, and my actions are based not upon caprice or impulse, but upon a thought-out plan. But it will take time to work it out. **I am now convinced, that, with time and [1.2] freedom, I can become one of the most important people in my own profession, as well as one of the most interesting women to cultured people.** I mention this, because this is the point I rely upon to attract the children when they arrive at the culture-seeking, intelligence-appreciating age. I believe I shall be able to keep up with all that is going in the world of art and general literature for a good many years to come, to say nothing of conquering certain definite provinces of my own.

When I have done this, have **gained my independent position**, and really *know* something, the talk there may be about me will really be of very little consequence. Thee must remember that unless I lived the life of [2] a nun, there would be certain to be talk about me — a woman separated from her husband. If I listened to it, I should be prevented from most of the pleasant and helpful things I do. **As thee knows, there are no women from whom I could learn anything, in my kind of work, and comparatively few connected with art in any intelligent way, though there are plenty of minor artists.** The idea of my requiring a chaperon, or refusing, for lack of one, to associate freely with the people with whom I work or who can help me on, is very insulting, and belongs to a world with which I no longer have the slightest sympathy — except always in so far as it is a world that can give *thee* pain, or the children.

About the children, I have my plan, which I think will succeed, of making myself, by hook or crook, so intellectually alive and full of fascinating information that they will naturally “take to” me and my kind of people.

About thee, I can only beg thee to think how lucky [2.2] thee is in having two such children as Logan and Alys to reflect glory upon thee, and to believe about me that I am quite alive to my own position, and not acting carelessly, but in a way that I think is going to benefit me *in the long run*. My



world has become as different from the world where people busy themselves spying out and spreading scandals of that kind, as thy world is from the one where people vie with each other to give grand dinners and wear expensive dresses. And I believe in my kind of people, the circle I shall have, and believe that Ray and Karin will end by liking to live in that world, too.

I am so sorry if thee is troubled about what a few American relatives are saying. Thee must have had to bear a good deal of that before — but of course it is unpleasant. I do not think, however, it amounts to [3] much that need concern thee. As to the children, America is about as important to them as China.

For the moment, however, thy mind may be quite at rest. Berenson is in America, Costa in S. America, Obrist in Munich, Hapgood in Venice and I here with Christina. With Frizzoni, I scarcely think even the most malicious person would try to rake up a scandal, but he is in Milan. I see something of the director of engravings here, Prof. Lehrs. **If I could find women as clever and original and as learned as some of these men, would I not welcome them! The only woman critic (of my kind) is a *perfectly deadly* Miss Ffoulkes.**

I had a postal card from B. F. C. C. saying the children would be home on the 27th. So I shall arrange to get home then also. When do you move up from Friday's Hill?

I said on **a postal card yesterday** that the £20 had come.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Dresden, Saturday, Sept. 15, 1894

Thanks for thy postal card. It is lovely weather here and Christina and I are enjoying ourselves. We are going to Berlin on Wednesday, so please write to Postlagernd, Berlin, after Monday.

I do not yet know whether we shall go to a pension or a hotel, but I am going to write for rooms at a pension I know of.

Will thee take up to town to be re-lined and re-trimmed (in part at least) my sealskin cape, which was hanging in the back hall at Friday's Hill — to be done as cheaply as possible? Silk lining of chestnut brown, plain, if possible.

With love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.
a postcard I TATTI MISSING?

Dresden, Sept. 17, 1894

No letter yesterday on account of the post. Please write now to c/o
Fräulein von Fink, Wilhelmstrasse 98, Berlin.

Christina and I are just off for a day in "Saxon Switzerland", climbing
mountains. It is absolutely enchanting weather.

Thanks for the *Nation* with her article.⁴²⁹

We are going to hear *Tannhäuser* on Tuesday, and go off to Berlin
Wednesday.

With love,

Thine,
M.

⁴²⁹ Christina Bremner's article?



M-HS 1894.
a postcard I TATTI MISSING?

Dresden, Sept. 18, 1894

I am against the white travelling dress — too ___riday for travelling, and too easy to dirty. Alys being so tall, it would make her look very peculiar in winter. Still, she might have a long wrap to cover it. Is she going to have no reception?

Yes, I do wish I were safely at Haslemere again with the children. I long for it. They, however, appear to be having a good time. We had a splendid day in the Saxon Switzerland yesterday,

Today we go to Meissen and tomorrow to Berlin. My address there is not the one I gave, but c/o Fräulein von Fink, Von der Heydt Strasse, 1, Berlin W. But I shall send for the letters to the address I first gave.

With much love,

Thine,

M.

Thank Mrs. Duke for her nice letter.



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START CHECKING AT I TATTI HERE

M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Kottbuss!⁴³⁰ (what a name) Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1894

We are here on our way to Berlin, having decided to take a day in the Spreewald, en route.

On Saturday and Sunday please address Poste Restante, Amsterdam. That is our last stop before coming home.

How I hope B. R. will accept the T. M. Secretaryship. It would be a *splendid* chance to see the inside of political life — Germany could come later. I think it is *brilliant*.

In haste,

Thine,
M.

⁴³⁰ Cottbus is a university city and the second-largest city in Brandenburg, Germany. Situated around 125 km southeast of Berlin, on the River Spree.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

c/o Fräulein Fink, 1 Von der Heydt Strasse, Berlin

Friday, Sept. 21, 1894

I did not get a chance to write yesterday, as all our time was taken up with the excursion in a "punt" through the Spreewald.

We have found a phenomenally good Pension here and shall stay till Monday. Then going to Amsterdam. Address on Tuesday, Poste Restante. The Hague, Holland, and then nothing further.

I hope to hear from B. F. C. C. exactly when the children will get home. I must spend on evening in town to see Rukhmabai, who leaves for Brussels the first of October.

I shall go to the Postlagernd to get thy letter today.

I am glad the trouble about the Hampton Court Guide is settled. It ought to be out in a few weeks.

Slingabytauner is away, but will return in a few days.

Much love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard one-page letter

Berlin, Sept. 22, 1894

A note from Ellen Chapman — via Postlagernd — says she did not get the Oxford position. Can't thee get her something in Duxhurst?⁴³¹ She is really capable and would make a nice Matron. *Do* try! She is in an awful plight, and through no real fault of her own.

I sent a letter to Alys this morning.

We get to Amsterdam Tuesday morning, Wednesday The Hague (Poste Restante) and cross Wednesday or Thursday night.

When do the children come? Of course I haven't heard!

With love,

M.

The children won't be home till Saturday. I have just heard.

⁴³¹ Helen Chapman mentioned previously.

By the 1890s, **Lady Henry** Somerset was travelling the world in her capacity as president of the British Women's Temperance Association. In 1894 she founded Duxhurst as a village for the care of inebriate women of all classes. Indeed, the site (just 3 miles south of Reigate,



M-HS 1894.____
a two-page letter

Berlin, Sept. 22, 1894

My dearest Auntyloo,

We are all poor together, then, for my trip has cost me nearly twice as much as I counted on, and I am indeed in low waters. But I will buy all thy things I can pay for — I suppose “credit” is no use, under the circumstances!

I have bought thee for a wedding present the finest etching of the remarkable artist Max Klinger, whom I [1.2] have been studying. It is impossible to exaggerate his popularity among cultivated Germans, but he is very little known outside of Germany, although Michel did write a miserable article on him in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. If thee doesn't care for it, I shall be only too entranced to keep it myself — if I have money to buy thee any books! Most of his etchings are for close study — to be kept in a portfolio. But this is one of the exceptions, for it looks quite as well at a distance, [2] the effects are so broad. It is not only the one I like best, but both Mr. Obrist and Prof. Lehr (the director of the Kupferstichcabinet at Dresden) prefer it to any of the others. If thee takes it, thee will be as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of German Art! Of course if thee and Berty come to Germany, you will hear a good deal of him. But I hope Berty is going to have a try at that most interesting private-secretaryship? [2.2]

I am so glad Rukhmabai is coming. I shall get home on Thursday or Friday morning. I haven't yet heard when the children are coming, though I have written several times to ask.

Tell mother that is she wrote to the Postlagernd here, the letter has not yet come to me, but I have sent for it.

I had a nice note from Sidney Webb asking me to go and see them.

With love,

Thine,
Gummy



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Sept. 24, 1894

Dearest mother,

I sympathize with the shopping, and am awfully glad I don't have to do it.
Isn't thee glad thee hasn't six daughters to fit out?!

We are staying over till tomorrow night, and reach Amsterdam Wednesday morning, The Hague Thursday and London Saturday morning.

I have written to ask B. F. C. C. to arrange for the children to come down on the 2.45, which is the train I also will take.

The bundles are from Miss Cruttwell. I will attend to them.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard one-page letter

Restaurant Krasnapolski, Amsterdam,

Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1894

I thought the Giants were all there, but perhaps some are in my despatch box. I will see as soon as I get home. The illustrations are there, I know.

Isn't Rukhmabai coming for Sunday? Alys wrote she was, so I was counting on it. I promised to see her before she left for Brussels, and if she isn't coming, I must stay up Saturday night, and come by the early train Sunday. Please let me have a postal card to 44 to say.

We journeyed last night, and feel rather tired today, but are refreshing ourselves with a good dinner here, after the gallery.

We go to The Hague tomorrow, and cross Friday night.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,

M.



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a multi-page letter to Obrist?

Thursday, Oct. 4, 1894

I have now tried a number of experiments on the children, and the result points, so far as it goes, against **your theory of the visual image**. I have conducted thy experiments thus: made the children draw separately some object with which they are pretty familiar, like a cat or donkey or chicken or ⁴³², and then bring it to me, each separately and criticize first their own and then each other's. They are never satisfied.

"Mother, this doesn't look much like it ..."

"It looks queer" — that at first, when they bring it.

Then when I ask for details: — well, the easiest way is to give you a sample, which I have *just* tried: — [1.2]

Karin 5 1/2 years

"Mother, it looks rather strange."

"Well, what is the matter with it."

"I can't tell exactly."

"Well, take it piece by piece. Are its ears right?"

"No, I think they ought to be more pointed."

"Well, its head?"

"That's rather good, only I made it smile, and I think donkeys don't smile, do they? And its eye is too small and round."

"How about its back?"

"It seems rather straight, but I didn't know where to put the hump."

"Well, its feet?"

"They aren't quite right; still, you'd know they were *meant for* hoofs."

"Would thee know it was meant for a donkey?"

"Yes", doubtfully, "or else a cow. I couldn't be sure, but it was the *nearest I could come*." [1.3]

Ray 7 1/2 years

"O, Mother, what a queer donkey of Karin's! It doesn't look alive!"

"What is the matter with it?"

"Why, its legs hang down, instead of standing, and its back is like a wooden block."

"Well, what else?"

"O that *funny* hump by the tail! I know donkeys don't have that! And the hairs not joined onto anything. Besides, donkeys have fat stomachs."

"Anything else?"

"Well, its ears seem to peep up from the other side of its head, and donkeys don't smile. Its legs are a *little* better, but they seem to come from *this* side of its body, and its feet have sort of round galoshes on. Besides it has no neck. It looks rather more like a cow."

But with all this criticism, Ray's donkey is no better. This [1.4] is it:



SKETCH

Karin laughed greatly at the tail, and Ray herself confessed that it was more like a toy horse. But it was hard to persuade her that the tail came from the end of the spine.

I am convinced, in their case at least, that they see and remember (visualize) far better than they are able to draw. It is not defect of vision or visualization in them which makes them produce such strange looking objects, but simply that they don't know how to reproduce what they remember **any more than you, with your t_____ visual imagination** could draw anything correctly.

(Please copy what is written and then cut out the drawings, which will be inserted in the proper place in the book.)



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November 1894

Mary's diary, **Nov. 4, 1894:**

I came to Paris and stayed with Bertie Russell until the 14th,
a dear, dear boy, and very clever.
Then I went to Munich and saw HO
and made some friends there, especially Miss Goudstikker.

M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Vouillemont, <Paris,> Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1894.

I am now in full swing of being busy.

I saw M. Reinach this morning, and he is to show me some of the
antiquities in the Louvre at 2.30, and afterwards introduce me to the private
collectors here. On Friday I am going to take Helen and her friend to the
Louvre to chew upon them as a preparation for my guide-book.

The weather is lovely. Bertie seems cheerful, it was a good thing my
coming, he says he feels quite different. Tell Alys this is true, that our
conversation is of her, her virtues and her vices, and if he looks depressed I
can always call up a smile by saying "Were free" — Then he thinks of
Holland! I must be off.

With love and thanks for thy postal-card.

Thine,
M.W.C.



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M-HS 1894.____ a one-page letter

<Paris> Nov. 8, 1894

Dearest mother,

I advise thee to see B.F.C.C. while he is still in a pleased humour, and arrange about the children. I hope from what he said he will make satisfactory arrangements. What about the home lessons?

I shall be curious to know the *dénouement* of Miss Clare's affairs.

I sent this month's *St. Nicholas*. An interesting looking story begins in it, and I think it would be nice to take it always.

I want to urge on thee to write down thy "Recollections of Contemporary Mystics" before thee forgets. It would be *such* a valuable document and probably there is no one so well fitted for it as thee. **I was talking to M.**

Reinach about it. He came here to tea and Bertie quite liked him.

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter to Alys;
Strachey, p. 60

<Paris,> Nov. 8, 1894

Dearest A.,

It is a shame to waste such glorious weather in writing, but I must say a word or two about Bert. He certainly has an A No. 1 "Thinker", and I consider it is an immense thing for thee to marry such a truly intellectual, thoughtful man. He has an *all round* brain, that works well on every subject. I look forward to years of real joy in his companionship of genuine "stimulation". Higher praise I could scarcely give, because I consider a really fine brain implies a fine character. He is a brick. And *such* a dear!

Me Achile, I think thee will be happy, and I send thee genuine congratulations, not surface ones.

Thine lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a postcard I TATTI XEROX dated June 29?

<Paris> Friday night <Nov. 9, 1894>

Many thanks for thy letter.

Please send my letter to Burke (and another I sent) to 32 Queen Victoria Street E.C.

I took Helen and her friend to the Louvre today. Then we had lunch with Berty, and they came here to tea. They each give a soft furry giggle every time Berty and I speak, which makes conversation difficult. But perhaps they are very nice underneath. They seem horribly shy. They are much interested in pictures and in Italy.

I am going to spend tomorrow with M. Reinach at S. Germain.

Love to the children and father,

Thine,

M.

Tell Alys Berty gets nicer every day. I quite envy her!!!



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M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter

in upper left corner 'Return to H.W.S.' — evidently Hannah circulated
Mary's appreciative letter about Bertrand Russell

Paris, Nov. 11, 1894

My dear mother and father,

I want to tell you my opinion — for what it is worth — of your future son-in-law, whom I have now come to know pretty well, not as merely Alys' lover, but as a person in himself.

In the first place, he has one of the most vigorous and sanest intellects I ever came across, vigorous and yet at the same time subtle. I may not have much original power myself, but as an "appreciator" of a good thing, whether in pictures or brains, I bet upon myself, and I am quite sure about Berty, that there is not — to use an expression of thine, father — another young man "of our circle", who has such intellectual abilities.

Perhaps this ought not to stand first, but I think all the rest flows from it. His moral nature is very serious and strong, because his intellect is so sane, and his manner of thinking so profound. Unlike many men, perhaps most, he is of an intensely mono-theistic, mono-gamic temperament. Young as he is, it is impossible for me to conceive his affection for Alys wavering or dying out.

Secondly, he is sincerity itself — not merely negative sincerity, which consists in not telling lies (he may tell some, for all I know!), but that positive and rare virtue of honesty, which implies putting a lot of intellect to every problem, inner and outer, that arises. I think his emotional nature has been unfortunately played on by his relatives, but as soon as he is free from that, I bet upon his tact and skill and sound judgment.

And he has *thought* about Alys — not as an appendage to himself, but as a real person. He loves her so much that he instinctively *enjoys* her happiness, even more than his own, because it *is* his own. This is very rare, I think, except with mothers, and, as Ray would say, "a certain person I know."

Alys could not, in my opinion, have made a better choice. She will blossom out under his influence into a splendid woman, I think — not that she hasn't her good points even now!

I could say a great deal more, but these questions of character are easy to feel and hard to talk about. Personally, I quite delight in Berty, in watching his mind and temperament reveal themselves, and I look forward to having many a good talk with him.

I had a most interesting day with M. Reinach yesterday. He promises to get translated and printed anything I may write on Italian art.

But, like Logan, I am not really in any hurry. It is bound to come.
With love and congratulations upon Berty,



Your loving daughter,
Mary
I may go to Munich this week, but am not sure.



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Nov. 12, 1894

Dearest mother,

I have arranged for some articles in the *Revue archéologique* which will give me a little money, and I am going to use it to pay a flying visit of ten days to Munich. It takes only 17 hours to get there from here, and I hope to hear the *Ring* and see a lot of things.

Emily is still there. I am writing to Miss Sellers for a letter to her idol Furtwängler, and **I have another from M. Reinach** to the director of the gallery, so I shall have plenty to do, and plenty of people to talk to. Mlle Ruchet and Mr. Obrist are there too.

I hate to go and leave **Berty whom I have been enjoying so much, but I will come back and stay with him when he returns** — that is, from about the 28th or 29th on. He feels, with Alys, that each 24 hours now is a *big* eternity. Time loses its significance for lovers!

I thought of writing to B.F.C.C. about the children, and I shall do so from Munich, telling him that in view of the wedding, he ought to make a different arrangement. Not that it makes much difference really, where they eat, and probably they are all the better for regularity (thee remembers thee and I *did* feed them on hot buttered scones for four days) but still if thee cares so much, he ought to yield that point.

What about Miss Clare and the servants?

Please address me 67 Theresienstrasse, Munich, Bavaria. I am going to stay at the Roth⁴³³ two nights, and then I move into Mr. Obrist's old lodgings, as he then moves into his house, which he has been furnishing.

I should like Miss Foy's⁴³⁴ book send to me to Munich.

We can't bother Berty about Helen's trunk and the lamp. He does so hate fuss in travelling.

We saw Edith Woodman yesterday, and called on Helen, who is really dreadfully deaf. I told Miss Price that we wanted the appartement⁴³⁵ on the 18th.

Tell Logan I ordered his spectacles today, and I enclose both receipts. I will settle with Berty, who has money of his.

Give the children these kisses please.

insert sketch

They are climbing up to reach them.

⁴³³ May had stayed at the Hotel Roth on Sept. 3, 1891 and again Aug. 21-29, 1893.

⁴³⁴ Perhaps Foy?

⁴³⁵ Mary consistently spells *apartment* (English) and *appartement* (French) as 'appartement'.



With dearest love,

Thy loving,
Mary

Send me Evelyn's address, please. Why hasn't she written to me?!!



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 13. 94

Thanks for thy postal card about Mrs. Chant's meeting. It was most amusing. I hope the photographs will come tonight. I stay ed over another day to be with B. R., who is so nice, and who dreads being left alone. But I really *am* going tomorrow, reaching Munich at noon on Thursday, Theresienstrasse 67¹.

Tell the children I long to get some of their scraps, either painting or cutting out, or writing. I have Ray's secret in my purse, and I'm not going to eat it!, and Karin's picture on my writing table.

I have seen some lovely things here, for our Christmas frolic!!

With love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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Munich, Nov. 16-28, 1894

M-HS 1894.____

a postcard

67^r Theresienstrasse, Munich, Nov. 16, 1894

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy postal card.

I have had an interesting day at the gallery, etc., and am now just off to hear a Beethoven symphony. But I have an awful headache, unfortunately.

Berty is crossing tonight — how excited he must be.

Give the children (including B. and A.) my love.

It is beginning to turn cold here.

Thanks for *Uninitiated* which came too.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

I forgot to post this last night. Headache gone today. Thank Berty for his letter.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

67^r Theresienstrasse, <Munich> Nov. 19, 1894

Thy Birmingham postal card came last night, just as I was going to a symphony concert with Mlle Ruchet. That makes four Beethoven symphonies I have heard in one week!

I have had so many ideas since I came here that I am positively bursting with them! Tell Berty that these, with his Metaphysics, make a wild *mélange* — yet, on the whole, a salubrious one. I haven't gone back from a single point I gained with him, and these new points of view only reinforce them. Herr Obrist rages like a madman at the name of Hegel, but all the same he is an Hegelian.

I sent the children a paper yesterday, and will send another picture tomorrow.

My love to them, and kisses.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Nov. 20, 1894

I spent yesterday at Augsburg, going in the 7.13 train and I was so tired when I came back that I could not write. I made notes on the gallery, but there really isn't much there. I have had thy nice post cards.

This afternoon I am to act as critic and cicerone to Mr. Obrist's and Mlle Ruchet's embroideries. Lillian and Emily and other others are coming. Lillian's family have lost their money She is really glad (for herself) for it sets her free.

Many thanks for attending to the typewriter.

I will send the Hampton Court list.⁴³⁶

Lots of love to the children. I am so glad they seem to come in so much.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁴³⁶ A list of photographs to be acquired for the Hampton Court Guide?



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

67^r Theresienstrasse, Munich, Nov. 21, 1894

I had a long letter yesterday, and I will answer it in the course of the day.

I spent last night with a new friend I have made, a Dutch girl of 28⁴³⁷ who ran away from home at 19, and is now a successful photographer here, making a lot of money. Mlle Ruchet lives with her, and we went home after a concert, and they persuaded me to stay all night.

Tell Karin that her picture of Aunty Loo in a flowered dress was very much admired by Mlle Ruchet, who is an embroideress. She said it looked like beautiful embroidery, with nice patterns. I should like another picture of that kind.

Ray's witch looked so gentle that I kissed her, and she didn't do me any harm! Tell her I should like a *fierce* witch next time.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I am so glad the children went to Evelyn's on Sunday.

⁴³⁷ Sophia Goudstikker (Jan. 25, 1865-1924) was a Dutch-born German photographer and feminist pioneer. She was one of the first activists for women's rights in Munich. See Marti M. Lybeck, *Desiring Emancipation: New Women and Homosexuality in Germany, 1890-1933*, SUNY series in queer politics and cultures (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2014). The title of chapter 2 is 'Experiments in Female Masculinity: Sophia Goudtikker's Masculine Mimicry in Turn-of-the-Century Munich', p. 49-____.



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

67^r Theresienstrasse, <Munich> Nov. 22, 1894

I seem to have no time to write! Do excuse me. But I am thinking a great deal about thy letter.

Yesterday I called on Frau Furtwängler, Miss Sellers' friend, a most charming woman. We quite fell in love with each other at once in spite of her being most unsound on the woman question! That is two new friends since I came. **I am going with the first, the photographer, to hear Tristan, and afterwards to spend the night with her.** She is going to photograph me, out of affection!

Emily is not at all well. Her family are literally wearing her nerves to pieces. Her sister told me yesterday that the only way to treat her nervousness was to tell her continually that it was all her own fault!

My congratulations to Alys on her smooth waters, but not on Berty's going away again!

Love to the children,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a four-page letter, in which Mary numbered the pages;
Strachey, p. 60

Schleifstein,⁴³⁸ Nov. 23, 1894

Darling mother,

I was misinformed about the trains, and so have an hour to wait, after having seen the collection of bad pictures here, that M. Reinach wrote to me to go and see. He has no discrimination. I had a “sense” there was nothing here, the same sort of “sense” by which thee smells out mystics, and I didn’t want to come. However, it has taken me only one afternoon, and now I have time to answer thy letter.

But how? That is the difficulty. I have thought a great deal about it. I suppose the difference between the generations accounts for it, people of my kind being intensely interested in every development of human personality, and not afraid to see it work itself out, while people of thy age have a system of “right” and “wrong” apart from human facts. Then also, what I do matters to thee, while it doesn’t to anybody else. And so I don’t like to tell thee anything to trouble thee — as well as not liking to get advice on points where I have already made up my mind. It isn’t half so much what thee says, but what I know thee feels — and thee [2] cannot help that!

No, on the whole, I don’t want thee not to tell me what thee thinks — that would make things worse, for I should know all the same. I feel the need of telling thee everything (for I love thee more than any of my friends), and so I will say whatever comes naturally to my mind, and just bear thy disapproving, as one of the elements of the situation.

Miss Clare seems to have found out how convenient thee is to leave the children with! Nothing could better accomplish thy ends — and I suppose thee forgives the means by which the end is reached. Women have to display such statesmanship, usually taking advantage of every little move to work it to their own big schemes. Nothing makes me happier than to have the children with thee, for under thy indulgence (which perhaps thee has a *little* too much!!) thee has a wise psychological way of managing them, and insinuating good common sense notions into their heads.

How grateful I am to thee for many of the ideas I was brought up on — as, for example, that you always get your due of love and [3] liking. I see people continually jealous, exacting, restless, demanding more, making themselves and everybody else miserable. And I could not do that, simply because thee taught me so young that I always got as much as I deserved and the only way to get more is to *deserve* more.

The ideas I have been getting relate chiefly to the race-origins of Gothic art, the *tempo* of the German mind, and the necessity for broadly-based criticism — in short the necessity for giving myself a “thinking lesson”

⁴³⁸ Mary wrote ‘Schleifstein’.



upon every subject that comes into my head, and the way every bit of good thought leads up to perfecting one's criticism of art. Obrist has been very nice: he is essentially a Gothic — non-classical — artist, and I have watched the way an artistic idea develops in his brain. He cares passionately for children, far more than for grown-ups. If thee could see him studying Ray's and Karin's drawings, and their "Thinking Lessons", thee would see what an interest it is to him. He may come to Haslemere next summer to see them, but he has not made any plans. Sometimes I have even wished there were a little more personal [4] warmth in his relations with me, but his idea is that a modern woman should be treated by a man as if she were a man, and **he cannot bear the idea of the faintest mixing up of flirting and intellectual companionship.** He is a thorough-going German, doctrinaire in that respect and that is one reason why I feel so secure. Besides, we people who look so much into our own psychology, know how to classify our feelings very well, and don't run such dangers of mixing up things.

I spent last night again with my affectionate little friend, the photographer. She is warm-hearted and clever, but not really "my kind". We went together to hear *Tristan and Isolde*. What wonderful music!

I must stop now and write a little note to Ray.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary

The Hampton Court Guides have come. Will thee send me 20 to Paris, Hotel Vouillemont, please? And I will send thee a list for the others.

I shall go back on Wednesday, reaching the Vouillemont on Thursday night.⁴³⁹

⁴³⁹ Nov. 29, 1894.



M-HS 1894.____

a postcard one-page letter

Munich, Nov. 28, 1894

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday because I was out all day in the Isartal,⁴⁴⁰ a beautiful valley along the river. Thy letter and the children's pictures were perfectly splendid. The children are improving in drawing.

I go to Paris tonight, possibly stopping over night at Carlsruhe **to see some pictures M. Reinach wants me to write about.**

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁴⁰ Mary wrote 'Isarthal'.



Paris, Nov. 30-Dec. __, 1894



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Paris, Friday <Nov. 30, 1894>

I am going to stay in Bertie's room tonight, and seek a cheaper tomorrow.
Write here and I will call for the letter.

I was so glad to get the children's drawings. Tell Karin her kiss pleased me
more than many an old Italian picture!

I will take thy advice about the wedding time, and see no one. Perhaps go
to Chartres which I want to study anyhow.

Well, I must go to lunch.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Saturday <Dec. 1, 1894>

Just moving to Hotel de l'Elysée, 3 rue de Beaune, where I have found a tiny appartement, very convenient. Will write tonight.

I found Alys' ring and am enchanted. She is happy today!!

Love to her, to them.

Berty was *so* nice yesterday.

In haste,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

3 rue de Beaune, Monday <Dec. 3, 1894>

I have been all day with M. Reinach and M. Dreyfus⁴⁴¹ in the Louvre and private collections and also seeing the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*.⁴⁴² So I have not had one moment to write!

I like the photographs and should like a few more of each kind, for special friends. Also can I have half a dozen of the bigger ones with the donkey?

Tell the children their drawings and designs and cuttings out are splendid, and that I hope to see the dear little artists soon.

Love to Alys.

I really will write tomorrow!

Thy daughter,
M.

The Hampton Court Guides came. I will attend to them here.

⁴⁴¹ Auguste Dreyfus (1827-1897). In 1874 Dreyfus bought an imposing neo-classical hotel at 3 Rue Ruysdael. There he accumulated an extraordinary art collection, which he inventoried in detail in 1887. In June 1888 Dreyfus bought the Château de Pontcartrain. In 1896 his collection was sold at auction.

⁴⁴² Charles Ephrussi (1849-1905).



M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter to Alys

3 rue de Beaune, <Tuesday> Dec. 4, 1894

Dear Lurella,

I seem to have no time to write — there is so much to do! M. Reinach keeps me busy seeing collections, etc., and this afternoon I went with Loeser to the studio of a very great artist, Anquetin⁴⁴³ by name — a friend of Conder's.⁴⁴⁴ We stayed there for hours, making friends at once. Such a wonderful man! I am going to call on Rodin and Ringel d'Illzach⁴⁴⁵ and other artists whom I particularly admire. I can get along well enough in French, and I think the time has come when I should make their _____.

I am going to see [1.2] Alexander⁴⁴⁶ too, such a nice American who paints well, but not with the genius of Anquetin. I find that when you really know, as I am beginning to, artists take great pleasure in showing their things.

Loeser and Sturges are dining together every night. The latter seems to be in a pretty bad way, but it's Kate and not Louise. Conder considers himself absolutely engaged to the latter.

Please reassure Berty about the fate of his "Free Will". It shall reach him in a day or two. I am re-reading the McTaggart with pleasure to myself. Berty's cigarettes continue to be enjoyed. [1.3]

I am busy too, sending off the *Hampton Court Guide*. It is to be reviewed in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, the *Revue archéologique*, and other journals, and will do me more good here than in England, I think. I am writing this rather as a family letter than a personal one, so I say all these things.

I am so longing to see the children. I send them a funny story tonight and please kiss them for me and tell them I think of them all the time.

I am very comfortable here, [1.4] in a tiny and very quiet apartment [sic] of two rooms just by the Pont Royale. I like it better than the Grande Chaumière, is so central.

Tell Logan I will go to see Miss Price in a day or two.

Emily Dawson sent thee by me a silver chatelaine and small toilet bags.

Thee must be too busy even to read this letter. Thee is quite to be envied. I do delight in Berty, and predict all manner of successes for you both, inside and out.

Thy loving sister,
M.

⁴⁴³ Louis Anquetin (1861-1932), from Normandy (Rouen), came to Paris in 1882, studied with Bonnat, later worked with Bernard.

⁴⁴⁴ Charles Edward Conder (1868-1909) was an English-born painter, lithographer and designer. He emigrated to Australia

⁴⁴⁵ Jean-Désiré Ringel, known as Ringel d'Illzach (1849-1916) was a French-Alsatian sculptor and engraver.

⁴⁴⁶ John White Alexander (1856-1915), painter and illustrator. Worked with Frank Duveneck.





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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

3 rue de Beaune, Dec. 5, 1894

Thanks for thy letter and Alys' and for the photograph and Ray's beautiful design. Please tell her I am awfully pleased with it, and I send them some funny pictures in return. How I hope their colds will pass away lightly.

Miss Sellers wrote to M. Reinach that the London weather had been something really awful.

I saw the famous Sciarra pictures today,⁴⁴⁷ in great secrecy!

I am so busy here. Paris is full of things to do, all of importance for me.

It is warm, and was very sunny all the afternoon.

Will thee see to the Hampton Court Guide getting to American relatives? I will send it to special friends like Edith⁴⁴⁸ and Florence⁴⁴⁹ but I should be glad if thee would send them to relations.

I hope to receive some money soon! I am at my last franc, and have to dine here!!

Love to Logan, and felicitations to Alys on her presents, which seem to be very nice.

Kisses to the children.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁴⁴⁷ The Sciarra collection in Rome passed into the Rothschild collection in Paris, belonging to Baronne Edouard de Rothschild.

⁴⁴⁸ Edith?

⁴⁴⁹ Florence Ayling? Florence Dike?



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

3 rue de Beaune, Thursday <Dec. 6, 1894>

Thanks for the £5 and thank father for his letter, which I will answer tonight.

How glad I am the children's colds are better! It takes a great weight off my mind. I suppose they are stopping at home from school.

I envy father and Logan at Friday's Hill — the dear place. I ask nothing better than to spend Christmas there.

Today I am going to see M. Dreyfus' collection again — he has one of the best collections of Renaissance medals in the world. He is a most charming man, keenly interested in at any rate the outside of all my subjects.

Loeser and Sturges are coming to tea.

Love to Alys — *in a week*, think of it, they'll be off and away. How I *hope* they will take No. 42!

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____

a two-page letter to Robert

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris, Friday> Dec. 7, 1894

My dearest Father,

I was delighted with thy little note. I hope soon to be with you, probably crossing with Helen Thomas.

In the mean time I have never been so busy! Art in Paris seems to be run by rich and clever Jews, and I have made the acquaintance of many [1.2] of them and am handed on from one to another to see their things. I have chances to write, too, as much as I want in the art periodicals here. But now that I stand just on the edge of *doing* something, like Logan, I hold back and ask, "Do I really know enough? Am I sure enough of myself?" And I feel also like waiting. [1.3]

M. Reinach cannot understand this, and he keeps urging me to rush into print. But I feel sure my best work will not be ready for ten years or so. Then, if I go on, I shall know a few things pretty much to the bottom.

I am avoiding any but professional acquaintances so far as I can, although there are any quantity of [1.4] friendly Americans here. But perhaps the greatest pleasure of all is getting to know the works of a new artist named Anquetin, a very great man. He has already given me three of his lithographs — one of which is a supreme work of art.

How I have laughed at the idea of Lord Russell making an *ex tempore* prayer [2] in the Friends' Meeting! Well, the fatal hour is drawing near, and I suppose Alys is very happy. She has indeed every reason to be. How I hope they will take No. 42.

It is raining hard, but I must go and see M. Reinach about a putative "Giorgione". After lunch, I am going to see Bonnat's drawings, and then I shall go on to see [2.2] Miss Price, at Logan's apartment. [*sic*]

With much love, and looking forward to seeing thee in a few days.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

Sunday, Dec. 9, 1894

Dearest mother,

I am always glad not to have to deceive. Thee has managed very well. The unfortunate thing is I have seen Helen, but I shall manage that all right, because I really am not very well, having been quite sleepless for several nights. I shall give her Emily Dawson's presents.

I have written to Frank that I wrote before under the impression that he was coming here in the middle of this month, as he said. If he comes the 26 or 27 it will be all right, for B.B. will then be in London. I thought it best to do this so that he would not be angry and stiff about plans, for he evidently *wants* to come here, and it suits me as well. If he doesn't come till after Christmas I shall come home about the 20th to be with the children. Via Dieppe is very inexpensive.

And I *should* like to go and see Alys and Bertie in Berlin for 3 or 4 days. The dears!

But in the meantime, will thee send me another £5 please?

Tell Alys the Hague Hotel is the Groote Kaiserkopf (It means big Emperor's head) and is very near the Vyver. She can find it in a Baedeker. They should write for rooms. I am going to inflict a marriage letter upon her. Warn her please.

As to next summer at Haslemere, I am *sure* it will be all right.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, Paris, Sunday, Dec. 9, 1894

My dear Father,

I have just had a letter from mother in which she says, taking all the circumstances into consideration, that she advises me not to come back for the wedding. I have thought it over very carefully (for I want to come) and it seems to me that anything I really can do to make things a little easier for her in regard to the [1.2] children, should be done. She thinks my presence there would greatly complicate matters with B.F.C.C. and that my not being there will be very little remarked, on account of there being no reception. It seems very unnatural to stay away when one's sister is being married, but I shall console myself with getting what is really better — a glimpse of them in Berlin in January. Then I shall be able to "report [1.3] progress."

As I said, I have thought it carefully over, and this seems to me the best plan. In some respects it suits me, for I am exceedingly occupied here, and unfortunately these last two days not at all well. I have been dreadfully sleepless and nervous, and my nerves dread the journey. Still, I shouldn't dream of letting that standing the way for a moment, unless there were other reasons. I do very [1.4] much hope that by certain concessions and managements, a better state of things may be brought about, as regards mother and the children. And I feel sure that B.F.C.C. will regard my not coming as a piece of tact and consideration for which he will feel much gratitude.

But I do hate not to come, all the same. Not that I care for weddings, but I do care for Alys and Bertie.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

3 rue de Beaune, Dec. 10, 1894

I send thee my Munich photographs. Please let the children choose one, and have it framed for them. Tell me which they like. Will thee tell them I sent it because I can't come to the wedding, and that I hope to see them *very* soon. They must be as big and grand as possible at the wedding, so as to make up for me.

Thank father for his kind and interesting letter.

I have spent all the afternoon at the Luxembourg with the director, who made me look at all the bad pictures and I am so tired!

Love to Alys and Berty,

Thine,
Mary



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Wednesday, *the day before!* <Dec. 12, 1894>

Thanks for thy registered letter, which came this morning.

This will reach tee Thursday morning. I can imagine how busy you will all be: Alys' trunks to be sent to the station, carriages, etc., etc.

Give the child my love and congratulations. I wrote to her yesterday. I wish I could see her in her wedding dress and hat and the children! And to think I shall not gaze upon the bridegroom's costume!!

Good luck, from

M. W. C.



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M-HS 1894.____

a one-page letter

in upper left corner 'Send to Logan, 10 King St., Oxford'

3 rue de Beaune, Alys' wedding day <Dec. 13, 1894>

Dearest mother,

I have been feeling quite desolate all day — working *very* hard to forget that I wasn't at home. From 2 to 3 it was quite awful. I was not at all aware I had so much family feeling!!

I stayed with M. Reinach in the Louvre studying the Bellini sketch-book, perched way high up in a director's room in the very top of the building, looking out upon a superb view over the river.

At 4.30, however, there was absolutely no light left, and so I came away feeling more desolate than ever (almost the first time in my life!). I decided that there was nothing to be gained from desolation, and that nothing would cheer me up so much as something to eat. So I went and bought a couple of brioches and some *marrons glacés*, and came home to a good fire and a cup of tea.

Hardly had I settled myself, when "the Russells" telegram came — sent from London at 3.57. "Feeling better. Bore and Loo Russell" What dears to send it! It has quite cheered me up (plus the tea and brioches and *marrons*).

I hope to hear tomorrow about everything. Did the children enjoy it? How did they all look?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Sunday <Dec. 16, 1894>

In a week I hope to be at home. It is a dull drizzling day, horrible underfoot.

I am going to a concert this afternoon to forget the weather.

The hotel where Alys and Bertie are is the one Christina and I stopped in one night — a splendid hotel, so quiet and comfortable. I shall *have* to have another £10 for my bills and journey, I fear. Can it be managed?

I will write again tonight.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, Sunday, Dec. 16, 1894

Dearest mother,

I shall come home on Friday, but will go to Evalyne for that night, and come to 44 Saturday morning. Evalyne really needs me, I think, as she is not at all well.

What shall we do about Christmas presents? I, as thee knows, have no money. But perhaps thee can borrow a little from father, Uncle Horace,⁴⁵⁰ or Alys even — with all her grand settlements! — until our money comes in.

I have had to order two books from Hatchards, of which the bill will come to thee. It won't be more than 10/ at the outside. One is the *Jungle Tales* for Gertrude, the other Ibsen's new play for myself.

I send the review of my Hampton Court Guide in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* (*supplément*) which please keep safely for me. Several other reviews here are promised, as well as one in the *Studio*.

I send with it a German funny page for the children.

Thee *must* miss Alys!! Let us look forward to the time when she comes home to attend to her parochial duties in the Vestry. I am so out of affairs, I don't even know how the School Board elections went. And did Mrs. Duke get on the parish Council at Fernhurst?

I have written to B.F.C.C. about my returning, so that everything will be all right. I am wild to see thee and the children again. Although most of my *interests* are with my contemporaries, and with people in my own line of work, my affections belong more and more every year to you three.

Thank father for his letter.

With much love to you both and to the children,
I am thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁴⁵⁰ Horace Smith (1837-1906).



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, Monday, Dec. 17, 1894

Dearest mother,

I enclose B.F.C.C.'s letter. I shall get home on Saturday morning all the same. A third return⁴⁵¹ by Dieppe doesn't cost much. And he may not bring them to Paris after all.

I have been awfully busy all day, and **have something M. Reinach has lent me to read this evening**, so I will not write more.

I will send a note to Helen, saying that we shall probably want Logan's house after the 29.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁴⁵¹ A return ticket third class.



M-HS 1894.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, Paris, Dec. 19, 1894

Dearest mother,

I enclose Alys' note and her enclosure, Logan's witty letter. How I have laughed over it!

I have been busy all day looking at antiques in the Louvre with M. Reinach. There is even more quarrelling over attributions there than among Renaissance students. It was positively appalling to hear of it! And they have so few originals — mostly copies of copies — and only at the outside a dozen things in the Louvre really worth looking at, in themselves. Most of them are merely interesting as suggesting originals which, judging from the few originals there are, must have been truly marvellous.

I am going to take Mme Reinach to the Louvre tomorrow to show her a few things, and we are going to lunch together. I don't know whether I told thee about her. She studied medicine 5 1/2 years, took her degree, married — and now *does nothing*. What can have become of all her energy and pluck?

I believe M. Reinach is so deadly "well-informed" on every subject, and so voluble, that he completely wearies her out before she has begun to enjoy it. I can stand him from time to time, because he really *does* know so much, and is at bottom so kind, but I fancy the poor little lady is simply stifled under a mass of miscellaneous information, like a little flower crushed in the leaves of an encyclopaedia! She is so pretty and charming.

I shall reach home on Saturday morning, good and early. How I look forward to it.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1894.____
a postcard

Dec. 20, 1894

I shall be home to breakfast on Saturday morning. I have some important engagements here Friday, and so will not cross till the night. I can go out to Evalyn's Saturday evening, or Sunday.

Thy telegram has just come. What pleasure to think of seeing you all so soon.

I had such a nice time with Mme Reinach today, and am going there this evening **to help found an international review of art galleries and collections.**⁴⁵² I hope to have plenty of work to do for it, in course of time.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁵² Perhaps the *Revue internationale des archives, des bibliothèques et de musées*?



M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter, her first from Fiesole;
Strachey, p. 62

Fiesole, Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1895

Dearest mother,

Thanks for all thy letters, and for Alys' which I return.

I think it is a splendid plan for Logan to come down for a visit. Tell him I hail it with joy. He can have perfect quiet. His bedroom will be quite large enough to work in, if he wants to be absolutely alone. Otherwise, he can have a distant corner of my huge cave. By all means, urge him to come. [1.2]

My days pass like this: wake at 8, with lots of hot water; hang out of the window a while for the sunrise light on the mountains; coffee at 8.45; a cigarette and a little literature — poetry or Pater or Lamb or Hawthorne. Then writing — at present the *Beaux Arts* article⁴⁵³ (it has to be translated, so “style” doesn’t count). We lunch at 12.30, and generally have some one. Today Emily⁴⁵⁴ and Egisto Fabbri are coming. Then I “have the afternoon to myself”, for a walk and galleries, the two [1.3] often combined, for it’s a great climb to get here. You can come all the way by electric tram, but we generally prefer walking. We dine at 7 and read English poetry until nearly 10, and then I have an hour for letter-writing. Logan will fit in very well into this quiet existence.

Vernon Lee is away, but her brother was here to lunch yesterday. He walks all about now, and seems like an ordinary well person. But it is all a great disappointment [1.4] to him: “Is this the Party?” he keeps asking. He thought the joy of health would make him perfectly happy, but he remembered how it was when his nerves and muscles were young, and now that he wakes up, a man over 50, with middle-aged nerves, which do not thrill, he cannot understand it. He says he was actually happier when he was on his back!

I do hope father is better, and that thee and Ray are all right again.

My love to all,

Thy devoted daughter,
M.

⁴⁵³ ‘Lorenzo Lotto’, *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* 37 (____ 1895), p. 361-378.

⁴⁵⁴ Emily Dawson was in Florence Feb.-April 1894 and again Jan.-June 1895.



M-HS 1895.____
a three-page letter

Villa Rosa, Fiesole, <Thursday,> Jan. 31, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am so hard at work over my article for the *Beaux Arts*, that I find it difficult to do any other writing, even letters. The *style* of it, as far as words go, doesn't matter very much, as it has to be translated anyhow, but what matters is the grasp, and the way the facts are marshalled ... that is to say, what I call the *real* style of the thing. In this, nobody can help me, I am afraid. I am rather bothered, because the Editor appears [1.2] to want two different things — an account of the book on Lotto, and an account of Lotto himself. An account of the book means a complete analysis of the new method of criticism; an account of Lotto means simply an array of facts about his life and work. And I find it difficult to harmonize the two. I work all the mornings at it.

This afternoon I spent with Emily and Maud Cruttwell at the Uffizi, returning late — and now, after a little post-prandial English poetry, which we always have as an aid to digestion, [2] I feel almost too sleepy for anything but bed. But I must answer some of thy questions.

Maud had got some of the things out before I came, and the rest were only waiting for my signature and came up that afternoon. She had trained the servants, and established an excellent system of meals — delicious things we have. Rosa our cook is simply splendid. She routed out my brown skirt the other day, and put the velvet on it [2.2] herself. She is always active. Pia the maid is also very nice, a strong, brown country girl who can neither read nor write, but is willing and good-natured, and is learning to wait pretty well at table. When Alys and Bertie come at the end of March, as they plan, she will be equal to any butler, I am sure!

We have our coffee separate, and our lunch at 12.30, tea at 4.30 and dinner at 7 together. Maud manages everything splendidly. She [3] is an angel.

As to my “class”, it is not for pay. On Thursdays Emily comes up for the day and we look at photos with Maud and read and discuss, and during the week we manage to meet at one of two of the galleries. Miss Thomson will probably join us when she returns from a visit. Edith Kendall can join us if she likes. I don't like to charge her anything. I pay Maud a franc for everyone who comes to lunch — that is all the expense. But I don't [3.2] believe she would care much about it. Of course I *could* have a regular class, but I can't charge Maud and Emily anything. They're poorer than I, and Maud does everything for me. Miss Thomson is poorer still. If Edith knew any Americans here who wanted a class, I would gladly work for hire — no money comes amiss when you have a Villa to keep up. But otherwise, let her just join us on Thursdays and stay to lunch if she feels like it.

[1] Could thee send me sometime an assorted lot of big envelopes? I don't



know where to get them here, and thine are so perfect. Also I want another £25, as I want to put it in the bank for our joint @. Please send this *as soon as thee can*.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1895.____

a postcard to Hannah postmarked Feb. 1, 1895

For Ray and Karin. 4

A Billiard-Marker, whose skill was immense,
Might perhaps have won more than his share,
But a Banker, engaged at enormous expense,
Had the whole of their cash in his care.

<Friday,> Feb. 1, 1895

Snowy and cold here. It is hard to warm my big room, but this cannot last long.

I hope father is better

Thy loving **daughter**,
Mary

I will return Alys' letter tomorrow



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M-HS 1895.____
post card postmarked _____
<____, 1895>
10.

He would answer to Hi! or to any loud cry,
Such as Fry Me! or Fritter-my-Wig!
To What-you-may-call-'em, or What-was-his-name,
But especially Thingumajig!

I had a lovely **postal card** from thee yesterday and look forward to the children's Snarks today.

I hope Ray had more skating — the darling! It has begun to melt here, and the snow is fast disappearing. Emily is coming up for the night. Before she comes I hope to get my article off to the *Studio*.⁴⁵⁵

I suppose the Raphael has not yet appeared in the *Chronicle*.⁴⁵⁶

With love to father and Logan, and kisses to the children,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary

455

456



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Saturday,> Feb. 9, 1895

The snow has gone, but a steady flood has come instead. Florence is blotted out in sheets of rain.

I had a delightful **postal card** from thee yesterday, telling how Ray skated about the pond with arms like windmills and legs far apart. Tell her I wish I could have seen her. Does she remember our first slides on Van Common?
⁴⁵⁷

Will thee send me *Mrs. Lincoln's Cook Book*⁴⁵⁸ (green), which thee has on thy shelves, or any other which has a good recipe for cake? We want our cook to make it for afternoon tea.

Mr. Hamilton⁴⁵⁹ is coming to lunch today (unless he is drowned by the way) and Loeser and Emily tomorrow.

Where are more more of Alys' letters? I do like to see them, and I shall be careful to return them, now that I'm settled.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁵⁷ Vann Common, Fernhurst, Haslemere, West Sussex.

Mary to Bernhard, April 14, 1900: 'O yes there was one incident — Karin and little Mary calmly stole off, mounted their horses and galloped away to **Van Common** to practise jumping ditches, without saying a word to anyone. We had quite a scare — they are so little. But no harm was done.'

⁴⁵⁸ Mary Johnson Bailey Lincoln (1844-1921), *Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cookbook: What to Do and What Not to Do in Cooking* (Boston, 1884).

⁴⁵⁹ Eugene Lee-Hamilton, Vernon Lee's half-brother.



M-HS 1895.____
a three-page letter

Fiesole, <Tuesday,> February 12, 1895

Dearest mother,

I sent thee a hurried **postal** last night as I was running from Emily's (they live at two minutes walk from where I lived that winter with Ray and Karin) to catch the tram — first doing our family shopping, i.e., fruit and cheese, which we cannot get in Fiesole. I bought them and came on up in the tram. With every foot we went up, the air grew sensibly lighter and fresher to breathe. And before I came to the top the view as so wonderful [1.2] that I had to get out and walk along to see it. The river was flashing a copper colour in an angry glare of the sun. It seemed to go up into the sky, for a lurid haze shot with lightning cut it off half way in its course. The olives had turned their leaves over shivering before the storm, and the cypresses were rocking wildly about. A heavy cloud hung over Florence, and before I reached the Villa "black rain and fire and hail" had burst from it, and the town was blotted out. I had to run to escape a drenching. [2]

That is the marvellous thing of living up here; no matter what sort of weather, it is glorious to watch. I feel as if I could never again live in a town. It would be like voluntarily shutting off one of one's senses. The sense of landscape is so complicated, too — the sights, and sounds, and the feel of the temperature, of the wind on your skin and the air in your lungs, and the odours all combine to make it one of the greatest sources of enjoyment.

And here above all, in the midst of these classic bare shapes of mountains, with [2.2] the Val d'Arno sometimes green, sometimes blue, sometimes purple — or even opaline in the mist, with our cypresses and olives, and the church towers, and the cupola of the Duomo, we have the very best of nature and art combined. I am enjoying this side of life very much, and like it altogether, quiet as it is. I wish I could indulge that divine dream of youth that great things are preparing inside of me in this calm and peace, but I have got almost too old! I may write a few articles, or even a book or two, but they won't be of much [3] importance one way or another. Still life itself, without illusions, seems fascinating enough to be its own reward.

As I have absolutely no news and no gossip to tell, I have to draw on my own insides to write letters.

Do send me some more of Alys'. She is in the thick of things.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1895

The carpets came last night as we were at dinner. I have to pay as much duty as they cost originally! Still even so they are phenomenally cheap — great big rugs, really pretty, and very thick, only cost 30/ to start with, and £3 isn't much for them. They look very nice.

I had a letter from Alys enclosing a most interesting note from thee.

Is Logan still at home? And when is he coming down?

What a *splendid* time thee has given the children! Is it not marvellous, the fresh springing up of life in those little creatures, making them want to do everything first as if no one had done it before! I hate to think how horribly cold thee must have got standing at the edge of the pond. We are quite thawed out here.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Fiesole, <Thursday,> Feb. 14, 1895, my 31st Birthday

Dearest mother,

We feel very cozy and comfortable at last with the carpets, and all yesterday we tramped around on them, surveying their appearance. Of course our wall-papers are all perfectly hideous, ditto the rickety old furniture — but everyone expects that in Italy, so it hardly counts. They are such a shiftless, unbusiness-like race — we live like the Jubjub⁴⁶⁰ [1.2] “in a state of perpetual passion”⁴⁶¹ with our wretched landlord, but after all he is only acting as every Italian would ... his faults are quite impersonal.

It is so very, very beautiful up here on the hills, that I hate to go down to Florence. I am perfectly happy all day with books and sunshine. I have a lot of reading on hand. Perry's *Greek Literature*⁴⁶² (reading) and Symonds *Greek Poets* (poor stuff),⁴⁶³ Ferrari's *Struggle of the Guelfs and Ghibellines*,⁴⁶⁴ XII and XII century [1.3] French poetry,⁴⁶⁵ Boissier's *Fin du Paganism*,⁴⁶⁶ Macchiavelli⁴⁶⁷ and Ariosto. When these are finished, I have twice as many more waiting, actually on my table. But the worst of a good book is that the moment you have finished it, you want to begin it again. Maud and Emily are both deep in my Creighton — thee sees how well thy present is being put to use.

Thee will be glad to hear, as I am, that Maud has decided not to go to her friend. She is so very happy here, and getting [1.4] on so well in her work — and then her friend says she must not come. I am very glad. It will make a great difference to me in every way, not only as regards money. And then I should hate to have her interrupt her winters work.

⁴⁶⁰ The Jub jub is a bird mentioned in Lewis Carroll's poems "Jabberwocky" and "The Hunting of the Snark".

⁴⁶¹ A citation from "The Hunting of the Snark":

As to temper the Jubjub's a desperate bird,
Since it lives in perpetual passion:
Its taste in costume is entirely absurd -
It is ages ahead of the fashion:

⁴⁶² Thomas Sergeant (1845-1928), *A history of Greek literature* (New York, 1890).

Biblioteca Berenson PA3054 .P4 1890

⁴⁶³ John Addington Symonds (1840-1893), *Studies of the Greek Poets* (New York, 1882).

Biblioteca Berenson PA3092 .S8 1882

⁴⁶⁴ Giuseppe Ferrari (1812-1876), *Histoire des révolutions d'Italie, ou, Guelfes et Gibelins* (1856-1858); *Storia delle Rivoluzioni d'Italia* (1872).

Carta figurativa e indice delle guerre municipali d'Italia secondo la storia delle rivoluzioni guelfe e ghibelline (Milan, 1860). **Biblioteca Berenson U312 .F47**

⁴⁶⁵

⁴⁶⁶ Gaston Boissier (1823-1908), *La fin du paganisme : étude sur les dernières luttes religieuses en Occident au quatrième siècle* (Paris, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson BR205 .B6 1891**

⁴⁶⁷ Several editions in Special Collections.



I return Alys' letter, and send one from Saidee.⁴⁶⁸ I have sent her a Hampton Court Guide, but did we send a photograph of the donkey too? I can't remember. Wouldn't it be nice to send her a group? Do send her things from time to time, she seems so cut off.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁶⁸ Also *Saidie* Nordhoff, Evalyne's sister.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Thursday,> Feb. 14, 1895

Thanks for the letters with the accounts. Also please thank Ray for her man of circles, which came as a delightful surprise for my birthday today. But the best thing is to hear that she can skate, and that even Karin is beginning! How they must enjoy. It makes me far happier, tell them, than if I were doing it myself.

Here we have warmth and radiant sunshine — again lunching with windows wide open.

I told thee in my letter this morning that Maud is going to stay. I am so glad. She is very happy here, happier than ever in her life before, she says. And the secret is that I never interfere with her!! “It is so easy not to”, as some one said.

We are going to have tea with Mr. Hamilton and a Miss Duffy today. Vernon Lee returns tomorrow.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____ a postcard to Hannah

Fiesole, Saturday, Feb. 16, 1895

The cold has come back with half a foot of snow. But today the sun is at work melting it away. It must be something frightful in England, but what a blessing that the children have the skating to keep them out of doors and healthy. But why does *thee* always have to go and get chilblains on thy feet? Can't Miss C. take them? I hate to think of thee standing freezing on the edge of the pond!

Miss Cruttwell and I have begun reading German together for an hour every morning, and we are getting on very well. If this cold would only go! Our villa is not made for winter.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.___ a postcard to Alys

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Feb. 16, 1895

I shall never have again the blooming innocence and girlishness of thirty, alas! But I try to console myself thinking of the joys of knitting and being a grandmother and getting bald.

As to the £5, I must give that to Rukhmabai, if I have to borrow or steal it. It will be all right, I shall pull through.

Don't tell me of your music — or I shall speak of our morning larks and the sunsets over the Val d'Arno, and Miss Cruttwell's angelic housekeeping. But I cannot deny that today we have a little snow and "my old sorrow wakes and cries"⁴⁶⁹ (i.e. chilblains). However, that is a mere nothing.

Adieu and love to Berty.

M.

⁴⁶⁹ Jean Ingelow (1820-1897), 'Song of the Old Love':
When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, ...



M-HS 1895.____

a two-page letter

in upper left corner various initials, 'A. W. R.', 'L. L. P. Smith', 'H. W. S.'

Fiesole, <Thursday,> Feb. 21, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am quite aghast at my letters circulating round to Bertie and Alys, because there is nothing in them that can interest anybody but an affectionate parent. The life here is as quiet as a field under snow before the seeds begin to burst. (Let us hope it will be as fruitful!) I can't imagine anybody but thee wading through what I write.

Alys' letters, on the contrary, [1.2] are full of interesting things, but here the only excitement is deciding which dog to take for a walk, the black or the white one, Bianca, or Nerone. Yesterday Emily came up, and we took them both, unable to make the choice. Maud is going to get a kitten today, and that will add a little colour to our existence. Milville⁴⁷⁰ is nothing to the quiet here! But it just suits me, for the time being.

I am glad Alys and Bertie seem to like Hapgood. He is such a nice fellow. He is coming here [1.3] soon, I hope, with his parents, who are also rather nice.

I had a letter from Obrist yesterday saying he had met Miss Sellers at the Furtwänglers. He doesn't see anything in her, and can't imagine why I like her. He says she seems so listless, and he can't discover that she is subjectively interested in anything. They are going to dine with him in his new house. He says he is getting better every day. The complete change at Haslemere seems to have started him on the upward track, and he writes sending his gratitude to you [1.4] as well as to me, and saying that he is now doing better work than he ever did before.

Did I say — no — that we had tea *in the garden* when Emily was here, and sunned ourselves like lizards on the wall. We have a quiet little sort of courtyard in front of the house, like this

sketch of the floor plan

hanging over the edge of the hill. It has garden chairs in it, and rose-bushes, and one or two little trees. Rosa the cook has stretched a line between two of the trees, and some [2] of our washing is always dancing about there in the breeze. But we don't mind, for it is both economical and looks unpretentious. We feel domesticated when we see it.

Maud just came in as I was writing. I told her what I had said about the dogs, and she was very indignant. She says she is far more excited to know what the Pope Alexander VI⁴⁷¹ is going to do next than she could possibly be if the house were thronged with guests. Indeed, she has taken up history

⁴⁷⁰ Millville, New Jersey.

⁴⁷¹ Roderic Borgia, Alexander VI (1431-1503).



with a most avid curiosity and [2.2] eagerness.

I too have an interest in my reading, but it isn't a thing to write much about. I am reading some German, but I feel very envious of Alys in the progress she is making. I go so slowly.

Give my love to father, and my thanks for his letter which I will answer tomorrow.

With love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Thee has the art of choosing *just* the things to tell me about the children.



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M-HS 1895.____
a ____-page letter

Fiesole, Monday,⁴⁷² Feb. 26, 1895

Thanks for thy postal card. I hope the children enjoyed themselves at Niagara⁴⁷³ on Saturday.

It is much warmer here, but rainy. Yesterday was lovely. Emily and Loeser came to lunch and we had a long walk over the hills. Lizards were darting over the walls, a sign of Spring. Emily spent the night, and is now sitting here copying lists of pictures. She has succeeded in getting a free pass for the galleries.

Has thee seen anything of my brown cashmere skirt? The bodice came in my trunk, but not the skirt.

With much love to the children, to thee and father,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁴⁷² Feb. 26, 1895, was a Tuesday. Feb. 25 was a Monday.

⁴⁷³ In 1876, the first artificial ice rinks in the world had opened in Niagara Hall, York Street, Westminster.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Wednesday,> Feb. 27, 1895

Hapgood is here today, bringing nice news of Alys and Berty, and I am just going in to Florence with him. He describes Alys as very much in love and very serious, and full of interest in the lectures she goes to. He liked her very, very much, and predicts great success and happiness for them.

Tell the children that I dreamt all night about going skating with them in the Niagara Hall. I thought they had to *pull* me along.

My chilblains are well, thanks.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Feb. 28, 1895

My darling mother,

We have snow *again* today, the last day before Spring. The weather has been something too awful. The people in the streets and in the shops can talk of nothing else. But it has to be endured.

I like the life here better than any I have ever led. Certainly if Maud Cruttwell comes back again — and I think she will — I shall go on here. I don't want anything else, except the children. (And that is an awfully big except.)

In the morning, with my coffee, I am reading *La fin du Paganisme*,⁴⁷⁴ an interesting [1.2] account of how Christianity little by little supplanted the Roman religion. After breakfast I read German with Maud for about an hour and a half, and then work on art, reading or writing or looking at photographs and taking notes. After lunch I generally read just a little for amusement, a novel. I am rereading Scott and reading George Meredith. In the evening we read poetry until 9 or so, and then I read till midnight, either Ferrari's *Revolutions in Italy*⁴⁷⁵ or Perry's *Greek Literature* or old French poetry. These are all the things I am busy with now.

Has thee read the children *The Journey to the Centre of [1.3] the Earth*?⁴⁷⁶ I believe a book called *The Boys' Mabinogion*⁴⁷⁷ is very good, and another called *Asgard and the Gods*.⁴⁷⁸ How about *Pilgrims' Progress*?⁴⁷⁹ I would like them to read that. Are they too young for Miss Yonge's *Little Duke*?⁴⁸⁰

Mrs. Burke, thee remembers, has had her children taken away from her. I hear from her quite often. Mr. Carr has been ill, and they haven't a penny of

⁴⁷⁴ Gaston Boissier (1823-1908), *La fin du paganisme : étude sur les dernières luttes religieuses en Occident au quatrième siècle* (Paris, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson BR205 .B6 1891**

⁴⁷⁵ Giuseppe Ferrari (1812-1876), *Histoire des révolutions d'Italie, ou, Guelfes et Gibelins* (1856-1858); *Storia delle Rivoluzioni d'Italia* (1872).

⁴⁷⁶ Jules Verne, *Voyage au centre de la Terre* (1864); *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1871).

⁴⁷⁷ *Knightly Legends of Wales: Or, the Boy's Mabinogion, Being the Earliest Welsh Tales of King Arthur in the Famous Red Book of Hergest*, trans. Charlotte Guest (1838-1845; 1877; 1881); reprinted in *The boy's library of legend and chivalry* (New York, 1884). **Widener Celt 4427.12.2**

⁴⁷⁸ Wilhelm Wäagner (1880-1886), *Asgard and the Gods, the tales and traditions of our Northern ancestors, forming a complete manual of Norse mythology*, 2nd ed. (London, 1882). **Biblioteca Berenson House BL865 .W12a 1882 [Shelved as C.W.I.3.]**

⁴⁷⁹ John Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come* (London, 1891). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR3330 .A1 1891 [Shelved as C.LXIII.1]**

Dante's pilgrim's progress; or, The passage of the blessed soul from the slavery of the present corruption to the liberty of eternal glory, with notes by Emelia Russell Gurney (London, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson PQ4303 .G8 1893** [Photocopy of a letter by the author to Hannah Whitall Smith inside an envelope on first paste down endpaper.]

⁴⁸⁰ Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823-1901), *The Little Duke, Richard the Fearless* (London, 1876).



money. What they are to do I can't imagine!

Tell the children I am so pleased they are learning geometry. I didn't begin to study it until [1.4] I was 15, so what with their skating and their geometry, they are getting ahead of me. But tell Ray that in one thing I was ahead of her. At her age I didn't have to be read aloud to! I could read everything myself. She must hurry up

With much love to thee and to father,
Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

an undated one-page note on ruled paper

<Fiesole, Saturday, Mar. 2, 1895>

Darling mother,

What wonderful letters thee writes about the children, bringing up everything with just the right details. Thank thee for them a thousand times.

I am just waiting for Mr. & Mrs. Benn, who are coming up to lunch.⁴⁸¹ He has written a splendid book on Greek Philosophy, and is a wonderfully cultivated man. She is rather a goose, I believe.

With much love to thee and father,

Thy loving daughter,

M.

If Christina Bremner comes for some French books, please let her take what she wants. She is very careful. The poor thing has had influenza for the fourth time!

⁴⁸¹ Mary's diary, Mar. 2, 1895: 'Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch.'



M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Fiesole, Sunday night, Mar. 3, 1895

My darling mother,

I have ordered Hatchard's to send two books for Karin's birthday, *The Blue Banner* and *Captain Mago*. They are books of adventure, and tend to rouse up a child's interest in the romance and doings of the past. Read *The Blue Banner* first.

Then I remember years ago thy getting Dickens' *Child's History of England*. This would be nice for Ray now she is studying history, and I think thee would enjoy it too. Ray will like to hear the "story" of what she has learnt about at school. O if she could only get to love history, and [1.2] I think it might be managed now, with wise selections.

Mrs. Oliphant⁴⁸² once wrote in the *St. Nicholas*⁴⁸³ a series called 'Windsor Castle'. If thee could get any of the bound volumes of *The St. Nicholas*, it would be as nice as anything, and with plenty of historical sketches and adventures. Miss Yonge's nice short histories of Greece and Rome and France and Germany⁴⁸⁴ will come later, I think. Perhaps next summer when I can read them aloud myself.

I have just had a letter from Edith Thomas saying she is not coming after all. I wonder if this will change Alys' and Berty's plans. [1.3] A sort of general family conclave seems to have frightened her about her nerves.

I am enjoying the new Pater, *Greek Studies*,⁴⁸⁵ very much. It seems to me one of the most delicious things I have ever read.

Miss Cruttwell and I are going to begin on Heine's prose tomorrow. We read German for an hour every day. But it is slow work learning that abominable language when one is not in the country. How I envy Alys!

And as for Italian, I might as well be in England. I never utter a word of it to anybody except to lament with Pia when she tells me every morning that it's some new kind of bad weather.

Tonight, [1.4] in spite of a heavy snowstorm this morning, we are being treated to a lightning storm. But Nature can't get the better of us here:

⁴⁸² Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant (née Margaret Oliphant Wilson) (1828-1897), was a Scottish novelist and historical writer, who usually wrote as Mrs. Oliphant. In 1866 she settled at Clarence Crescent in Windsor to be near her sons who were being educated at Eton.

⁴⁸³ *St. Nicholas Magazine*, a monthly magazine for children, founded by Scribner's in New York in 1873, ceased publication in 1940.

⁴⁸⁴ Charlotte Mary Yonge (1823-1901), *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Greek History for the little ones* (London, 1876); *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Roman History for the little ones* (London, 1877); *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of French History for the little ones* (London, 1893); *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of German History for the little ones* (London, 1878).

⁴⁸⁵ Walter Pater (1839-1894), *Greek studies: a series of essays*, ed. Charles L. Shadwell (New York & London: Macmillan, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House DF78 .P3 1895 [Shelved as C.LVII.2.]**



whatever she does, we stand at our windows enjoying the beautiful effects.

This afternoon Loeser came up and we had tea in the garden, with the cat frisking about on the wall, playing with its own shadow.

Monday

Just off to Florence to lunch with Emily and then go to see pictures.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Mar. 3, 1895

Snow again!! But it is not lying on the ground.

Tell the children their lesson books have come, and I will write about them tomorrow. They are splendid!

Don't I wish I could have had a taste of that candy, with the Cream Ray put in it!

It is the most miserable season there has ever been. But we manage to be contented here with our books and pictures.

If thee wants an interesting novel, about a man who brought up his son on a System, and how it broke down, do read Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*,⁴⁸⁶ a splendid book, full of humanity. Meredith's style is rugged, but you come to like it

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁸⁶ George Meredith (1828-1909), *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (London, 1859), his first major novel which was judged so shocking that Mudie's circulating library cancelled an order of 300 copies.



M-HS 1895.____ a postcard to Alys in Berlin

Monday, Mar. 4, 1895

Edith is not coming, I am sorry to say. I will send her letter after I have shown it to Emily tomorrow. A family conclave of Bond, her mother, and Cousin Mary have persuaded her her nerves won't stand it. I think she's making a mistake, but as that's the opinion we generally entertain of the actions of our friends and acquaintances, there is nothing startlingly original in this view. I hope it won't keep *you* from coming. I've thought of a plan for rooms — or rather the practical Emily did. The

The hills lifted up their heads today, for the lovely Loeser trod upon them!

Adieu

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Mar. 5, 1895

I hope the children liked *Hänsel und Gretel*.⁴⁸⁷ The music is Wagnerian and above their heads, I fear, but the scenery is pretty.

Today a thick snow, although yesterday it cleared off and we had tea in the garden. It is not cold, however.

I had a letter from Miss Sellers. She seems to be enjoying Munich and her work. She has left the Furtwänglers' very amicably, she writes, but she could not stand the strain. Her plans are vague, but I fear she won't come here. However, as she says she can't, perhaps she will!

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁸⁷ Engelbert Humperdinck, *Hänsel und Gretel*, first conducted in Weimar by Richard Strauss in 1893, followed by its premiere in Hamburg in 1894, conducted by Gustav Mahler.



M-HS 1895.____
a ____-page letter

Villa Rosa, Fiesole, <Wednesday,> Mar. 6, 1895

Darling mother,

We have sunshine at last, though it is still cold. Yesterday it snowed hard all day, but by now it is nearly all melted off.

Maud and I are going down to the Palmerino this afternoon. We shall probably have tea in the garden.

I was very glad to read on the back of thy letter that [1.2] Frank had been successful in his election. He will be very glad about it.

But I can't help being dreadfully worried over the chance of the children catching influenza. How I hope they won't. Perhaps the change of air to Haslemere at the end of this week will ward it off. It is such a terrible thing. Everyone here has it. [1.3]

No, my brown skirt isn't anywhere. However, I have enough to wear without it. Can thee let me have two more photographs of the children on the donkey? Miss Paget begs me for one every time I see her, and I know it would make poor Gertrude Burton happy to have one. She is no better.

Mrs. Burke is penniless, and all she has to look forward to before her confinement [1.4] in June is £3 due to her in April. What is she to do? She appears to be heart-broken at the loss of her boys, and hasn't money to make the usual application for permission to see them, which — she was told — would certainly be granted.

Miss Sellers writes very cheerfully (for her) from Munich. She wants me to review the Furtwängler,⁴⁸⁸ but unfortunately I can't even bring myself to read it.

With much love to thee and father,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

Congratulations to Aunt Margaret and Uncle Horace on their new grandchild! What is its name?

⁴⁸⁸ ?



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Mar. 7, 1895

Settled fine weather at last, I hope. But it froze hard in the night. An old man who has lived here since 1840 says he does not remember snow in March in all that time!

How I hope the children are keeping well! I am writing a birthday letter to Karin today, sending it to Haslemere.

Emily and Miss Anstruther Thomson and the Countess Rasponi are coming up today to study photographs.

Maud has gone in to sample the new Botticelli,⁴⁸⁹ which is on view at the Uffizi. I had an attack of pain in my eyes in the night (I think neuralgia) which has left me with a headache, so I did not go in. I am curious to hear what it is like. No *real* Connoisseur has seen it yet!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁸⁹ Pallas and the Centaur.



M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter to Robert

Fiesole, Sunday, Mar. 10, 1895

Dearest Father,

I was delighted to get thy letter.

I have not read much of Nordau, although Logan lent it to me, but I have heard him discussed enough to know the general line he takes about Nietzsche. What he says is true enough. What he fails to see is that — *quand-même* — Nietzsche is an interesting writer and does his share to push on civilization. This is what Nietzsche is — a man with a trenchant, but hysterical style of writing and thought exceedingly brilliant at times, who has taken a violent *part-pres* to run amuck of all established beliefs and conventions. What he

text missing at bottom of page

[1.2] of life and thought very brilliantly, and he thus often brushes away the dust and cobwebs from corners that have been left undisturbed for centuries. Occasionally, too, he gives you a peep of what is really behind the mirror we are accustomed to see ourselves in. In someways he is akin to Walt Whitman — his daring and freedom, and his colossal conceit. But how witty, how biting he is at times — how well he sees into the pretence of human nature!

Then as a critic of literature and even of art-principles, how fine he is sometimes. He has the gift of hitting *the real point* of a thing, from time to time. [1.3]

I do not know so much of what Nordau says about Ibsen as of his attack on Nietzsche. But thee sees when you know a man's works almost by heart, as I know Ibsen's, you don't want anybody to come and tell us what they mean. It is absolutely nothing to me whether the man who wrote the things is "degenerate" or even crazy. I don't care any more than I care whether Botticelli painted with his fingers or his toes. The real point is *what the artist has done*, not how he did it. The how is interesting enough, and a perfectly legitimate subject of investigation and discussion, but it is absolutely distinct from the question — which is the one that interests me — [1.4] the question, namely, What is the exact quality of the contribution he has made to literature or art? I hope I make the distinction clear.

However, as soon as I join Vieusseux's library (which I mean to do shortly) I will take out the book and read those chapters thee speaks of. It's an amusing, rather fascinating book.

I am just now doing some very serious historical reading, and learning German with all my might.

Our quiet, pleasant life goes on without change. The great excitement has been seeing the new Botticelli, which is one of his most important works, and a great beauty — if you like the kind! It seems incredible how it could have been



text missing at bottom of page

[1] I am so glad to hear thee is well again. May it continue! If thee would add barefootedness to dieting, thee would probably grow young again.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard to Hannah

<Fiesole, Monday,> Mar. 11, 1895

I have written to Alys telling her to come when she likes. It's not very warm here yet, but still, warmer than Berlin or London. We always have our tea in the garden and usually the windows open at lunch.

I was so sorry to hear from Loeser (who reads the papers!) that the husband of the friend of Alys has died Gzochytaky (or however the name is spelt).

And that reminds me, ☹ will thee subscribe for the *Pall Mall Gazette* to be sent to me for three months? It is dreadful seeing no paper.

Evelyn writes cheerfully of her work and says she is better. She seems much more contented. I hope to meet her in Paris in June. I shall write to B.F.C.C. about Easter, but I think he really does want to take the children to Paris. However, we shall see.

With dearest love, and hundreds of thanks for thy lovely daily notes,
Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Mar. 14, 1895

Dearest mother,

I return Alys' interesting letters, and Logan's. I haven't heard what the Macmillans have said, though I gather it to be an acceptance of his book, if he will enlarge it. Is this the case?

Like Miss von Bunsen,⁴⁹⁰ I prophesy great things for Obrist's future, if he has health. He seems to be well enough now. I have had nothing but hasty postals from him for a long time. I tell him that some day I shall publish a book called *Post-cards of a Man of Genius*. It is quite in the spirit of the times. If ever I have money to spare, I shall have him [1.2] make a dragon to climb on the flag-staff of the Fiesole tower, some splendid rampart beast that you could see from Florence. The tower is set between two hills like this,

sketch

and the flag-staff is visible from the whole country round. No place could be finer for a work of art, and I think he, with his gothic imagination, could do a really great thing. I have told Alys and Berty to look him up in Munich, and I hope they will do so. They are sure to like him. Fafner Hapgood, who stopped here a [1.3] day on his way down to Rome (he is coming back next week, just about the time Berty and Alys will be here) spent an evening with Obrist in Munich, and was quite enchanted with him. I want Alys to meet Malle. Ruchet too, and some of the so-called "advanced women" there. Alys will seem terribly retrograde to them, for there isn't one who believes in marriage!

Since last Friday, when I went down to see the Botticelli, I have been quietly here, reading and "improving my mind". Such delicious quiet, and books all day long. It is too enchanting to have no engagements and nothing to do but go from one book to another. However, today I [1.4] must go down to do some shopping in preparation for Berty and Alys.

Emily and Miss Anstruther Thomson and the Countess Rasponi are coming to lunch to go over the Masolino and Masaccio frescoes afterwards.

Did I tell thee I am going to give Alys and Berty my room and arrange a dressing-room for Berty in the landing just outside? I think they will be very comfortable. They can have their coffee there or in the dining-room.

The Mikes are coming early in April, but I should not let that stand in the way of going to the children. Give the darlings my love. How sweet they are!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁴⁹⁰ ? Elizabeth Gurney de Bunsen? Ernest de Bunsen married Elizabeth Gurney, daughter of Samuel Gurney, the banker in 1845 and moved to London.



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Fiesole, <Wednesday> Mar. 20, 1895

Dearest mother,

Alys and Berty⁴⁹¹ are just eating a 9.45 breakfast, after a long sleep. Then they are going in to Florence to look about a little, and, I believe, buy some hats.

Almost the first thing they said was about No. 42 — how awfully sorry they are not to take it at once, it seems such a chance, and thy wanting them to, and all. But all the same I think that in [1.2] their own interests, which of course must come first, they are right in having themselves free for a year or so to come to wander about and see the world, and have more experience than they could have settled in one place. They will be much better citizens of England for having had a taste of cosmopolitanism, and it seems to me the instinct which they both have to put off settling down and keeping house is an [1.3] instinct that makes for a wiser and happier life for them both. They are bound to live in England eventually, I think, as their most permanent interests are there, but they are wise to see as much as possible of other places and people first.

But we are all very unhappy that thee should be disappointed. Still I am sure there will be other chances of houses in the row, when the time comes, and they feel like settling down. [1.4]

<As to> more immediate plans — coming to England, etc. — we haven't discussed them yet. I want to see Logan and talk over things. But there is time for arranging; they will stay some time, I hope. It is so nice to have them. They look well and jolly and seem still happy together. Alys' black costume is becoming. They brought Miss Lowndes down and are going to see her today.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁴⁹¹ Mary's diary for March 19, 1895: 'Alys and Berty arrived at about 9.30.'



M-HS 1895.____
a ____-page letter

<Fiesole, Friday,> Mar. 22, 1895

Dearest mother,

I have had an hour or two discussing plans with Berty and Alys. My own are in a most unsatisfactory state. I have just really begun work, and am in the midst of a lot of things — writing and reading, etc., that *need regularity*. They want me to go a little giro with them — then comes the rush to Paris — then back again — and only four or five weeks more here and then again North ... and I am afraid I shan't get anything done. I want to see the [1.2] children awfully — still, I *could* wait till July, if there were no other reasons, if it didn't make much difference to them. The reasons against my going to Paris are (1) I haven't the money; (2) Interruption to work; (3) The Mikes are coming just at that time, also Isabel Fry.

As to No. 1. Alys says thee will help me out. Can thee?

As to No. 2. Nothing can change that, but I could grin and bear it.

As to No. 3. No one is so important as the children, if it is really important [1.3] for them. But if Frank means to keep them dong his things, and I am just left hanging about for odds and ends of time, it seems hardly worth the 30 hours of travel and the expense.

What does thee think? As I am so undecided in mind, I believe I'll leave it to thee to decide. Please weigh everything, and remember this — that my standing (which is important with regard to the children themselves *in the future*) depends solely on the amount of real work I am able to do, which I can only do if I am able to settle down for a few [1.4] months' connected work in the winter — not always rushing off. My Hampton Court <Guide> has done me a lot of good, but I need now to get out a real book on Botticelli,⁴⁹² which I am at work on. There is this, too, the *habit* of interruptions (which all my gyrations last summer and autumn have rather started in me) is fatal to real work, and I am just beginning to settle here.

Of course I *want* to come, and to go with Alys and Berty too. But the latter I mustn't do. The former I will leave thee to decide, now that I have put it before thee.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

It is *absolutely heavenly* here!

⁴⁹² In his letter to Mary of Jan. 26, 1894, Bernhard refers to Ullman's book: 'I will help you with a stunning review on *Botticelli* directly you return, but as I already wrote, my notes are far too copious and mixed up to send.'

Review of Hermann Ulmann, *Sandro Botticelli; The Studio* 3/17 (Aug. 15, 1894), p. xxxi-xxxiii.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Mar. 21, 1895

A heavenly day. Alys and Bertie have walked up to Fiesole. I have just had a charming call from Charles Dudley Warner,⁴⁹³ who came to tell me how much he liked my Hampton Court Guide. He said "he knew what writing was", and he could assure me it was very well done, and ought to open all the American Magazines to me ... which would be very nice — particularly as he holds the keys of most of them!!

I must write on my *Atlantic Monthly* article now, so send only a postal card.

Alys and Bertie will come North with me. Further plans are to be discussed.

With love and kisses to the children,

Thy loving,
M.

⁴⁹³ Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900), an essayist, novelist, and an editor at Harper's. In 1873, Warner and Mark Twain published *The Gilded Age: A Tale of Today*.



M-HS 1895.____
a ____-page letter

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Mar. 24, 1895

Dearest mother,

My attack of influenza is very light. I think I ache a good deal, but otherwise am fairly all right.

Miss Lowndes came to lunch and I lay on the wall in the sun all the afternoon chatting with her.

Charles Dudley Warner called again and was very nice.

Miss Lowndes is going to take an apartment [*sic*] her for April, and she thinks she and Miss Sellers will take the little villa next door. She went all over it yesterday and was (for her!) enthusiastic.

Tell the children I'm afraid to write to them on account of the influenza and give them my love.

Alys and Berty well.

M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Fiesole, <Monday,> Mar. 25, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am still under the cloud of influenza, but I suppose I ought to be thankful it has been such a light attack. I'm not though! I just feel cross and hateful because I had it at all. It has knocked my work to pieces for the moment, and made me so homesick for the children!!

I must go to Paris, if thee can help me out as to the money part. I've written to the Mikes to come if that time suits them, all the same. They will enjoy themselves, and Miss Cruttwell is most anxious to have them.

Alys [1.2] and Bertie insist on sharing expenses, and for the last week their extra came to 22 francs each, about 17/6. That is not expensive, is it? Maud makes such a splendid housekeeper.

Our hermitage seems to have broken up all at once, and we have a succession of mild lunch and afternoon tea parties. "Fafner" Hapgood, and a nice friend of his, a Miss Dodge, Carlo Placci, Miss Lowndes, Evelyn's friend Nelly Hale, the Benns, Emily, Miss Anstruther Thomson, the Countess Rasponi and Fafner's parents are all coming here this week. *Au fond*, I like the quiet life better.

Bertie and Alys seem really very happy. I notice that she [1.3] has been very much influenced by his way of thinking, but that is natural, as he is really so clever. They are eating their breakfast in the dining room now, and I hear peals of laughter from moment to moment. I wish thee could look in on us, from time to time, and see how happy we are.

Does thee think thee really will come to Paris? I hope so. We could have such fun with the children. I should stay with thee at the Villa des Dames. I do hope Frank will not be taking them off all the time!

Will thee send me £10 sometime soon? I shall need it before I go, and for the ticket and [1.4] all.

Mr. Burke's wife has left Mr. Carr. After the children were taken away things became too miserable. I suppose she was unhappy and he cross. Then, they had no money. I do not know just what is going to happen, but at any rate she is well rid of that man, who wasn't at all the sort of person to rely upon.⁴⁹⁴

⁴⁹⁴ The paragraph crossed out.



What can we do for poor Ellen Chapman?⁴⁹⁵ It is too dreadful!
With dearest love from the depths of the Influenza-gloom,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary
Thanks for the envelopes and *The Arena*.⁴⁹⁶

⁴⁹⁵ M-HS April 30, 1892: 'About Miss Chapman — I hardly know what to say. I like her really very much. She is a nice person, but I greatly, greatly fear she is just the sort who would get onto papa's nerves, as her laugh is loud, and she is not pretty, or attractive in any way.'

M-HS Oct. 7, 1892: 'Has Miss Chapman found anything permanent yet?'

M-HS March 9, 1894: 'I haven't given "Orange Blossom" a fair trial yet, so Christina and Miss Chapman must wait awhile for my report.'

M-HS Sept. 22, 1894: 'A note from Ellen Chapman — via Postlagernd — says she did not get the Oxford position. Can't thee get her something in Duxhurst? She is really capable and would make a nice Matron. Do try! She is in an awful plight, and through no real fault of her own.'

M-B Aug. 25, 1896: 'Isabel Fry and her friend are here, also Ellen Chapman.'

⁴⁹⁶ *The Arena* was a liberal literary and political magazine which was published in Boston from 1889 to 1909. The magazine advocated social reform and openly advocated birth control, free silver, agrarian reform, and trust-busting. It was the only journal of national import to support William Jennings Bryan in 1896.



M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Mar. 31, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am wondering about Miss Clare. If only we could get Ellen Chapman in her place!! I spoke to Frank about that once, and he appeared not disinclined to the idea, provided Miss Clare turned out too delicate. I have written the enclosed, and thee can give it to him, if thee thinks wise. If there is to be a change, I must come home to inaugurate it. I want to see the children awfully, and will certainly go to Paris if they go after all, but with Miss Clare's health uncertain, it seems unlikely. It would be awful to have her ill there. If Frank can be induced to change, I will come straight [1.2] to London and Haslemere. Anyhow I think I shall come, even to England, for I want to see them so much. But if we only could get Miss Chapman!! I dreamt about it all night.

I am rather better today.

Alys and Bertie are very jolly. They say they are so comfortable here, they don't want ever to go away. Maude is a splendid housekeeper.

I enclose a letter from Saidee. Don't return it.

With oceans of love to the children,

Thy daughter,

M.

I have sent the letter direct to Frank, proposing Ellen Chapman, *without saying a word against Miss Clare*, except that I thought it was time they had a more educated and a stronger woman. I said Alys would be glad if he chose Miss Chapman, and I offered to come home and arrange it.



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M-HS 1895.____
a ____-page letter

<Fiesole,> Sunday, <Apr. 7, 1895>

The Michaels are coming and I am going to install them.

Mrs. Hapgood is going straight through to Paris on Wednesday night,⁴⁹⁷ and so I have decided to come with them, reaching the Villa des Dames on Thursday afternoon. I do hope thee has not gone on ahead of them. But I write in case thee has.

I am very seedy today, can hardly hold up my head, but I shall be better tomorrow. I could not have travelled today or tomorrow in any case.

Dearest love,

Thine,
M.

April 10-26, 1895: Mary in Paris, Bernhard on tour
with Davis and then Isabella

Mary's diary, Tuesday, April 9, 1895: 'Preparation for the Mikes and for
going away.'

Wednesday, April 10, 1895: 'Established Michael Field in Bernhard's
apartment and left before lunch.'

⁴⁹⁷ April 10, 1895.



M-HS 1895.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

Paris, Friday night, Apr. 26, 1895

Dearest mother,

I put off going until tomorrow morning, so as to see the Reinachs this evening. They have just returned. I spent the morning at the Old Salon, and feasted my fill of horrors. I should literally rather sit all day in the dentist's chair than go to that place again!

By the way, Dr. Davenport finished my teeth (and me!) up this morning, but he has not yet sent the bill.

I lunched with Mr. Burke, and then we went to Durand-Ruel's and saw some really lovely things [1.2] by Monet and Pissaro and a new man named Manfret. It almost consoled me for that dreadful Salon!

Yesterday I spent at the Champ de Mars with Fafner. I did not find anything new, except some things in wax by Ringel. Burke joined us there. Then I dined with Fafner and his friend, and said goodbye to all the Hapgoods.

I also called on M. Ephrussi, who had lying on his table a book on physiological aesthetics about which Carlo Placci had talked to us a good deal. He said he had to review it, and he hated to, so I said I would ask Placci. I also suggested that I should get [2] German art notes from Obrist, and he seemed to think it would be a very good idea.

I miss thee and the children horribly. I simply can't talk about it. You were all three such perfect angels — of quite different kinds!

☞ !!! I have had the old table taken away, the chest of drawers moved, and the sofa put it. ☞

Helen⁴⁹⁸ and Lucy⁴⁹⁹ came yesterday.

I must be off to dinner.

Thank Alys for sending me Michael's note *at last*!

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁴⁹⁸ ? Helen Hopekirk.

⁴⁹⁹ ? Lucy 'Lion' Fitzpatrick.



M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

with a note in the upper left corner, 'Return to H.W.S.'

Villa Rosa, <Fiesole, Tuesday,> Apr. 30, 1895

Dearest mother,

I was glad to get thy **postal card** when I arrived last night. I can easily imagine that the children are having it warmer at Haslemere than we here. It is an amazing Spring. I don't count the Mikes requiring fires, because, as one of their friends said, they would require fires even in Hell, but Maud and I are cold, cold! Yet the flowers and leaves are all out — habit, I suppose, and the country everywhere is very beautiful.

I enjoyed Modena in a sort of way. The Dossos I had expected such raptures from failed to give me [1.2] any thrills, but on the other hand the mediaeval Cathedral produced a real impression, especially the great lions holding on their backs the pillars of the portal and crushing huge, flat-headed serpents under their great paws. I am going to send some notes to the *Chronique* about the gallery, but of that dry, technical kind which probably bores everybody. I find a nice note from Frizzoni congratulating me on writing for the *Chronique*, but nothing else except thy **post card**.

The Mikes⁵⁰⁰ have turned the dining room into a [1.3] little sitting room for themselves, which they keep at 95° in the shade. Maud and I think of coming to meals arrayed, like Bishop Peter's savages "a shell or two, a bangle rare, a feather here, a feather there"⁵⁰¹ — for the heat they live in is intolerable!

I do not think there is any other news. Tell Alys and Bertie that Maud has found out Loeser for herself, and Miss Anstruther Thomson, too. Our "circle" is narrowing. Pretty soon we shall begin to exclude each other. But the quiet is delicious, and I feel as if I should get well here [1.4] and be very happy for six weeks to come.

With much love, and hoping to get a letter soon.

Thy loving daughter,

⁵⁰⁰ Written in the left margin by another hand — perhaps Hannah's?: 'X two lady friends visiting them'.

⁵⁰¹ William S. Gilbert, *The Bab Ballads*, "The Bishop Of Rum-Ti-Foo Again"

And so, when Bishop Peter came
(That was the kindly Bishop's name),
He heard these dreadful oaths with shame,
And chid their want of dress.

(Except **a shell - a bangle rare -**
A feather here - a feather there

The South Pacific Negroes wear
Their native nothingness.)

W. S. Gilbert (1836-1911), *Fifty Bab ballads: Much sound and little sense* (London & New York, 1887). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR4713 .B33 1887 [Shelved as C.LVI.1.]**



M.⁵⁰²

⁵⁰² At the end in another hand — perhaps Hannah's?: 'I forwarded thy note to Miss Bayard. Unfortunately I am engaged tomorrow afternoon. I had a letter from Harold Russell this morning. He has been ill and is at Brighton. _____'



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M-HS 1895.____
a ____-page letter

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> May 1, 1895

Dearest mother,

It is a lovely day, and I am feeling better. I shall follow thy advice all the rest of this week, and thoroughly rest.

I went in yesterday to call on Frau von der Hellen and the Benns, but I am not going in again this week. Tell Alys and Bertie I have a long letter from Obrist about *my* [1.2] character, which I will send them sometime.

The Mikes are great dears, but so awfully fussy and trying that Maud and I have regular indignation parties. Maud has been a brick about them, but it really isn't fair to inflict such "fusticusses" upon anyone.

Emily and Vernon Lee and Miss Anstruther Thomson [1.3] are coming up to lunch tomorrow. Miss Lowndes came to say goodbye yesterday. She said Miss Sellers is in Venice. They are to meet at Verona and go back to Munich together.

Tell Ray I was delighted with her pretty new designs, and that the Mikes and Miss Cruttwell and I laughed and laughed over that wicked picture [1.4] of me being careless over my clothes and Ray and Karin reproving me! I send them two funny pictures in return, the Animal Ball and the drunken man who was turned into a fountain.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

Villa Rosa, <Fiesole, Friday,> May 3, 1895

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday because I went off early in the morning to spend the day alone on the hills. A lot of people were coming to lunch, and I felt so unhappy and worried, I could not meet them.

Thy letter about Dr. Bull and Mr. Britten has caused me great anxiety. However, I spoke to Frank about sending the children away when I was in Paris, and he solemnly promised me he would not do it. Probably, however, we cannot prevent their going to a Catholic [1.2] day-school ... and *this* would, I fancy, be insisted on whether I were there or not. Fortunately in London there has been so much criticism that even Catholic schools are forced to keep up a pretty high level of education.

There is one very practical reason why I think he will not send them away to a convent school. It would stand terribly in his way in politics, where he poses as a "liberal" Catholic. His candidature would be ruined, if we chose to make a fuss about it, as I certainly would, at no matter *what* cost. This I think he knows. Of course it is [1.3] very dreadful their being brought up Catholics. But alas! it is ten years too late for me to think of that.

Frank for his own part, would let the religious question slide, being an irreligious man at bottom, and content with the merest outwards observances and conformities. But Britten I dread, for he is really religious, and he sees well enough that Frank's carelessness is *our* great advantage. In cherishing Britten, we have been warming really our most deadly enemy in our bosoms.

I am truly distressed [1.4] about the whole Catholic business, but, as I say, it is now too late. All I can do is to prepare myself to combat it when they reach the age of reason and are free. I keep this constantly in mind. For years not a day has passed without my thinking of it. For the present I am sure my best plan is to say nothing to the children (unless they are actually sent to a convent, in which case I shall go and live beside them and make those nuns' lives an absolute nuisance, at no matter what cost to myself), but treat the affair as one of no importance one way or another. As they love me so much, [2] this attitude will unconsciously sink into them.

I think of writing to Frank apropos not of anything thee has written, but of my talk with him in Paris, asking him a few things about the children in a friendly way. He promised me he would make no definite school arrangements without letting me know.

I am resting, but of course all this has kept me from sleeping and thrown me back. I have a bad sore throat again. However, I am going to take care, and rest, and I am [2.2] sure to recover.

That was one of the funniest things I ever heard — thy wheeling out a trunk and getting thy own luggage weighed!



It is warm and lovely here. The Mikes are so fussy. Miss Cruttwell is nearly wild. We are cut off from most of our favourite dishes. Michael actually has the face to go and ask Miss C. not to have them at all, when Miss C. has already had the bother of preparing a separate cuisine for Field, who is ill. We are all to be reduced to rice and chicken. Never, never, never [2.3] again shall we invite these estimable fusticusses to visit us!

With much love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Will thee please send £12.12 to Dr. Davenport with the enclosed? How much will I have left? About £15 I fear!!



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M-HS 1895.____

a postcard POSTMARK?

Academy, Saturday, <May 4? 11? 18?, 1895>

I am in Florence for the day and *very* busy, so I will only send a postal card.

The weather has turned *very* hot all of a sudden. Last night I took a rug and a cushion and slept out in the *podere* — the field that stretches down the hill in front of our Villa. I lay under an olive at the edge of a group of cypresses and listened to owls instead of nightingales!

Love to the children,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter;
Strachey, p. 64

<Fiesole,> Sunday, May 12, 1895

Dearest mother,

Will thee put a cheque for £2.12 into the enclosed and send it? I shall be very grateful. And have I anything left on my account?

I do not think it is any use to write further about the arrangements for the children until I hear again. There are two things fixed. One that if they are sent to a Convent, I shall not stop at anything in my protest, and shall go to live by them wherever they are, and secondly that I shall not take up a hostile position to [1.2] Catholicism if they are well educated at home. I wrote this to Frank in a very quiet letter the other day, telling him I felt it would be bad for the children to live in dispute about subjects they cannot yet understand, and that I should not feel it right to vex their minds with such problems as long as they were not sent to a Convent. He should get the letter tomorrow morning.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

Write the cheque to Leonard C. Lindsay and cross it, please.



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M-HS 1895.____
a two-page letter⁵⁰³

Fiesole, <Wednesday,> May 15, 1895

Dearest mother,

The Mikes went away last night, and Maud and I began to breathe freely again, literally and metaphysically. Their dread of *draughts* has condemned us to close stuffy rooms, and the monstrous delusions about themselves in which they live have condemned us to the worst stuffiness of hypocrisy. Their “life-sustaining lies” are hard to put up with, but I, at any rate, don’t feel called on to play the part of Gregers Werle.⁵⁰⁴ They think they are a Great Poet — unappreciated at present, but certain to be famous and adored in the next generation — and they [1.2] think their souls are united and that it is good for them to be together. As a matter of fact, the utter mistake of both these theories is “obvious to the meanest intelligence”. But all the same, we had to hold in our ideas. I don’t mind delusions if they are secretly cherished, but Michael makes constant demands for sympathy, and it has been hard to preserve even a decent appearance of it. To anyone less resolutely obtuse, my feelings would have been only too plain.

Then their “fussiness” has exceeded all bounds — and their absolute stupidity. They [1.3] kept complaining that my bed room upstairs ought to have curtains, “because the light came in so at the windows”. “A lovely cool room, but too light.” I advised them to close the outside blinds. They had never thought of it! I could see that even as I said it, it did not penetrate their intelligence, and it made me so furious I just let them bother away about the light. Just before they went I said (to see), “I don’t believe you ever closed the blinds.” They giggled and said, “O yes, we found out about it today, and we had a nice rest in the dark this afternoon.” “Was [1.4] that the first time?” I relentlessly enquired, “Have you suffered from the sunshine the whole of this time?” More giggles, a confession of pretty, helpless feminine incapacity to grasp the idea that there were shutters.

This is only one out of a dozen things. It is hardly credible.

Please do not let me forget that I will never live in the house with them again. Remind me, if I grow weak. Both Maud and I, now that they have *really* gone, feel a softening of our hearts over the poor things. “Come, bambine, quelle signorine.” “Like children, these ladies,” Rosa and Pia say. But after all, there’s something [2] rather attractive about them. And Maud and I feel we have been great brutes. But really it was too awful when I was at breakfast to have Michael come tripping in, as she did every morning, and

⁵⁰³ Mary’s diary for May 14, 1895: ‘The Mikes gone, and we breathe freer, physically and mentally. At the same time a feeling of having been rather hateful to them oppresses both Maud and myself.’

⁵⁰⁴ In Ibsen’s *The Wild Duck* (1884), Gregers Werle is the son of a man he detests and he has avoided his father by spending the past fifteen years in the family mining concern.



say, "And how has little Mary slept?" and chuck me under the chin. No, never, never again shall we have them here.

I am going a little giro to Lucca and Pisa with Emily and Maud next week. If thee writes on Saturday, please address Albergo Nettuno, Pisa, and Sunday and Monday, Poste Restante, Lucca. [2.2]

I will send thee Mr. Britten's letter tomorrow when I have answered it.

Dearest love to the children,

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Fiesole, Monday, May <20> [19],⁵⁰⁵ 1895

Darling mother,

The weather is so disturbed that we shall not start until tomorrow. And then, as the trains suit better, we shall go to Lucca first. On Wednesday and Thursday, if I need to be telegraphed to, the Poste Restante, Lucca will find me. On Friday Albergo Nettuno, Pisa. On Saturday, we shall be home again.

We went to Vernon Lee's "Santa Conversazione" yesterday, and she was really splendid! Her theme was "Art and Life", and she traced out the effect of a love of really beautiful things in enhancing one's vitality. It was just the [1.2] thing we needed, too, as a sort of rural tonic, for we have been quarrelling with our landlord, who wants to turn us out for a family who will pay more. And of course we want to stay, being now comfortably settled. It is a most annoying and sordid worry, and we felt our minds deteriorating fast under the influence of hatred to that wretched beast, the landlord, and practical anxieties. Last night we saw him and reasoned with him, and I hope it will be all right. But even before, Vernon's lecture had brought us back to a purer atmosphere. She was altogether charming. This is a new series of [1.3] lectures from the series of which Alys and Bertie heard one. She has abandoned those. And this series is distinctly fine, quite worth going to hear. I should heartily advise anyone interested in art-thinking, to go. She was astonishingly sane and bracing. She walked back with us and we had such a delightful talk that I am tempted to forget all her bad sides.

—

I have just had an interview with the landlord, and it is all happily decided. We can keep on the place as long as we like with a six months notice on our part, and a year on his, he never turning us out at Christmas, [1.4] but at the June pay-day, if he wants to get rid of us. But I suppose really we can have it as long as we want. I looked over a villa yesterday in a most romantic spot, with a view ten times lovelier than ours, and a house nearly two hundred years old — almost a palace, with terraces and courtyards and a sundial and well and everything lovely.⁵⁰⁶ It is as convenient to the town as this, and no more expensive, but the house is unfortunately built for the summer and not winter, with all the rooms to the North. So it is impossible. But anyone who wanted to spend a couple of hundred pounds on it, could make it literally one of the loveliest villas in Italy.

Please tell Alys I have enjoyed [1] her two letters very much, and only sloth prevents my answering them.

Thy loving daughter,

⁵⁰⁵ May 19, 1895 was a Sunday.

⁵⁰⁶ Which villa is this?



M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Tuesday, May 21, <1895>

Dearest mother,

We are just starting on our little giro, going to Pistoia today, Lucca tomorrow and Pisa Friday. The weather is cool and I am sorry to say cloudy, but still we shall start in hopes of its clearing up.

The earthquake had done a lot of damage in Florence.⁵⁰⁷ Emily's house is cracked in several places, and they were so frightened that they slept two nights in all their clothes, ready to rush out at a moment's notice. Hundreds of people slept in the Cascine and the Campo di Marte, and the rich ones drove their carriages into the country and slept in them! Almost all the foreigners have left! Florence seems to have been the centre of the affair. Even Fiesole felt it less.

Love to the chicks, i.e, the giant with one arm made of swords, and the little boy that escaped him!

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁰⁷ Il terremoto di Firenze del 1895 è stato un evento sismico verificatosi il 18 maggio alle ore 20:55.



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter⁵⁰⁸

Pistoia, Tuesday, May 21, 1895

Dearest mother,

We are so far on our journey tonight, and have had a pleasant day, seeing all sorts of things and taking all manner of notes. We have found a little hotel with an excellent restaurant and have been revelling on peas cooked with oil and garlic and salad made with onions! Now we are just going to tumble into bed. Emily is delightful — she keeps us laughing all the time. I enclose her note about the earthquake.⁵⁰⁹

It has been something dreadful in Florence. A [1.2] lot of houses were ruined, and people slept out of doors for several nights. We felt it much less at Fiesole. Our beloved Rosa merely laughed at it, and made us think very little of it.

Did I tell thee, we have arranged matters with Kraus, and by paying a very little more, we have three large rooms in the villa next, and add to ours. Alys and Bertie can have a whole *suite* when they come again. I am awfully glad we don't have to look out for another place, for this one suits us so exactly. [1.3]

I am so sleepy, I will not say anything more.
With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

My love to Madge Nick and tell her I hope to see her when I come back.

⁵⁰⁸ Mary's diary for May 26, 1895: 'We went on a giro, Bernhard, Maud, Emily and I. First to Pistoia (Albergo Rossini), then Lucca (x Hotel de l'Univers) with a day's drive to Barga (25 fr, 2 horses) ending up at Pisa (Nettuno).'

⁵⁰⁹ Mary's diary for May 18, 1895: 'An earthquake at 8.53 p.m. lasting 5 seconds. We were at dinner at the Palmerino.'



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Hotel de l'Univers, Lucca, Thursday, May <23> [22],⁵¹⁰ 1895

Dearest mother,

I was very glad to get thy postcard of Sunday and hear that the children were having such a good time with "the young couple". They must have enjoyed being at Haslemere! What a resource the cottage is!

We came to Lucca yesterday and spent the whole day looking around the town. The Cathedral is indescribably picturesque, and there are any quantity of old palaces, and some pictures. But the best thing of all is a beautiful tomb of a young woman, Ilaria del Carretto,⁵¹¹ made in 1405. On the whole, and even [1.2] though Ruskin does admire it so! — it is the most satisfactory piece of sculpture of the whole Renaissance. We enjoyed it more than we can say.

Now they are waiting for me to go out to coffee, so I will hurriedly close. Emily, I am glad to say, slept magnificently last night.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵¹⁰ May 23, 1895, was a Thursday.

⁵¹¹ Mary wrote 'Careto'.



M-HS 1895.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

Fiesole, Monday, May 27, 1895

Dearest mother,

I have come home from the trip with a little sore throat and cough, such as I had in Paris, and I feel quite seedy today. I have begun to take a tonic and I am going to rest absolutely. But the weather is incredible. Here, in Italy, at the very end of May, it is so cold that we almost need a fire. I am wearing my winter things, dress and all, and a fur cape as well! Nothing like it has ever been known.

I am surprised at what Miss Clare says about B.F.C.C.'s wanting to keep the children always at [1.2] work. With me he has always taken exactly the opposite tone, saying that their brains were so active anyhow that they must on no account be pressed. When I come back I will go to the school and see how it is managed. It is hard work to get an education, and I don't think the Kindergarten system should be carried on too long. They must learn to buckle down and do work even if it isn't amusing. I did not use to think this, but I have thought a good deal about it lately, owing to some conversations with Miss Sellers. This, however, ought [1.3] to be always attended to, that the child sees the ultimate goal and is stirred up to wish to attain it, and so becomes willing of itself to endure the hard, tiresome work by the way.

Do keep Ray up to complaining to her father if she really seems to be tired by her school work. It is at any rate a great thing for them to go off to the country at the week ends.

Has Obrist sent the children a photograph of himself! If he has, do get them to write him just a post card thanking him. His address is [1.4] Herrn Hermann Obrist, Kaulbachstrasse 29^{III}, Munich, Bavaria. He has decided on my advice to exhibit his embroideries at the Champ di Mars next summer and afterwards at the Arts & Crafts in England, so he is working very hard to get a great many ready. I am going to write an article on them in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*⁵¹² and in the *Studio*.⁵¹³

I am so pleased about Logan's book.⁵¹⁴ The day I heard the news I had all day long that pleasant, half-conscious sensation of something awfully nice having happened, even when I did not remember [2] quite clearly what it was. This is perhaps the greatest proof a person could have that they really care for a thing.

Has anything more come out about poor Stenbock's will? I saw a face at

⁵¹² ?

⁵¹³ 'Hermann Obrist's embroidered decorations', *The Studio* 9/44 (Nov. 18, 1896), p. 98-105.

⁵¹⁴ Logan Pearsall Smith (1865-1946), *The youth of Parnassus, and other stories* (London & New York, Macmillan, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR6069.M74 Y68 1895 [Shelved as L.R.II.6.]**



Pisa, in an old piece of sculpture, that had just the expression of comic surprise his would have had if he woke up to find himself excused those pains of Purgatory he so much dreaded — or rather, if he woke up and found “there was no such thing”. It is so hard to think he is dead.

I will answer the rest of thy last letter another day. I [2.2] don't feel up to it today.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, Tuesday, May 28, 1895

Raining again today and quite cold! Yesterday a bad cold in the head developed itself, and I feel quite stupid with it today. But I hope it will pass off bearing away the last traces of that fiend, Influenza.

How wonderful for Ray to have invented a language to write down her grievances in! It sounds like a child of 13 or 14. Do get her to show thee a paper sometime, or tell her to send one to me for a *Great Secret*. The darling!

I am enjoying very much the chance to exalt the horn of Morelli at the expense of his enemies, who are the chief contributors to the *Chronique des Arts*! But any enjoyment is dimmed by such a cold. I think I'll creep back to bed and have some gruel!

Be sure to tell me what happens about the second Agenda paper!

Lovingly,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter — is a second page missing?

Fiesole, Wednesday, May 29, <1895>

Dearest mother,

I felt most miserable yesterday, and was just going to creep back into bed, when I remembered that I had promised to lunch with Emily. I had to go, because I fancy they thought I had “some reason” in never having taken a single meal there — always giving out at the last moment. I hated to go, but I was glad I did, because they had prepared a most delicious lunch. Cousin Emily⁵¹⁵ did her best to spoil it by inundating me with a stream of talk about nothing.

I went to a “Holy Conversation” at Vernon [1.2] Lee’s afterwards, in which she read another of the lectures she is going to give next month at the South Kensington Museum. The goodness of the first one was evidently, as I suspected at the time, nothing but a fluke. This one was the usual deadly twaddle of untrue platitudes about art and life and luxury. I was much more amused with the audience than the lecture.

She is a bit of a snob, and most of her guests were countesses and counts. The Contessa Rasponi, the Marchesa Pasolini, the Contessa Niccolini,⁵¹⁶ an Austrian Countess, Conte Papafava, etc., etc.! Everyone was [1.3] nearly bored to death.

Afterwards we had tea and the Dunham sisters came to call. The eldest Dunham, Etta, is to be married tomorrow, here in Florence, to a Roman professor of Political Economy, who has a “chair” somewhere down in the heel of Italy, where it is too hot ever to live.

Miss Paget and Miss Anstruther Thomson are going to leave tomorrow, for London via Paris. Maud goes next week, and so do the Benns, who are coming to lunch today.

I am going to begin on the “Thinking Lessons”. I am sure they would be interesting to people, if I [1.4] can get them printed. At any rate, I will get them ready.

The funny thing about having everyone leave now is that we have hardly had any spring and not a bit of summer. Today it is perfectly cloudless, but quite cool. My cold is better, it has reached the dense choked stage, but my spirits are much more cheerful than for a long time.

I keep thinking about Ray’s secret language and paper of grievances. Do try to find out more about it! It is hard to believe she is old enough for such a thing!

without valediction or is a second page missing?

⁵¹⁵ Emily Dawson was a cousin? She is mentioned in Mary’s diaries February-April 1894 (travelling with her mother) and January-June 1895. She lives in London?

⁵¹⁶ Mary wrote ‘Niccolini’.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Sunday,> June 2, 1895

Is it really summer ?! It is so cool and rainy, it is hard to believe.

Please thank the children for their most amusing pictures of me and the fleas. Tell them it was *almost* worthwhile to have suffered all the bites I have, to have them cause these funny pictures. Tell them that I am at work on their Thinking Lessons, printing them on my typewriter.

How busy thee must be! It makes me doubly appreciate thy letters and post-cards. I hope the B.W.⁵¹⁷ affairs are going on all right.

I am better, except for the cold in my head, and a strange and Gummidge⁵¹⁸ inflammation of the palms of my hands.

My love to Madge Nick when thee sees her. I hope to meet her.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵¹⁷

⁵¹⁸ For Gummidge, see Lewis Carroll.



M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Fiesole, <Monday,> June 3, 1895

Dearest mother,

It is still cold here! Doesn't it seem incredible? It makes it all the nicer, however, to stay and do a little work.

Maude and I have been reading together a most interesting German pamphlet Obrist sent me, which tries to answer the question, "Why and how do we enjoy a work of art?" His answer is because it incites us to the "be-souling of the unsouled", but I don't think that is the real reason. It is only "hot", as the children say. Because this gives no reason why we enjoy good art more than bad, which, by the way, most people don't do! [1.2]

Emily came up yesterday afternoon (she was not well enough to come on Saturday) and we were in the midst of a discussion on the pint when Dr. Richter came in. After that we could talk nothing but dry connoisseuring, who painted what, and when he did it. Dr. Richter said he hadn't the slightest interest in the question *why* he painted it, and why he enjoyed it. He said it spoiled one's enjoyment to analyze it.

When anyone says that, I feel the hopeless gulf between people of the last generation who haven't the vigour of mind to go beyond the ideas current when they were young, and my own generation, to whom self-analysis [1.3] (scientific, not morbid) is in the breath of our nostrils. I am never satisfied until I can at any rate formularize my sensation, even if I can't dig right down to the bottom.

Emily⁵¹⁹ says if her people won't come back here next winter, she herself will come and take one of our rooms and share the house with us for at least two months. We should both like this immensely. She is such a dear.

Tell the children that I dreamt last night they had turned into two little kittens, but with branching horns growing on their foreheads, like tiny little deer. Their mewling woke me up, and what did [1.4] I find but Zina, the real cat, clawing at my shutters. She had climbed on the roof, and was wanting to be let in. So she came and slept the rest of the night curled up in my bed. But I'd *much* rather have had those little kittens I dreamt about!!

With much love, and hope that all is going fairly well in the B.W.,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵¹⁹ '(Dawson)' written above by another hand. Hannah's?



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Ray's birthday <Fiesole, Tuesday, June 4, 1895>

I have just sent a telegram to Ray.

It has grown warm at last, warm and sunny, but not at all unpleasantly hot.

Tomorrow night I am going to dine with the Morgans, whose house is higher above Fiesole than Fiesole is above Florence — a most lovely place.

Emily helped me get a summer dress yesterday, which is to cost £3. She is coming up to spend a few nights soon.

I am deep in German Aesthetics today.

I had no letter from thee yesterday — I suppose thee is awfully busy! Do let me know how things are going on.

Dearest love,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, June 5, 1895

Will thee please send 14/ to J. M. Robertson, 13 Oakley Crescent, Chelsea, putting on a piece of paper "M. Costelloe's subscription to the *Free Review* for 1895"? Anticipatory thanks.

It is warm here, but by no means hot. I am very busy over German, and am getting better. There is absolutely no news. I am trying to find out why a good picture is better than a bad one, or a marble statue better than Madame Trussaud's wax-works. These are "very hard questions", as the children used to say in their Thinking Lessons. I am in fact giving myself Thinking Lessons.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter — without valediction or is a second page missing?

Villa Rosa, <Fiesole, Saturday,> June 8, 1895

Dearest mother,

I enclose B.F.C.C.'s letter. Evidently Alys' kindness has put him into a good humour. if the children go only two afternoons a week, it certainly cannot be too much for them, above all when they are so much at the Cottage. I do not think thy anxieties about their being overworked can have much ground — or is there more than I understand? I understood from them they were going to school every afternoon, but this does not seem to be the case. "Extraordinary plan" is good for the simple and necessary process of [1.2] having children's teeth attended to! If he had it to look after, nothing would be done. No doubt he excuses himself for not paying for it by calling it "extraordinary".

Please thank father for his interesting postal card from the Hague. What a darling town it is!

I am very quiet and enjoying reading and working almost more than I ever did before. Carlo Placci comes up from time to time, and is always entertaining, and now that Emily is gone he will be the only connection with the non-Fiesolan world, for our other habitu , Mr. Morgan, lies much further in the wilds than we.

without valediction or is a second page missing?



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Monday, June 10, 1895

I was so glad to hear of the Hampton Court Party. I remember the maze myself, when I wasn't much older than Ray!! I used to want to talk about it when I got back to America, but I couldn't get the other children to listen to me — to my great distress.

I have just finished translating a German pamphlet on “the essence of art”, and it leaves me with the comfortable feeling that I know more about it than that Professor of Aesthetics at Tübingen. I have sent the translation to Miss Cruttwell, and then I think I shall get her to send it to Mr. Zangwill.

Loeser goes tomorrow, and I am going to a farewell lunch at his house today. Placci and his socialist friend⁵²⁰ are coming here to dinner.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Did Ray bet my telegram on her birthday?

⁵²⁰ Gaetano Salvemini. Mary's diary for June 12, 1895: 'Life has been going on quietly. The von der Hellens, Benns, Placci and a socialist friend of his named Gaetano Salvemini (a brilliant boy of 22), Mr. Morgan, Loeser, Count Papafava, Count Puliga, Fabbri, Emily, etc., have all been here from time to time.'



M-HS 1895.____

a postcard / ____-page letter

Fiesole, Tuesday, June 11, 1895

I am so sleepy today, for Placci and his socialist friend stayed till nearly one last night. The socialist turns out to be a very brilliant student of literature and history, and he has the tireless enthusiasm for talking of 22. No subject, but he was awake and interested and eager. No subject on which he hadn't an opinion! In spite of his crude socialism, one of the most talented people I have ever met. I understand why Placci adores him.

Tell Alys I had a letter from "Fafner", who is worse, alas!

It is very cool here, and I am enjoying the perfect quiet. Much love to the children. I had thy card about their starting off with sweets in their pockets!

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, <June 13, 1895>

I am thinking of thee and thy household. There is a very interesting side to it all the same. In some ways I should not at all mind being in the thick of it! It is interesting to bring together a lot of women from different countries, and see how much common ground there is. But the practical responsibility and the arrangements are *dreadful*, as I well know!

Per contra, Florence is deserted, and life on the hill is reduced to a social minimum. It was an *event* last evening when Kraus sent a bouquet of flowers in preparation for the feast of Corpus Domini today!

I go barefoot all the time and enjoy it very much, except when it is too cold. Fiesole will soon be a summer resort for English people! I hope you are cooler now, however.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Monday,> June 17, 1895

Dearest mother,

It is still most deliciously cool here, although today is sunny. I am working this morning at **my Louvre Catalogue**, which Mr. Putnam writes they “would be glad to associate with their imprint”, and this afternoon I am going down to have a look at the galleries and end up with tea in Fabbri’s studio.

Tomorrow Mr. Hamilton is coming to lunch, and on Wednesday I am going over to Settignano to have tea with the Kerr-Lawsons. They say the priest himself will make a cake in honour of the occasion. They have such deliciously funny things [1.2] to tell of the life there.

I told thee they were living with the Prior of the Church and his mother.⁵²¹ This fat and good-natured prior is simply over-ridden by his parishioners, and his dream of bliss is to get enough money out of the lotto (the weekly state gambling) in which both he and his mother take numbers every week to buy a large vill just above the town called the Gamberaia, and go to live there, and look down every morning on Settignano stretching out his hand over his parish not in blessing, but with the forefinger and little finger out to throw the Evil Eye upon his tiresome *contadinacci* [1.3] who bore him by confessing their sins too often!

Mr. Lawson said he told them that “they said” if you made a candle out of a man’s fat and burnt it, it would make you invisible when you wished to be. “All the people about here believe it”, he said, looking into their eyes with an expression from which they knew that if they appeared impressed, he would confess to believing it too! When he was at the Seminary, he got terribly into debt, and backed lots of notes for his friends. The creditors still keep coming, but he pretends they are famous visitors, professors of history and mathematics, and so on, who have come to see [1.4] him out. But he is almost as naive about it as Ray when she pretends to be a princess!

I expect to get home on Sunday the 14th, and come down to Haslemere

⁵²¹ Mary diary, June 14, 1895: ‘Fabbri came to lunch, and was as much of a ‘life-ralentisseur’ (Placci’s phrase) as ever. He drove me to Florence, and when I came back I found Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson here. He is a Scotch painter, she a Canadian. They are living with the Priore of Settignano, a good-natured man run to death by his parish, whose one dream is to get a fortune by the Lotto, in which he and his mother take numbers every week, buy the Gamberaia Villa and live up there and throw down the evil eye every morning upon his tiresome *condatinacci* who bore him so confessing their sins too often. After the earthquake he brought them each a little wax taper telling them to burn it reciting an Ave, after having taken a purge, in order to keep off another shock of earthquake. He is fearfully in debt, but he pretends that his creditors who come and stand patiently about, like saints in niches, waiting for small payments on account, are very grand people, Professori di Matematica, etc., a naive fraud which takes in no one.



with the children the following Saturday, after having seen their school, and given them some swimming lessons. I have written to B.F.C.C. about it. If the children could stay on, I should stay until after Auntie Lill's visit, which will be the last half of September I gather? I will see what can be arranged. I wish she were coming earlier in September. It would be easier to manage.

With love to all, especially my famous little rowers,

Thy loving daughter,

M.

[1] If it is so warm, couldn't Miss Clare take them and let them have a few regular swimming lessons over at Kennington Oval⁵²² (it is very cheap)? Then they could "surprise" me by doing it so well when I come.

⁵²² The Oval is a cricket ground in Kennington, in the Borough of Lambeth, in South London.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> June 20, 1895

I was delighted to get thy letter of Sunday with its enclosures. I will return Kitty's via poor Mrs. Burke, whom it may amuse. She expects to be confined any day now. She is going to Munich to live when she gets well. Her courage and spirits are phe-nom-en-al!!

I can see thee has been enjoying thy week of meetings and people, so I don't sympathize with all the bother it has been. You must have had most *interesting* times. But I feel no "drawing". *I had my fill.*

It grew warm yesterday, but today is cloudy and cool again. I have written to Ray and Karin at Haslemere. How nice for them to be down there so much!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

M-HS 1895.____
a one-page note

<Fiesole,> Sunday, <? June 30, 1895>

The *Chronicles* have all come.

Thanks for thy letter and the enclosure, which I will return with Logan's.

I will write (if thee thinks it will do) myself to the head mistress of the school (what is the address) asking her for the names of the school books Ray and Karin are using. They are a positive disgrace to a civilized country!

In haste — lovingly

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Fiesole, <Wednesday,> July 3, 1895⁵²³

Dearest mother,

I am going to wire today to find out the date of the election, as I want to make my plans certain. In *any* case I pass through Riva and Trient, as I said day before yesterday. And unless thee hears, address after that Hotel Marienbad, Munich.

I am delighted the children have taken to boys' stories of themselves, and that they like adventures and battles and such things. I believe it is education chiefly that makes the great difference [1.2] between boys and girls, and this goes to prove it. Most grandmas wouldn't let little girls have adventurous story books. But thee follows the taste of the children, very wisely. What a trait of human nature that they disapproval only adds zest to their enjoyment! Of course they knew thee adores them all the time!

It has been more comfortable these last few days, and I have been at work on my Louvre catalogue. I am planning all kinds of things. [1.3]

I am going in today to send off a lot of books to Gertrude Burton to amuse her during the summer. Poor thing! she seems to be no better.

Mrs. Burke finds she cannot part with her little girl — the first of her children that is really her own!!! — and I think she is quite right. It seems to be a fine healthy child, in spite of all its mother's troubles. When I go to Munich I am going to make arrangements for her there.

I am sending the children some funny stories.

With dearest love,

M.

Yes, Bertie is "modern"! He makes even me feel a hide-bound (but very sensible!!!) old Conservative!

⁵²³ Mary's diary for June 17, 1895 - July 3, 1895: 'All this time at Fiesole grappling with the Book, and enjoying it very much. Every day we saw deeper into the "why" of real art enjoyment. Practically the whole will come out in Bernhard's books, but I do wish I had kept a record of our discussions from day to day. However, I was lazy and did not, and so I have missed the detailed memory of one of the happiest and most *growing* months of our lives.'



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Trent, <Sunday,> <July>⁵²⁴ 7, 1895

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for the £40 which I got today. I did not find thy letter at Riva, but I left word to send on anything to Munich. Please address there for the present, Hotel Marienbad. It seems funny that the date of the election is not yet certain.

This is a most interesting place, with a great castle all ornamented in fresco by some of the most interesting North Italian artists. And it is almost unknown. No one thinks of stopping here to see pictures, and the [1.2] omniscient Baedeker doesn't even mention them! It is lively and cool, and I am recovering from the bites, although the fleas still continue to feast upon me.

I shall goto Innsbruck tomorrow, and reach Munich the day after or Wednesday.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵²⁴ Mary wrote 'June'.



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Sterzing, <Tuesday> <July> 9, 1895

Dearest mother,

I stopped at this inviting little place yesterday, and find it so nice, with such bracing air that I shall stay until tomorrow, and then go to Munich, which is not very far away.

I am working on my Louvre guide, and that employs moments when I should be bored. I think it is as well to get some good mountain air before going around in hot German towns. But I do look forward to Haslemere as a perfect haven of peace and rest. For even here the fleas do not cease from troubling, and so the wicked are not at rest [1.2]

I was glad to hear from thy note to Trent that the children were coming to the cottage for Sunday after all. I hope they will come at the end of this week too. The Angels, how I do long to see them!

Poor Mrs. Burke's friends are trying to make her give up her little daughter, and she is almost broken hearted. I think it's an awful shame, the only child that is really hers, that no man and no guardians can take from her under any pretence whatever. Everything else in her life is uncertain, but she has that child whom [1.3] she already loves, and I think it is absurd of her not to stick to it. Of course her advisors are all men, and they think of the child as nothing but an "encumbrance" to her, when really it is her life, for she doesn't care much about anything except home and children.

I can't tell quite how long I shall be at Munich. But if it isn't long enough to write my change of address, I will just wire my new address, the day thee is to write to what place, e.g., "Monday - Carlsruhe, Tuesday - Cologne; etc. T____ isn't a direction here, but a sample, meaning always [1.4] Poste Restante, unless I send name of hotel. But I shall probably be in Munich 4 or 5 days, for I have lots of people I want to see there, Particularly Miss Sellers and Herr Obrist.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

no letters again until



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Chartres, Sunday evening, Sept. 8, <1895>

I arrived in good time, but it turned out not to have been of any particular importance. It was so ragingly hot that I came here to see this Cathedral, and am going to Orleans tomorrow, and tomorrow night back to the rue de Beaune (No. 3),

Then I shall begin the Louvre thing, but I have also a chance to print a book on Botticelli and I think I shall do that first. I shall see M. Reinach on Tuesday, and then begin to be very busy. But is is awfully hot!

Please send me the children's address — if thee has it.

Love to all.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Orléans, Monday, 2.30, <Sept. 9, 1895>

It is frightfully hot here, but I see by the papers it is 15 degrees hotter in Paris, so I am consoled. I have immensely enjoyed the Cathedral here, which is quite faultless gothic (the interior) and absolutely “unpsychological”, that is to say, appeals only to the mathematical intellect and not at all to the emotions. It “enhances life” only through an appeal to one’s cleverness, not to one’s muscular sensations.

Miss Belloc’s example has been working in me, and I have decided to propose a series of papers on Italian pictures in local French and German galleries. I found one or two interesting things in the gallery today. So tonight I will go to Blois, and tomorrow to Amboise and Tours, reaching Paris tomorrow night or Wednesday. I hope it will be cooler. I shan’t get any letters till I reach Paris, but I trust everything is all right.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Tours, Wednesday, 6 p.m. <Sept. 11, 1895>

Still away from Paris! I feel almost ashamed of myself to have been so wandering and uncertain, but after all nothing really depended on my carrying out capricious plans. And I have been in just the mood for Gothic, and have enjoyed the Cathedrals ecstatically, and the *Châteaux* very much.

I am just starting for Bourges,⁵²⁵ which will be the last, and, I hope, most splendid of them all, and tomorrow certainly will reach Paris.

I have found some interesting pictures, but they are nothing to the architecture.

With dearest love,

M.

⁵²⁵ Mary's diary for September 12, 1895: 'This was our best day of all. The Cathedral of Bourges is simply unsurpassable! A great monster, really alive, from the outside, and inside one long, absolutely perfect nave, and the finest stained glass in the world. We passed practically one whole day there sitting quite dumb with rapture.'



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris,> Thursday, <Sept. 12, 1895>

I wired to Alys today for the brown jacket (lined with brown silk) I left by mistake at Friday's Hill. Please send it here.

Christina gave me my proof of the Hawthorne, and we might use that, adding it to Logan's corrections, if thee will, to send to Chapman's.

Send a note, please, to Mrs. Willard, 34 Mem____ Hall, to tell them to distribute the type, as thee has sent it elsewhere. I send one pull of proof. (I see I have only part I so it is no use! Please have it all fresh typed with Logan's corrections, and send.)

A nice journey. Paris is hot. I dine with Alban.

Lovingly,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris, Friday,> Sept. 13, 1895

Dearest mother,

I reached Paris late last night. I had meant to come by an earlier train but as the Bourges Cathedral was one of the greatest experiences of my life (I can compare it only with Rheims) I lingered on and on enjoying it until the late twilight. It is positively one of the most wonderful experiences anyone can have — to get thoroughly acquainted with a great Cathedral. I have not yet found words to describe my feelings.

Tell Logan the effort to find *the* word, nearly destroyed my [1.2] pleasure at Tours, until I decided that after all the important thing was to let the impression *thoroughly soak into you* while you had the chance, and then hunt for the word afterwards.

Tell him, too, that “the secret” of colour began to dawn on me in front of the stained glass windows of Bourges, the finest (Baedeker says) in France, which means in the world. The sensation of that great choir filled with these gorgeous windows, I can only compare to the music where Siegfrieds has tasted the dragon’s blood and suddenly awakes to the life of the forest. Bertie [1.3] will know what I mean — how wave after wave of intense physical life ripples over you like thee rising tide. I was there in the Cathedral all day, except a much begrudged glimpse of the museum, where I found a bust of a woman by that mysterious and interesting Italian sculptor Laurana. I am going to ask M. Reinach today⁵²⁶ the way I had better “publish” this discovery, which is an important one, so far, as it goes.

Literally, for a day like yesterday I would be willing to pay a year in Purgatory — or more! It was unalloyed bliss. And it started me thinking about so [1.4] many things.

I found thy letter and post-cards, and all those thee forwarded. Many thanks.

I wish I knew the children’s address. But never mind, I shall see them soon. It really isn’t bad for them to have something to grapple with.

Now I must go.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵²⁶ Mary’s diary for September 13, 1895: ‘We called on Reinach, who is unfortunately just leaving. His way of approaching art threw us both into gloom. It is so deadly. But he was personally most friendly. He went over the whole Louvre with us in the afternoon, and then took us to tea in the rue Royale, and sat and chatted a long time.’



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris, Saturday,> Sept. 14, 1895

Dearest mother,

I don't know how it was I forgot to return these amusing letters yesterday.

I called on M. Reinach yesterday morning. His health has broken down and he has to go to Switzerland for ten days. He was desolated, but snatched the afternoon at the Louvre, where, as usual with him, we simply looked at the whole Museum (!) until I was ready to drop with fatigue. Afterward we went and had tea in the rue Royale, and he bubbled over with inventions of things to write. He asked me to write [1.2] for the *Revue archéologique* about the bust I found at Bourges, and suggested any number of other articles. I am going to put together a few notes on the provincial galleries for the *Chronique*.

M. Ephrussi has gone away for a few days, but both he and M. Reinach have left me letters for various people. I shall look up M. Courajod,⁵²⁷ the director of the Renaissance sculpture part of the Louvre. He has written a great deal about Gothic architecture and sculpture.

I must go and learn the bicycle, but I don't see how I shall ever find the time.

I will see about the costume [1.3] today.

Does thee know definitely when Aunt Lill is coming? I thought of returning on Saturday the 21st, and spending the night with Evelyn (whom I must see before she sails) and coming down by the early train Sunday. Will thee send me word if I can get on that at Chapham, and what time?

This last week has been one of the most profitable, in the sense of learning to appreciate, tat I have ever had. I have still the most vivid sensation of the Cathedral of Bourges.

I hope to get the children's address today. I **am** glad they have Winny⁵²⁸ to console them.

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵²⁷ Louis Charles Jean Courajod (1841–1896), an art historian, curator and collector, began his career at the Louvre in 1874, developing a special interest in the Gothic sculpture of the 14th and 15th centuries, before turning to the art of the Carolingian period. In 1887, he was appointed a professor at the École du Louvre, teaching Medieval and Renaissance sculpture; he was director of the department from 1893.

⁵²⁸ Their maid.



M-HS 1895.____ a two-page letter to Alys

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris, Sunday,> Sept. 15, 1895

Dearest Alys,

Thanks for Emily's letter, with thy note on the back. I am most curious to hear about your visit to the Webbs. Will thee tell mother that I will try to get home Friday morning by the 11.35 train, or, at the very latest Saturday morning? I did not know the children were going to be there only such a short time. Still, if they are to have any trip to the Continent it is time they went.

I have been putting off and putting off the (to me) most unhappy task of telling thee that I think I cannot go on that Umbrian trip after all. I do not know exactly [1.2] when it is to be but I have been offered a series of articles upon the Italian pictures and sculptures in the Provence towns, and so I shall return to Fiesole by Avignon, Arles, Nîmes, etc., and probably shall not get to Fiesole until October 10th. Once there, I simply *must* buckle down to work. I didn't do much but talk about work last year, but this year I hope to really do something. I shall have not only these articles, but **the Louvre Guide** and **a book on Botticelli**, which will be printed, I hope by **the Berlin Imperial Press**, and I simply must not take a week off for fun, delicious as it would be. Bertie can understand this! Thee [1.3] sees my working life anyhow is cut in two by the children. I can't do anything at Haslemere, and I have to drop several months every year out of my working life on their account. So I simply must not do it, although I should enjoy it rapturously. I have already been to those places three times, so it cannot be urged as work. I will give you full notes of course, about everything I can remember.

I trust thee to use the tac which is one of thy characteristics to get me out of this. It is no use. I simply ought not to go on such trips if I mean to work seriously. Not only do they take time, but they frivol [1.4] me inside, and make me bored with solid, quiet work, and longing for jokes and fun and excitement. And I am too old for that!

Of course I should have enjoyed it, I needn't tell thee. "*Es wäre so schön! Aber leider es mag nicht sein!*"

Tell mother I find M. Courajod⁵²⁹ has already published the Bourges bust⁵³⁰ by Laurana.⁵³¹ But he says there are any quantity of things in Provence to be discovered.

I went to the Luxembourg yesterday, and the Manet seemed the only picture — just as it did last Spring. Perhaps the Puvis, too, but chiefly that great classic of the future, Manet's *Olympia*! [2]

⁵²⁹ Louis Charles Jean Courajod (1841-1896), art historian, museum curator and connoisseur-collector

⁵³⁰ Bourges, Musée du Berry, Buste de femma, masque mortuaire d'Agnes Sorel.
<http://webmuseo.com/ws/musees-bourges/app/collection/record/10111>

⁵³¹ Francesco Laurana (c. 1430-1502), sculptor and medallist.



Tell Bertie I am greatly enjoying his cigarettes. I long for whist, but 'tis a wicked longing, for I spend my evenings writing up my notes and reading Marshall!⁵³² Never was there such a deadly writer. As *The Nation* says of some one else, "It is not to be concealed that the book is not well written."

With love to all in the proper proportions!!

Thy affectionate sister,

M.

⁵³² ? Henry Rutgers Marshall (1852-1927), *Aesthetic principles* (New York & London, Macmillan, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House BH201 .M34 1895**



M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter from Mary in Paris?

13 Oakley Crescent, Chelsea,⁵³³ Wednesday Sept. 25, 1895

Dear Auntiloo,

Maude Robertson wants a nurse to take to Paris for the winter. A nurse and general servant combined, but the work will not be hard for Maude is awfully considerate. She means [1.2] to wash and feed the baby and cook, herself, and the maid is to do the rest — that is to say, wash up dishes for her and John (and herself), lay fires, dust the furniture (the Concierge sweeps), sew a little, and watch over the baby. It sound complicated, but I'm sure Maude would not [1.3] give her too much to do.

They want a girl of about 20, country, etc. I thought thee and Mrs. Duke might know of one. If so, write to her here, Mrs. J. M. Robertson. Thee can't spare Harty? They are going to take a small flat in Paris for six months.

I must now rush away and see Christina, [1.4] Burke and Zangwill before starting tonight.

I bade Evelyn a tearful farewell last night.

Thine, still under the cloud of Smiths, Persalls, and Collinses,
Goom

A sisterly salute to Bertie.

⁵³³ Maude Robertson's address?



M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter to Hannah

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris, Friday,> Sept. 27, 1895

Dearest mother,

I hope you have been enjoying your trip. Alban said at lunch yesterday⁵³⁴ that if it was America, they would all be apologizing for the extreme heat, but as it was Paris he supposed it was all right. He came for me here, and we drove back and got Emma and Margaret and lunched at a place I know in the Champs Elysées. We are to meet there at lunch again today.

Alban told me it was impossible for him to get mortgages on the Arch Street⁵³⁵ property at less than 4 1/2%, and he thinks if Logan and I put our money in it, it is only fair we should [1.2] have the rate of interest any other person would insist on, that is to say, 4 1/2% and not 4% as father wrote and proposed to him. Please tell Logan about this and ask him to be decided on this point. I can do nothing, owing to that idiotic arrangement which does not make me trustee of my own money.

I enclose a card from Miss Clare, which seems to promise a good time for the children.

I saw Mr. Burke on Wednesday afternoon, and just as soon as he can arrange it, he is going to settle a couple of thousand or so on his wife's child, so that the Nowers⁵³⁶ can adopt it. Isn't it nice of him? [1.3]

Miss Sellers writes and asks if she and Miss Lowndes can come to us as boarders for six weeks next winter. But after carefully weeding out uncongenial elements myself, I don't want to swallow Miss Sellers' detrimentials, and Miss Lowndes, while very nice in some ways, is utterly impossible about art — impossible and "life-diminishing". It is awkward to know what to do.

Please tell Alys I can't do anything about Dibblee's family. I am too busy. Also I have no Hampton Court Guide with me, so will thee send one to him: G. Binney Dibblee,⁵³⁷ Esq., 9 Beaconsfield, Derby Road, Fallowfield, Manchester. [1.4]

I forgot to give Burke a picture of his which I left wrapped up in brown paper addressed to him in father's study at 44. Will thee look it up sometime? It is about 1 1/2 feet broad and 1 foot high, unframed. It is very valuable. I have written to ask him whether he would call for it or have us

⁵³⁴ Mary's diary for Sept. 26, 1895: 'I lunched with Alban and his wife and sister, and joined Bernhard and Janey Dodge in the Louvre. We went to the Panthéon and St. Geneviève.'

⁵³⁵ Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

⁵³⁶ See M-B Jan. 12, 1896; M-HWS Jan. (?) 1894.

⁵³⁷ George Binney Dibblee (1868-1952), a newspaperman and academic, was manager of the *Manchester Guardian* and an authority on the concept of supply and demand.



send it and I will let thee know when I hear.

Tell father I wish he would send tickets for Hodgson's meeting, if he can, to J. M. Robertson, 13 Oakley Crescent, Chelsea, and to Christina Bremner and Zangwill. If Alys felt she could have Christina down over Sunday when Hodgson comes, it would be counted unto her for righteousness.

My address Sunday and Monday will be Poste Restante, Lyons. After that, till I write, Poste Restante, Avignon, both in France.

Dearest love,

Thy busy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter to Alys

<3 rue de Beaune,> Paris, <Sunday,> Sept. 29, 1895

Dearest Auntiloo,

At last I have got a real disciple for the Weisser Hirsch. Miss Dodge is going there in the beginning of December to stay till she is well! Now hasn't thee got some nice invalid to go with her?

I am getting into the habit of applying to thee for everything — adopted parents, nurses, retreats for unfortunates, etc., and thee always seems ready to supply the demand!

Think now of a nice cheerful person of cultivated tastes, a little run down, who wants his or her (preferably her) health built up in a scientific way, and is prepared to give two months at about £4 a week, *tutto compreso*, to [1.2] getting well. "But for heaven's sake not Miss Shedlock", Miss Dodge says. Margaret Pollen would do nicely, I think, but some one a little younger would be even better.

Does thee happen to have a supply of the article?

I am starting South early tomorrow morning, with a lot of notes on the Louvre. I think I shall write a magazine article on the Hanging of Pictures, as I have had a lot of ideas on the subject.

Last night I dined with Alban and Emma and Margaret. Alban is really nice, and we parted most cordially. As he sat telling me his views on [1.3] the Theatre, Billiards, Dancing, and the Observance of the Sabbath, I felt as if I were an archaeologist who had suddenly come on a live archaic sculpture. It was delightful.

Miss Sellers has written asking if Miss Cruttwell and I can take her in with Miss Lowndes for six weeks or so next winter. I felt really unequal to supporting the latter, though I long to have Miss Sellers herself. But Miss Lowndes is too "life-diminishing", and her attitude on art is depressing in the extreme. So I wrote a long, cumbrous, would-be tactful letter to Miss Sellers [1.4] explaining the situation, which may or may not make her furious. The truth is, why should I having got rid of all detrimental, take on another person's? Miss Sellers says she is keen on our going to Greece together.

"Well, goodbye",

Thy affectionate,
Gum



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<3 rue de Beaune,> Paris, Monday early, Sept. 30, 1895

Dearest mother,

Please thank Alys for the brown jacket, which arrived yesterday afternoon.

It has been simply fearfully hot here, and I rather dread getting away to the smaller towns further south, particularly when I think of the fleas! but I must go. I have stayed too long, out of dread of the heat.

Yesterday I went to the collection of casts at the Trocadero, and saw the portals of churches, windows, sculptures, etc. [1.2] But it was one of those awful days, when Gothic looked like scrawls by Ray and Karin, or rude Hindoo or Mexican attempts at art, and I wondered what it was all up to anyhow. I suppose a great many people feel that way about it all the time!

Will thee look on my table in the dining room and see if there is a yellow bill there for a photograph of a picture by Il Greco to someone in Glasgow 10/6? and if thee finds it, will thee pay it please and let me know? [1.3]

I had a fearful sore throat for several days after coming here, but it has gone at last, I am glad to say, so I am starting off in good condition.

Address now Poste Restante, Avignon.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Dijon, <Tuesday> Oct. 1, 1895

Dearest mother,

I reach Lyons tonight, but too late to go to the post. I hope to get news of you tomorrow and also of the children. Please address now, until thee hears, *Poste Restante, Montpellier, France*.

Dijon is a rather enchanting town, the old capital of Burgundy, which kept itself independent almost up to the end of the last century. It has a great many fine palaces and several most interesting churches. The Museum too is one of the most famous French provincial museums, but really it has very little in it, except big names! There is no first class, and not even a second class Italian picture, though there are one or two of lower grades.

The weather has changed to be nice and cool — fortunately.

Tell Logan I am reading *Bouvard et Pécuchet*⁵³⁸ with intense amusement and pleasure. What “Evas” they are — colossal! How delicious when they visited the Library and wished they knew the exact number of the books in it! And then their romantic garden. I can’t tell whether I’m most like Bouvard or Pécuchet, but I think Bouvard!

With much love,

Thine,
M.L.

⁵³⁸ An unfinished satirical work by Flaubert, published in 1881 after his death in 1880.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Post Office, Lyons, <Wednesday,> Oct. 2, 1895

I got thy letter and Alys' this morning, and was delighted with the home news, and hearing all about Aunty Lill.

The museum here has been another unfull sell — I expected so much, and only found some measly Peruginos and Domenico Tintoretos. I have seen everything here for the first and last time!, and go on tomorrow to Vienne and Orange, getting to Avignon Friday morning. Address Poste Restante, Montpellier.

Love to all,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

From the Roman Theatre at Orange, Thursday, Oct. 3, 1895

I have stopped off here to see some interesting Roman remains, and shall not reach Avignon till 7 this evening. The Romans were superb architects in spite of having a great deal of bad taste. There is nothing in the Renaissance to compare with the solidity and reality and imposingness of the facade of this theatre. It is like a giant Pitti Palace — a lion compared to a dog.

This is the real South at last — figs, pomegranates, olives, white dusty streets, and tawdry houses, all build in the same “sand style”, which is most appropriate to villages, although most villages are infinitely more picturesque and satisfactory than these pretentious, squalid affairs. On the other hand, the people, unlike the English poor, have a different costume and are in themselves most picturesque.

I haven't had a flea yet — what luck!

Still address Montpellier.

Dearest love,

M.



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MB-HS 1904.____ [71113: 138-139]
a postcard to Hannah, Fridays' Hill, Haslemere,

Avignon, Friday, Oct. 4 <1895>

No time to write letters, for there is so much to see and so little time, and I have to write up my notes in the evening. This is the most fascinating place I have ever been in — it surpasses all my dreams. Think of a huge bridge striding out into the river, and stopping short half way across, like an enormous bewildered giant suddenly turned to stone. The “Great Unknowable” used to say it was so nice to have a bridge that didn’t lead you across! Well, it is picturesque anyhow, and puzzling.

I am glad Fridays’ Hill is let. And think of Ray diving!

Address Montpellier till Tuesday — then for 2 days Tuesday and Wednesday, Poste Restante, Marseilles.

Dearest love, When do A. and B. go to Berlin?

ML



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Avignon, <Saturday,> Oct. 5, 1895

Just starting for Nîmes, with a few moments to wait at the station.

Ray writes: "We are leaving Biarritz on Saturday. Address Poste Restante, Luchon.⁵³⁹ Today we are going into Spain for the day. We will show you all sorts of grand things in the baths when we come home. We have very good times in the water. We send you our love and lost of kisses. Your little chickens, R. & K."

It is perfectly heavenly weather, with just a nip of autumn. Last night at sunset Avignon realized all my dreams of the Heavenly City, rising above the trees, in a golden glow, with dark purple mountains behind it. There is nothing in the Museum of interest, but the town itself repays a hundred journeys!

Love to Alban and Emma⁵⁴⁰ and to Aunty Lill. I will write her a note tonight.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁵³⁹ Bagnères-de-Luchon, also referred to as Luchon, is a spa town in the Haute-Garonne department in the Midi-Pyrénées region.

⁵⁴⁰ Mentioned in Mary's diary, Alban and his wife Emma and sister:
Sept. 26, 28 (Paris); Nov. 11, **1895**;
Mar. 1, **1896**

FINISH



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Nimes, <Saturday,> Oct. 5, 1895

Dearest Alys,

If thee or mother can think of anyone to do this for Lillian Edgerton, I will be willing to pay them a guinea. I can do nothing of course — it is too late. But thee might know of some semi-artistic person who would be glad to earn the money. Then send the enclosed letter on, please, to Evelyn, 241 East 18th St., New York, and she may think of something. It is an immense improvement for Lillian from having been [1.2] a saleswoman, and I feel as if I ought to help her if I possibly can.

I suppose thee is off on thy round of meetings. Beware of Josiah Mee — my prophetic eyes foresee a Fate in him!

If for any reason the Nowers fall through Puck's sister in Rome would probably adopt Mrs. Burke's baby, but thee can imagine I should infinitely prefer Dulcie.

I hope Bertie is flourishing in his exams. Let me know the result.

I am SICK of provincial museums. However, there are lots of Roman remains to fall back on, and these do not disappoint. [1] I am sitting in front of a perfectly gorgeous Roman arena, almost perfectly preserved. From Renaissance to Gothic, from Gothic to Roman — from Roman — where? I prophesy I shall end up in the Yosemite and the Yellowstone, after a very roundabout journey!

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Narbonne, <Monday,> Oct. 7, 1895

I did not write yesterday because I was so busy seeing two galleries and towns, Montpellier and Béziers. The galleries are an awful disappointment! French savants make so much of them, but there was nothing but tenth-rate pictures, and very few even of that merit! Of course they are called Raphael, etc., but they are a miserable lot.

Avignon and Nîmes, as towns, were splendid — the rest rather below mediocre.

Address on Thursday and Friday, Poste Restante, Savona, Italy, and after that Villa Rosa. I hope to get there on the 15th or 16th.

Not a flea yet — !!

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a two-page letter

St. Maximin, Sunday, Oct. 13, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am awfully sorry thee has been worried about that £30 in ray's account. I took it out last autumn, when I went to join Bertie in Paris. I did not know that thee had put it in — indeed I remember once when my own income came in, paying in £20 myself at once. Then I thought it did not seem fair to be [1.2] accumulating money for Ray and not for Karin — as indeed it is not. At present they are about equal. It is very little, however, and if thee likes, thee can pay £2.10 of Auntie Lill's present into Ray's account, and if I can find Karin's book, I will send it to thee from Fiesole, and thee can put the other half to her account. Little by little, I will try to mount it up — for *not even* their Grandma can be keener than I to let them have a little something [1.3] *all of their own*, independent of their father or me or anyone else, when they come to be of an age to use it. But of course that is not for a long time yet. If I get any money for the Thinking Lessons or Giant stories, I proposed in my mind putting it by for them in the Savings Bank. But just at present of course it is no use to them — and it is of great use to me, for I can travel on it and prepare myself better for the work I want to do. [1.4] But I do think we ought to keep it even between them. If I can't find Karin's book, then I must write for another. It was made out the 13th of April either 1889 or 1890. They will give me another, but I must go myself to Millbank Steet and attend to it. This will do very well when I come home, as the book is not to be handed in until April anyhow.

I am *very much against* the Annuity. There is an important "nest egg" for the [2] children, if thee likes, that I do not think I ought to eat up, for the sake of a few pounds more a year, which after all I can easily make by writing. Thinking it over, I am quite unwilling to purchase an annuity, and I shall try to get on with the 4 1/2%, if that is all I can have investing it with Alban. That will give me anyhow £180, and I suppose thee will help me out, as thee has done, with about £50 or £60. And I certainly can [2.2] manage on that, without eating up what may be very important to Ray and Karin some day. No, I am entirely against the annuity. It seems odd to me thee should so calmly have proposed my taking £4,000 from them, and been so shocked that I took the £30 from an account which Ray can't make use of for years to come. I did not really think twice about the £30, as when I get to making [2.3] a little more by writing (as I certainly shall do) it will be so easy for me to pay it back to them equally. But I should really feel greedy and selfish if I invested in an annuity for the sake of £15 more a year.

I am dreadfully tired tonight, and cannot write more. I see from the papers it was cold and snowy at Luchon, so I have not written there for several days. But I suppose they will be coming [2.4] home at once. Miss Clare might really have sent me a card to Montpellier and Marseilles — as I



asked — to tell me of their movements. However, they'll soon be home now, and then I shall hear from thee.

Thee must have had a time getting the house ready, and now the Millhangar! I do not envy thee.

I shall be at Florence on Thursday.

Dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____ a postcard

Nice, <Tuesday,> Oct. 15, 1895

It is a temptation to take the Cornici drive, after having rested here over night, but I have resisted it, not being yet reduced to Nature for my sensations! — and am going on to Savona by an early train. There are several small places along the coast, containing Donatellos, etc., where I shall stop a few hours on the way to Pisa. I may as well do them up.

I simply long to hear about the children. I dreamt last night we were all swimming together.

Dearest love,

M.

Where is Logan?



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter to Bertrand Russell

Savona, <Tuesday,> Oct. 15, 1895

My dear Bertie,

I am delighted to hear that you got your Fellowship at the first try. You were most cunning in leading us not to expect it, for now it comes as such a surprise that if the others feel like me, they will bow in humble reverence before you and hail your Genius!!

I wonder if it means America in the Spring and no Italy! If so, I am disappointed, but still my sympathetic altruism is great enough to make me glad you got it, all the same. At [1.2] any rate, it is a sign that Alys has not deteriorated you! Congratulate her from me, please.

A horrible Italian band is bursting with discord just under my window. Otherwise, I should describe to you the marvels of Provence, beginning with the meals — the place is literally creeping with “Julias” (Julia of Macerata) — and ending up with a grassy terrace round which a little brook flows, where you lie at the foot of Roman monuments and look out through the pine-stems at the great Rhone plain, and smell the mint and lavender, and [1.3] see Avignon against Mt. Ventoux — and dream Virgil and Petrarch — and even Keats.

Today I had a most gorgeous swim in the Mediterranean, but a scirocco has been blowing since, and I wish I were a rhinoceros. There is only one thing here to see, and millions of things not to see, nor hear, nor smell! The one thing is an altar-piece by Vincentius Foppa, and after all I only succeeded in seeing it by candle-light, as the church is only open for evening services. The congregation sang their rosary all out of tune in the interest of [1.4] seeing several figures on the high alter dancing about with torches and candles, for the sacristan and a friendly neighbour and a whole heap of small boys took advantage of the occasion to come up too and have a look. Siam in Italia. Sa! You can't do those things in France. I used to feel quite modest there, even about walking round the church when things were going on.

Tell Alys to write me about the Millhanger, and accept the late but sincere congratulations of thy humbly admiring

Bouvardine*

* my name, since reading Flaubert's immortal work, Bertie, you must read it. It was written for them that understand what it is to be “tainted with Pearsall omnitheism.”



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

On the train to Genoa, <Wednesday,> Oct. 16, 1895

I have just sent word to Rosa to send "il Cocchino" (the San Domenico coachman) to meet me tomorrow morning, so I feel half at home now.

I was quite disgusted last night with having stopped at Savona, but this morning I made a real discovery which has thrown me into a state of elation. In the Duomo I found a picture by one Brea di Nizza (of Nice) which revealed to me who painted a most puzzling Annunciation in the Louvre — one of the more important pictures. It is now four years since I began to wonder who painted it — and now I have it for my Guide!

This reminds me to say that I mean to accept Putnam's terms, for practically, except that the percentage is 10% instead of 12 1/2% on the first thousand, they are the terms I proposed. I shall settle down to write it at once.

Do send me word of the children. I found a post-card here from Luchon telling me to write to Paris. They were well and happy, but that was a week ago!

Fancy Aunt L. wanting to out short Helen's stay in Paris!!

Dearest love,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Pisa, <Thursday,> 8.30 a.m., Oct. 17, 1895

Just starting for Florence. I never saw anything so heavenly as Pisa at sunrise. I had a room on the Arno and could see it twisting lazily along like a big yellow snake.

Last night I saw the Duomo and was much interested comparing it with the French Cathedral. Beautiful as it is, immensely rich in detail, as architecture it is positively frivolous! But the town has a spaciousness and beauty I have not met out of Italy.

Three fleas attacked me yesterday as a welcome home!

With love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a two-page letter

Villa Rosa, <Fiesole, Thursday,> Oct. 17, 1895

Dearest mother,

Will thee please send £5 in a registered letter to Mrs. Thomas Brittan, 51 Lansdowne Street, Spring Hill, Birmingham, just putting on a slip of paper, "Please acknowledge receipt to Mrs. Costelloe, Villa Rosa, Fiesole, Italy". Burke will repay, so it is all right, only it is important [1.2] to send it as soon as thee can conveniently manage it. Mrs. Burke has given the baby to this person, her former maid, to take care of until everything about its adoption had been arranged. Burke says he will gladly settle £100 a year on the child, if he finds he can do so, when his business affairs are more settled. He is coming down here as soon as he can to see his (former) wife (the decree is granted) [1.3] and she is coming in a day or two.⁵⁴¹ I did not want her to come to Florence at all, and told her that neither Maud nor I could see her more than once a week, but I shall take her in until Burke comes, since Maud isn't here yet, I feel so sorry for her having to give up her baby. She has felt the parting excruciatingly. Burke is certain to come before the end of the month. They must meet here, as it can be so very conveniently arranged, [1.4] but if they are here there will be no room for Logan, as our new rooms do not belong to us till January. However, as I wrote him, it would be very easy to make an arrangement with the landlord to let us have them at once, by paying a little extra. I won't arrange it, however, until I hear from him, for he may decide to stay a long time in Munich, which is a very good place to work. I am delighted he is coming. What [2] about his house with Morrell and Feilding?

I am just dying to hear from the children!

Thank Alys and Bertie for their letters. And ask Bertie, please, if Ward's article on Psychology in the Encyclopaedia Britannica has been published separately. James is always quoting it, and I want to get it.

Then — one more thing! Please subscribe for me to the *Daily Chronicle* for six [2.2] months. It is no use thy sending yours, for I never get those things a bit regularly, and I really want this. Also if father would send me the *Spectator* every week, I should be very, very grateful.

With love to him and to you all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

How funny about Aunt Lill! She wrote, "Let our conversation be in heaven", but I fear hers is not always so!!

⁵⁴¹ Mary's diary, October 19, 1895: 'A letter from Mrs. Burke says she met her husband in Rotterdam, by chance, and they have made it up!!'

Mary's diary, October 20, 1895: 'News came from Burke and his wife that they were together, and had decided to make a "trial marriage" for a while, to see how it would work. I am so glad. I feel sure they will now be happy together.'



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Saturday,> Oct. 19, 1895

Dearest mother,

I didn't do anything yesterday except sort my papers, as was not feeling well. But I'm all right again today.

I do hope the children have got home at last! I send them more funny pictures today. I couldn't help laughing over thy having a meeting at Crouch End⁵⁴² — what a name!

Can thee ask the *Chronicle* to send me all the numbers of their paper containing those articles about Montenegro and Bosnia? I should be very grateful. Placci wants them particularly, and I should like to do this, as he is going to be kind enough to choose me a piano (for hire).

Fabbri, the Degas owner, is coming to dine tonight. He is a (poor) painter, very rich in the world's gold, but always unaccountably depressed and depressing.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.L.C.

☞ Am I to write and thank Aunty Lill for £5 , or did she take it back? ☞

⁵⁴² In the London Borough of Haringey.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Villa Rosa, <Fiesole, Monday,> Oct. 21, 1895

Dearest father,

I am very grateful for thy letter, and for thy offer to help me out with £10. I should *much rather* have the money saved for Ray and Karin, of course — infinitely rather. It is only a question of whether I can really get on, and of how things can be arranged. There are two things I want to know about. The [1.2] first is, is thee not going to sell the Arch St. property? If thee is, that would mean the necessity for a re-investment, and all this trouble over again. Secondly suppose the money is put into that Mortgage, would thee give instructions for Alban to pay it regularly direct to me? He is so irregular, I might get into awful holes, if he kept it hanging for months. And secondly, I should rather it come direct, and not through thee — not that there would be any trouble, of course, but that I think on general principles it is the only business-like way to do things. If these three things are all right, that is to say, if thee is not going to part with the [1.3] Arch Street property, and if Alban will send the money regularly and direct to me, then I think my best plan is to invest the money there — unless, indeed, there is danger of the rate of interest falling. In that case, I suppose I *could* take it out in a few years and buy the annuity even then if then was nothing else to do.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to Logan's visit, and hope he will come soon.

Lovingly thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Monday,> Oct. 28, 1895

Dearest mother,

I didn't write yesterday because I was so busy getting off my notes to the *Chronique des Arts*. I made a lot of "discoveries" on my travels but I am not sure whether M. Ephrussi will have the courage to print them, as they take away many a Raphael that has been the glory and pride of the province and give it to Peruzzi or Lo Spagna or Innocenza da Imola or some other idiotic follower. But I hope he will, and that I shall get into a lot of controversies, for I can prove every case by photographs and controversies [1.2] will make a "public" for my Guide.

To tell the real truth, however, connoisseurship and all that appertains thereto is as a deadly odour in my nostrils. 'Tis a dry-as-dust subject, necessary, but no more to be called *art* than the kitchen range is to be called a dinner party. But when you can't write like Ruskin, you must be content to give *facts*.

I hope thee has enjoyed thyself at Plymouth after the labours of the Millhangar! [2]

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

P.S. Many thanks for ordering the *Chronicle* and sending the £5. I hope thee will send me 10/6, too. I have sent a lot of *Studio* designs to Lillian Edgerton, and hope they will be useful. I am ever so much obliged to thee and Alys for the trouble you took.

Keep that volume of the Encycl. Brit. until I hear whether Ward's paper is published separately. (I have written Hatchard's.) If it is not, I shall have to have it, heavy as it is, for if I wait I may have Pécuchéd⁵⁴³ off to some other [2.2] subject, and not take the keen interest in it I feel now. Thee will know what this verb is. How I wish thee could read *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, Flaubert's epic of intellectually ambitious mediocrity. Alys and Bertie simply must read it. I am now reading it for the third time, and my name is Bouvardine.

M.L.

[1] Carlo Placci and Signor Buonamici are going to choose my piano today.

⁵⁴³ Mary wrote 'Péchuchéd'; see Flaubert, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Oct. 29, 1895

Dearest mother,

Unless we have a definite feasible plan, it isn't much use complaining about the children's school. Frank is not satisfied with it himself, he told me so, and begged me to tell him my own opinion about it, but he said, "What is to be done?" That terrible journey across London to either of the High Schools is really an impediment. Suppose thee prays about it ——! Thee gets such practical "openings" sometimes.

I will not say anything to him until I come home. I shall look at the books with the greatest care and attention thee may be sure.

My trunk came yesterday all safely. Today I must go [1.2] down and attend to Mrs. Burke's trunk, which she sent here, and which I must return to Paris. I had a note from her maid, Mrs. Brittan, acknowledging the £5. Many thanks.

Thee will see from my letter to father what I have been doing.

Who is at the Millhangar now? It must be very pretty.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1895

A rainy day, but pleasant beside a wood fire. I am at work on the "Louvre", and feel rather discouraged.

Thy postal card just as thee was starting for Plymouth came yesterday. I hope thee has received my letter, which I sent to the address thee gave me.

The autumn colours make the country perhaps more beautiful than I have ever seen it. I rejoice every day to be living in the country where I can enjoy it all at every moment.

I am delighted Logan likes Venice. He would like this too I am sure. I have some most interesting things in his own line for him to read when he knows Italian.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a two-page letter

Fiesole, <Tuesday,> Nov. 5,⁵⁴⁴ 1895

Dearest mother,

I have been racking my brains to think what we *can* do. Thee sees we are in an awful predicament, because we have *no alternative to suggest*. If we made too much fuss, Frank might take it into his head to move away to St. Pancras, which is so much nearer the schools, or out to Hampstead. That dreadful hour's journey across London puts a barrier in the way of our working hard for any definite change.

The books are a perfect disgrace. I wish thee would send me *all* that Ray uses, and I will write a careful article on them, _____ [1.2] of course, and send it to the *Times*. Britten says they are most anxious to keep up, and they would be scared into some improvement by a public exposure. Of course I should write very moderately, without any apparent personal animus.

In a certain way, the thing has a possible good side. They will learn to hate school, certainly, a Catholic school taught by nuns, and everything they learn with me and thee will be just so much the more attractive. I am not in any fear of their brains being stultified, as thee seems to be. When thee says this, thee must be forgetting that nearly [1.3] everybody of the past generation and everybody of the generation before had to pass through even more deadly mills, and yet we have many instances of brains that were not stultified! Of course it would be a million times better if they were at a school we liked, but even as it is, it is not necessarily or even probably fatal. If we only had something else to suggest — that is our terrible predicament.

Thee must speak to Britten about it. I had better arrange my homecoming so as to go for at least a week steadily to the school, following up the work with the children at home. Then, instead of [1.4] making my report to B.F.C.C. alone, I will ask Britten and Alys and thee and Bertie to come, and Dr. Bull if he is there. This will put a tremendous pressure on B.F.C.C. without seeming to do anything unfair.

But — again the problem faces us — what alternative are we to suggest? Can thee think of *anything*? Unless I came home and myself kept school for them, I really don't know what to suggest. And *I* am not really competent for that, even if I were willing to do it. I am not properly trained in the rudiments, and though they would hilariously *enjoy* the lessons, they would not get any systematic training. It is a terrible dilemma. [2]

I must say I think the stories about ear-pulling are exaggerated. I judge this from their exaggerations about the spanking, which I had the chance to observe, when Ray herself said it was the worst. It is impossible to lift up

⁵⁴⁴ '5 Nov.' written above 29 Oct.?



such big children by the ears. Think of it for a moment.

I must close now hastily for the post.

With much love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Tell Ray I was delighted with her picture of the Swimming.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Wednesday,> Nov. 6, 1895

Dearest mother,

Thanks for the 10/6, and my thanks to father for the *Spectator*, *Fortnightly* and *Chronicle*. I take the *Temps* also, and am trying to keep up a little with European events. I have written a note to B.F.C.C. about the dancing.

Loeser has come back and we expect him to lunch today. Maud Cruttwell is immensely interested in the Piper revelations⁵⁴⁵ as I am, and I do hope Father will send me everything that is printed about them.

Sometime will thee send me two £5 notes, and let me know how much I have left? I hope to make £6 or £7 out of my article in the *Nation*.

Keep that roll of photographs addressed to Mrs. Burke. They are mine, and I will take them when I come. Has my album turned up yet!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁴⁵ p



M-HS 1895.____ a postcard / ____-page letter

<Fiesole,> Thursday, <Dec. ? 5, 12, 1895>

Dearest mother,

I am delighted with thy news. But I do wish that Mrs. What's-her-name would clear out a week or so sooner. Can't it be arranged? As I shall thus stay on into January it decides me not to come home quite so soon. I shall probably leave here on the 18th [of **December 1895?**] [1.2] or 19th and come straight through. Can't we beg on without a tree? It is such an endless bore — and I do not think they enjoy it much. If we arrange things nicely for their Play and give them a few presents, I am sure that will do as well. And we shan't bother with the Pantomime for they did not really [1.3] enjoy it. If there is a sunny day I will take them to the Zoo and let them ride on some sort of an animal. And perhaps there will be skating.

I shall have to be in London some, for I must see a doctor. I am rather worried over the excessive flow.

I hope Gertrude will not send for me. If she [1.4] does I may leave here at any time, but in any event I shall be home three or four days before Christmas.

With dearest love and delightful anticipations of seeing thee soon,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

Dec. 30, 1895 - Jan. 27, 1896 Mary away



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Nov. 7, 1895

Dearest mother,

Father wrote me he sent the Hawthorne article to the N. Q. Review. If it really was the Southern France one, I am absolutely sure they will not take it. Never do they print that kind of thing, never, and the most wily letter he as kind enough to write would not induce them. I will, however, telegraph to make sure. It will be all right.

I can't say more about the children till I hear from them.

It is not possible for me to find out about old H. W. Since Costa went away, I know no one here who even knows him by name. I think he lives in a small exclusive and excluded set.

In haste,

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a two-page letter

<Fiesole, Friday,> Nov. 8, 1895

Dearest mother,

I see the *Temps* — the most serious of all the French dailies — every morning, and think how surprised and delighted I was yesterday to find a long and very favourable review of Logan's book! I have sent it to him with my congratulations.

The book makes a very pleasant impression on me all around. The technique is very good — all the "re-writing" has been of service; and the first story shows that he can handle serious themes in a very dignified and sympathetic way. [1.2]

Saturday, Nov. 9

Thanks for thy wire. I had not yet done anything about the article. I felt so sure the N. A. would not take an article of that kind. I did not really worry over it. I do not think there is the least chance of its taking the other. There would be more chance in Chapman's or something over here. But it was very kind of father to take the trouble to send it.

Thank him also for the *Chronicle*, for which I bless him daily, and for the *Spectator*. I am sending on today to Logan the one I received yesterday (Nov. 2).

I hope Alys and Bertie will settle in "the Row". [1.3]

Of course I am awfully distressed about Ray's working so hard, and over such dull things. I hope the letter I sent will induce Frank to send them to Dancing School, and so have another afternoon free. Otherwise, unless thee calls in Britten, I think there is nothing to be done until I come home and go myself to the school for about a week and watch how things go in there, and watch Ray struggling with these beastly books at home. Then I shall make a full and thorough report of the whole thing, and tell it to him, as if of course he would be delighted to know all about it, and tell [1.4] it in the presence of Britten, Dr. Bull if he is there, Alys and Bertie. I am not inclined at present to think he is acting out of cruelty, but out of his damnable carelessness and ignorance. He used to be awfully afraid of pushing Ray when we want her to read! I shall remind him of all he said.

In the meantime, there is not much more than five weeks, and after her splendid summer, I cannot believe it will tax her health. Thee must remember that they aren't at work the whole time at school.

I wrote thee that I have no way of finding out about Lord Henry Somerset. I do not [2] know anyone who knows him, and I do not ever know where he lives.

I am sorry I can do nothing, but really I see no way. It is not as if I went out into society and saw a great many people and was by way of hearing general gossip.

When thy telegram came signed "Mother", I can't tell thee what love I felt



for thee, as I thought of all the had done for me and is still doing. And then
the thought of thee, thyself, how delightful thee is.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter

Villa Rosa, Fiesole, <Sunday,> Nov. 10, 1895

Dear Miss Clare,

I am very grateful to you for trying to watch over Ray, to see that she is not senselessly overworked at the school. I always feel sure I can rely on you to look after the children's [1.2] interests, and this is one proof more. I hope if this pressure goes on, you will summon up courage and go direct to the Mother Superior and tell her how things are. A child ought never to learn a lesson she does not understand, and you can tell her [1.3] how little Ray is able to understand of that abominable Grammar and History. They are anxious, I know, to keep the school up to the mark, and i think she would not only think over, but be grateful for anything you might say.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
Mary Costelloe



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Monday,> Nov. 11, 1895

Dearest mother,

I will not write to B.F.C.C. or do anything that thee fears would involve thee in difficulties. When I come back, we will see what can be done about the practising. Shall I not write letter to Janet Morison, asking her to tell him they must not practise more than 1/2 an hour? She asked me to tell her anything.

I hope Dr. Bull will be over before long and in him thee will have an ally.

I will do everything I possibly can, but it is utterly out of the question for me even [1.2] to live in the house with their father again. Neither my nerves nor my reason would stand it. I am perfectly sure. Moreover, in ten years, or twelve at the utmost, they won't want me and if they then had on their hands a broken-down and spiritless mother (____ should become just what I was when we wandered about the Riviera), who had given up her pursuits and everything for them, they would regret it immensely. Besides, there are a great many other reasons which make it impossible. I have said all this before a great many times, and still thee keeps writing to me to change. I think it distresses us both to no [1.3] purpose. What we must do is to try to arrange the best we can under the given conditions. It is not many weeks now until I come, and I think I can manage, without making B.F.C.C. angry, to make a great deal of difference. I will not write to Janet Morison unless thee says I may, but I am sure she is discreet, and that it will do good.

I cannot write more now — I am literally all broken to pieces with the news thee sent, and have not slept for five nights.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895

Dearest mother,

I will send one of Logan's books to Evelyn.

Perhaps the Wimbledon plan might work. We shall see when I get home. I want to come a week before their school closes so as to see everything myself.

It is very warm here. Carlo Placci and Miss Buttles are coming to lunch — the latter has one of the loveliest voices I ever heard. She is going to sing all the afternoon, Placci playing accompaniments.

I am working hard over my Louvre introduction and have had a most original idea for the plan of the book, only I'm afraid I'm not clever enough to carry it out. I will tell thee of it in a letter.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____

a two page letter

'Return to H.W.S.' in upper left corner.

Fiesole, <Wednesday,> Nov. 13, 1895

Dearest mother,

Yesterday afternoon Signor Placci played and Miss Buttles sang nearly the whole of Wagner's Valkyrie — the best parts of it. I have never heard it so well sung, even on the German stage. Her voice is absolutely delicious, fresh, strong, clear, sustaining — and, as Placci said, she is a great artist besides.

I was a little comforted about the children, looking at Placci. He was brought up a Catholic in the English — not the easy-going Italian — way, and even four years ago he would not read Spencer or Darwin because they were on the "Index". He was [1.2] 32 then — think of it! And now he is the sweetest, most rational, sanest, most modern sort of person imaginable, who simply devours psychologies and books on science. A large part of this, I must say, is due to miss Paget, but she did not know him till he was 18 or 19. Who can predict under what influences Ray and Karin may fall when they are that age? At any rate, hope is not cut off.

I felt a sort of helpless despair in thinking that even if they were here, actually with me in the room, they would simply be bore by the music which was giving me such intense pleasure. Dear little creatures! How I hope [1.3] they will grow up to enjoy all these things to the utmost.

On Sunday Placci is coming again with the pianist Bonamici, and Miss Buttles is coming to sing. Placci says Bonamici will be in perfect ecstasy at hearing her — and, indeed, I cannot imagine anyone not being. Her singing is as natural and reposeful as a spring gurgling up in the rocks — and her face, which is not pretty, at all, grows transfigured when she sings, as if it has been a canvas that some great master had suddenly painted a glorious picture upon.

I am at work upon my Louvre book in a helpless sort of way. So many ideas [1.4] rush before me which I can't seize and fasten. If only I wrote better. I feel despairing. For really I have some very good things to say, and I should like to say them persuasively and startlingly. I have a great mind not to hurry with the book, but to keep it for some years, putting my very best work into it, and making the expression more worthy of the ideas. In that case, I should bring it out as a Catalogue to the national Gallery. I can take as long as I like about it, because I am perfectly sure no one will have the same idea — which is to desert history, dates, school, and every extraneous thing, and speak of the pictures [2] merely from the aesthetic point of view, grouping them around the best, and simply not mentioning the poor pictures.

I have made a few Commandments:

I. Thou shalt not consider the picture as a representation of reality.



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II. Thou shalt not consider the picture as an historical document.

III. Thou shalt not consider the picture as an illustration of a story or an expression of definite emotion.

IV. Thou shalt not consider the picture as a puzzle for connoisseurs.

V. Thou shalt not consider the picture as an illustration of the artist's skill or an expression of his soul.

VI. Honour thy Sensations, that thy [2.2] enjoyment may be long in the gallery.

These are so simple, but who ever thinks of obeying them? Yet without there is not genuine aesthetic enjoyment of art.

Really and truly, what I ought to do is to write a Manual for use in elementary schools. I could do it too, because I made Ray and Karin understand a good deal. And what a difference it would make to have people start right!

I am going to say something that will shock thee, but I do believe art pleasures are the type of the pleasures we shall have in the next life. They are the least sensuous — and if [2.3] we have a body there, it is a very attenuated sort of affair, and they require the most perfect mental and moral conditions to reach perfection. Imagine a state where philanthropy is impossible, for everyone is happy, preaching unnecessary for everyone is good, teaching superfluous, for everyone knows, and what have you left! Art enjoyments, or something analogous.

I have a great many more arguments for this than I have time to set down!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Thursday,> Nov. 14, 1895

Sunny and warm, like an English August of the best kind. We sit with open windows, basking in the air which is perfumed by the medlars just flowering. Even butterflies by day, and glow-worms by night! Michael describes England as in "the very dregs of winter".

I hope thee will approve of my writing to Mrs. Morison not to have them practise so long. Most children do, it is true, but I am sure it is mistake. Do they like the funny pictures from the *Fliegende Blätter*? The *Spectator* speaks highly of a book of exciting boys' adventures called *The Fur Seals' Tooth*. It sounded just the thing for the children.

I am busy at my Louvre book.

Dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Friday, Nov. 15, 1895

The registered letter reached me at noon Thursday. Many thanks. I went down to see Dr. Baldwin about a persistent low sore throat I have had for some time. He said it was nothing at all, but advised a gargle.

I lunched at Loeser's. He is full of the project of writing a Greek Book on Velasquez.

When thee gets this, the children will be just starting off again to school I expect. Give them each a kiss from me, and tell Ray not to learn lessons she can't understand.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one page letter

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 16, 1895

Dearest mother,

The rest of the Lesson Books came today. They are awful. I am thinking of various plans. For one thing, I will ask B.F.C.C. to sit with me in the room when Ray is studying and watch how long her attention holds fresh. And catching him then and there, on the spot, with all I can tell him of the opinions of the best teachers, it seems as if it could not be but that he would arrange things differently with Miss Clare. In the meantime, I hope thee will send me word to write to Mrs. Morison.

What about my coming? Shall I come before or after [1.2] Christmas? The reason I thought of coming in January and February is because I can't come back at Easter, as I shall be in Greece with Miss Sellers, and from January to July is such an awfully long time. However, I will do as thee things best.

He has never answered me about the Dancing, so I have written again, a short note on that subject alone, saying I hope he sees the reasonableness of putting aside our own personal differences in matters that relate to the children, and arranging what is best for them.

Tell Karin her "Picture Gallery" is splendid. She has done it with all the care that [1.3] she always puts into the details of her works of art. As to Ray's design, it is fit to hang in a picture gallery itself.

Would it not be wise for thee to go thyself to see Mrs. Morison about the practising? I am sure she would not have Ray practise when she can't keep her attention on it. She will understand and arrange it, I am sure.

It is lovely weather, but I cannot enjoy it much. The news about the school and all apparently upset me so that it made me unwell a week before the time, and now it has gone on ten days, getting worse each day, until I feel quite worn out. I have [1.4] been to the doctor, about that an my sore throat, and he says such things are often caused by worry. He gave me medicine, but it has done no good, so I am going to him again today.

Thee will see from this that I care, anyhow, and if I do not come back, it is because I simply could not live even in the health I have now.

I hope something can be done when I come. Remember, we did get rid of Emma, hopeless as it seemed.

Do not give my letter to Miss C.

I have had Mrs. Wilde's letter before. Have returned all Logan's letters.

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.



M-HS 1895.____ a one page letter

Fiesole, <Monday,> Nov. 18, 1895

Dearest mother,

I will answer thy long letter soon, but I do not feel as if I could today. I am very much better, nearly well in fact.

Please tell Karin that I liked her cup of hot steaming tea very much, and showed it to all my visitors who came to make music yesterday. [1.2] They all thought it was very well done.

The weather is phenomenally lovely. Yesterday was literally summer, and today promises to be the same. Has it got cold in London yet? What are the children wearing?

With much love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Continued thanks to Father for the *Chronicle*. How much have I left in Bank?



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M-HS 1895.____ a one page letter

Fiesole, <Monday,> Nov. 18, 1895

Beloved Antilu,

I have no Baedeker to Berlin Dresden, or Munich. All I have is maps torn out. The rest is either lent or destroyed.

As to pictures, Dresden is extraordinarily well named.

Berlin is not bad, except for the false Botticellis (Venus and Simonetta) and the false Leonardo (Resurrection). [1.2] The Renaissance sculpture is splendidly indexed, etc., in Bode's little *Handbuch* to Renaissance sculpture.⁵⁴⁶ Morelli has written about all the galleries,⁵⁴⁷ if B. H.⁵⁴⁸ wants to really go into it, and if not, it doesn't matter whether she makes a few mistakes or not. Also Berenson's list in *The Venetian Painters* and in *The Florentine Painters* (shortly to appear). But really Dresden is very well done, and if they do [1.3] mix up Bagnacavallo⁵⁴⁹ and Scarsellino,⁵⁵⁰ Giulio Campi,⁵⁵¹ Beccaruzzi⁵⁵² and Polidoro Lanzani,⁵⁵³ who cares? My pleasure in marking guides is gone. So few people have taste, and if they haven't, it doesn't make much difference what they look at. The acquisition of good taste in pictures is about as difficult as the acquisition of the ability to paint them would be. That is very discouraging but it is the TRUTH. Perhaps *jenseits*, when we stand with [1.4] golden crowns on our heads in the ranks of St. George Pellew and the Blessed Edmund Gurney, we shall have taste, without the trouble of acquiring it — But here — “O what labour! O Prince, what pain!”⁵⁵⁴

We had *Tristan and Isolde* for 3 1/2 hours yesterday afternoon. Placci plays like an angel.

The weather is a mixture of the best elements of spring, summer, and autumn, and a touch of paradise.

⁵⁴⁶ Wilhelm von Bode (12845-1929), *Handbuch = ? Italienische Bildbauer der Renaissance : Studien zur Geschichte der Italienischen Plastik und Malerei auf Grund der Bildwerke und Gemälde in den Königl. Museen zu Berlin*, 299 pp. (Berlin: W. Spemann, 1887).

⁵⁴⁷

⁵⁴⁸ B.H.?

⁵⁴⁹ Bartolomeo Ramenghi (1484–1542), also called Bagnacavallo, active in Emilia-Romagna.

⁵⁵⁰ Scarsellino or Ippolito Scarsella (1550?-1620), a late Mannerist painter in Ferrara.

⁵⁵¹ Giulio Campi (1500-1572), painter and architect.

⁵⁵² Francesco Beccaruzzi (c. 1492–1562), active near Conegliano and Treviso.

⁵⁵³ Polidoro Lanzani (1515-1565).

⁵⁵⁴ Matthew Arnold, ‘The Strayed Reveller’ (1849)

These things, Ulysses,
The wise Bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labour!
O Prince, what pain!



Plain, hills and sky and God above, But ah! not human souls!⁵⁵⁵

[1] I am feeling very low and miserable about the children and mother's worrying. I do hate her to be unhappy.

Ask Bertie if he has read Karl Pearson's *Grammar of Science*⁵⁵⁶ and what he thinks of it?

Send us any good German plays.

Affectionately,
Gummidge

⁵⁵⁵ Matthew Arnold, 'The Neckan' (1853)

He wept, 'The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above,—
But, ah! not human souls!'

⁵⁵⁶ Karl Pearson,



M-HS 1895.____
a two page letter

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Nov. 21, 1895

Dearest mother,

I have begun several answers to thy long letter, but have put them aside. I do hate from the bottom of my heart to be the cause of such unhappiness to thee, and thee knows I do love the children and think of them constantly, and am miserable when things go wrong with them. It seems a dreadful thing to refuse thee anything — perhaps the only request thee has ever made me ... so different from most mothers! ... and there is not a moment of the time when the thought of it all does not give my heart strings a twist of pain. [1.2] All the same, I cannot give in to B.F.C.C.'s conditions, and I must try to do all I can as things are.

In a dozen years the children will scarcely need me (in fact, much earlier they will be fairly on their own feet), but If I dropped out of my work and the circle of friends I have made, I could never come back, and I should be left on their hands.

But this is not all. There were a great many other reasons why I simply could not agree to B.F.C.C.'s conditions, and should feel that even though the end of watching over the children for some years and protecting them from him was a splendid one, the means would be so cowardly [1.3] and so unkind that I could never hold up my head after.

Since I began to think of the next life, I have a sort of hope that there all this will be made clear to thee, in ways I cannot explain now, because only the person who lives and feels them can grasp them, and that then these things which are of course very annoying, and awfully hard on thee, will seem of less weight. I could spare the children in a hundred ways, of course, but even the utmost concessions I might make would not change the one thing that seriously matters to their lives, their being brought up Catholics.

I am glad thee writes to me [1.4] of all the things that go wrong, even though it does make me miserable.

I have a note from B.F.C.C. in which he promises to send the children to Dancing Class "as soon as it can be arranged", so if thee would write for Miss Wordsworth's Circulars and give them to Ray to give him, or say I had asked thee to send them to him, I think that matter would be settled at once.

How is it, I wonder, that Mrs. Morison does not give them music lessons?

I am quite heart-broken and miserable to answer thy letter in this way — and not for the first time, either. I do beg thee [2] to "trust" a little more about the children, and think how much they have beyond what most children get.

Of course it is awful having thy care of them treated as "interference". I believe by my having a friendly, cleaning-up talk with Miss Clare on the



matter, that might be put on a better footing.

With love which is sincere although I know it cannot seem so,

Thy daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a two page letter

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 23, 1895

Dearest mother,

I went to that shop on the Ponte Vecchio, but they were all out of della Robbia things. I went to several others, but could not find the one Lady Henry wants, so at last I went back to the Ponte Vecchio where they had said they would get it for me within ten days, and ordered it. They will send me word when they get it, and I will go to see that it is all right, then have it packed and sent. They said it was either 100 fr. or 120, and I have no doubt it will be the latter!

It has turned rather cold at last, but not really uncomfortable so.

Perhaps that new school thee [1.2] has heard of will be the one. I am sure if we found a decent Catholic school within possible distance, he would send them there.

I should like to be home when Alys and Bertie are, but the children's school seems the most important, and so I think I had better come about the 19th to arrange all that. I will write to B.F.C.C. soon.

Does Miss C. ever get a holiday? She ought to ask for a week end now and then. Of course it will not do for her to be their music teacher — it is positively absurd. I have written to find the name of a good young one I have heard about, and I will offer to [1.3] engage her myself, and see her first and tell her she must regulate the hours of practising. By the new system which she teaches, they don't allow a pupil to practise more than twenty minutes at a time, for mechanical practising spoils the delicacy of tone.

So I hope these two things can be set right. Of course it is dreadful having such things come up every little while, and it pains me dreadfully to think of the children enduring them, and of thee being racked in heart over them. I am awfully sorry.

I do bet of thee to tell me not only the pleasant things, but the unpleasant. If thee did not, I should be [1.4] far more unhappy all along, although I might have no concentrated days of worrying. I am well enough now, and enjoying my walks, and getting on with the Louvre book. Bouvardine as I am, I shall finish this. I am also going to write an article for the *Gazette* upon Bianchi, a mysterious painter who was Correggio's first master. M. Reinach has written to ask me to contribute something to a big international journal he is interested in, but just at the moment I do not think of anything worth writing that would be suitable. Signor Frizzoni has reviewed the Hampton Court Guide at great length in the Italian Art magazine — [2] the *Archivio Storico* — an illustrated review. I could send thee a copy, for he sent me several *tirages à part*, but thee could not read it.

If this ill not make any trouble, will thee get from the Dining Room of 40 any volumes of Bain there may be? I had two, I think, when I was at



College, The Emotions and the Will and The Intellect. I want them very much.

Also will thee send me about 2/ worth of 1d English stamps?

Very lovingly thy daughter,

M.

Did thee see the awful review of Michael Field's book in the *Chronicle* of Wednesday? It said just what I wanted to say! And Michael keeps writing and writing to know what I think of the play!



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Monday,> Nov. 25, 1895

Dearest mother,

Thee can tell Miss Clare that I want to make the children a present of some nice house slippers unless thee thinks it better to leave it till I come. I shall get home about the 10th, I think, and that is not very far away.

I did not write yesterday because I was hard at work on my Louvre book all the morning, and in the afternoon, in spite of the rain, Placci and Signor Buonamici came and played and played most divinely. They both sang, even Buonamici, who is [1.2] one of the first Professionals in the world, that they cannot play before Vernon Lee! They feel she does not enjoy, and it makes them nervous. They must, however, have felt me simply bursting with enjoyment, for they played on and on and seemed never to tire!

Do tell me what Bertie has done with his Fellowship I don't understand the first part of Alys' letter.

As to pigs, mother, it will be an awful work to send them home. They have such sprawling legs. I am sure Meatyard could make thee one. Just a cylinder about 1 1/2 feet across

[a sketch]

that is all. Nothing [1.3] could be easier. You put a sheet of iron under them and an iron cup fitting on the top to hold water. It would be a million times easier and cheaper to have it made than to send it. Do ask Meatyard. Inside there is a sort of gridiron to lay the logs on and this is literally all.

Please tell Ray I liked her pattern very much. The flowers at the corner look just like the chrysanthemums that grow on our terrace. I am so glad she likes to make these pretty pictures.

Give both of them kisses from me, and say I dream about their wonderful [1.4] swimming performances, and am soon coming home to see them.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1895

Thanks for thy postal card. I am just going down with Maud to lunch with a man named Hobson, who is interested in pictures, and rather a nice person. But it is a bore to leave our hill, especially in such a glorious bright, cold day. The mountains around are all snowy, but the air is perfection itself.

I am getting on with my Louvre book, and also with German and Italian, and I mean soon to take up my Greek again. Also I want to get a class to hear music regularly and systematically, but on a quite new system I am thinking about. "Hearing Lessons" I shall call them.

With dearest love, and kisses to the children, who will have a good swim tomorrow I hope, I am

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Nov. 27, 1895

Dearest mother,

Just a line to tell thee I am well and at work. Nothing especial is happening.

I am reading a great deal, and enjoying it more than ever. I am now reading Perry's Greek Literature (third time), Pearson's Grammar of Science, Ellis' Man and Woman, Voigt's Italian Humanists, Dante, Petrarch, James and a book on children's psychology and one on the evolution of decorative art, besides working on Italian drawings. If only the children were at a good school, I should be so happy though I believe real education always begins after school and college. We must see what we can arrange. Thee will let me know about that other <problem> when thee hears?

Lots of love to the children!

Thy loving,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Nov. 28, 1895

Dearest mother,

Will thee please send 2/ in stamps or postal order to Bertram Dobeel, 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C., saying from Mrs. Costelloe, Villa Rosa, Fiesole? I shall be very grateful. It is for some second hand books.

The wretched *Nation* has refused my article, "because the ground is so well travelled"! I don't know what to do with it now. It is a pity it should go to waste.

The weather here is quite heavenly, a cloudless sky, and not too cold. Why do people live in London?! Emily writes that they have given up expecting the sky, and go into ecstasies over a cloud _____ lighter line than the prevailing blackness.

Thank father for the Spectator, and give the children my love and kisses. What do they want for Christmas?

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 30, 1895

Thanks for thy letter and the stamps. Tell Ray I have put her two pretty markers one into an Italian grammar and another into an Italian book of poetry about Purgatory written by a man named Dante, who lived 150 years before America was discovered.

Please tell Karin her house was very nice. I recognized her careful finishing even before I read her name on it. The curtains and the doorway were beautifully done. But ask Karin is she ever saw a black house?

I am just off to lunch in town and <to> take some people to the gallery, a thing <I> hate to do! It is very warm, and very sunny.

I will send thee that review of Dr. Frizzoni's with a translation, as soon as I have time to make it. There have been several reviews in German, but I have only one copy each of them. I hope my Louvre will be as well received!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one page letter

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Dec. 1, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am quite sure that Kensington Catholic school would not do. I believe it would be ultimately a great deal worse for the children than contact, such as every American boy has who goes to the public schools, with rough children of a lower class. What is really dreadful is the teaching which is hideously inefficient. To know this it is not necessary [1.2] that I should be at the school, particularly in the disorganization of the holidays, but the books are enough, and what Ray herself tells.

I have written to B.F.C.C. and will decide about my time of coming home when I hear from him. I could come at any minute. I shall not mind the Millhangar. In fact, I prefer it to London, but I want to be in London too, for a while.

I send some Italian soldiers for the children to cut [1.3] out, if theylike cutting out. Some are so thin that they ought first to be asted on a big sheet of paper.

I note that £87.1.4 are added to my account. Will thee please send me #35 in a registered letter I have to pay my rent and various things before coming home.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I will go with thee and explain to a store man myself. I am sure we can get them to make it, and there they would have to cut off the legs.

Please send the Bain. [INSERT finger pointing LEFT]



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M-HS 1895.____

a postcard which was circulated to Logan and Alys;
'Return to H.W.S.' written in the upper left corner

<Fiesole, Monday,> Dec. 2, 1895

After receiving three letters insisting that I should write about "Attila", and reproaching me bitterly for my silence, I did write about half of what I thought of the play. But I said I did so only under protest, and explained in a really affectionate way to Michael that we had great deal in common outside their plays.

Today comes a "grieved and angry" note saying I am a "mere journalist" that when she asked for criticism I gave her nothing but jeers — that no one who does not care for her plans can be really her friend — and so she hopes never to see me again

I am really cut up about it, for I am genuinely fond of them both, but I fear there is absolutely nothing I can do. I cannot take back a word I said about the play.

I sent the children some soldiers this morning, and I send love to them and to them.

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Dec. 3, 1895

Please keep the book from Hatchard's until I come. If there is a bill with it, pay it, please before the discount time runs out.

Do try to get a pig made! I am sure Meatyard would try to do it! It will be awful bringing it home with the customs, for it will have to be boxed to avoid battering in, and at each place they will unfasten it and it will have to be nailed up again This is a last desperate appeal!! I hoped to travel with only hand luggage, which would be twice as easy. But if no one will make it, then I will bring it. But it is so simple!!

Lilian Edgerton sends the warmest thanks to thee and Alys. Your things have been most helpful to her. She wants to be the American agent for Obrist's embroideries, which seems to me a very good plan. Obrist is going to have a long article about his work with reproductions in the great German art magazine *Pan*. I shall put an article in the <*Gazette des*> *Beaux Arts*, and one in the *Studio*.

I will send thee the Mike's "farewell" letter.

Love to the children,

Thy daughter,
M.

Thank Ray for her lovely patterns.



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M-HS 1895.____

a one-page letter

'1. L.P.S. 2. H.W. S.' in the upper right corner

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Dec. 4, 1895

Thanks for thy letter of the 30th and thy postal card of the 1st. I return Rukhamabai's letter. I have sent Alys the Mikes' letter; she will send it to thee, and will thee please send it to Emily.

The "candour" was to tell her that her play made us laugh. Fancy lines like, "And I must have some fun." "Madame, why am I raked up for this? "Damn your eyes", and so on. And then killing things about lovers that remind one of the French convents where they substitute "tambour" for "amour" in their literature lessons.

Well, it's over, and perhaps it is as well. It is too awful [1.2] to pretend, and Miss Paget told me that last year they spoke as if I were an ardent admirer of their work — after all I had said!!

I had already got the James' review. It seemed to me very wishy-washy and horribly padded with bad quotations. He writes so much better in his Psychology!

I am waiting to hear before making plans.

lots of love to the children. Dear little Ray, with her puzzles over life!

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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1895.____ a one-page letter to Alys in Venice

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Dec. 4, 1895

Considerably more than ten, but you must see these!! Below, there's wonderful Greek bronze youth with hands out praying, life-size.

But if you must skip, take anyhow the Titians and Tintoretto, Giorgione, Brisolo, Cima and Correggio, and Moretto. I've tried to remember where they were, but it's years ago, and I can't place the Tintoretos.

Here is Michael's Farewell note! Send it to mother, and she will send it to Emily. I only wrote her a few of my mildest criticisms after three letters from her urging me to tell her [1.2] no matter what! And the simple truth was that we did roar with laughter, as did also Miss Cruttwell and the Palmerino people. This was the sincerest criticism possible — the only one, for the play is beneath contempt. I told her in a letter which Miss Cruttwell though was a model of affection and kindness, and only because she urged me to tell her, and called me a "coward" for not telling her.

Such is life! The Righteous are persecuted but an ingrate (in this case at least) the wicked do not flourish!

Have a good time,

Affectionately,

M.

Love to thy August Spouse.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Dec. 5, 1895

I am filled with loathing at the sort of criticism they have given Logan in the *Chronicle*. That patronizing tone of the reviewer as if he knew how to do it all a great deal better, always sickens me. It is not the same man who reviewed the Mikes, but some mere hack whom they turn on for their novels.

Thanks for thy post card. I am glad about No. 34!! It makes a great difference.

I had a note from B.F.C.C. saying he would send the children to Dancing after Christmas, and saying "They are doing very well in school". But it was not in answer to my note. That answer should come in a day or two. It is lovely weather here. I took an expedition with Vernon Lee yesterday which was very pleasant.

With love and kisses to the children,
Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Dec. 7, 1895

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy post-cards. The German Emperor is certainly preparing a guillotine for himself! I should think Alys and Bertie would be stirred up!

Logan writes that after Auntie Lill's praise of his book he was fortified against anything, even the *Chronicle* review!

I am just waiting now, for I can start at any moment. I wish it weren't such a terrible journey.

I am going down to see what is the matter about Lady Henry's Robbia copy. It ought to have been done a week ago, and I have been expecting to have a line every day.

I am glad about No. 34!!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

We must give Ray and Karin the second Jungle Book for Christmas. It sold 10,000 in one week!!!!



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Dec. 7? 9? , 1895

Dearest mother,

Please send a cheque for #2.2 with the enclosed. I can recover the money, or most of it, by reviewing the publication for the *Chronique* and for the *Nation*. The latter is always ready to print £1 worth of art notes, though they would not take my article.

The cheque I asked thee to look for this morning was for something else.

Poor Gertrude Burton — or perhaps I should say happy Gertrude Burton — is dying in Switzerland. If I am needed I shall stop there on my way home.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I want the book to be sent here, as I said in my note to the publishers, even if it comes after I leave, as I as I shall leave ____ with Maud what to do about the reviews.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Dec. 8, 1895

Dearest mother,

I did not have any word from thee yesterday, but I hope to hear today.

Mr. Hamilton, "the bald butterfly" as Alys called him, came to lunch, and in the afternoon Miss Buttles came and sang divinely. It turns out that she was trained for the Opera, and sang in it for time, but gave it up partly out of ill health and partly because all the people and the life were so loathesome. But Placci has a great scheme of getting her to sing in a Wagner opera here, and I hope she will. Her voice is absolutely the loveliest thing I ever heard.

I am going to dine tonight with Miss Paget. I wish I knew when I was coming home! However, I could start at any time.

Lots of love to the children and to thee.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Monday,> Dec. 9, 1895

Dearest mother,

All I have said to B.F.C.C. is to ask whether he has any objections to my being in London with the children. Therefore make what arrangements thee can with him about the holidays and Friday's Hill. I must be in London a little while, as I shall have to go to the doctor. I am "unwell" [1.2] again, a great deal too soon and a great deal too much I had to drive down to Miss Paget's and back last night, as I was really afraid of walking in the condition I am in. And even the driving seemed to make me much worse.

Thank thee for the £35 which came yesterday. Will thee look in thy cheque book — if thee has it — [1.3] of last April or May and see if thee did not pay £2.2 to Leonard C. Lindsay for my set of photographs of the Venetian exhibitions? They want me to pay over again, and I am sure thee paid.

It is most lovely weather, almost like summer.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Wednesday,> Dec. 11, 1895

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy card about the children's play, and Ray's Christmas cards. I haven't heard from B.F.C.C. yet, but I shall come soon. I may go to Gertrude on the way. If she is dying with none of her family and no real friend near her, and wants me to come, I think I must do it I expect to hear tomorrow. But I fancy she is too ill to care.

I went to Placci's yesterday with Miss Buttles and Buonamici and several other musical people. Miss Buttles sang like an angel. She is coming up today to sing to me all this afternoon. She has the loveliest voice I ever heard. I am reading Edmund Gurney's big book, 'The Power of Sound, to find out why I enjoy her singing so much. That sounds like Bouvard and Pécuchet.

Lots of love to the children. Tell them I'm dying to see their play.

the letter of Dec. 12?



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Friday, Dec. 13, 1895

A nice criticism of Logan's book in last week's Academy, of which I sent a copy to him the moment I read it today in the Library.

I did not jeer at the Mikes' play. What I did say was just the "candour she longs for, that, owing to practical inexperience, their treatment of certain details made everyone who knew the facts laugh, and that their oaths, such as "damn your eyes" which they peppered about the pages, made us all laugh very much. So they do! There is no other criticism possible. If I had taken the play seriously as a work of art that was capable of being mended, it would have been the worst lie I ever told them. But I have ceased to feel anything but relief that there will be no more pilgrimages to Reigate.

Thank father for the Nation. It had a note I sent them on some historical documents.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Friday,> Dec. 13, 1895

Dearest mother,

Will thee send 13/ to the *Chronicle* for me? I want it to go right on, for I give the papers to and will now half subscribe with the Morgans — in fact they go a regular round.

All right about the Investment.

I had a note from B.F.C.C. saying he may take the children to Paris for a while, in which case I should stop then on my way to England instead of my way back. I have lots to do there. I have asked him to let me know, by wire if necessary, if he decides to take them, before the 18th. [1.2]

Thank Karin for her lovely picture of a Christmas tree, so carefully done.

I am just going to see the Dibbles. Lord Balcarres, such a nice friend of Phillimore's, an East End worker and picture amateur, has been lunching here. In fact, I am writing this in haste as we are going down to Florence together.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Dec. 14, 1895

I have just been to see Lady Henry's della Robbia packed. It ought to reach London within a week. I paid £4.00, which did not include the sending. That is to be paid on arrival. I hope it is right. It seemed to me a very poor thing, not della Robbia at all — almost modern in design, but they swear it is the one, and it does correspond with her drawing. They say it is a great favourite, but he could not tell me where the original is, nor do I remember ever having seen it.

With dearest love,

Lovingly daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

Fiesole, Saturday, Dec. 14, 1895

Dearest mother,

If nothing unexpected happens, I shall leave here next Wednesday at noon (the 18th) and get to Gertrude, who has sent for me, on Thursday the 19th — Grand Hotel Leysin-sur-Aigle, Switzerland. I shall spend Thursday night there, and [1.2] leave on Friday night the 20th, reaching home either the night of the 21st or the morning of the 22nd. Of course if Gertrude is actually dying and I can do anything to help her, I shall stay another day, but that is not likely. Her companion writes me that the doctor says she will probably last as she is for a fortnight or three weeks and then [1.3] die suddenly. She has sent for me, and I want to go and say goodbye to her. It is a time when all the affection you have ever had for person comes out.

Logan wrote me that Phillimore and Sister Lion are to be married this week. I can hardly believe it! I am growing old and conservative enough to [1.4] be on the side of his parents for once!!

I am so glad Logan's book seems to be doing well. What an honour for the *Revue bleue* to take a story!

I long to see thee and the children more than I can say, and I look forward to good time at Haslemere.

Thy loving daughter,

M.

I have been four times about Lady Henry's della Robbia. They swore yesterday I should see it today, and they will send it to London within a week, so it will arrive for Christmas.

With love,

M.



M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Dec. 14, 1895

Dearest mother,

Thy long letter has come. Of course it is very painful to be in the power of such a person as B.F.C.C., but as long as one is, one must make terms as far as possible.

As a matter of fact, except for 1. having Christmas with the children, and 2. seeing the doctor, January suits me better. But I hate to leave all the Christmas burden on thee.

January suits me better because I shall see Alys and Bertie, and because it divides my time better, if I go to Greece with Miss Sellers in [1.2] the Easter vacation.

I think I made a mistake in altering it at all, because if you don't stick to your plans it gives people a sense of uncertainty about you.

I will ask thee to give the enclosed to B.F.C.C. I shall hold all my plans in abeyance until I know his. I hope he will go to Paris, for I should love to be there with the children, and then come on to Haslemere with them when the tenant moves out and B.F.C.C.'s holiday is over. What a good thing he is not keen upon their being at school all the time.

I have a queer miserable feeling about Christmas time, but [1.3] it is a pure convention. In fact it is really a bothering time, and I shall enjoy the children more having them just quietly when nothing else is going on.

Considering that my chances for seeing them are limited, <I> shall not even attempt to do anything else, but shall give them all their lessons myself, and let them feel that there is nothing, not work or anything, that stands in their way while I am with them.

I will now wait until hearing B.F.C.C.'s plans

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Dec. 15, 1895

I came down with an awful cold today, in spite of the sunshiny weather. I wrote yesterday all I have to say about immediate plans and shall await news from London. I will not go to Gertrude until on the way home, but I feel I must see her.

Lovingly thine,
M.

I have written to Aunty Lill.



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter to Robert

Fiesole, <Sunday,> Dec. 15, 1895

My dear Father,

I am much obliged to thee for advising me about the Annuity. Of course I will take thy advice. I will telegraph Yes the first thing tomorrow, and I have sent the papers to Alban and written to Logan.

The only thing is that as I shall be 32 the 14th of next February, would it not be wise to wait and invest it then, as each year you get an increase, and it may mean a good deal in the end. But I leave this in thy hands. [1.2] I hate to take this money away from the children, but still I suppose they will have enough, and really I am not particularly competent to manage it to any advantage, nor do I think Logan is!

I am very much obliged to thee for offering to help me out, as the money has lain idle. I fear I may need it, just this time.

With much love,

Thine,
M.



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Monday,> Dec. 16, 1895

Many thanks for thy letter from Birmingham — the contents of which I will act on, when I have the chance.

Tell Karin I was perfectly delighted with her envelope and the sums inside, and I laughed a great deal over her joke. She spelt "something for mother" "Sumthing" because of the sums inside! Tell them I have bought some boxes of that nice chocolate with spoons to bring home with me when I come. Tell them if I come after Christmas, they will have a longer holiday!

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
two-page letter

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Dec. 18, 1895

Darling mother,

B.F.C.C. must have got my letter Monday night, saying I would make no plans till I heard from him. So nothing can be done until I hear. I have simply gone back to work, and will not plan anything until I know about Paris, Friday's Hill, etc. In many ways it would be nicer to be there in January — particularly if there is sledding and skating. [1.2] I am very much cut up at the idea of the brunt of Christmas falling on thee, with no one to help. Couldn't thee pacify them with the idea of having it longer drawn out, and leaving some of it until I come?

I will keep Aunt Lill's £20 and change it here. It will do against next year. I hope I may not have to come on thee for any money as I have received another £20 for various articles in Paris, and shall get some more still. [1.3] Then father has offered me £20 to make up for Alban's delays, so I hope to pull through, particularly as I continue writing. The *Chronique* pays me very well for my things, and they print whatever I send. My series of articles are the South of France galleries all now going on, but they are dull! However, it is what they want, mere connoisseurship, and I console myself for their dullness by thinking that if [1.4] I didn't do it, some one else would, who would not be half so exact and certainly would not be less dull.

If I do not go home for Christmas, Logan says he will come here for a week or ten days. Our landlord has opened our three new rooms, and Maud and I have been putting a bed room and sitting room in order for Logan. I shall be glad to see him, and congratulate [2] him on his "gentlemanly" book!

Please impress it on the darling children that if I cam later than Christmas, they must do their play for me again, and also that, in that case, they will have all the longer holiday from school.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Where is Alys?



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter to Robert
Fiesole, <Thursday,> Dec. 19, 1895

My dear Father,

I return the applications to thee duly made out. Two copies of the Declaration I had already sent to Alban. I suppose I do not need to send two more?

I am so utterly unable to invest money myself, so hopelessly at sea, that I felt this decision as a decided relief. I should be fearfully bothered to know what to do with it if I had it on my hands. As it is, it gives me enough to get on with — with occasional friendly assistance. [1.2]

I am getting a foothold in various French papers and magazines, and I can always supplement my income a little by writing. But I should find it *very* difficult wholly to support myself!

If I don't join the children in paris, I shall come home after the New Year whenever it seems most convenient. I hate to have mother go through all the worry of Christmas alone. That was the great reason for my coming at this time; otherwise, January is better, for, if I go to Greece with Miss Sellers as we are planning, I shall not be [1.3] home again until June.

Please tell mother that I am not going to Gertrude Burton at present. The father has come, and she cannot stand much excitement. If she is still living, I may go to her on my return at the end of January or in February.

With much love and ever so many thanks for all the trouble thee has been taking about the disposal of my money,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Friday,> Dec. 20, 1895

Well, I will come soon after the 1st, when I know for certain Friday's Hill will be free. But don't turn out the tenant for the later I come the more holiday the children will have.

I have written to Logan to come over, and I suppose he will turn up in a few days.

Tell the children I think they are very sensible not to have a tree. And they must not forget the play by the time I come!

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I sent father the application for annuity yesterday afternoon.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Saturday>, Dec. 21, 1895

Dearest mother,

I certainly will leave no stone unturned to get the children away from that school. It is too horrible!

I can be very comfortable in the coachman's cottage at Friday's Hill. I will come home soon after the New Year. Probably Logan will come with me, so I won't decide upon the exact date until [1.2] I see him. The later I come, the longer, probably, will be their holiday.

I must have a day or two in London.

B.F.C.C. wrote what seemed like a good-natured letter.

I have now finished my expository part of the Louvre catalogue and am doing certain details I mean to make a [1.3] very original and standard book out of it — and I am sure I can, if I don't hurry over it. The Hampton Court Guide has been taken very seriously, and every few days I see things on German or French or Italian reviews and pamphlets quoting it as a standard authority. This other I mean to make much better and much more unusual and with work I think I [1.4] can do so. No one has ever attempted anything of the kind before.

It is rather miserable rainy warm weather, and I have a dreadful cold.

Please give the children some money from me (about 10/each) to spend as they please, if thee things they would enjoy it. Charge it to me. I am getting on so well in writing, I'm not much distressed about the delay of my annuity.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Would it perhaps be better to go with the children to Torquay or somewhere in France?



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M-HS 1895.____ a one-page letter to Robert

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Dec. 21, 1895

Dear Father,

As thee said thee had sent a duplicate letter to Logan at Venice, I have not forwarded the one which came here today — the rather as Logan may himself be here tomorrow.

It is annoying — all this delay, but once settled it will probably not trouble us again — unless [1.2] there is a war between England and the United States!! But my imagination cannot conceive such a thing.

I shall manage to be very cosy in the coachman's cottage at Friday's Hill, and I am delighted thee is renting the place for so long.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, <Dec. 22, 1895>

Thy wire came last night. I will get home on the 28th or 29th and go to Friday's Hill on the 1st as thee says. That will be very nice.

I have wired to Logan to come at once and go home with me.

With love,

In haste,
M.

Tell the children I will certainly come then.

[sketch]



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Monday, <Dec. 23, 1895>

Yes, I shall be home to see the Swimming on the 1st and go to Haslemere afterwards.

Logan is here, and we are going down in the tram to Florence to see a few chef d'oeuvres and then to call on Vernon Lee. We both send love.

Kisses to the children,

M.L.C.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Dec. 24, 1895

Dearest mother,

I am so busy taking Logan about that I have little time to write. I shall probably get to 44 about noon on the 31st, so as to go and see the doctor and buy myself a couple of combinations! I should come earlier, so as to do all my shopping, but I don't want to cut Logan's visit too short. He came thinking I was not going to leave until the 5th or so.

He seems very well, and is most amusing and delightful.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Tell ray she can give a Magic Lantern entertainment to the Fernhurst children. Thank her for her pattern.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard / ____-page letter
<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Dec. 24, 1895

Darling mother,

Please don't do a thing to that cottage. Thee can stay at the Millhangar with Alys and Bertie, and one room can easily be scratched up for me.

Thee positively must not bother over it. Tell Mrs. Veness to make one bed room ready. I don't care a scrap how it is.

I will get home on the 29th I think.

Logan sends love, and says he is very well.

Affectionately thine,

M.

Tell the children I'm dying to see them.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Dec. 26, 1895

Logan has gone down to Florence for the morning, but is coming back for lunch, as Miss Buttles is coming to sing, and some strange Norwegian Ibsenites as well. It is lovely day at last.

I expect to leave here Sunday morning and reach London early Tuesday morning, probably to breakfast.

Love to father,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Friday,> Dec. 27, 1895

Just off to Florence to go with Logan to the Uffizi and to get my ticket.

Logan sends thanks to father for his congratulatory letter, which he will answer when he can recover from his surprise!

I wrote to Ray and Karin at the Cottage thanking them for their nice letters.

I shall be home to lunch Tuesday and I have asked Emily to call, as it will be almost my only chance to see her.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Friday,> Dec. 27, 1895

Thy telegram just came. As Logan is here, and wants to stay on, I shall not leave until Monday reaching London about 7 on New Year's morning. I expect to go to the exhibition with Mr. Cook that day. The next day I can most profitably devote to shopping and the doctor, and go to Friday's Hill on Friday morning. It will suit very well.

Logan is going back to Venice, and he talks of coming over again in the spring, so I fancy he means to stay in Italy for some months.

Edith Woodman and Bryson are coming up to lunch tomorrow.

Lovingly

M.

Do not let the children expect me on Thursday and then be disappointed.

I wired to _____ before thy wire was returned and I have to pay altogether 11 fr.!



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M-HS 1895.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Saturday, <Dec. 28, 1895>

This is just to confirm my last night's post card — that I will reach London early Wednesday morning, the 1st, and come in before breakfast about 7.30 or 8, provided the train is on time. It is a glorious day.

Bryson and Edith and Carlo Placci are coming to lunch, and Miss Paget and Miss Anstruther Thomson in the afternoon.

Much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1895.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole,> Thursday, <Dec. 5? 12? , 1895>

Darling mother,

I am delighted with thy news. ['(about Friday's Hill)' written above] But I do wish that Mrs. Whats-her-name would clear out a week or so sooner. Can't it be arranged? As I shall thus stay on into January it decides me not to come home quite so soon. I shall probably leave here on the 18th [1.2] or 19th and come straight through. Can't we get on without a tree? It is such an endless bore, and I do not think they enjoy it much. If we arrange things nicely for their play and give them a few presents, I am sure that will do as well. And we shan't bother with the pantomime for they did not really [1.3] enjoy it. If there is a sunny day, I will take them to the zoo and let them ride on some sort of an animal. And perhaps there will be skating.

I shall have to be in London some, for I must see a doctor. I am rather worried over the excessive flow.

I hope Gertrude will not send for me. If she [1.4] does I shall leave here at any time, but in any event I shall be home three or four days before Christmas.

With dearest love and delightful anticipations of seeing thee soon,
Thy loving daughter,
Mary

The Ponte Vecchio people promise me Lady Henry's della Robbia tomorrow. But they are already ten days late. They plead all sorts of stupid excuses.



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1896

M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune <Paris>, Monday, Jan. 20, 1896

Dearest mother,

We are most comfortably installed in the little appartement [sic] I usually have in this nice quiet hotel. My room adjoins the little parlour, father's is nearby, and Logan is in a quiet place at the top of the hotel.

I went to see Reinach, and he kept me to lunch to meet Madame Darmstetter [1.2] and a lot of other people. Then he took me to rich man, M. Martin Le Roy, who has a collection of Italians, some of which I was able to name for him. Afterwards M. Reinach said he was a possible buyer, and advised me to write to him if I knew of anything good going. It would be nice to "extend my connection". Then I went to see M. Ephrussi and he begged me to give him some notes on London, and I arranged to bring Mr. Cook [1.3] tomorrow to arrange for him to be the London correspondent of the *Chronique des Arts*. Mr. Cook is coming for just one day, and then is off to Berlin.

In the meantime father went and called on Miss Naylor and brought her to lunch with Logan. Then he took a nap, while Logan called on the Kinsellas, where we are to lunch on Wednesday. It has been a dark day, almost like a [1.4] London fog.

Logan is coming home on Wednesday night, so as to fulfill father's often expressed desire that he should "wait on" thee at Somer's wedding I shall leave Thursday night, and my address Thursday and Friday from London will be c/o Mrs. Burton, Grand Hotel, Leysin-sur-Aigle, Switzerland. After that, Villa Rosa.

It was awful coming away and leaving thee and the children. Do let me know how [1] they are. I couldn't bear to have them feel sorry — as they did — over my going. Give them a hundred kisses from me.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Grand Hôtel Sanatorium, Leysin

Friday, Jan. 24, 1896

Dearest mother,

When I got to Aigle at 10 this morning, I found a drive of five hours — steep climbing too — ahead of me. However, here I am at last.

Gertrude is very low, can scarcely speak, but she is very glad I came. She cannot live [1.2] more than a few days, but as they are putting her more and more under morphine, it is useless my staying long, and I shall leave day after tomorrow.

Tell the children I had to drive 3 hours on a sort of big sled in the midst of deep snow, and that there is nothing but snow and ice all around me. If they were here, they could have some very good skating.

It is a dreary place, a [1.3] Sanatorium. I wonder I ever had the strength of mind to send Miss Dodge to one. Still, that one is near Dresden.

I am very sleepy from the sulfonal, and shall go right to bed, though it is only 8.

Love to all of you, and do take care of thyself, precious mother.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Leysin>, Sunday, Jan. 26, 1896

Gertrude died this morning a little before 7. I was with her from 5. She was scarcely conscious, but as she told me in the afternoon, she hoped to die while I was with her. I was glad her wish was fulfilled. It was a beautiful death, like falling asleep. She had no fear at all — a great curiosity to find out if one did go on, and an eagerness to enjoy the next life, if she found one to enjoy.

Her father, who is a Swedenborgian, was very nice about it. He seemed to see the soul pulling itself gradually out of the body. She has been very fine, and I am glad to have seen this death.

I am just leaving for Fiesole.

Tell the children she is dead.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

Caffe di Parigi, Turin, Monday, Jan. 27, 1896

Dearest mother,

I caught an earlier train than I expected, and so have the morning to spend here in the Gallery, for which I am very glad. But it was an inconceivable train! Twice they told me there was no chance, and I settled myself to sleep with all my things open — wrapper and slippers, and twice I was bundled out at a minute's notice.

Arriving at Turin I was sound asleep, for I was reckoning by Paris time which is 50 minutes slower than Italian. However, I got through somehow, and have just had a good up of coffee and refreshing wash.

Gertrude's death has made a deep impression on me. There was nothing sordid about it — on the contrary, it was full of exquisite poetry. All the good in her came out at the end. Her father, too, was very fine — courageous, in spite of the tears that glisten all over his long white beard. There was a case when two human beings got the better of the terrible material fact of death.

Love to the children.

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896

Dearest mother,

Please thank Karin for her splendid drawing, which really shows a nice sense of design.

I sent off to them from Pisa this morning a little model of the Leaning Tower, as I promised. I sent it to thee.

Thy letter was waiting. It does seem as if one of the strong supports of a house had suddenly given way, to have Uncle James so ill. It is hard to realize it, and I am sure thee must feel it very deeply. Please, please take care of thyself.

I had a pleasant journey, uneventful except for a chat with the "Deputato" for Foligno who was in the compartment. I spent the night at Pisa. Everything is unchanged here, and the weather lovely.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Jan. 30, 1896

Dearest mother,

When I looked out this morning, the valley was hid in a pearly mist, with the sun shining on the Duomo and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The mountains glowed like bronze under the sun, and far away the snowy Carraras were rosy. The silver trees were shivering in the light breeze. Yes! it is simple paradise to live on such a beautiful hill.

Tell the children I read their story yesterday to three friends, who would hardly believe that I had not made it up myself! If they have time, I wish they'd go on with it. We left off where Charles reached New York, after the pirate fight. Jack and Mr. Macintosh were with him.

With dearest love and sympathy in thy feelings about Uncle James,

Thy daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Feb. 1, 1896

Dearest mother,

If thee seems to hear nothing of the music or dancing when thee comes home, then I will write to B.F.C.C., but I do not want to bother him uselessly. I will write also about thy going to see the Hammersmith School, if thee wishes, but I think the best plan would be for them to speak to him about it and ask him for the circulars, etc. For I told him thee would go to [1.2] see it.

Alys has been awfully good to the children. Give her my thanks.

_____ — as to the dancing, since they get tickets which do not need to be used in succession, why not let them go on Saturday mornings, if there are no afternoon classes? Often and often they don't go to the country.

I sent off two "empties" today, a big grey trunk and the flat one I brought with me. The keys of both are attached.

It is positively hot today! I have no fire, and the windows are wide open, and I have to sit out of the sun — at 4.30 p.m.! [1.3]

The post cards from Chester have been very interesting.

I got £15 in Paris from the Gazette, and as I hear my £75 is certain, I feel quite comfortable. There is one luxury I want to enjoy more than any other, and that is the idea of thee always taking cabs, and never attempting to trail round in omnibuses or underground. Please get out £5 in silver from the Bank and charge it to my @, and [FINGER pointing RIGHT] use it for nothing else but thy cabs. This is for [1.4] a birthday present, and I should be so relieved if thee would promise me this. Thee is really getting old enough to take a little ease!

I said to the children I had the Last of the Incas for the little Morgans. Mr. Morgan called today, and when I was giving it to him, I found it was another "grown up" book. I must have left the Incas at home. Will thee send it? I gave him The Child of the Cavern, with a lovely book-mark in it, and he took it back to Hugo and Percy.

With love to you all,

Thy affectionate daughter,

M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Feb. 3, 1896

Dearest mother,

I do not think two music lessons a week is too much for they are not "lessons" — at least as I arranged them, and hope the teacher understood. Rightly given, they ought to be a pleasure to the children, and a rest or rather change for their minds. Do go in and be present at one, and let me know what impression it makes on [1.2] thee. I could write, thee knows, quite privately to Miss Carsia. Also please ask her if she would like an advance of £5 — explaining that B.F.C.C. is so slow, and give her £5 from me, in case she does. She can pay thee back when she is actually paid by him. He said he would rather pay. But I do think she ought to have it a little sooner than he is likely to give it!

Gertrude's death made on me the overwhelming impression [1.3] (I am not speaking of arguments) of being an episode in the development of her personality. It was humanly impossible to think of it otherwise, seeing her attitude towards it. The curious thing is, she did not feel at all sure about "going on". But when I quoted Walt Whitman's line to her, "No array of words can say how much I am at peace about God and about Death", she said it was exactly the way she felt. Her dying was so triumphant from the merely human point of view [1.4] that I could not feel that a life which had made such a fine attitude toward death possible could possibly be called 'wasted'. She might have done more but I don't very well see how she could have been finer at the end.

Monday, Feb. 3

The Stores paper came all right. This is a piece. But how hateful of them to give me envelopes that show through.

The dear children! I am glad they love thee so very much. I am sure they really do, for all their little chatter [1] is full of thee. I enclose a funny picture for them, and send my love. They can paste these pictures in a book for the hospital.

Please ask Alys to send me word about that article on Spiritualism.

With love

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Feb. 4, 1896

Darling mother,

Another day made of gold and jewels I never saw anything more lovely than the hills towards sunset.

I have received the £75 from the London picture arrangements, and may perhaps get some more, so I am not worried about money. A connection like that once started goes on of itself — unless I "pecucher" [1.2] off into music — which I do not mean to do just yet.

Will thee ask Ays and Bertie to lend me *The Amazing Marriage* if they think it is worth reading? And tell Logan that every day since I came back I have read aloud one of the *Essays of Elia* — and that it is pure joy. He will chuckle. Maud still thinks him "trivial", compared to the cosmic, soul-stirring [1.4] exhortations of Browning, and almost sorted when I refused tonight to look upon Watteau as a "frivolous" artist.

I thought of the children's music today, and hope they enjoyed their lesson.

Tell them our Fiesole assassin is not caught yet. Pia said she was sure he was "much closer at hand than the police cared to know", and [1.4] added in her splendid Dantesque language, "They never look behind the stones". As a matter of fact, he is here, in Fiesole, with next to no pretence about it, and everybody, even the dying man, sympathizes with him!

If I get a note from a certain Count Rangoni, I shall go to Modena on Friday for a couple of days to look up some private collections there. There is a chance of some of the pictures coming into the market.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Feb. 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

I could have sworn I had put down the music teacher's address, but I cannot find it. O yest! a happy thought. I have looked in my card-case, and here it is: Miss Garsia, 34 Russell road, Kensington.

I am glad the Pisa [1.2] tower arrived safely.

What bad news about Uncle James. I am afraid he kept up too long without allowing himself the little weaknesses and recreations human nature seems to need. It must indeed make thee feel lonely. But with a good rest I should think his splendid constitution would pull him through.

And to think of Father [1.3] growing younger every day!

I am so glad that I do not need to bother thee about money, at any rate, just when thy affairs are not going well. I am really started. I have got £25 more on the Rembrandt, and on the strength of it I burst out into the extravagance of buying a wash-basket for every bed-room, and a scrap-basket for every sitting room! I also [1.4] bought a letter weigher.

Please find out what Karin would really like for her birthday. I can afford to give it to her. And thee might buy Ray a nice dancing dress to go with Karin's, and charge it to me. I probably shall get £50 more out of another picture, but this I shall "invest". Do not say anything of this to father. If sometime I could make thee a present of £100 to spend on thy own self!!

With love,

Thine,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Feb. 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

This wonderful weather continues. Last night after sunset I sat for half an hour on the terrace, watching the glow, with no wrap on, not even a hat. It is like an ideal spring.

I have no news to tell, [1.2] but I feel like sending a letter because it is no use writing tomorrow, on account of the Sunday post — or rather, lack of post.

Did the children get the little model of the Leaning Tower of Pisa I sent them nine days ago? I hope so.

Tell them that yesterday I bought a big scrap-book and [1.3] wrote in big letters in the front of it, "Ray and Karin - 1896". Into this I shall paste all their letters and drawings, and thy letters about them. I have already put in their story of the "Treasure Hunt" and Ray's "Song of Mougli", and all the pictures I have had. So tell them to send me some very nice things. I should like a short letter from each one, to show the kind of handwriting they have at the [1.4] beginning of the year. I enclose two little envelopes and sheets of paper for them to write the notes on.

With dearest love to thee and them, and respectful regards to the never-writing-to-me Alys, Logan and Bertie,

I am

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Bologna, Sunday, Feb. 9, 1896

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday because I was on the trail, like a jungle pack, hunting down Bianchis — local painter of Modena, Correggio's master. Mr. Cook is writing an article on him, and got me this introduction at Modena to the noble family of the place, who own a Bianchi, the Count Lotario Rangoni-Macchiavelli. All in all, he was the most awful man, and had the most awful family, I ever came across. However, that is over, and I have seen the picture.

Today I shall look round Bologna, tomorrow go to Ferrara, and get back to Fiesole on Tuesday.

Love to Alys and Bertie and Logan. Tell Logan to send with his compliments (at *my* expense) his book to M. Salomon Reinach, 38 rue de Lisbonne, Paris.

Love to the chicks,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard / one-page letter

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Feb. 11, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have just got back, and I find thy postals of the 5th and 6th and letters of 7th and 8th, with Ray's beautiful letter, which I will answer tomorrow. (I send the children a photograph of a leaning tower in Bologna.)

Also I found the "Incas", with the lovely drawings inside, for which I am very grateful.

That is bad news about Uncle James. Still, he has a strong constitution to pull him through.

I do not mean to be extravagant, and I will be more careful for what thee tells me. I think I see my way to helping out my diminished income very nicely.

I am glad to be relieved of all responsibility about Mrs. Burke's child. They have acted in such a way as to make me lose every spark of interest in the whole affair from beginning to end.

Thank Logan for his letter.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Feb. 13, 1896

I am dreadfully disappointed with what thee tells me of the music lesson; it is entirely different from what I arranged with Miss Garsia. I have written to her to remind her, and to counsel their not practising except with her. Also to spend part of the time playing to them. Thee might say I have written to thee to this effect. She is sure to be all right about the way they hold their hands —and that is really the important thing in the beginning.

Couldn't they go for a swim *after tea* — just before bed?

The type-writing paper has not come yet.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Feb. 13, 1896

Dearest mother,

That letter of Logan's to the Westminster Gazette is truly a delightful bit of writing. We read it over twice at dinner last night. Tell him ... and even though he *does* put Lamb in the first rank, Miss Cruttwell felt to pardon him. She said she found in it a "vein of poetry in which his conversation [1.2] was strangely lacking." She is too funny, but stupid beyond all words. Never did I see anyone work so hard, but it is almost like telling the face of a bare rock!

Tell Alys the Dibblees are so dreadful that I have shrunk back in a cowardly way from seeing Beatrice Horne. Miss Paget had her to lunch, and could hardly persuade her to open her lips. However, I mean to go to see her tomorrow. But I do not want to see Herbert P.

I do hope I shall have a little money to lend thee if thee is hard up, dearest mother.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

Zangwill stays from Feb. 14-Mar. 23, 1896



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M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter to Alys
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole
<Fiesole, Sunday,> Feb. 16, 1896

Dear Antiloo,

Thanks for thy letter. The young Frenchman has just been here, attired gorgeously in Bertie's garments, which fit him exactly. He send "all his respects devoted and compliments distinguished" I think the poor thing is through the worst now. He has been sensible enough to give up painting, and he is now French clerk in a [1.2] large importing house, at a salary of 40 fr. a month, with the certainty of advancement. He says he wishes his father had brought him up to business from a boy — he feels much more at home in it than in art. But his father wanted to "make a gentleman of him". His distress comes from the fact that seven months ago they ceased sending him the 250 fr. a month they had always sent him, *and* [1.3] *he has never heard from them since*. However, that incident is brought to a happy termination, I trust — differently from the Burkes', which is, from my point of view, wholly unsatisfactory. And I do feel it is Burke's fault. She did "lie in his hand as tame as a pear hung basking over a wall",⁵⁵⁷ and he could have made somethings — not much, but something — out of her, if he had cut loose and [1.4] determined to live in a real way.

I shall be glad to get the Meredith. I wrote to Logan about a book by Dickinson — short — I want thee and Bertie to read.

Zangwill is here, rather tired and ill. A curious thing comes out. He believes in the Jews as a nation, with a "mission".

We had such a nice picnic to the Monte Senario with Edith and Bryson⁵⁵⁸ — dear things! They are coming up tomorrow to hear Miss Buttles sing.

With love,

Thine,
ML

⁵⁵⁷ Robert Browning, 'A Light Woman' (1855):
And she, — she lies in my hand as tame
As a pear hung basking over a wall;
Just a touch to try and off it came;
'Tis mine, — can I let it fall?

⁵⁵⁸ Mary's diary, Feb. 14, 1896: '32 years old today. I drove to Monte Senario, meeting Bernhard and Edith and Bryson there, and we lay under the pines in the sun and smelt the ground.'



M-HS 1896.____ a postcard to Hannah

<Fiesole, Monday,> Feb. 17, 1896

The type-writing paper has come, and also the rugs, which makes that paper sent by Pitt and Scott quite unnecessary.

Tell the children I am enchanted with their letters, and I have pasted them in the "BOOK of RAY and KARIN". I will answer them tomorrow.

Tell Logan that Stevenson on Style has come. I shall read it aloud to Zangwill!

The weather continues perfectly enchanting.

I am just going down to meet Beatrice Horne, who is coming to lunch. The Burroughs are coming after, and Miss Buttles to sing to us.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter to Logan
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole
<Fiesole, Monday,> Feb. 17, 1896

Dear Logan,

As thee can imagine, Zangwill makes a curious combination with the Villa and its inhabitants! Miss Cruttwell is the crudest, most emphatic and one-sided: "How does a man of so little culture come to have so much influence How can a person so clever have so little taste and culture [1.2] *überhaupt*?" (She knows what *nur* and *überhaupt* mean by this time.) The first day he defended Kipling *as a poet* — yesterday, Tennyson and Poe. He doesn't really care to look at anything, or hear music. What is to be done with him? If he *knew* it, if he realized that there are degrees of sensitiveness to beauty he hasn't reached — but alas! no, he thinks, "*You* say this, and *I* say that."

With all this, we rather [1.3] like him for his simplicity and unselfishness and naiveté, but all the same he is not to be talked with on most of the subjects that are current here.

Even about the Jews — he believes in the "mission", and we feel a whole stretch of unreason there, which it is not save to venture upon exploring. The oases in that desert are, I fear, few! He does not understand the elements of scholarship or [1.4] historical criticism — thee should have heard him trying to argue that the element of gentleness, tenderness, compassion in Christianity is entirely due to the Jews!!

I am not sure whether we shall give him a little plain speaking from "truthful James" and tell him he isn't "in it", or let him meander on as he is. If he could get free to travel and study for four years it might be of some use. Otherwise, not.

"Tis a pitiful tale! said the Bellman, whose face
Had grown longer at every word;
But now, since I've stated the whole of his case
More debate would be simply absurd."⁵⁵⁹

Thine affectionate,
MLC

⁵⁵⁹ Lewis Carroll, "The Hunting of the Snark":
'Tis a pitiful tale,' said the Bellman, whose face
Had grown longer at every word;
'But, now that you've stated the whole of your case,
More debate would be simply absurd.'



M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Feb. 18, 1896

Dearest mother,

I enclose a cheque for 17/ (paying for the pen I bought for Mr. Morgan), which thee might keep for Karin's birthday, the lantern-slides and something nice for her birthday. Poor little dears! They won't have much of a party, unless Alys can get Lady Kitty's children. If she can't, I should think a treat at the Zoo would be nicer for them, or a good [1.2] skate at Niagara. They might use some of the 17/ for that.

I am glad they went to the Cottage. They are always so happy there.

Tell Logan that Zangwill has discovered Longfellow to be a poet. Beatrice Horne came to lunch, and I could see she thought it was awful the way poor Zangwill got sat upon. But what is one to do? He will be discovering Carlo Dolce to be an artist next. Once must nip such things in the bud. If he would stop writing (except the "Without Prejudice") for some years, and become as a little child, he might enter the kingdom of criticism. Otherwise he will remain in outer darkness where there is gnashing and weeping of teeth!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard / one-page letter

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1896

Will thee ask Alys to send me Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's address I want to send him some reproductions of Obrist's embroideries. [FINGER pointing LEFT]

I have written to the Music Teacher, and expect to hear from her soon. I had a very friendly-seeming letter from B.F.C.C. where he says "the children greatly enjoy their music lessons" —— !!!

I am going to take Mr. Zangwill tonight to dine with Vernon Lee. Tomorrow the Burroughs are coming up for an expedition to a lovely Villa. On Saturday I am going to take Zangwill to lunch at the Morgans', and on Sunday Miss Buttles is coming up again to sing, and on Monday Placci.

I am still at work on the Louvre.

With love,

M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Saturday, Feb. 22, 1896

Dearest mother,

Of course if I had written to B.F.C.C. it would not have been anything that could cause trouble. That was why I did not write while I was feeling angry, for fear I might say something that would make things more difficult. That fear thee may indeed entirely dismiss from thy mind. [1.2]

It snowed last night, for the first time, but today promised to be sunny. The view is very lovely with the snow-sprinkled hills.

Mr. Zangwill seems very much run down. He can hardly even enjoy anything, he says, although he knows he *would* enjoy if he were [1.3] not so tired. Tell Logan I do not believe it is possible to change him in any way without putting a great deal more energy into it than I, for one, have to spare. He is unaware of the existence of art in any form. Last night I read that exquisite, exquisite sentence from Barris:

“Les tintes posées par de nomades, chaque soir, dans un pays nouveau, n’ont pas la solidité des antiques maisons héréditaires, mais quelle joie pour ces errants de se mêler aux races autochtone et de dire avec [1.4] elles l’hymne du matin, tandis que, pour l’embellir, la mémoire secrètement y mêle les chants appris la veille chez des étrangers!”

All Zangwill could say of it was to object that nomads didn’t mingle with the morning and evening songs of the races in the countries they wandered through. That spoiled it for him, he said.

Yet, strange to say, we like him — he is so good, and so good-natured. **The only thing that really irritates me is his belief in the Mission of the Jews. All that seems so fantastic and unhistorical that I can’t bear to hear him talk about it.** Yet there is no subject upon which he dilates more willingly.

With dearest love and kisses to thee and the darling children,

Thy daughter,

M.

Please ask Alys and Bertie where is that article of Bradley on Spiritualism?



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Monday,> Feb. 24, 1896

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy long letter, and the account of the children's religious ideas.

It is snowing hard today, and looks as if it meant to go on indefinitely.

Father writes that he will be here the end of this week.

I took Zangwill in to see some works of art yesterday, and managed to enjoy several stolen glances at them in the midst of the discussion he carried on standing with his back to them!

Are Alys and Bertie coming South at Easter? Give them my love. Are they still at 44?

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Feb. 27, 1896

Many thanks for Alys' letter and thine. Thank Alys from me for all she is doing for the children. Where is Lady Henry's flat that they are going into?

The Burkes are married again, but the whole affair is rather sordid than exhilarating.

I will see what I can do about the money. It is sure to be all right eventually, but I will try to get it now.

Lilian Rea wrote me today that the firm of Scotch publishers she is connected with are going to take the children's "Thinking Lessons". I am very glad.

I will send back the Morgans' cheque in my next letter. I marked the names of some books in the letter from Saidee I sent this morning. The "Robin Hood" things would certainly be nice for Ray and Karin.

How strange about poor Uncle James! I wonder where his spirit is all this time?

With dearest love

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard to Logan

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Feb. 29, 1896

Dearest Logan,

Do send along the German Meinhold (Sidnie, die Klosterhexe) and the English translation, if it isn't expensive. But the German anyhow, and soon.

Has thee ever gone back of Stevenson to Robinson Crusoe. *Ca vaut la peine.*

I have just written to Prof. Geddes of Edinburgh offering to undertake a book in his Education Series about teaching children to appreciate art. Would that I. Z. had had some such instruction in his youth!! Prof. G. is going to publish the "Thinking Lessons".

Affectionately,
Bouvardine

Tell mother I am still at work on my Louvre catalogue. Tell the children I want some of their decalcomania work.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Feb. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

I expected Father yesterday, but he did not come, nor did he send any word. I went down to attend to some errands, taking Zangwill to leave at the Galleries and other sights. It drives me wild to look at anything with him. He is so unutterably crude and so satisfied that he can see in two [1.2] minutes what I am just now learning to appreciate. I haven't the patience, particularly as I think he hasn't got the capacity to enjoy pictures. In architecture he might be better.

As to poetry, I can scarcely bear the name. Yesterday I entreated him with "tears, idle tears", not to go on quoting Tennyson, Longfellow and Byron and arguing that they were poets.

He seemed surprised that I took a mere impersonal question to heart. "Well", I said, [1.3] "it isn't impersonal, for the whole effort of my life is to get away from uncongenial people, who don't hold the same general ideas I hold." Even then he went on and on, until I hated him and the sound of his voice. It is most unfortunate.

Then he spoils or breaks everything he touches. He had a toothache yesterday, and I covered him up in my chaise-longue with Alys' rug — the one Uncle Horace gave her — and gave him a hot bottle. [1.4] The first thing I knew a horrible smell arose, he had stretched out his foot and burnt a hole in the rug and in his slipper by putting them on the "pig". Tell Alys, however that I have heard of a woman in Florence who makes a speciality of invisible mending, and I shall take the rug to her.

I must not say all bad of Zangwill. He is good-natured, and good, and — except that he is in revolt now against our whole view of art — sympathetic. But how difficult it is to be happy with people! [1]

Tell Alys that I have not yet received the *Amazing Marriage* nor the article against Spiritualism.

With much love

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Mar. 1, 1896

Father has not turned up yet, and I do not know quite when to expect him. He does not want me to meet him!

Placci is coming up to lunch today, to give us some music as well.

I have been more or less ill ever since I came back, in spite of using the doctor's medicines and remedies. These last few days I have been worse, and now I am just going to stay quiet on the sofa until I do get well. I think discussions on poetry agitate me too much. I really can't imagine any other cause, as Miss Crossfield said I was all right.

Please tell the children to send me some of their decalcomania sheets to put in the book. I want specimens of everything they do, no matter what. I should love to hear a school "composition" of Ray's.

Thine,
M.

Mary's father Robert arrives on Mar. 1, 1896
leaves the next day



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Mar. 2, 1896

Dearest mother,

Our house is attacked with Influenza. Miss Cruttwell is down with it and I am afraid I'm going to have it. Father is afraid to stay, and perhaps he is wise for it is raging all about here. It would be particularly unpleasant [1.2] for him to have it while he is travelling. So he is going off today to Venice. I am glad at any rate that he has seen the place.

He seems exceptionally well and in very good spirits. His trip has been a great success.

I shall keep perfectly quiet and try to get over [1.3] my attack as soon as possible. It is annoying, but I suppose it is hard to avoid, if you aren't in the best condition.

I am so glad thee has Lady Henry. Her humour and spirits are positive genius.

Dearest love to Ray and Karin. I wonder how they like "Snap-".

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Mar. 4, 1896

Dearest mother,

I sympathize with thee very much in the loss of Uncle James. I can imagine how lonely thee feels at the snapping of this last real family tie. I should feel very desolate if Logan and Alys were both dead.

At times, I think of Uncle James making up [1.2] for the almost unnatural sobriety of his life here, by having a real "spree" now, dancing with the Angels, and playing a harp in a grand orchestra. But what has happened, I suppose, is that he has waked up fresh after his long rest, and taken up the more permanent of his interests again. I wonder if there is any *Spectator* [1.3] there! I remember him so well sitting in the parlour in the evening, reading the *Spectator* from cover to cover and, apparently, enjoying it immensely.

I shall write to Saidee at once. Poor thing! She will have a sad homecoming again. I suppose he will have left her a great deal of money. I wonder if they will go on living in California. [1.4] When I think how well *some people* could be spared, and how important Uncle James was — well! I wish I had a hand in the arrangement of things.

I am awfully glad thee has Lady Henry so close to thee. It will cheer thee up. To think of the children building their Aberfoyle Mine,⁵⁶⁰ and taking no notice of thy feelings, but claiming thy sympathy for themselves!

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁶⁰ A mine near Stirling in Scotland, the scene of the novel by Jules Verne, *Les Indes noires*, published in 1877. The English translation was entitled *The Child of the Cavern, or Strange Doings Underground*.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Wednesday <Mar. 4? / 11?, 1896>⁵⁶¹

Dear Father,

Here are some more letters, etc., which came here once, and which I sent to Naples. They have just come back.

I hope thee has had good weather in Venice. Yesterday was most beautiful. I was not feeling well, so i took the long chair out to the balcony and lay there from 2-6, not ever reading, but [1.2] quietly enjoying the hills.

Poor Maud is really ill. She is in bed today. The rest of us haven't caught it yet, but our turn may come.

Zangwill has begun his story at last, and he is so hard at work on it that I scarcely see him.

With love, and regrets that thy visit was cut so short.⁵⁶²

Thy affectionate daughter,
M.

⁵⁶¹ Robert arrive at 5 on Mar. 1 and left the next day.

⁵⁶² Mary's diary, Monday, Mar. 2, 1896: 'Maud turns out to have the influenza, and this frightened father, so that he went off at 11 — to our great relief!'



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Mar. 7, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have been almost ill the last week, and have driven to “Orange Blossom”, the regular things doing no good. I will write and tell thee how it works, but I think I feel an improvement already.

Tell the children that thy “very sweet smile” is lovelier than even Lady henry’s finest clothes. As soon as you understand what beauty is, yo care more for the face and its expressions than for all the jewels in the world. And tell them thee has the loveliest smile <there> ever was!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Mar. 8, 1896

Dearest mother,

I will send the real measures of the "pig" in my next. I am better today, and full of faith in "O. B." I will write to thee if I want more.

It is so warm, we have given up fires. It was only when our wood ran low during the snow that my sitting-room was inhabited by anyone but myself. Zangwill has a wing all to himself, and he is now deep in a story, which keeps him at work morning, afternoon and evening.

it is most beautiful today. Edith Bryson — dear things!! — came to lunch yesterday, and they are coming on Monday with Carlo Placci.

Love to the chicks. Thank Alys for all she is doing about the play, etc.

ML



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Mar. 9, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am better, I think, with this "O. B." and I shall go on using it. I have enough for a month more.

Beatrice Horne brought her brother yesterday, and he was not so bad as I thought he was going to be. I shall ask them both up to lunch soon, if Miss Cruttwell's temper improves. She is in a rage with me, because of my having [1.2] sent word to Miss Dodge to come a week earlier than she had expected, and also because of Miss Sellers' changing her plans. She is not very pleasant to get on with at the moment, and I hesitate to invite anyone here. If it were not for Zangwill, who, with his good-nature, goes to smooth her down, and who keeps up conversation at the table, it would be hard to get along. I am awfully sorry about it, and I think I ought to have consulted her more, for the _____. At the [1.3] same time, she is not really a full partner, for all the "extras" are mine, and I have the responsibility. then I have thought to formally give her carte blanche as to having her friends — only she has none, poor thing! — and took it for granted I had the same. She knows I am ready to take over the house-keeping.

However, it is not really this at all. What I think must have happened is that the Butties, with whom she has suddenly got very intimate, have repeated to [1.4] her some careless remarks I may have made about her mental capacities, which are indeed of the smallest. This has embittered her, and made her see everything in an unfavourable light. Not having much sense or much tact it comes out in "grunching" at everything, and in positive rudeness to my guests. There were several people I meant to have, to whom I have written not to come.

Thee does not understand how easy it is to have company here. We never meet till lunch, and [2] as walks, or sitting in the *podere* anyhow take up the afternoon, till tea-time, people are no bother then. After tea, is a rigid study time, when we all separate, and after sitting quite a time at dinner, the same things happens. As long as people like to talk about art or kindred subjects, and have pursuits of their own, they can't be a bother. Zangwill, for example, has not interrupted anything, and he has been getting so much better, that I am glad [2.2] to have him. His manners are an awful trial, and so was his Philistinism at first. But as he has got better, he has taken a more serious interest in art problems, chiefly from the psychological side, and has carried on a good many interesting discussions. However, he is going in a few days, probably to Siena or Perugia, to settle down quietly and finish his work.

Placci and the Burroughs are coming today. Miss C. has taken a hatred to the [2.3] Burroughs, I am sorry to say. I like them more and more Well! every prospect pleases — that is something. To look out of one's window



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and forget there is a “gruncher” in the house. But I could not stand it long.
I enclose the “pig” measure<ments>

[bottom portion of last page cut away]



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Mar. 10, 1896

Dearest mother,

I enclose a note to Alys and Bertie. I hope they will come. Tell Logan ditto, if he wants to. He said he would come back.

Miss Paget's mother died yesterday. I went to pay a short call, but I did not hear her plans. Mr. [1.2] Hamilton is coming up to lunch on Friday, and he will tell us.

It is a relief to have Maud go, for she was terribly "grunching". Now that the decision is made, however, we are better friends. Indeed, she wrote me a really sentimental note last night. She is queer without great longing for affection, yet needing it! [1.3]

I am not well today — had such a lot of pain in the night I am afraid I shall have to send for a doctor here. Perhaps I did too much yesterday

Love to the dear children. I shall write to Karin to reach her on her party day.

With dearest love

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a two-page letter,
the second page on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Mar. 11, 1896

Dearest mother,

I sent for the doctor to come up yesterday, as I was feeling worse and worse. He came and made a thorough examination, and found the cause of my being "unwell" so constantly. He said the womb is nearly twice its proper size, and beyond that considerably bent forwards, and that the right [1.2] ovary is inflamed. He thinks the size is due to a small fibroid tumour, and if this turns out to be the case when he examines with proper instruments tomorrow, he will give me various things to dry it up. He says it is as simple as possible, only an affair of patience for a few weeks at the outside, patience and keeping quiet. He said it was incredible to him how Dr. Crossfield could have made such a favourable diagnosis, in [2] fact he simply could not get over it. Well! I hate to get into a doctor's hands, but still I have _____ so low and was suffering so much pain I had to do something. He seemed to know perfectly what to do, and gave me confidence. By great good luck, I had just got a long wicker chair, which does excellently for lying [2.2] down, so that I can be about and see people.

It has interrupted my work for the moment, but I must begin to write tomorrow, as the editor of the *Atlantic* has written to me asking me to review *The Florentine Painters* in an unsigned article of 3,000 words, and he wants it at once. Also I must review it and a new set of Botticelli reproductions [2.3] for the *Chronique*, and I have several other things in hand. Zangwill says the *Pall Mall Magazine* would take my South of France, so I shall work it up a little. But first of all I must get well.

Maud Cruttwell has decided to go, when she recovers from her influence, and take rooms in Florence — or perhaps go to Miss Paget, who has decided to stay on at [2.4] the Palmerino, while her brother goes to live in Florence. They each have about £600 a year.

I am glad Maud is going. Miss Dodge is coming to share expenses, and she likes _____

Alys and Bertie will come for a while. Miss Sellers is put off till May!!

Thy account of the party was nice. I thought it was to be this next Saturday. Thank Alys for me for being such an angel to the children.

I forgot to tell Bertie I was sorry he was _____ udy, but if it brings them here, I can't be sorry!

Please don't worry over me, dearest mother. I shall soon be well, and it is nothing of any importance. However, if the occasion arises, thee might tell Frank I am really ill!!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Mar. 12, 1896

Dearest mother,

Please renew the *Chronicle* subscription. It has become a daily need.

Thy **post card** about the face Lady Henry painted for the children is most amusing.

O and do not forget to thank Karin for her LOVELY butterfly, and Ray for her wild-flowers. [1.2] I have pasted them in their Year Book.

I am better today. I will write after the doctor has made a complete examination. O why do we have insides!

The weather is superb — open windows all day. I am as comfortable as I can be.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Mar. 14, 1896

Today ought to be a “festa”, being the King’s birthday but the bells are ringing for the soldiers dead in Abyssinia. Poor Pia goes about with red eyes, for her brother has been shipped off to Africa.

I am better today. The doctor came yesterday, but said he would rather watch the case for a fortnight before saying exactly what I ought to do. In any case it is nothing serious; troublesome at the most.

Dearest love to the children and thee.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Mar. 14, 1896 NOT LEGIBLE

Dearest mother,

I enclose a "document" for Logan — let him read it by himself first — and a poem by Zangwill illustrating the impossibility of damning a person whose sense of beauty is cultivated. (But I think to live always with *him* would be a punishment for one's worst [1.2] sins!) He is going next week, having seen absolutely nothing here. Because he finds that I care more for olive trees than for almost any decorative painted pattern, he says, "O I entirely agree with you. Pictures are nothing to me compared to nature." Yet I notice when he does go out — which is seldom — he carries letters and post-cards with him to write. I never dreamt there were people so little capable of enjoyment as he. [1.3] It is tragic to me, but he appears contented. I could endure it more complacently if he did not keep talking about himself as a Creative Genius and making out that all the energy he doesn't put into life he puts into his marvellous creations. *Ca, c'est trop!* Fancy sacrificing a moment of real enjoyment to produce that horror Logan and I read on the train to Bologna, "Joseph the Dreamer".

Will thee tell father that the postmistress says the [1.4] spectacles were sent from Fiesole properly addressed and stamped. She stamped them herself. I ought to have registered them, but I have so often sent things that way, I did not think it was necessary. I am awfully sorry. I hope he has reached home safe and happy, and that his attack was nothing serious.

I am better, I think. Give Ray and Karin kisses, and tell them I am proud of their being so brave at the dentist's.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Mar. 15, 1896

Dearest mother,

Of course there will always be room for thee wherever I am, and a most loving welcome. Thee and I can sleep together, if need be. At Easter both Miss Sellers and Miss Dodge will be here, and with Alys and Bertie and thee, we shall be a large party, but I am sure I can easily manage. I should [1.2] hesitate to ask any other parent on earth to join such a party of young people, for fear it would cast a restraint on their spirits but I am sure thee will come prepared not to “grunch”, no matter what is said or done¹ We are really in most ways as nice as our ancestors, but we are different.

I am afraid of the long tiresome journey for thee, but thee is the best judge of that. I should love to have [2] thee, I need not say. When would thee come, and for how long? My idea is for Alys and Bertie really to settle here for a while, not just come on a visit — always providing we all get on together. Miss Sellers is an unknown quantity.

I have a regular “level” yesterday afternoon, but it tired me out, though I was lying down all the time. The Hornes are coming [2.2] to lunch today, Miss Priestly tomorrow, Mr. William Sharp Tuesday, Mr. Benn Wednesday. There is the post.

Farewell.

Thine
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Monday, Mar. 16, 1896

I am very much better today, and the weather is perfectly enchanting, like mid-summer.

The Hornes came yesterday, and we spent the afternoon lying in the grass in the *podere*, talking of Botticelli and Tudor prose writing. Logan would delight in Herbert Horne, who has a real feeling for prose. He has become (apparently) very simple and interested in impersonal things, and we liked him more than I, at any rate, expected. He is coming to dinner on Thursday to go over Botticelli photographs. His book on Botticelli won't be so bad!

Shall I not write to B.F.C.C. asking about the school? I think I had better. I am going to bring home a book about "Intellectual Fatigue" for him to read. He will be very careful not to overwork Ray when he has read that.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Mar. 17, 1896

Dearest mother,

I send thee a thousand thanks for thy lovely letter, full of sympathy in my little illness. Please thank Lady Henry for me. I am truly grateful. But, as things are, this is the best place for me to be ill in. When I have energy, I have all my books and photos about me, and when I feel like talking, [1.2] plenty of people to talk to on my own subjects. I think it will turn out to be a very good time for writing things. I have the long chair in my big studio, and it is carried in at meal-times to the dining room next door. And I am able to get out in the afternoons to lie in the *podere*, under the olive trees. If I must be laid up, it is under most favourable conditions here. [2]

... could, under the conditions, I should rather thee came here. Of course thee understands that if it were myself alone, I would make everything easy for thee, but in a "community" like this, especially with Miss Sellers coming down to join it on purpose to work, I can't upset it all for my own plans.

But I am sure thee will understand all this.

Be sure to thank Lady Henry very particularly for her kind thought of offering [2.2] me the Cottage. How good she is, and how wonderfully sympathetic with others. That itself is a kind of genius.

I am parting with Maud on *most friendly* terms. I think she is glad anyhow to go in to be nearer the galleries. She has never lived in Florence.

Tell the children their figures of the long nosed man and the Carabiniere in blue are splendid.

I enclose some stamps for Ray. Tell Karin I send [2.3] her seven more kisses for keeping my telegram in her dear little pocket.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Mar. 18, 1896

Dearest mother,

As long as I lie still, I feel pretty well, but even a few steps tires me out completely. Still, I am getting on very well. The weather is superb.

I have asked Mrs. Swam to make me a dress of some cotton stuff she has, and send it to Alys to bring down if they come. If not, it can wait for me. I hope to get home early this year. As soon as the school question is settled, I shall write to B.F.C.C. about it. Probably I shall have to stay in town for a while; perhaps in bed if any sort of little operation is necessary. That would be lovely, to have the children running in and out!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Mar. 21, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am so awfully afraid that thee will think I don't *want* thee, which is the exact opposite to the truth. I could give thee a table in front of one of the loveliest views in the world, where thee would be very comfortable, and I would lie in my chair near by and be very, very happy seeing thee there. I hope thee will come with Alys and Bertie. [1.2] I should love thee to see the house and all the arrangements. It would be a great *comfort* to have thee. A rule of the establishment is never to see anyone in the morning, so we should have uninterrupted mornings together.

Well! I must just leave it with thee now. Only I want thee to know that thy presence always adds joy to thy children's lives — which is quite different from what could be said of most parents! [1.3]

I am very much better since this rest. The pain has not gone, and I *feel* equal to anything. But I made up my mind to lie down for two weeks, and I shall keep to it.

Next Thursday I am going in to the doctor, who will then probably be able to “diagnose”. He thinks it is either a tumour or a polypus, and he says it ought to be absorbed away without an operation. I am feeling so much better, that I begin to hope I shall not be an [1.4] invalid all Spring. But is I am, it is very nice here. People have been so kind, sending me flowers and things, and every day several people have come in at tea-time to cheer me up.

Zangwill I have scarcely seen for a week. He has been absorbed in his story. I meant him to go on Wednesday, but it really seemed cruel to turn him out before he had finished. Maud, even, begged to let him stay (she is still here). However, he *must* go on Monday. I have come to an end of my nerves! I am [2] ashamed of myself, for he is really so good, and sincere, and simple. But he is so loathsome in all his habits, so awkward, careless, tactless, insensitive, that his “sterling qualities” are swamped. When he fumbles at my door and falls in, I feel as if I could shriek with nervous hatred. I would almost rather have the Mikes. The only thing is, he keeps entirely to himself, writing morning, noon and night. But really, I don't see why I [2.1] should not set up a lying-in hospital for mediocre works of art. He even threatened to read me the manuscripts!!

How true it is that people should be careful not to “outstay their welcome”. I literally feel as if I could never bear to see him again. But I suppose I shall forget my annoyance and remember his kindness and real worth.

The worst of it is, he has nowhere to go. It seems like turning a child out into the streets. [2.3] Nevertheless, on Monday, go he must.

The weather is most lovely, as I see it is with you too.



I hope I shall hear from thee that thee has decided to come.

Lots of love to the children. Tell them that Hugo's and Percy's father came to see me yesterday, just as I was writing to the boys to send them an account of the Earthquaking wild-goat Island.⁵⁶³ So he took it with him, and sent many thanks.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁶³ Wild Goat Island.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Mar. 22, 1896

Dearest mother,

Alys writes me you are all going to Venice for two or three weeks. I am afraid I shan't possibly be able to travel, but perhaps we can arrange, thy being so near, for thee to come over for a week — if thee is not afraid of the long journey — say just at the end, so that thee could meet whoever is going back to England at [1.2] Milan, without going back to Venice. I should not hesitate in that case to ask Berenson to go to Siena for the time thee was here, so all would be arranged smoothly. I think it is a very nice plan, only I am sorry Bertie and Alys aren't coming here. Perhaps they will come for a week or so with Logan later.

Zangwill goes to Venice tomorrow, and I expect he will still be moaning [1.3] around there when you arrive. But I shan't tell him of your plan, for really I do not think he adds to "the beauty of scenes", and it would be an awful bore to have him attach himself to your party. He is impossible.

I suppose B.F.C.C. would not let Alys take the children to Venice — or perhaps you would not want them? If they came I should risk health (it would be only a delay in getting well) and come. [1.4]

I will write enquiringly about the school, not bringing thee in at all, but only mentioning that I know from Ray and Karin the _____

With the pencil I can write lying down which is a great comfort. I am getting on well with my work.

Please consult with Alys and with me exact dates, and if thee would come across for a week, *just when*.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Monday,⁵⁶⁴> Mar. 23, 1896

It is a most beautiful spring day, and I am feeling better. I have put on that white flannel blouse thee bought me. Edith and Bryson are coming to lunch — dear things!

Zangwill has at last decided to see something of Florence, so he is actually going to devote a whole day to it! Tomorrow he is going, probably to Venice, but he seems unable to make up his mind. He has been most kind about my Provence article.

Tell Ray and Karin the boys send many thanks for the cutting about the goat-island. They are in the midst of reading *The Last of the Incas*. Tell them they must dictate to thee a letter called “what we think about ‘Snap’ ”

With much love

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁶⁴ Mary wrote ‘Sunday’.



M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

<Piesole,> Tuesday night, Mar. 24, 1896

Dearest mother,

My symptoms are pains “inside” generally, sometimes to right, sometimes to left, sometimes in the back. Extreme irritability comes over me if I stand or work — a sort of general fainting away feeling and irritation. But I am resting very _____, and I hope, getting better after my rest “period” I shall go to the doctor, and of course will tell thee what he says. In the meantime, by being still beside a window with a lovely view and a landscape which reflects the sky like a burnished copper shield, _____ odours of rose and lilac, with plenty of books and (if truth be told) too many people to talk to, I get on very well.

I am waiting to learn your Easter plans. Venice must be heavenly now!

I think of the children and thee all the time, and treasure up every scrap from thy pen.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, <Mar. 25, 1896>

Dearest mother,

Will thee ask father to send me the March *Contemporary* It has an article by Herbert S____ in it which I want *particularly* to see.

Also, if thee has any old illustrated catalogues of furniture shops, will thee send them? I have found a very cheap and intelligent carpenter, and I want him to make me a screen and some shelves.

I am better today. Miss Dodge arrives tonight. Mrs. William Sharp is coming to lunch.

Yes, I wish Alys and Bertie would come. It is paradise here, but of course Venice is even more enchanting.

Lots of love to the children. Did Ray get her prize?

My sympathy to poor father with his gout.

Was it cousin Richard the sculptor who died?

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Mar. 26, 1896

I will take thy advice about the operation. Probably there will not really be any question of that, as I seem to be getting on very well by living quietly.

Miss Dodge came last night, rather worn out by the journey from Munich and oppressed by a heavy cold. She reports Miss Sellers as in a firm mind to come, which is hard to imagine!

Zangwill writes from Venice that he ____ed to receive a synthetic impression from St. Mark's. I think he lays the blame on St. Mark's, and suspects the rest of us of being too easily impressed. R.I.P.

The lilacs are just coming out, and the bunches of banksia roses. The wall flowers fill the air with heavy scent.

With much love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Thank Ray and Karin for their lovely pictures. The tree, the page of dashes, and the lady made by Lady Henry.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Saturday, <Mar. 28, 1896>

I am just getting off ____ article to the *Atlantic*, and so have time only for a line. I am getting on pretty comfortably. Miss Sellers is to arrive on Tuesday evening — “certain”!

I am so glad Eva is well. I would much rather try her cure than anything here, except rest, and the very mild “natural” means I am using now.

With much love, and ope that father’s gout is passed.

Thy daughter,
<M.>



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Mar. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

It is just possible that Mr. Burton⁵⁶⁵ might come with Arnold and Harold and leave them with us for a couple of weeks next summer, while he takes a trip in England. What would thee think of it? I have not said anything to him about it, for I wanted to hear from thee, and then to write to Frank. They would be lovely companions for Ray and Karin. [1.2]

I am glad to know Mr. Britten is so stirred up about the school. It was *his* doing, getting them there, and I shall always hate him for it. B.F.C.C.'s neglect of the matter is almost past belief.

I am rather better today, but still not very "fit".

Lovingly,

Thy daughter,
M.

Alys and Bertie are *wretches*.

⁵⁶⁵ The husband of Gertrude Burton.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Mar. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

Of course it will be lovely for the children to have you all at Haslemere for Easter, but I shall be sorry indeed if Alys and Bertie don't come down, or Logan either. I have arranged a nice bedroom and quiet sitting rooms for whoever comes.

Today is my bad time. I am very much "unwell", and scarcely dare to stir. As soon as this is over, I will go again to the [1.2] doctor. I enclose my answer to the Mattei questions, but I don't really think it is worth while to try that until I come home, as I am now trying soothing syringes and a healing, anti-septic ointment, and baths. I am very comfortable, only sometimes I suffer from homesickness. However, it is astonishing how much reading I am able to do. I have got out the back numbers of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* (since 1859) and am going through them, cataloguing the things that [1.3] may be useful to me.

Also, I have just ordered from Quaritch the back numbers of *Maia*, and told him to send the bill to thee £8.10 — with something, I suppose, for postage. Do not think it extravagant. Everything I get in this way simply pays for itself in the end. I should like an account from father of how my finances at home stand, and what payments there will be this year. I have still some money here.

I have a chance of buying a Moroni for £400, which I know I could sell in less than a year for £600, and [1.4] possibly more. If father feels like investing in this to give me a business start, it is a *perfectly safe* thing. The Botticelli I told him about is not yet to be had. I must decide on the Moroni within a month. I have the offer till then.

I long to hear about the darling children. I dreamt of them last night in the "Jungle", that we all lived there with the animals, and that Grandma had Hathi's⁵⁶⁶ body, with her own dear head and her very sweetest smile.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁶⁶ Hathi is a fictional character created by Rudyard Kipling for the Mowgli stories collected in *The Jungle Book* (1894) and *The Second Jungle Book* (1895). Hathi is a bull elephant that lives in the jungle.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Monday,> Mar. 30, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy postal card and for the furniture pictures, some of which are very useful. What I want particularly are shelves running along surfaces of wall, or round corners. But probably the pictures I have will do.

I am better, I hope today, at any rate not unhappy. But sometimes I do long to be where there would be some one to *nurse* me a little. I suppose no one thinks I am ill, but you get so nervous always lying down, and people don't like to be asked to bring you things. Still, I shall see the doctor in a day or two, and I hope to be better soon. Miss Sellers arrives tonight at 6.25.

Dearest love to the children,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, <Apr. 1, 1896>

I am worried about thy "Preacher's throat". Please don't read aloud while thee has it. Ray is getting quite big enough to read aloud herself. Please, please take care. All the fun the children can possibly have listening would not pay up for thy getting a bad throat. And I am sure they love to play about anyhow where thee is.

Miss Sellers actually arrived last night! She was very tired, but very charming.

The Burroughs are coming today for a week.

Ah faithless Alys and Bertie!

I am rather better, I think.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Apr. 2, 1896

Dearest mother,

Will thee tell Ray that ever since I heard about her head, I have been scratching mine, as if I had caught the same thing! Give my love to the two Medicine Men, and tell them when I come home, I will get them to cure me.

I hope Miss Clare can get her head all right for the holidays. Dr. Duke is sure to know a remedy. But surely, surely, their father cannot be going to send them back among such filthy children. I think I will write to Dr. Bull about it, and do ask Mr. Britten to tell Mrs. Fraser.

Bryson and Edith are in the *podere* sketching. Janet Dodge is practising, and Miss Sellers has gone in to the Library. She has been delightful since she came. The weather is superb since the rain.

I suppose thee will go to Friday's Hill? Please thank father for his letter, which I will answer soon. I am rather better today. Tomorrow I shall go to the doctor.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Apr. 4, 1896

Dearest mother,

It will be splendid for the children to pay a visit at Lady Henry's I hope they won't be much bother. Tell them that Edith Woodman (Mrs. Burroughs) took up the *Search for the Mountain of Gold* to the little boys yesterday. Hugo⁵⁶⁷ (11 years old) was away in Rome but Percy⁵⁶⁸ (8) was there, and he was [1.2] delighted to get the book. He made Edith tell him all she knew about you. He had got it in his head that Ray was a boy, and he seemed disappointed when he heard she was a girl. But Edith consoled him by telling him she was "just as brave and adventurous as a boy", and could climb and play soldiers quite as well. He was more fully interested to hear about Polyphemus, and said he would ask his father to [1.3] get them a donkey. He asked Edith to climb a bank with him, and when she said she couldn't, for fear of spoiling her dress, he looked at her with great scorn, so that she felt quite ashamed of the silly way women dress.

Who turned up yesterday but Mr. _____ Anderson of Sheffield College. He had got Miss Sellers' address at Venice and so came on here to give her the [1.4] pleasure of his society for the day, en route to Rome. I kept him for an hour in the morning, as she was working, and then I went and told her.

[2] he actually refused to go, as he wanted to have a "good long talk". I relieved guard from time to time, but I had other callers to see, so Miss Sellers had him practically from 2-5. Then I went to succour her. She was grey with fatigue, with dark hollows under her eyes and a still he stayed and talked and talked — so dull — so self-absorbed — so philistine. [2.2] He did not go til 6, and then not til I made him. I know he would gladly have stayed to dinner. Poor Miss Sellers was so ill of him, she thought it was influenza, but she

[2.3] She is really very, very nice. I can't imagine a person I would love more to live with. And she may come to live here after all.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁶⁷ Hugh Townsend Morgan, architect (died 1927).

⁵⁶⁸ Edward Percival Morgan (1888-1918).



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Easter Sunday, <Apr. 5, 1896>

Dearest mother,

I hope you are having as lovely weather as we. Edith and Bryson are like two fauns gambolling about around the olives in the *podere*. They are two of the most delightful creatures I ever knew!

How I hope that the children have not had to stay up to go to see "G. C."⁵⁶⁹ It would be too bad. Poor things! What a life.

I expect the doctor today, and probably I shall have to have a masseuse, as I am getting indigestion from no exercise. But I hope I am better. Miss Sellers is most delightful.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁶⁹ General confession?



M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter to her father Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Apr. 6, 1896

Dearest father,

Do not get out the £400 just yet. The picture is being nibbled at by several buyers, and I may get the money to pay for it without borrowing it, I mean in a cheque direct from someone who decides to buy it. I will let thee know how it goes. But there is no hurry. I am still waiting to hear from Bergamo [1.2] that they have reserved the picture for me. Of course if I don't buy it myself, I shall get only a 5% commission on it, as a sort of fee for finding it out and certifying its genuineness. I should not like to pretend to be buying it at a certain price and really pay less, pocketing the difference. Of course if it was really mine, I could make any price I pleased. But then there might be a certain risk. It is not hard [1.3] to get pictures out of Italy, in spite of the law.

I am expecting the doctor today to report on my condition. I hope I am getting better — at any rate, I am cheerful. Miss Sellers and Miss Dodge are most kind, and Edith and Bryson have been two angels. They are going, however, on Thursday. Every day brings some entertaining person to call or some deadly dull one who gives us food for entertainment after their departure. So I am well enough off, [1.4] although it is not pleasant to be ill.

I am glad thy gout has taken leave of thee. Thee will not drink Monte Fiano⁵⁷⁰ with sugar again! I am sure it was the sugar, not the nice grape juice.

Please thank mother for the furniture designs, and accept my thanks for *The Nineteenth Century*. They are all gathering for lunch, so I must close.

Dearest love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁷⁰ The claret from Monte Fiano (above Fiesole), Mr. Morgan's winery.



M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Apr. 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am writing in bed at night, so thee must not mind the slovenliness. The doctor has left me most cheerful. He made an examination today, and reports that there is neither a tumour nor a polypus. There are three things however. 1. The womb is too much bent forward. 2. It is diseased, that is to say the mucous lining is infested with a bacillus which makes it inflamed and liable to bleed. 3. The mouth of the womb is too [1.2] wide open, which exposes the inside too much.

The first he will not bother about, for he says I can get on very well with the womb slightly ____teflected. The only remedy would be a pessary. But as this is of long standing, and has not bothered me, he thinks it is not important. The third cannot be treated except surgically. The second can be treated in two ways: by alleviating the symptoms or by removing the cause. The alleviation [2] course is by surgical syringing of the inside of the womb itself, besides other daily antiseptic syringing and the application to the outside of the womb of healing tabloids. This he says will probably restore me to my usual health, but will not destroy the bacillus, nor close up the womb, so that I shall be liable to fresh attacks of inflammation, which, in turn, can be treated in the same way. He says 25% of the women who have had children are [2.2] in about the same case. The only way to *extirpate* the disease is by scraping the inside of the womb with a special spoon invented for the purpose, and bringing away the diseased mucous membrane, and allowing a new one to grow, healthy and normal.

At the same time, the mouth of the womb could be closed up. It is a very simple operation, often performed, he says, and it takes two weeks to get quite well. They would charge me at the hospital [2.3] 10 francs a day, operation and nursing and food — everything included.

However, I am going to try the alleviation first, for a month at any rate. In the mean time, do enquire whether such operations are thought well of in England. I confess I never heard of it, except in extreme cases. If it is considered a fairly simple operation, I will have it done here, because of the infinitely less expense. Two weeks is nothing. Or I will wait [2.4] till next autumn, or winter, when the weather is less enchanting out of doors. It would be nice to be radically well, with nothing hanging over me. Even the displacement might be remedied if I went to the hospital here, and stayed two weeks in bed. Tell me what thee thinks. If it is bacillus, electricity is no good.

Thank Alys and Bertie for their kind offer. I should love to have them, but it isn't necessary. I hope to be well enough to go to Rome with Miss sellers for a fortnight next month. They could have the Villa all to themselves, except for Miss Dodge, if they liked, and have friends here. I will not write



more now, except to say that I feel immensely relieved and cheered up in spirits, and that Miss Sellers and Miss Dodge are [2] most kind. Miss Sellers is really awfully nice, much nicer than I expected though not than I hoped.

With dearest love and thanks for all thy loving sympathy,

Thy daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, Apr. 8, 1896

I have written Alys and Bertie to come I should *love* to have them. If I am well enough to go with Miss Sellers to Rome in May, they can stay here and have Jim and Bobby, or anyone they like. And if I'm not, I should love to be here with them. O I hope they will come!

I have written to the children at the Cottage, and shall send them something every day.

I am much more cheerful since the doctor's report. He is coming tomorrow to give me a treatment, after which I must stay in bed a day. But I am sure he will be able to patch me up, and then I can decide about the *cure* at my leisure.

We have had a charming week (except for Mr. Andersen) and the weather is most lovely.

I hope thee is better — thy cold gone — and thy voice all right.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Apr. 9, 1896

While the Burroughs are getting off, and Miss Dodge's piano being moved in, I will snatch a moment to tell thee I am getting better, also to ask: why won't Logan come down and keep house with Alys and Bertie? They could be most comfortable here.

Miss Buttles come up and sang most gloriously yesterday. The Benns are coming today to meet Miss Sellers, a Benn is a distinguished Greek scholar. Miss Sellers grows nice and nicer. On Saturday we have a musical party. I am really better.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a note letter added in the letter from Frank dated Apr. 4, 1896

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Apr. 11, 1896

Dearest mother,

I hope something will come of this.

I had a telegram from Alys yesterday, saying they arrive tomorrow. I am very glad they are coming.

The doctor came yesterday and gave me a treatment, which was not painful, and seems already to have done good. I am feeling better. Still, I have to lie down most of the time.

Miss Sellers is really very nice.

Please tell me how thee is when thee writes.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Apr. 16, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have been very miserable over thy being ill. It is far more serious than me, because I have youth to recover with. Please, please take care. I know that it is because of worry that I have brought on thee, and it makes me awfully unhappy. I beg thee won't anticipate cares [1.2] about the new governess. She may quite as easily be all we desire. It is really unwise to worry over it now. Frank writes about it as he has done for the past year, to show me how solicitous he is for the children's welfare! I don't believe he will do anything till we make him.

The doctor said yesterday that my recovery is marvellous. I am nearly well, to all intents, though of course the cause still remains. I shan't have the operation at present.

With dearest love (in haste),

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

<Fiesole, Friday,> Apr. 17, 1896

Dearest mother,

In my answer to B.F.C.C. I advised him to make no changes, at any rate till summer, when he should have a chance of seeing the working of a new governess more intimately than in the rush of London life, and when I also would have a chance to observe certain details that a man would not know. I think it very likely that he won't do anything at all, so if Miss Clare likes to stay on by the month, as he said in his letter, she is fairly [1.2] sure to have a month or two more. But of course she must ultimately look for her herself. She has not been very nice. The new one may be a great improvement. People are not all fiends, and I really think thee ought not to borrow trouble in this way. Thee would soundly scold anyone else for it!

Alys and Bertie seem very well and happy here, and it is a great pleasure to have them.

The *Studio* has written to ask me regularly to review books for them, so I shall et a good many books for nothing.

With much love, and entreaties to take care of thyself and not take too gloomy an outlook on what may turn out to be an improvement.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Apr. 19, 1896

My dearest mother,

Alys and I rejoice that thee is getting over thy shingles, only do take the very utmost care of thyself!

I have written to B.F.C.C. just as thee suggested. The letter is too long to copy, but it was exactly what thee would have counselled, saying that a fine governess would not be a nursery maid the way Miss Clare is, and also that no one could possibly take better care of their health, which I know is a great point with him. I mentioned that Alys would now be living near, so that Miss Clare's influence would be less in any harmful way. I was most tactful, and did not appear resentful or questioning his judgment.

Well, let us hope for the best. I dreamt last night that we had found the ideal governess. They ought, of course, to speak French. But still to me the important thing is for them to have some one who leaves them to thee — though thee can imagine I did not say this to him!

My cold is over, the worst of it. Mrs. and Mrs. Perry were here to lunch today, and were very nice. They sent their respects to father.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

I hope Britten and Mrs. Fraser can do something.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Apr. 21, 1896⁵⁷¹

Darling mother,

Alys and I live on thy letters. They come generally when I have just finished my various syringings, lotionings, bathings, etc., and have gone back to bed for a rest, while Aunty Loo sits by chatting and beautifying her finger-nails.

I am greatly rejoiced to find Mrs. Fraser so very friendly. I really don't see why B.F.C.C. should change — I expect Miss Clare, poor thing! has [1.2] complaining to him about some few of the very necessary reforms that he ought to make. (Please give her my warm sympathy.) But probably with all this pressure on him, he will keep her. And then if Mrs. Fraser and thee in combination should look out for some one to supplant her, some one who would be on your side from the beginning, it would be a good way of getting the thing done. I am sure he listens to her with great respect, partly [1.3] because she is a swell!

I am sorry Ray feels so about the "sack". Doesn't it show how impressionable children are? But I feel it is not quite fair, because although he did the actual punishing, I believe it was my idea, for she simply had to be cured of the bad habit of rubbing herself in an intimate part. Evidently it gave a fearful shock to her nerves. Why she was too little to speak. I should not have thought she could remember it.

I enclose a letter from Carlo Placci, who is coming [1.4] up to dinner bringing **Prince Borghese**,⁵⁷² **one of the greatest Italian swells**, but I

⁵⁷¹ Mary's diary for Apr. 21, 1896:

Miss Priestley and Egisto Fabbri came to call, Fabbri blacker and gloomier than ever, bringing a photo of a most life-diminishing picture he has sent to the Champ de Mars.

Miss Sellers' friend, a Miss Anderson, who enclosed all her remarks in brackets of mirthless giggles, also called.

Miss Buttles was to have come to sing, but was kept away by a cold.

Placci, however, came early, thinking she would be here, and bringing his friend Prince Borghese (Scipione). He showed his marvellous social tact by replying to my tactless lamentations over Miss Buttles' absence. "O! I am so glad she hasn't come, for I wanted most of all to have a good long talk." Well, we had it, from 5.30 to 11.30!

Before dinner, Bertie talked very well on German socialism, a subject that interested Prince Borghese intensely.

⁵⁷² Scipione Borghese, principe di Sulmona (1871-1927).



believe a simple, naive person like Robin Phillimore.⁵⁷³ Rosa, the cook, is overwhelmed with the honour.

Miss Buttles is coming to sing, and also a friend of Miss Sellers, Miss Harrison. Miss Priestley⁵⁷⁴ and Egisto Fabbri are coming to call, and a German connoisseur named Gronau is also coming to dinner. So we shall have a great crowd.

I *am* glad Alys is here to help me through.

But what a difference from those awful Thursday evenings. I can't help comparing it. Here everybody is interesting and I personally like to see each one. But [1] poor B.F.C.C. had the gift of boring people away.

Tell Logan he ought to be here — it is too bad.

Will the please send £5 for me to Hatchard's with the enclosed bill?

With love to Father, and of course oceans to the children,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁷³ Robert 'Robin' Phillimore, the husband of Lucy 'Lion' Fitzpatrick, who was employed by Lady Henry Somerset (Mary's mother's best friend) in her philanthropic work and who was a close friend of Alys. Robert Phillimore (1871-1919), the son of Sir Walter Phillimore, a rich Liberal Law Lord, had proposed to Alys in February 1894. He married 'Lion' in 1895. Bertrand Russell disliked him, but remained friendly with 'Lion' until her death. See Bertrand Russell, *Autobiography* (London, 1975), p. 433: 'In the following spring, when Alys and I were staying with her sister at Fiesole, Lion and Bobby came to see us on their return from their honeymoon in North Africa.'

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⁵⁷⁴ Flora Priestly (Priestley?), a friend of John Singer Sargent who painted her several times.

Vineta Colby, *Vernon Lee: A Literary Biography*, p.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Apr. 25, 1896⁵⁷⁵

Dearest mother,

I am glad thee has not suffered too much from the shingles, but still it must have been quite bad enough. And it really is a warning to thee not to work too hard. No one else of thy age does rush about so much, and do<es> so much as thee, and it would be too dreadful for all of us if thy health really gave [1.2] way. Please, please take care.

Will thee tell Alys⁵⁷⁶ to write a letter to Prince Borghese giving him an invitation for the August Congress,⁵⁷⁷ and send it enclosed to me. I meant to get his address yesterday from Placci, but forgot. Placci said he thought he would accept it, as he completely fell in love with Alys and Bertie and then he would be so much interested in the Congress.

The poet d'Annunzio (Cipollone)⁵⁷⁸ did not come yesterday, after all, and we [1.3] all felt rather relieved. Placci's sister came, and a Mr. Denman Ross of Boston, with a young artist whom he is taking travelling. It was amusing to feel the real Boston atmosphere again. Mr. Ross talked in little quotations from Emerson, Schopenhauer, Lowell, Lessing and so on. But he was very pleasant, and the more interesting to me in that he is a buyer of Italian pictures! He is very rich, but his great forte is Japanese and Chinese art, of which he has one of the finest of private collections [1.4] He promised to have big photographs made of his best pieces and to send them to me. He is coming again on Wednesday.

Fabbri — the “life-diminisher” — is coming today, and Mr. Perry and Placci tomorrow.

We hope to get Mr. Perry to talk about his psychical experience.

The sculptor Hildebrand is coming Thursday to see if any of us can help him in the translation of his book *Das Problem der Form*.⁵⁷⁹ Here is a specimen of the present state of the translation: “Colour is a richly woven

⁵⁷⁵ Mary's diary for Apr. 25, 1896:

Placci came to lunch, but without D'Annunzio, who failed for the second time. Placci was most amusing describing the empressment of the Palmerino people towards the Rancee.

We sat in the arbour nearly all the afternoon.

Miss Placci called and Mr. Denman Ross with his young artist protégé, Gerling. Mr. Ross was pleasant, with a quaint touch of Boston sententiousness, quoting Emerson, Schopenhauer, Lessing, etc., and choosing his words carefully. He spoke of the monotony of people, worn down to the same image by “incessant, inane intercourse.”

Miss Sellers is better, but not well. She charmed poor Gronau by talking a long time to him.

⁵⁷⁶ Evidently Alys and Bertie had returned to England by this time.

⁵⁷⁷ What Congress?

⁵⁷⁸ Mary thought his real name was Anafeto Cipollone.

⁵⁷⁹ Adolf von Hildebrand (1847-1921), *Das problem der Form in der bildenden Kunst* (Strassburg: J.H.E. Heitz, 1893). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit N7430 .H6 1893**



garment of endless complexity which is cast over Nature — herself a solid.”

I am anxiously waiting for [1] news about the children’s school and Miss Clare.

I sent Miss Clare £1 for a present.

Will thee get a form from Millbank St. Post Office for me to apply for Karin’s Savings Bank Book which seems to be lost?

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter to Alys
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole
<Fiesole, Saturday,> Apr. 25, 1896

Dear Alys,

Really, now that you two contented sensible people are gone, I feel almost as if I were the keeper of an insane asylum!!

Last night Gronau opened to me his tale of woes — poverty, no health, and ambitions which for their fulfilment require strength and money.

Then Janet has been gassing⁵⁸⁰ to Miss Sellers about her own perplexities, how she [1.2] has to live in Germany, but cannot stand it, how she must work at music, but is too nervous to do so, how she hates people, but can't bear solitude — until Miss Sellers fell into pessimism and told me a lot about Miss Lowndes.

Really! I begin to think Maud Cruttwell with all her limitations was an improvement on these people who don't know what they want, and complain aloud simply because they haven't energy and character to make up their minds. [1.3]

Nothing of note has happened since your mournful — I mean to be mourned over — departure.

Placci and Anafeto Cipollone (i.e., d'Annunzio) are coming today, Perry tomorrow, and the sculptor Hildebrand sometime next week, to get help in the translation of his remarkably thoughtful, but deadly obscure book, *Das Problem der Form*. Mrs. Kemp Welsh caused us to rage yesterday against those people whose conversation consists in uttering "the higher commonplaces" — but alas! whose does not? However, [1.4] she redeemed herself by a subtly ironical sketch of the snobbism now rampant at the Palmerino during the visit of the "Ranee Brook".⁵⁸¹

How beautiful it was yesterday! I wandered alone all over the *podere*, picking irises, and the the odours were overwhelmingly delicious.

You poor things, but just at this minute you are eating that nice breakfast at Bâle.

It was such a good idea your coming. I believe I should have gone crazy without but now I can recall that there were two people inhabiting the Villa who are getting what they want [12] out of life.

"*Continuez*".

MLC

⁵⁸⁰ *gassing*, intransitive verb: to talk idly or garrulously.

⁵⁸¹ Margaret Brook, Ranee of Sarawak.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Apr. 27, 1896

Dearest mother,

Tell the children I think their pictures are splendid, and they do quite as well as letters. I love them to have reading aloud, and I should hate to cut short their time for it. I do enjoy their pictures, and tell them the Book is getting splendid. I paste something in every day. [1.2]

I have been busy this morning writing the reviews of the two books sent me by the Studio. I quite enjoy it, and wish I had more of such work to do. Not only do you get the book free, but you are paid for reading it.

Placci and Mr. Perry are coming today. We [1.3] hope to start driving for Siena next week, but Miss Sellers' health and spirits are so uncertain that it is hard to fix the day. I will let thee know as soon as I know.

Dearest love to the children,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> 28th of April 1896

Dearest mother,

It was good of thee to take the children to the *Prisoners of Zenda*, and I am glad they appreciated it. Never, never shall I forget the fun I used to have with Grandma and Grandpa Whitall.⁵⁸² Like dear Grandpa, thee keeps tucking fun under their jackets, and I hope the [1.2] result will be the same fund of joy in life that I continue to have in spite of everything. I believe a happy childhood has a great deal to do with cheerfulness in after life.

When I compare myself to Miss Sellers and Janet Dodge, and see how infinitely happier I am, with all my troubles, than they who really have none, I feel immense gratitude to thee and [1.3] to father for giving me such a fund of cheerfulness as a child, and to Grandpa for his blessed belief that childhood was the time to play.

Dr. Gronau has been telling us how German children are overworked, how they never have time to play after they once begin to go to school, and Miss Sellers' account of all the nervous, miserable, sickly scholars at Munich seems to me the [1.4] inevitable sequel of such childhoods. What a pity everyone hasn't a Grandpa Whitall or a "Gram"!

I send on another sheet my addresses in the forthcoming giro. We start on Monday.⁵⁸³

Will thee get from father my balance and add it to whatever thee has for me and let me know just what I have spent and what I have? I am sorry to bother thee, but I am in rather a muddle. I am [1] waiting to hear the last arrangement from Bergamo about that picture, and also to make sure of an American buyer, tell father.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁸² John Whitall and Mary Tatum Whitall.

⁵⁸³ May 4, 1896.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Apr. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am quite appalled at the sudden drop in my income. Will thee explain it to me? From father's letters I can make out nothing. I thought I should get £57 in June, and after that regularly about £115 every half year. But if it is going to be only £162 a year, I simply cannot keep on this villa or anything.

Please explain it to me, or ask Logan to. What does he [1.2] get? And tell me how much I have now, up till June, and whether I can borrow any more if it is necessary for this trip?

Thank thee for thy letter about the little "Saints". Tell them I preserve all their pictures and letters, and these will prove them to have been saints. If you are declared a saint 100 years after your death, it must mean you *were* one when you were alive, so thee and I can go on thinking they *are* saints!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Apr. 29, 1896

Dear Father,

I *am* sorry about those shirts! I have put the note in my trunk, as thee suggested.

Alys and Bertie and I had decided that thee left the Panorama of Cannes, because thee was ashamed of it!! But I will bring it back also to hang in thy study.

An unfortunate complication has arisen about that Moroni picture, and if I get it at all, it cannot be for a long time yet. So it is [1.2] not worth keeping the money. I am awfully sorry about the trouble. I must have expressed myself too strongly, for I cannot remember ever dreaming of thy actually borrowing the money for it, or getting it really ready until I could be sure the whole matter was settled. I should not buy it unless I were *sure* of a purchases, and it may be a couple of months before I hear definitely about that.

I don't seem to understand my policies! I see from thy account that during the 18 months from June 30th, 1896, to Dec. 31, 1897, I shall receive [1.3] £230, only £162 in the year from June 30, 1896 to June 30, 1897. This only about half of what I have had up to now (i.e. £300), and I am afraid I shall have to give up the Villa and go into much cheaper lodgings, for I certainly can't manage on £162 for a whole year. What is the reason there is to be only £57.10 in December, and only the same in the following June? This is very important for me to know for if this is all I have, I [1.4] must entirely change my style of living. I thought that the whole interest would amount to about £230 a year, and I counted that with what I made by writing I could make it up to £300. But from £162 to £300 is a bigger jump than I can take. What shall I do?

It is delightful to think of being all together this summer. I do hope both thee and mother will be well enough to enjoy yourselves. I am already looking forward to the whist.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Apr. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am sorry to say I destroyed Uncle Doctor's⁵⁸⁴ letter, but here is Carey's. It seems a rather sickening business, having the two families of cousins who grew up together at the Cedars quarrel in this bitter way. I must confess I am greatly surprised about John Whitall.

I sent word on the envelope yesterday that our plans were changed, owing to [1.2] fever at Siena. We start for Orvieto Monday, and reach Viterbo Tuesday. A letter sent on Sunday to Ferma in Posta, Viterbo, will reach me. After that Hotel Beau Site, Roma.

Miss Sellers is really ill and low. It would not do to drag her about to the little places where I wanted to go

[a page missing?]

⁵⁸⁴ Dr. James Thomas, Carey's father.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> May 2, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am awfully sorry to hear from Alys how weak thy eye still is. Do please always tell me thy symptoms. I hate to think thee is suffering and I knowing nothing about it.

I only wish I could keep coming into "Yours" with the darling children. I am so glad they do love [1.2] and appreciate thee. Thee may be sure they will not forget it all their lives, and it will make a great difference in the way they treat people. They breathe in from thee kindness and sympathy and love, based on real principle.

I am greatly distressed at the idea of their father keeping them up so late at night. Would it not be a good plan, in such cases, to [1.3] let them sleep late in the morning if they can, no matter about school. Miss Clare could say they seemed so tired after being up late. If she is afraid to, I will try to arrange it when I come home.

O how good I am. They have "yours" as a refuge!

In haste for the post,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole
'Destroy' written in upper right corner

<Fiesole, Monday,> May 3, 1896

Darling mother,

It is as cold and rainy as early March today. I have had to have fires lighted up, and Jaegers piled on — and still it is shivery! I wonder how it is in England.

Miss Sellers is working like mad at her proofs to get them finished by Monday and in the [1.2] intervals she is raging at Vernon Lee, who, I must say, has been rather mean to her in various ways. Miss Dodge is in bed, feeling 'as if her stomach had fallen in and was sticking to her backbone'. I am the only decently well member of the household, for Miss Sellers' cough is getting really serious. In the case of both these people, I can trace a good deal of their ill health and much of their nervousness [1.3] to their miserable, uncared for childhood. Habits of healthy living are awfully important. Really, it is quite a strain to live with two such depressed people. Miss Sellers of course has a richness and picturesqueness about her, a great experience of life, and good brains, and Janet has her music. But I prefer steady cheerfulness and independence to all other qualities in a daily companion. I catch myself [1.4] sighing for Maud Cruttwell!

I simply cannot understand how B.F.C.C. *can* be so negligent about the children's school. It is incomprehensible. But there is one advantage in this unsettledness. I shall, I expect, be able to have them in the country very early in July. I should like to have them on the 1st, and then six good weeks would be secure. I shall write to their father about it from Rome.

I hope thee is getting better and that father keeps well.

Love [1] untold to the children, who are I hope at this moment snatching a few moments of bliss at "Yours".

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Siena, <'Tuesday,> May 5, 1896

Arrived safely here, and are comfortable installed for a couple of days of hard work. We reach Rome Thursday night. I will write to Viterbo for the letter thee may have sent there.

Hotel Beau Site⁵⁸⁵ is the address at Rome.

It is as cool as March, but the country is exquisitely green.

Tell Ray that before she was born I had a tortoise, and it and Count Stenbock and I formed what we called a "Sloth Society". I am so glad they have one, but I am sure even a tortoise won't make them into sloths.

Please take care of thyself.

Lovingly,
M.

⁵⁸⁵ Hotel Beau Site, Via Ludovisi 45.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Siena, <'Tuesday'> evening, May 5 <1896>

I have had a most interesting day, ending up at the photographers. From here I send Ray and Karin a view of the a City of Towers I am going to visit tomorrow. It is called San Gemignano. [*sic*] The towers were built in the old days when all the families in the town were at war with each other, and used to climb up in their towers and throw down water and boiling oil on each other as they passed by in the street. I am glad we are not like that at Fernhurst, or in Grosvenor Road!! I send them the picture, because I think they are interested in towers, and because I want them to know that I am thinking about them all the time. If I had £40 I would buy them a lovely picture of a saint which is for sale here.

Please give my love to them and to the Tortoise. What is its name? I suggest *Comet*, because it rushes about so swiftly.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Siena, <Wednesday,>⁵⁸⁶ May 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thy registered letter was sent on from Fiesole and reached me this morning. Many thanks for the £25. I will answer the letter later, but I am just going out now.

Can't even Mrs. Fraser or Britten find out anything for Miss Clare? It is awfully hard on her. Did Alys give her my present with the note?

Has anything been heard of Uncle James' Will! I hope Saidee is left very well off.

It is too lovely here, and I long to stay a fortnight, but we must be in Rome tomorrow night.

Dearest love to the children,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁸⁶ Mary wrote 'Tuesday'.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Siena, <Wednesday,> May 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thank thee for thy letter and explanations. I guess I shall pull through, even if the payment is yearly. The thing now is to get it settled, I think, and I hope that is done by now. I have written to father asking him to give thee the Deeds to lock up together for me in thy strong box.

How is thee off? It is [1.2] just conceivable I may have to get a little advance early in June, in order to pay my rent, which I want to do before leaving. As I have £115 coming in in June, I can soon repay it, but I should like to feel free to borrow £30 or so early in June, if it seems necessary.

Then about Karin's book? Thee has never [1.3] sent me a paper to sign and apply for a new one. Her money was put in at Millbank April 13, 1889, or 1890. I forget the year, but I remember the date.

Then has thee sent the £5 to Hatchard's, and where is their receipted bill? And will thee pay £8.10 Quaritch. This will overdraw my @ by \$.9.

This is all of money affairs for the present.

I am awfully anxious about Miss Clare. Of course [1.4] she must look out for herself, but I do hope she will speak to him first, or else get Mrs. Fraser to do so definitely, explaining that she can't stay on from day to day. Then he might give assurances to Mrs. Fraser that would satisfy Miss Clare. It certainly is frightfully careless of him.

I agree with thee about the school, and I think it will make it easier to get them into the country early.

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.



M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter to Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole
Siena, <Wednesday,> May 6, 1896

My dear Father,

I am beginning to see my way through the complications of my annuities. I suppose the affair is finally settled now, one way or the other as to whether the Provident will pay once a year or twice. I must have muddled the affair in my mind, for I thought the arrangement was to turn out the same as Logan's. At any rate, I suppose I can [1.2] pull through somehow. The trouble is that with Miss Cruttwell gone, and no one actually sharing the Villa with me, expenses are unusually heavy. I wish I could induce Logan to desert Venice for Fiesole this autumn. He could have the quietest two rooms in the world. My motives are not *solely* pecuniary either!

Where are the Deeds of my annuities? I should like them where I could get at them. I think [1.3] Mother has one of them put away in her strong box with a lot of my things, and I think they ought both to be together in case of accidents. I suppose the New York is settled and done with by now.

It has been a great bother for thee, and I am sorry thee has had so much trouble.

I have been working hard all day trying to learn to distinguish one unimportant Sienese painter from another. It [1.4] is the school I know least about, and one wants to be thorough. I must come back again sometime for a fortnight, for there is more here than I thought. The other school I have never studied much is the Milanese, and in my way home I hope to give them a week. But it is slow work learning all there is to know on the subject!

Tomorrow night we shall be settled in Rome for a fortnight. Miss Sellers has so many things to do, I fear she will never be ready to come to Naples.

The dinner bell is ringing, so [1] I must go. I know nothing more hungryfying than studying pictures!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Hotel Hassler, Rome, Saturday, May 9, 1896

Thy postal card came on from the Beau Site at noon. I found it when I came in to lunch, and it made me feel very happy to think the matter of Miss Clare is settled for the next few months when I am there. I hope we can combine on some satisfactory arrangement and the scare may do Miss Clare good. I advise thee to let her know that if she is nicer to them and to thee, I will do my best to keep her on. I am very glad about it.

Miss Sellers, who did not get a letter from her publisher today when she expected it, said to me, "You are really very lucky. You have no serious troubles"! It has almost made me angry at last, being told that my troubles are of no importance compared to any little bobo that may afflict other people.

With dearest love to thee and the children,
Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard **CHECK POSTMARK** Mary must be in Rome

<? Rome,> Saturday morning <May 9, 1896>

A most lovely day.

We are just starting out to one of the museums. I am putting myself absolutely in Miss Sellers' hands for guidance.

We are going to dine with the Marchesa Di Viti tomorrow (formerly the famous Etta Dunham) but as I have made my arms and neck black with tar-oil (against fleas) I shall look very queer!

Tell Logan I am really growing bald.

Love to the darling children and to thee.

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Hotel Hassler, Rome, Sunday, May 10, 1896

Dearest mother,

It has been a most enchanting day. Poor Miss Sellers, however, is almost ill; she is so tired and yet she can't sleep. This hotel is singularly quiet — for a hotel — but every noise alarms and annoys her. I am quite anxious about her. She needs a thorough rest.

Ask the children if there is anything they want me to bring them from Rome or Italy. Do they care at all for photographs of things? I expect not I should love to send them things from time to time, but I hardly know what they would like.

I hope thy rest is curing thee. Please make it long enough!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Mrs. Costelloe, Hotel Hassler, Rome, <Monday,> May 11, 1896

Dearest mother,

Of course I will be with thee whenever the new governess is chosen, no matter what time of the year. But perhaps we can arrange to keep Miss Clare, since she seems, on the whole, to have got into thy ways.

I have written to B.F.C.C. exactly as thee suggested, asking for the children on the first of July, I said [1.2] I would hurry home if I could have them earlier, but I am almost sure he will not consent to this. He never takes them off until Aug. 20, and so if they come on the 1st of July I shall have six or seven weeks solid. And I have asked him to leave them there through August.

This suits my own plans very well, because now that I have actually _____ person [1.3] Eugénie Sellers, it would be a pity not to go to Naples with her. We expect to stay here until the 22nd, and then go to Naples for a week, then return to Florence and work North. Her eyes are bad and she wants to go to Sr. Bull. I expect to be in Paris about ten days before coming to England, and of course if the children could be there, I could run over, and simply miss Paris. But I am anxious to complete my Louvre work, so as to pull the book into shape this summer, or at the [1.4] latest next autumn, for I want to start in on a thorough going work upon the Sieneese, whom no one has ever properly studied.

Thy letters are a great comfort to me. I love to hear of all the sayings and doings of the darlings. Tell them I enjoy the thought of their Asparagus teas far more than I should enjoy the asparagus myself though. I am devoted to it. It is called *Sparagi* in Italy, and the Italians eat it almost green and quite hard, with melted butter and cheese. [2]

I have at last found out what Miss Sellers *wants* to do for the next few years, and I have written it on a card and stuck it up in her mirror with injunctions to learn it night and morning, and never to allow any contradictory plans to enter her brain. She says she is happier already. I even made her dictate to me certain letters fixing these plans almost beyond recall!

Tell Logan it would be kindness indeed of him to go to see poor Miss Lowndes, who is lonely and miserable in Paris, Hotel de Bretagne, rue _____. But I suppose he is too comfortable at Friday's Hill to move. It sounds delightful there..

I cannot plan further now until I hear from B.F.C.C.

I hope thee is really getting well.

Thank father for his interesting letter.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Hotel Hassler, <Rome, Thursday,> May 14, 1896

Dearest mother,

Here is a photograph taken from an angle of our little terrace of the Villa Rosa. The balcony belongs to the sitting room, and the whole thing overhangs the hill. Mr Anderson⁵⁸⁷ took it. I have two others, if thee wants them for anything, but the point of view is so stupid they aren't worth much.

This is the after-lunch resting hour. I have just [1.2] washed my hair. (Tell Logan I am trying a quite new system against baldness which my Florence doctor recommended) and tried it in the sun on the flat roof where Miss Sellers' and my rooms open out. The sun was so strong, it dried in ten minutes. We are going out in a few minutes to see various sights and pay various calls. It is very hard to keep from going to lunches and dinners [1.3] every day. Miss Sellers is so well known here, that invitations, in which I am usually included, pour in every day. Senators and even Monseigneurs call, and we don't try to keep count of Marcheses and Countesses. Our one desire, however, is not to see anyone, but to work quietly and take plenty of rest. She is better, and I am keeping well, thanks to a rigid determination never to overdo myself.

I have found at last a perfect remedy against fleas. That is tar oil. You rub it [1.4] all over your skin. It makes you the colour of a hindoo, and the colour won't come off for some weeks, but it really works against fleas — the first remedy I have ever tried that did. I am very glad, for it makes an entirely different thing of travelling.

Will thee ask father to send the *Contemporary*? I particularly want to see Vernon Lee's article, and also another.

Thank him for the *Spectator* and the little Quaker pamphlet.

With thirty kisses to each of my darling children, and [1] dearest love to thee,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁸⁷ James Anderson (1813-1877) was a British photographer working mainly in Rome. His son Domenico Anderson (1854-1938) was a photographer too, and he took over the business after his father's death. Domenico's sons Alessandro and Giorgio continued his work until 1963, when the whole Anderson archive was bought by Alinari.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Hotel Hassler, <Rome, Saturday,> May 16, 1896

Thanks for all thy letters. Today week we go to the Hotel Bellevue, Naples, so please address there on Thursday and for six days following. We are going to a party at Mrs. Stillman's tonight.

There is almost nothing to tell, unless I went into long accounts of work, for I go out morning and afternoon. In the evening, we usually sit on the roof and "*schimpf*"⁵⁸⁸ all the people we have seen during the day.

Yesterday we had lunch with the Contessa Pasolini, who bored us very much. But Rome is too wonderful. I never half appreciated it before!

Thank for father for his letter, and give my love and kisses to Rya and Karin.

Tell Alys that the Borghese baby died two hours after its birth.

____ thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Hotel Hassler, <Rome, Saturday,> May 16, 1896

I am very glad to hear that things are settled until February, at least. I shall make a point of being there, whenever the change is made, because it certainly is too much for thee, and anyhow I could not be easy in my mind for a moment without knowing exactly what was going on.

Why don't they throw the stale bread into the fire? It would be very simple. I am glad Miss Clare is on their side about things.

We are hard at work in the galleries and churches, and are enjoying ourselves very much. The weather is absolutely heavenly, and our rooms are good and quiet. Our only woe is that we can't get hot water in the morning. It is a German hotel and Germans evidently don't wash.

Our roof is very nice in the evenings.

Thank Alys for her letter. I was glad to see Logan's.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Hotel Hassler, May 17, 1896

My dearest mother,

I am sorry to say I did not write yesterday. All my spare time was taken up with callers and calls.

Rome is a terribly social place; it is so small that everybody knows everybody else, and keeps constantly exchanging calls and invitations. It would be dreadful to live here. But Rome as a place is so marvellous, it makes [1.2] Florence seem like a mere little mountain village. I know absolutely nothing in nature so penetrating as the soft slope of the Alban hills. When I get quite old, I shall come and live somewhere just outside the town on a hill when I can always see it.

I have just had a letter from B.F.C.C. as vague as he always is about summer plans. How could one expect him to change his nature? But he says [1.3] the children shall come down "early in July", and when I come, no doubt we can arrange it. I shall write to him once again. He says he has "as yet, made no plans for the summer". How easy it would be for him, and how *much* more satisfactory for all the rest of us, if he would _____ make something definite. But he has always been like that. Miss Sellers is the same kind, but a million times more perplexing [1.4] even. Well, amid the flux, I shall stick to mine, to come home July 1st, and stay at any rate until August 20th.

Thank thee for paying the bills. I should like to have them, as I keep all such things in one place.

Tell the children I have bought them some Turkish slippers to run about the house in.

I am continually anxious about thy health, and most eager to get home and see with my very eyes how it is.

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,

M.

Thank Uncle Horace for his note. I will answer it tomorrow.

Address now Hotel Bellevue, Naples. ☞



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Rome, <Friday,> May 22, 1896

Dearest mother,

I forgot to write yesterday, and indeed there was not much to say. The weather is lovely. I have done nearly all my work; Miss Sellers is “in despair” over everything in general. I have been bored at some parties and amused at others; I have got a “permesso” to get in free [1.2] in every gallery in Italy’ O have found a remedy for fleas; and so on.

Put down in thy address book Villa Capella,⁵⁸⁹ Pension kept by Miss Baker, just outside Naples, on the road to Posillipo on the sea shore.

I am longing to get home to see thee and the children. It will be too delightful! As B.F.C.C. is so uncertain in his plans, I shall [1.3] not feel bound to stick to mine, and I shall try to get home in about a month. It seems as if I *couldn't* wait any longer!

The curtains (*portières*) I wrote about for Lady Henry, are golden plush (thin Lucca plush) with heavenly patches of green and old blue and dull red. I could pick them up on my way back from Naples. Miss Edwardes, who has them, has [1.4] nieces and nephews who are friends of Bertie. One nephew has distinguished himself in Mathematics at Cambridge.

I do hope thee is better. I am curious to hear how the Balgarnie affair⁵⁹⁰ turns out.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁵⁸⁹ Villa Martinelli (già villa Cappella) è sita nel quartiere di Posillipo, a ridosso sul mare. Alla fine dell'Ottocento, la struttura assunse la nuova funzione di pensione per la villeggiatura: ‘pensione Anglaise’ poi ‘villa Martinelli’, dal nome dei proprietari.

⁵⁹⁰ Florence Balgarnie (1856-1928). Militant British suffragette; international speaker on reform; pacifist leader of International Arbitration & Peace Association; Secretary of British Anti-lynching League.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Rome,> Saturday <May 23, 1896>

Dearest mother,

We are just starting for Naples. I promise myself a very quiet time there, as I am not particularly well. We shall be there only a week.

Thank Alys for her postal card. I am looking forward to letters at the Bellevue.

Tell Ray I have found the birthday present for her! But it is a secret. I shall send it in time for her birthday.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

Naples, <Friday,> May 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

I can't have the operation in Italy — it is too hot — and I would not be well enough to take the railway journey.

But thee leave it to me to write to B.F.C.C. about it, after I have seen my Florentine doctor. I can arrange it all right, I am *sure*. Thee knows how he always talks beforehand, and how, when I come, it fades away. I am sure it can be arranged. I will write to him the moment I get to Fiesole. I am convinced I must have [1.2] it over as soon as possible. It is no use dragging on so miserably.

Now as to Ray's present. Miss Sellers told me of a wonderful case of preserved sea plants you could send from the marvellous Zoological Station here, and I had planned to get that. But when I went to see them and found them all in bottles (and rather expensive) I felt afraid they would just bore Ray, so I determined to give her instead an Owl which, they say, makes a splendid pet. Just a common barn door [1.3] owl. You keep it in your room, and it hides behind the furniture. Just at dusk you feed it with a little raw meat. They become very affectionate, and are delightful pets. When they are away, it can live on mice at the cottage. But I want her to have it *proprio* for her birthday — so will thee get it in a nice big cage, somewhere in St. Martin's Lane? I am sure they are to be had. If not, write to Ray explaining, and thee can give [1.4] the letter to her in case thee decides not to buy it until they really go to the country.

I shall have money. I think, ☞ (private) as the Moroni has found a buyer, and I shall have a commission at least. ☞

So do not hesitate to get a nice cage and a nice owl. The owl ought to be cheap.

Excuse a hasty note.

I had such a nice letter from Alys about the darling children. I am bringing the latter a lot of things for dressing-up the angels!

Let me arrange with B.F.C.C. about my coming. I know that I can do it all right. But I must have my doctor's word.

I get back to the Villa on Wednesday.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Naples, Saturday, May 30, 1896

We are just starting for Terracina. Miss Sellers has been bored to death with some friends here, and simply cannot stand it any more, so we are rushing off to refresh her soul by a drive to Terracina and Capo Circeo.

I have given up Perugia (but will write for thy letter) and shall be at the Villa on Wednesday afternoon, coming straight from Rome in the morning.

I am delighted to hear that the children take such an interest in the newspaper. The angels! I am simply dying to see them. Tell Ray I expect she will be up to my shoulder by this time, and I expect Karin's head to fit just under my arm!

I am feeling better today.

With love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Terracina, Sunday, May 31, 1896

We had an enchanting drive from Formia today, through the most wonderful country. But the hotel is infested with fleas, and we are going to escape to Rome tomorrow.

I shall write a birthday letter to Ray tomorrow from Rome.

I reach the Villa on Wednesday at 2.30. Miss Sellers is going to stay with Miss Paget, I think.

We go on a drive tomorrow morning to Circe's country — the Capo Circeo.

I am not so well.

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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FIESOLE

M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> June 3, 1896

Dearest mother,

We reached Florence safely this morning. Miss Sellers has gone to stay a few days with Miss Paget, before going to Munich, where, I think, she will settle for the next few years. But as she makes 100 plans a day, I am by no means sure!

I am feeling somewhat better, but not at all well. I have seen the [1.2] doctor, and he counsels the operation as soon as possible. But he says it will be too hot here, and he advises having it done in England. Lady Henry's doctor would be the one, I suppose, or else Dr. Heywood Smith. It appears to be a simple enough matter. I have therefore written to B.F.C.C. in this sense, and I now await his answer. It will be nice to have it over, and *lovely* to come [1.3] home and be nursed by thee! I ought to be quite well enough to go down to Haslemere in two weeks from the time. It will be much nicer to be well with the children this summer, instead of dragging about half alive.

Still, in spite of my not being well, the trip has been a success, and most valuable to me in many ways.

I will give this to Placci to post when he goes down. He is here to dinner.

Who on earth was that letter to Alys announcing an engagement from? I have no idea!

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Friday,> June 5, 1896

Thanks for thy card from the Meetings. I have already begun to pack, so as to do it very slowly and without getting tired. If everything is smooth, I shall get home by the 15th — ten days from now — it seems very soon! I am winding up everything here.

Tell Alys that Placci says Prince Borghese is most enthusiastic over her for her kind letters. By the way, I heard in Rome that he was going to buy back their magnificent Palace,⁵⁹¹ about the size and much more than the splendour of the Philadelphia Public Buildings.

I am eager to hear of darling Ray's birthday. Tell Karin I had her letter, and I will not forget what she said.

Lovingly thine,
M.

⁵⁹¹ In Piazza Borghese.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Saturday,> June 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have just been pasting into their Book, tell the children, thy letters about them, their letters and all their beautiful designs with blotted ink.

Now I am going down to take tea with the Placcis.

I suppose you are just winding up your B. W. meetings. I wonder if there was time to think of Ray's owl? If not, we can get it and tame it in my room when I am laid up.

An article by me is to be seen in this month's *Atlantic*, "The Philosophy of Art Enjoyment" — a sort of review of the *Florentine Painters*. It seems a little — in fact, very — heavy, but I was ill when I wrote it.

Lovingly thine,
M.L.C.⁵⁹²

⁵⁹² Mary Logan Costelloe.



M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> June 8, 1896

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday, because I was not feeling well, and I had simply oceans of company. Herbert Horne, Fafner, and Mr. Brewster came to lunch and stay till 6, the Buttles, Holroyds and several other people coming in to tea. Costa⁵⁹³ and Placci came to dinner. I was tired.

Today Evelyn's [1.2] friends, the Hookers, are coming to lunch, and then I shall be really finished with seeing people, except Placi, who is so easy to get on with. I am leaving definite plans till I hear from B.F.C.C., but the doctor said yesterday that the only time for the operation was directly after my next period. When that will come, goodness knows — I am so thoroughly irregular. It is due in ten days, but may be here tomorrow, [1.3] judging by the way I feel.

I have looked everywhere for thy little book, *The Science of Motherhood*,⁵⁹⁴ but I cannot find a copy. I thought it very good at the time — except the title, which suggests a physiological treatise on pregnancy. It begins well, right in the heart of the subject. I am glad it is going to be reprinted.

Tell Logan I tear my hair at my stupidity in [1.4] not following his advice and reading Flaubert's letters sooner. They are splendid! But how hard it is to listen to advice.

Miss Sellers is still lingering on at the Palmerino. She is coming to spend the night here on Wednesday.

Placci has a furious quarrel on with Miss Paget, and won't even speak to her in the street.

Janet Dodge and the Hornes have made great friends. She is always there, and Herbert is teaching her about old music. She [2] is going to travel to England with them the end of this month, and stay with them in London to meet Mr. Dolmetsch and so on. Then I think she will come to the Dukes. How much did Miss Lowe pay? I suggested two guineas a week, but Miss Dodge seemed to think it a good deal. However, she *could* pay it. Tell Alys, will thee please?

With dearest love, and a great longing to see thee,

Thy daughter,

M.

⁵⁹³ When is Costa mentioned by Bernhard and Mary for the last time?

⁵⁹⁴ Hannah Whitall Smith (1832-1911), *Child culture, or the science of motherhood* (New York, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson House HQ759 .S65 1894 [L.R.II.2]**



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> June 9, 1896

Dearest mother,

As I have to await my "period", there is no use coming to hang about in London before the operation. The period ought to come on in a day or two, and I am planning to leave here on Sunday the 15th,⁵⁹⁵ sleep at Genoa that night, at Turin the 16th, at Paris the 17th and reach home the [1.2] 18th or 19th.

The doctor says twelve days should see me on my feet again, so if the operation is on the 20th or 21st that will make it just right for me to go to Haslemere when the children are ready.

My doctor is against Heywood Smith, and strongly counsels Dr. Granville Bantock, of the Samaritan Hospital near Portland Place or [1.3] Road. Thee can easily find out. Dr. Poggi is going to give me a letter to him. There is plenty of time to arrange.

If it were not for this troublesome period, I should start today, as I am all ready, and most eager to get to thee and the children.

I was so glad to hear about the successful purchase of the Owl. What have they named it?

On Friday and Saturday address Hotel Centrale, Torino, Italy., [1.4] and on Monday, 3, rue de Beaune, Paris.

Placci is going to take me a drive this afternoon, and Miss Sellers is coming for the night.

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁵⁹⁵ However, June 15, 1896 was a Monday,



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Thursday,> June 11, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thy telegram came just as I was getting up. I can do nothing but await quietly the turn of events.⁵⁹⁶ If he comes, he will find me living an invalid's life with Janet Dodge to take care of me. Miss Sellers has gone, and Mr. Berenson left some time ago for a trip in the North of Italy.

Well! I must just wait. I will of course wire to thee [1.2] if anything comes up.

It is very cold and rainy — has been all this month. Although I have not had them, fires would be by no means unwelcome.

I am spending these last days putting my notes in order and preparing things to work to the beset advantage next autumn when I come back. I want to make a study of the Sieneese. **The Paris book I am bringing home**, but I don't suppose I shall work on it very much. [1.3]

Give the enclosed pictures to the children, please. Ask them if Polyphemus, the Owl and the Tortoise have any games together.

Thy loving daughter,

M.

⁵⁹⁶ Mary's diary for June 11, 1896: 'Before I was dressed I had a telegram from mother: "Fear Frank gone Italy." I cannot imagine what it means.'



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> June 13, 1896

Dearest mother,

I received thy wire yesterday afternoon, and thy letter of Wednesday this morning. I wish B.F.C.C. had come, had seen for himself how I lived, had talked to the doctor and seen some of my friends here. Probably he would have been much more contented and happy. But what can he imagine? Does he suppose all sorts of people would come [1.2] to stay with me, and to see me if I were “disreputable”? I simply cannot understand it. Why can he not make up his mind to the clear fact that I will not live with him, and that nevertheless I must live somewhere and somehow, and am bound to have friends and a certain position? I have never said one word about him even to my most intimate friends — Miss Sellers, Janet Dodge, Placci — nobody.

Of course he has not [1.3] written, with his usual consideration and kindness. However, I shall adhere to my plans. I leave tomorrow morning, spend the night at Genoa, reach Turin Monday, and Paris Wednesday morning. Then I should come home as soon as my “time” is over. It has not come on yet, and no doubt it will delay just to provoke me. Otherwise I don’t want it, it comes a fortnight too soon!

The *Studio* has just sent me another book to review, and I am working on it today.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, June 14, 1896, 10.30 a.m.

I am just starting for Genoa, with swelling hand-luggage as usual. So many things turn up at the last moment. I shall be in Paris, 3 rue de Beaune, on Wednesday morning, but I shall probably not cross until the next day. I am longing to get back.

Out of pure contrariness, I am at present feeling *peculiarly well!*

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Hotel di Londra, Genoa, Sunday, <June 14, 1896,> 7 p.m.

So far I have come on my journey. It was pretty hot travelling. I was re-reading Creighton's Papacy all the way.

I feel so well it is quite "mortifying", as Father would say!

Turin tomorrow, Paris Wednesday morning.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Albergo Centrale, Turin, <Monday,> June 15, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy two cards of the 12th and 13th which I have just received.

Tell Ray I did have a "gift for spelling" and I wish I could hand it on to her. It goes with the faculty of remembering how things look, and I could always remember just where on a page anything I read or learnt was. I am glad to hear they work so hard at their lessons. Nothing would make me happier than to have them turn out fond of books and learning!

Tell them I hope they found the owl quite well.

With much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Turin, <Wednesday,> June 17, 1896

Dearest mother,

As I wrote thee, my condition of health is positively “mortifying”. What is more, it is terribly inconvenient. I don’t know *what* I shall do if my period delays. At Rome I came on two weeks too soon, to plague me. Now it is due, and it has not come, but as it is only due by the most irregular of counts, it may just wait ten days or so, to throw out all my arrangements. I am dreadfully annoyed. I did so want to come — have it all over. However, it may come today or tomorrow, in which case I would still come home [1.2] on the 21st or 22nd, and there would be *just* time. My recovery ought to be in about twelve days. How I hope it will. Of course I don’t dare to take anything to hasten it, being in such a delicate condition anyhow, so I must just grind my teeth and wait. I am feeling premonitory symptoms, but these do not really count, as I have had them for three weeks, off and on.

I shall be at 3 rue de Beaune Wednesday, tomorrow morning, and I hope I shall have better news to send thee. I simply *long* to get home.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Paris, <Thursday,> June 18, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thee ought to be just receiving my yesterday's **postal card**. I shall wait to hear whether the children are going to Haslemere before I fix my day to come. If they go, I shall come on Sunday. If not, on Friday night. The [1.2] "period" has come in a sort of half-hearted way, but I'm awfully afraid it is an affair of another week at least before I am through with it. It has a way of hanging just betwixt and between for several days before it really begins. It is most annoying.

In the mean time, I am not feeling very unwell, although not well of course. I have an invitation to go and lunch with M. Reinach at Chantilly, with the Duc d'Aumale tomorrow,⁵⁹⁷ and M. Reinach is very [1.3] anxious for me to accept. That is why, if I come tomorrow, I shall come by the night train. Of course if I am really ill, I can't go.

If the children are going to the country, I suppose thee will go too.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

⁵⁹⁷ Mary's diary for June 19, 1896:

We went with Reinach and M. A. Vandel to Chantilly and lunch with the Duc d'Aumale, his elephantine morganatic wife, M. Gruyer and M. Corroyer. The old man, with the glance of an eagle and an impetuous interest in all manner of subjects, was delightful. He showed us all his pictures and drawings and chatted away about everything. We had tea at Reinach's when we came back. I felt very ill.



M-HS 1896.____
a telegram

<Thursday,> June 18, 1896

Arrive Saturday morning.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Paris, Friday,> June 19, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am too miserable and disappointed! I have counted on being there to see the children swim tomorrow morning — well! I can't tell thee how I had set my heart on it.

I woke up this morning with a slight diarrhoea and my "period" stopped. [1.2] However, as M. Reinach had made all the arrangements to take me to Chantilly, and as this sort of thing has been not uncommon all spring, and hasn't led to anything, I went.

It was a most interesting experience. Le Duc d'Aumale is the son of Louis Philippe, a most fascinating [1.3] old man, and he was in a wonderful good humour today, gay and talkative — perhaps one of the last of the "old school" of nobility.

But it tired me frightfully, and I am really afraid to cross tonight. If I did, I should leave to go to bed at once.

The diarrhoea is not back, and I hope the period will begin for good. If it delays too long, I could have the operation at Friday's [1.4] Hill. I could draw £50 which I have made, and I would willingly, as so, if it made the children happier I shall leave tomorrow at 9, and get home almost as soon as this letter! If anything happens to prevent, I shall certainly come on night by Dieppe, for I shall keep quiet all day to prepare for the journey.

Tell the children that I was more disappointed than they could possibly be! But I shall soon see them.

Lovingly thine,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a one-page letter

3 rue de Beaune, <Paris,> Sunday, June 21, 1896

Dearest mother,

As it turns out the delay does not really make *much* difference, except that I should love to be there with thee and the children. But I am sure that nothing can be done in the way of an operation until my period really arrives and is over, and, just out of provokingness, it is delaying still. There was some show yesterday, but it stopped almost at once. And the funny thing is, I feel fairly well, since recovering from the fatigue of Chantilly. [1.2]

Yesterday I went to the Bonnats' drawings, and stood for nearly an hour without getting tired. Tomorrow M. Reinach is going to take me to a famous collection, Mme. André's. He begged me to stay over for it and for the Pourtalès collection on Tuesday, but I was not going to, for I wanted to get home. However, as things are, I shall see these, and it is a very good chance. But I must say B.F.C.C. *is* like an ostrich!

Tell the children I was thinking so much about [1.3] them yesterday that I dreamt of them last night as if there were nearly a hundred Rays and Karins, a whole garden-ful, running about and rowing and climbing trees and playing with their pets. But each one of these children was Ray or Karin. I am glad to think they are having a good tim in the country.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

no letters until



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Bruges, <Wednesday,> Sept. 2, 1896

Dearest mother,

As I found this was on the way to Brussels, and my ticket permitted a break here, I stopped over night to see the quaint town. Tomorrow I shall stop at Ghent for a few hours, if not for the night. It is a good principle to "do" a town when you have the chance, and I find the only thing I ever regret in journeys is not having seen all I might have done.

Bruges is only a few miles from Blankenburghe, and it's an awful temptation to go over to Ray and Karin. However, it is better not under the circumstances. And I have [1.2] enough to do and see to take up every minute of time. The Cathedral here is ruined, like the German Cathedrals, by interior polychromic decoration à la Turkish Bath. I do hate it. Tell Logan one reason I hate it is because it *disguises the material*. He will laugh. But the making-the-most-of-the-material element is the cause, I still contend rather of intellectual than of "specifically artistic" pleasure.

The pears got all squashed in my double-ender, and made the most hideous mess with the books and papers thee can possibly imagine. The last time I try to carry food! My trunk and yellow [1.3] bag have gone on to Brussels, but I am managing very well on my bag of medicines and medicaments and my hold-all. I tried to get a quiet room here, and succeeded in installing myself right over the kitchen. It makes me sigh for the peace of dear Friday's Hill.

Give my love to everyone there, and my particular thanks to father for his generous treatment of me this summer. I did hate to go away it was so pleasant at Friday's Hill and so delicious to be with you all.

Tell Logan to come to Munich before the 18th if he can. As he has taken rooms at Venice for the 19th, he ought to get to Munich [1.4] about the 12th or 13th. I shall be there on the 10th or 11th.

I hope you settled the paper business at the Committee. What does Lady Henry say about No. 44?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Aix-la-Chapelle, Monday a.m., Sept. 7, 1896

I reached here last night and had time to browse about the Cathedral a little. I could not help thinking of the Michael Fields, for whom this is a place of pilgrimage, as the hero of their next great epic, Charlemagne, is buried here.

I go to Frankfort a.M. tonight and spend tomorrow there. I hope to reach Munich on the 10th, taking in Rothenberg and Nuremberg on the way. Tell Logan he must come down to Munich — it will be so jolly to see him.

I can vividly imagine you all at breakfast at just this hour. I should like to be there to discuss “expression in art” with Logan. After all, Greek art is the finest — and most expressionless. As a general thing, the more expression the less plastic — purely artistic — quality as thing has.

Tell him this with my compliments, and ask him to “expliquer moi ça.”

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter on ruled paper

Frankfort, <Monday,> Sept. 7, 1896

Dearest mother,

I was delighted to get thy **post card** and letter, and much amused to hear about the visit to Rushmore. Even I think “filthy ass” is going a little too far. I read in Cellini’s life the other day that he came to blows with a man who called the Florentines “a mountain of asses”, evidently these pretty manners date back some centuries!

I am awfully glad to hear from the children. How I wish they had gone to Ghent on Thursday instead of Tuesday — we should have met in front of the great Van Eyck picture. Then it would not have been my [1.2] doing, and I should have enjoyed them so much. I enclose a letter for them, as thee will probably know their latest address sooner than I.

Obrist arrived here this evening, dead tired from Munich, on his way to London with eleven of his embroideries. In spite of his fatigue, he was full of hid old enthusiasms for Germany, and overflowing with indignation about the new laws that are to come into force in 1900, which are so cruelly against women. In most other respects, he says, the new code is a great improvement, but just there — at what is today the test point of civilization they relapse into barbarism.

He is coming at 10 tomorrow, [1.3] and we are going to the Museum. One of the finest pieces of decorative painting in the whole world is here, and I am anxious he should see it. After lunch I am going to see his embroideries, and in the evening he goes to England.

I am charmed to hear Logan is thinking seriously of Munich. Tell him to come to the Leinfelder Hotel. I will look out for a really quiet room for him. I suppose the shortest and best way is over Paris and down by the Orient Express. It is a hideous journey. This way is not bad and there are pleasant places to break the journey — Bruges, where he can reread Barrès, Brussels, [1.4] a dear town, Cologne. But travelling is awful no matter how you do it. Perhaps to get it all through at once is the easiest. Tell him to let me know, and I will come and meet him. It will be nice to have him there!

All that was in Saidee’s envelope was the photograph and a drawing which later I will keep for the children’s book. The photograph I send. What curious echoes of Saidee in those little faces!

With dearest love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter to Alys? — or to Hannah? —
on ruled paper

<? Frankfurt,> Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1896, 9.30 a.m.

Thy letter of Sunday has just come. How amusing about the Pitt-Rivers!

I am so glad Logan is really coming. Tell him I believe the best way is by Ostend. it is cheaper. I don't know whether you come all the way here or not, but if he does pass through here I advise him to spend the night. This hotel is noisy and crowded, but Obrist says the Continental just opposite the station (where he is staying) is very nice. He should go to the picture gallery — the Stadel Institut, where there are some splendid things — a large triptych in especial⁵⁹⁸ attributed to Roger van der Weyden, which is superb. The best thing in [1.2] the Brussels gallery is the "Justice of Otto VIII" by Dirck Bouts, a perfectly splendid, non representative piece of "real art". There are two pictures, but the one where the wife undergoes the ordeal of fire is the best.

I have sent the Pitt and Scott paper direct to them. Now I must be off. Didn't Santayana come?

Lovingly,

M.

⁵⁹⁸ *in particular.*



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Frankfort, Wednesday,> Sept. 9, 1896

Thanks for thy post card and the *Chronicle*. I am just starting for Munich via several small towns. I expect to get there day after tomorrow, or Saturday.

I saw Obrist's embroideries yesterday — they are superb! How I wish I were rich enough to buy one! I took some further notes, and shall finish up my article at once.

I found Obrist's ideas precisely the same, clothed in the same words, as 14 months ago. It made me wonder whether I, too, seemed like a hard-boiled egg. But his conversation is always picturesque and I enjoyed seeing him.

Tell Logan that on re-seeing the Triptych here, I did not find it so supreme as my imagination figured it! But the Gallery is very interesting, with a lovely Crivelli and lots of Flemish masters.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Würzburg, <Thursday> Sept. 10, 1896, lunch

I have stopped between trains to see this enchanting last century town. How Logan would adore it! It is so gay, so dainty, so amusing. Then there are the tombs of the old bishops, from the fierce war-like creatures of 1190 grasping huge swords in the one hand and crooks in the other, to the elegant peruated [*si*] dandy who flirts with a death's head while his extravagant expenditures are bringing the day near when his estates should fall away from him. I never in my life saw a more gorgeous palace than the one here, nor prettier houses.

I shall be tonight at Rothernburg and Saturday morning at Munich. I have asked Miss Sellers to come to hear the Meistersinger Saturday night. Tell Logan to hurry up. I want to be in Vienna on the 20th.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

Hotel Leinfelder, Munich, Saturday, Sept. 12, 1896, 8.30 a.m.

Dearest Mother,

Thy three post cards were waiting fore me when I arrived late last night, and this morning I have thy letter of the 10th. Miss Sellers also forwarded me one from the children which says, "We hope you got the long (!) letter we sent to Gram, with only nouns and verbs. Dr. and Mrs. Bull have arrived. We had a donkey *gallop* yesterday, and now we feel we could almost ride a mad bull." This was posted the 5th.

It seems to me I had better direct thy letters to thee to 44, doesn't thee think so? [1.2] I do hope Uncle Horace and Aunt Margaret will come to keep thee company for a while. But at any rate thee will have Lady Henry next door until November. Why doesn't thee have Hoodie to come and spend November with thee?

I wish I had met Miss Fairchild. probably I shall some day, if you all liked her so much.

I am glad to hear the paper question is settled. I haven't the faintest hope however, that the women will take it up!

Logan will get here in time for Beethoven's great Opera, *Fidelio*, which they give on Tuesday night. On Wednesday there is a Mozart [1.3] opera, on Thursday a Wagner, and on Friday a Beethoven symphony, so he is in luck. I myself am positively thirsty for music. I can hardly wait until tonight. I am going to have tea with Eugénie Sellers first, but she will not come with me, because it tires her to go out in the evening.

Well! I have at last seen a town in which there is *not a single ugly building!* This is the village of Rothenburg on the Taube.⁵⁹⁹ It is still exactly as it was built in the 14th and 16th centuries, an exquisitely picturesque mingling of Gothic and Renaissance, surrounded with its walls and numerous [1.4] towers. Thee cannot possibly think how wonderful it is to walk about a whole day and see only beautiful forms and colours. It made me feel *sick* (literally sick!) with pleasure; and, curiously enough Musgrave, who was there with his jolly fat old wife, said the same. I saw them first walking hand in hand near one of the gates, and afterwards in the hotel at table, when I teased them about it, she seemed very much pleased! They did look funny, however, I must say — so fat and short and waddling, and holding each other's hands like two young lovers! They have been in Italy all summer, near Naples. They said it was too hot in England!! [2] The house they have receives all the drainage of the village, so they can't live there without falling ill.

Besides the Musgraves and lots of Germans, there was at the hotel a singularly beautiful young girl, who so much resembled Edith Woodman

⁵⁹⁹ South of Würzburg, west of Nuremberg.



that it was startling. It turned out that like Edith she was a sculptor, studying in Paris — she actually knew Edith — and as there was a nice-looking young painter travelling with her, I gathered that they were engaged. They promised to come and see me in Florence. What a wonderful country America is to produce such simple, unsophisticated children of nature! I thought Edith was unique, but this girl seems just like her. [2.2]

It is pouring today. I am going to spend the morning finishing my article on Obrist's embroideries.

I am very well and comfortable, if it were not for my old enemies, fleas.

With love to thee and father,

Thy daughter,

Mary



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard, upper right corner now cut away

Munich, <Saturday,> Sept. 12, 1896

D<earest mother,>

I am in despair that ... entirely re-write that ... article on Obrist. What ... was all right as an article, ... very little to do with the particular things in question. I shall keep that discussion of composition and line for another time. I shall even leave out the ghost! I'll use him up in an article I am planning on Ruskin.

I saw Miss Sellers, but she was so put out over a bath she had just bought which — after being erected in her bed-room proved to have no way of being emptied except by being bailed out, and which made it next to impossible to light the fire except for the bath — that she was very ill-natured, disagreeable, and distraite. She said one or two things so spiteful as to be painfully funny. I will write them to Alys and Berite, who will understand the ins and outs. I am going again today, but I confess I don't care to. However, her mood may be changed and she may be charming!

I heard the *Meistersinger* last night. It is like Poe's description of an epic poem — a desert with here and there an oasis of poetry. I am sure the opera is not meant for sensitive people. And think of five hours in the midst of bad-smelling Germans!

Lovingly,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on ruled paper

Hotel Leinfelder, Munich, <Monday,> Sept. 14, 1896

Thanks for thy letter of Saturday, dearest mother. The enclosure was from Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and related to Obrist's embroideries. The roll was some photographs etc of his work. I have just finished re-writing my tiresome article, or rather writing an entirely different one. A thing that curses me far more than Logan's "platitudes" can curse him, is the way newspaperly and journalist phrases rush into my mind the moment I sit down to write. I think I have plenty of ideas, compared to most writers on art, but before I can get a decently simple [1.2] phrase I have had to say no to a score of "long-tailed" and hopelessly commonplace *clichés* that have presented themselves to me. This article, however, has had one good effect. It has taught me never again to attempt descriptive work. I can write a fairly intelligible expository style, but when it comes to soaring, my wings are too feeble, and I flounder in the mud of journalism!

I am sorry Logan is not arriving tonight. Thinking he would certainly be here, I bought him a ticket for Fidelio, which I fear will be wasted. And I am trembling at the thought of his coming to this hotel, for they are in process of putting up new [1.3] buildings on every side, and the pounding, hammering and shouting that goes on all day from half past 5 in the morning is beyond belief. I am almost ready to weep with fatigue, what with being up late at night hearing music and waked up so early in the morning. I went to a quiet-looking hotel, the Continental, today, and would have taken a room for Logan there, but there were no blinds to the windows. Dear me! I feel like training Ray and Karin to sleep without curtains in some hotel giving on Clapham Junction! It is too awful to be so sensitive to noises! As soon as I have finished this letter, I am going out to beg an hour's loan of Miss Sellers' [1.4] bed so that I may at least be able to enjoy the Beethoven concert tonight. Miss Sellers, by the way, was *perfectly charming* yesterday — full of the wittiest descriptions of people, sympathetic, in in fact at her best.

It's a good thing Logan doesn't expect me to meet him! When he arrives, I shall be with Mmiss Sellers and Miss Lowndes and his vacant seat at Fidelio. I shall leave a note for him, warning him of the noises.

It has been pouring here, not only since I came, but all summer. They can hardly believe there has been fine weather in England.

Did thee see the nice [2] little notice of Alys' *Nineteenth Century* article in the *Nation* of Aug. 27th? There is also a long article by my friend Salomon Reinach.

I heard an opera by Mozart last night which I enjoyed a hundred times as much as the Wagner. I believe the reason I was ever enthusiastic about Wagner was because I took music as most people take art, without clearly distinguishing between one kind of sensation and another. He gives you noble poetry, fairly well illustrated in musical form, and just enough "real"



music to confuse you into thinking it is all music. Mozart is all “real” music — and so endlessly delicious. Tired as I am, it is like a plunge [2.2] in a cool river to think of it (a nice, newspaperly comparison!).

I am really dropping with sleep. I must go to Miss Sellers'. I shall have supper with her, and we are going together to the Beethoven symphony.

I have written to the children at Blankenburghe. Do write to Miss Clare and find out where they are. She ought to write. I asked them to send me a post card to the Hotel Tegetthof, Vienna, Austria where I shall be next Sunday. After Thursday please address there.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____ a postcard

<Munich, Tuesday,> Sept. 15, 1896

I managed to sleep till 6 today and have just snatched a nap in the teeth of the builders, so I feel better. I had a most refreshing sleep at Miss Sellers' yesterday.

I think Logan's room will be moderately quiet, if he closes the window. I went to the Pension Finckh, but they are building next door to it, so it is no better than this.

I am just going now to call of Frau Furtwängler.

I sent off the Obrist article this morning.

Lovingly thine,

M.



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M-HS 1896.____ a one-page letter to Frank

<Munich, Tuesday,> Sept. 15, 1896

My dear Frank,

I wrote to you early in the summer asking you to let the children stay through the greater part of August at Haslemere, and saying at the same time that if you made other plans, I should come back to see them later. Especially now that you have entrusted them to the care of a governess whom I do not know, I feel I *must* come back for a short time, to see them and to make her acquaintance.

I should come at once to meet [1.2] them on their arrival, but that Mother thinks you want to have a visit from the little Vidals first — and I know the children's hearts are set on it. Therefore I shall not return till the 22nd which will give nearly a week for the visit. After that, as Friday's Hill is let, Grace says she can put me up. And the Vidals might very well stay on a few days, as it would seem not unnatural my going to stay with Grace, when the cottage would be so full. in any case you may be sure that the children have already said I do not live with them.

There is one more thing I must write [1.3] about, and that is the operations on their throats. Both Dr. Flanagan and Dr. Stokes explained the matter most carefully to me. The latter experimented on Karin in my presence, and found she had already grown a little deaf from the growth in her throat, and he said it would certainly increase. Furthermore he said, and I could see, that it was already spoiling her looks, causing that open mouth and _____ting chin and forehead, which, he said, would go on getting worse with every month of delay. I suppose he explained all this to you, and no doubt you have arranged for the operations to take place very [1.4] soon. But I want to be present at them, and as I shall arrange to stay till they are over, I should be grateful if you would let me know when they are to be. My dentist, Dr. Davenport, told me he often had such operations performed, for the sake of his patients' teeth — as these growths spoil the shape of the mouth — and that the surgeon who performed them was willing to make better terms for the operation for his — Dr. Davenport's — patients. If you care to find out about this, I am sure Mother will get all the particulars for you.

I am glad the children and you have had such good air and such a pleasant time.

Yours sincerely,
M.W.C.



M-HS 1896.____

a postcard / a one-page letter

<Munich,> Wednesday, Sept. 16,⁶⁰⁰ 1896

Dearest mother,

Logan joined us at the opera last night, looking very well and handsome. Miss Sellers couldn't make up her mind whether to come and have supper afterwards or not, but after standing discussing it for half an hour on the street corner, we had to go without her!

I asked for a quiet room for Logan. Where does thee suppose they put him? Next door to a room that is being floored! I have just knocked at his door (10 o'clock) to sympathize. He was laughing heartily, and he said he had slept in spite of it. Just below my window at 5.30 today the waiter began to brush and beat people's trousers. I leaned out with a face of rage that frightened him away, and then I closed my window and managed to sleep again till 8. But I was haunted by the desire to relax my neck in Miss Fairchild's manner, and this has given me quite a sore stiff feeling!

We are just setting out for the modern exhibition.

Lovingly,
M.

⁶⁰⁰ Mary wrote 'Sept. 15'.



VIENNA

M-HS 1896.____

a postcard from Hotel Tegetthoff

<Vienna, Thursday,> Sept. 24, 1896

Just starting for the opera.

Thanks for Alys' and Rukhmabai's letters. I have been very busy all day.

We talked till 11 last night about music — most interesting. I will write to thee about it.

Now I must hurry. I am feeling very well.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard from Hotel Tegetthoff
<Vienna, Friday,> Sept. 25, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am just back from an expedition to the country, and in the interval (5 minutes) before starting for a Russian concert I send thee a note. I literally have not a moment for letter-writing. It is all I can do to keep my notes.

The Museum here is one of the very finest in the world. I wish I had a month or two to study it in, but I want to get to Italy while it is still warm.

Think of Alys and Bertie starting tomorrow!

What thee writes of the Armenians is too awful! I am glad Gladstone is speaking out. I do believe England is powerful enough to move single-handed.

I hope I shall hear from one of the children soon.

Dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Vienna, <Saturday,> Sept. 26, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have time for writing now, but I feel rather tired, and as if music and pictures didn't matter I came back to sleep, but the hotel is too noisy.

I suppose Alys and Bertie are sailing today — thy children scattering themselves over the early. I do hope thee has thy grandchildren. Words cannot tell how I long to have them back under the wings of "you Duck!" again. When I see how after I keep thinking of my Grandma, who did not play a hundredth so important a part in my life, as thee does in Ray's and [1.2] Karin's, I delight in thinking what stores of delicious memories thee is laying up in their loving little hearts — *real* memories, too, I mean things that will keep on influencing them, working upon their characters all their lives. I have always thought that if the Grandma is nice and if she is often with the children a peculiarly lovely relation grows up between them. I remember when I was at College, Florence Dike and I used to spend hours talking about our grandmothers. I always keep dear grandma Whitall's picture on my desk, and I often wonder if she knows it! Sometimes I think "She would be shocked if she saw me now", and then I think [1.3] "She isn't a 'strict Quaker' any more" with a queer feeling of relief, as if it were as real as life! I am sure Bessie has the same memories of her, even more.

I enclose a letter from Mr. Hitz. Thee will see that he does not know what is to be done with the boys. They ought to tell him, poor old man, for he is very fond of them.

Dr. Richter is here, on his way to a "Kunstfussers" congress at Buda-Pesth, which begins the day after we leave there. I have received an invitation to the dinner and reception, etc., but am only too thankful to be out of it. Other people are deadly, but we Kunstfussers have a deadliness all our [1.4] own, which is more deadly than any other kind of deadliness!

Dr. Richter says Mr. Humphrey Ward is coming tonight, so I shall take the occasion to ask him to send me art books to review for *The Times*. Cook, who knows him well, says he will urge him to do it. *The Times* pays very well.

I am too tired and lazy to write about anything else. Unless thee gets some other word, after Monday address Hotel della Pace, Ancona, Italy. We are not going to Dalmatia unless the steamers really suit, because I am anxious to have a little time at Siena before settling down at Fiesole.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



BUDAPEST

M-HS 1896.____

a postcard with lower left corner cut away

Buda-Pesth, Sunday, <Sept. 27, 1896,> 10 p.m.

Just arrived.

I met Dr. Richter in the gallery today and lunched with him, but did not see Mr. Humphrey Ward.

This hotel is too magnificent — *grander* than that one in San Francisco! — with a superb view on the Danube.

I shall find out tomorrow about Dalmatia, and perhaps telegraph an address, if the steamers suit (so that the trip is possible. Otherwise Hotel della Pace, <Ancona,> Italy.

... to hear of the children.

...sted love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard with lower left corner cut away

Buda-Pesth, Monday, Sept. 28, 1896

Dearest mother,

I *am* rejoiced to hear of the children at last! Dear things. I love to think of Ray going shopping "with her own French." It is more than I could do in Hungarian!

I am so sorry about the trunk. I did not remember having left one at Fiesole. I could just as well have taken an older one. I will send back as a returned empty both of them — the grey baskets — as soon as I reach Florence — with tears of repentance.

What is Emily Dawson's address in Chelsea? I can't remember it.

There is one great work of art here — the Giorgione — the finest <there is in> existence, because the best ... to the famous Ex- ... afternoon. It is as deadly ...

The Dalmatian trip ... weather, as it is by ... Ancona is the best ...

<Oc>eans of love to the <children> and to thee.

Think of poor Alys!

Did Bonté⁶⁰¹ ... ?

Affectionately,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁰¹ J.-H. Rosny (1856-1940), *L'impériuse bonté, roman contemporain* (Paris, 1895).

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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Buda-Pesth, <Tuesday,> Sept. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am so happy to receive again one of thy good letters about the darling children. I can well imagine their satisfaction at getting back to thee, and the nice Smithy smell" of N. 44 again Dear things! I feel like hugging you all and saying to each one, "O you Duck!"

I have sent off the Obrist proof. "Feronal" of course meant *formal*, the formal elements of the graphic arts, that is to say those elements which have to do with mere form. The article reads very flat, but I suppose it [1.2] must do. It is evident I am not a Ruskin. How one would like to be everything — one's self plus Ruskin, Jenny Lind, Padereswki, Whistler, Cleopatra, Edith Bryson and every admirable person!! But as one can't be, it's as well to recognize limitations, and I see clearly that descriptive writing is not my fate.

I hope father has succeeded in letting Friday's Hill. He certainly deserves that reward for his kindness to his extravagant children last summer!

Carlo Placci is a most delightful travelling companion, full of curiosity, sparkling good humour, kindness and enjoyment. He says he will [1.3] come to England next summer, and I am sure you cannot help liking him. He is at present very much "out" with Vernon Lee, and we have most amusing talks about her. The "Rancee" Brooke — another friend of Vernon's — was at Vienna, and she joined in with fresh tales of Miss Paget's inability to "understand things". In the case of the Rancee it is peculiarly funny for Miss Paget sets her up as a highly intellectual woman, whereas her real interest in life is falling in love first with one man and then with another, and being fallen in love with. One of the articles in our "Fiesole Condemner" must certainly be a story called "Violet in Wonderland"! [1.4]

I am just starting out to climb the hill on the opposite side of the Danube (in a funicolare!) and see the general view of Buda-Pesth Last night we had the good luck to see the Carmencita dance.

I shall be a week without letters if we go along Dalmatia, but there is no way to help it. But if anything happens important for me to know, thee might wire to Poste Restante, Spalato, Dalmatia, on Saturday and the same at Fiume on Monday and Tuesday. If all goes as it promises, I shall be at the Hotel della Pace, Ancona, Italy, on Wednesday, October 7th, and I hope to receive letters there.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



DALMATIA

M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Hotel Europe, Fiume, Dalmatia, <Tuesday,> Oct. 1, 1896

Dearest mother,

I hate wandering off into the wilds where I can't get letters for a week, but the steamers turn out to be so convenient that it would be a pity, being here, not to go. The boat goes tonight to Zara, then on to Sebenico and Spalato. Then it depends upon weather and boats whether I shall cross to Bari (a town I have longed to see for years) and work up the east coast to Ancona, or come back here and take the boat direct to Ancona. Either way, alas! means about 17 hours on board. [1.2]

At any rate it cannot be reproached me in the next world that I did not do my utmost to see and appreciate this one, and I think my sufferings with fleas will be placed to my credit! The coast, so far as I could see it from the train windows at sunrise this morning, is like what I imagine the Aegean Isles — a grey stony country with olives and cypresses and little white villages, and the sea coming inland in long bays and inlets and fjords, winding through the rocky promontories or gently lapping soft beaches. It really looked enchanting and this I shall remember vividly when the fact that a dozen fleas were [1.3] spreading trails of fire all over my skin has become a mere dead fact. I am now sitting at a table in the café, raising clouds of yellow dust (flea powder) at every movement. But I know it is all no use. By night (if not sooner) the power of the powder will have worn off. However _____!

I am eager to hear about the children's school. If it is really a nice one, I am sure the people would welcome thy visiting it from time to time, or at any rate at first.

Placci has almost decided to devote himself next winter to the problem of the difference between good and bad music. He is awfully afraid of being bored, but on the other hand I think [1.4] he fears never doing or having done any serious work.

He and Mr. Cook and I kept looking both in Vienna and Buda-Pesth for places where we could get used stamps. We went into several likely-looking shops, but could not get anything except general collections, including English. I am now going to the Post Office to get specimens of several kinds. I hope thee kept the Exhibition stamp on the back of the letter from Buda-Pesth.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a postcard with lower left corner cut away

SS. Makovitsch, Approaching Zara, <Monday,> Oct. 5, 1896

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday, because no post went out, and also because I did a long excursion from Spalato to an old fortress where one looked out into the pass leading to Bosnia. Turks and people in all sorts of strange costumes were walking on the road, going to a popular festa. It seemed almost Oriental. It has been a very interesting trip, chiefly for architecture, Roman remains and scenery (almost no pictures), but I shall be glad to get to Italy again!

Mr. Philip ... on the boat — a friend ... has been talking in a ... way about Easton ... was talking I saw 2 ... neck and when he made ... for his cabin I felt

I shall have time to write from Fiume tomorrow ... this in the chance of its reaching thee a little earlier. I am punished for home news!

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Fiume, <Tuesday,> Oct. 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am writing this before going to the Post Office to see if there is a wire, as I told thee to wire here in case of need. But I hope there is none, which means "all well", and that I shall get letters from thee tomorrow at Ancona.

I am in love with this coast and with travelling by boat. The boats are really splendid — practically like private yachts, for very few first-class passengers go on them — well fitted up, good food, clean beds, and singularly cheap. The expenses of this trip, with all the travelling, have not been more than 16/ [1.2] a day. Then the sea between the islands and the coast, where most of the boats go, is perfectly calm and the harbours beautiful. The towns are interesting — with traces of Roman, Venetian and Turkish occupation — but now under the excellent rule of Austria. The only thing to complain of is that for love or money you can't get fish to eat!

At Zara yesterday I got an old boatman to row me out for a swim to the Baths across the bay, and on my return he and I ransacked the town, and there was not a fish to be had in the whole place — only one huge, ugly octopus! I meant to buy fish to eat on board, but had to be content with a ragout of [1.3] veal and a beefsteak.

Spalato is a most interesting place. Early in the fourth century Diocletian built himself a huge and magnificent palace there and made his tomb in the centre. The walls remain, in large part, and much of the inside masonry, the tomb is intact, turned into a church, and within this shell a rather large town has grown up, with small houses of every date nestling into the great Roman walls, or crouched between Roman arches and columns. It is a fascinating effect. In front lies one of the most marvellous natural harbours in the world.

The Austrian Government is encouraging the town, and they are now building a [1.4] railway to lead through into Bosnia and Herzegovina, gloriously fertile, totally undeveloped countries.

Mr. Stanhope was enthusiastic about their "future". He has bought some land in Herzegovina himself, and means to use it for the present as a shooting estate. He says the Austrian rule is magnificent. They encourage and develop all the native arts and industries, will not allow a single old building to be destroyed, let the Turks worship at they like, but pay them for sending their children to the Government school. to be civilized and to learn trades! How sensible! He says it is all the genius of the present Minister of Finance.

I must close now, and go to the Post. I think of Alys and Bertie safe in America — probably at Millville.⁶⁰²

⁶⁰² ? Millville, New Jersey.



Dearest love to thee and father,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Albergo della Pace, Ancona, <Wednesday,> Oct. 7, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have all thy letters, including the one about Grace (which I return) sent on by Logan, all thy post cards, all father's interesting daily reports, and the children's precious composition.

It is a great satisfaction to hear once again, and I am glad to think of thee in a clean house with a new stair carpe, father so busy over his enchanting new toy and making those blessed angels, Ray and Karin, so very happy, and the darlings themselves revelling in their "Boot Tree", their books, and all the delights provided by the Grandpa. [1.2]

One of the first things I thought of when I read about Grace — so selfish are we — or I, at least! — was "how nice for Ray and Karin if she came over with her children!" Once can't tell, of course, from Uncle Doctor's account exactly what it is all about, but we shall hear, no doubt, from Alys the contemporary view. I must say, it seems to me so awfully sensible to separate if you are miserable together. Of course if Grace really loves Tom it is heart breaking for her, but I wonder how much would remain if all social, financial and religious considerations were taken away. Tom seems to me to be behaving pretty well, [1.3] and Grace too. I admire her for it. But as she has the children, it would perhaps have been well for her to get the divorce, so as to throw the social odium where it belongs, on him.

I hope Alys and Bertie will console her a little. Logan writes very approvingly of the arrangement, and says he hopes there will be some people to give her the right point of view about it.

But I can well see it must be a great blow to Uncle Doctor, and I am sorry for him. As for Grace, she is very young yet, not thirty, she has her children, and I really don't think life is half so black for her as if she went on living with a man who didn't want to live with [1.4] her. I hope she *will* come to England. It would be lovely for the children, and would make a break for her. It looks to me as if Tom would probably want to marry her again before long. It often happens. I am rather surprised at thy thinking it such a terrible misfortune. Think how contented we should be if I had had such luck!

I am so tortured by fleas, who are swarming on me, in spite of the powder, that I can't write any more. I will answer the children's splendid letters tomorrow. It is beautiful here, and I love it, in spite of the fleas. I think of getting up a "Society for Protection from Animals", but it would do no good! For the cleanness and comfort I shall be glad to get back to the Vill, where please [1] address me for the present.

Thank father for his diaries and his notes about the children.

With dearest love,



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Thy daughter,
Mary

What is Grace's address? I should like to write to her. Or shall I send the letter through thee?

I don't want the fur-lined boots.



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard with lower left corner cut away

Foligno, Friday, Oct. 9, 1896

Dearest mother,

I found thy post card of Tuesday waiting for me on arriving this evening.
Many thanks.

I did not manage to get to dear Macerata after all, so I have written in case there is a letter, to send it on. I shall be glad to get to Florence. Living in yellow powder is too awful!

I have seen Sinigaglia, Osimo, Gualdo, and Nocera — all new towns for me, and re-seen Ancona and Loreto, which I adore. It has been an interesting trip, but rather scrappy, and I want to get to work.

I have been so glad to think of the children enjoying themselves in the country. Now I am anxious to get ... telling about the day thee ... with Miss Seward, and how ... Thee must have been glad ... !

... longing to hear from Alys and <Bertie> ... about Grace.

Address to the ...

I shall arrive with joy next Tuesday

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard / a one-page letter

Assisi, <Saturday,> Oct. 10, 1896

Dearest mother,

This is one of the loveliest sunsets in the world — seen from perhaps the loveliest spot on earth. I can imagine nothing more beautiful than this Umbrian plain, with its exquisite lines — the glowing sky that flushes ____ the new moon faint pink — this lovely old deserted church — the air like the best English summer —!

Will thee subscribe to the *Chronicle* for me for six months to be sent to the Villa Rosa?

The telegrams about Rosebury in those papers are too brief.

And *have* England, France and Russia combined about the Sultan?

It is *too* lovely here. All the hills have become a deep purple.

Lovingly thine,

M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Orvieto, Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1896

I came here because of an advertised Exhibition of Sacred Art, and it turns out to be most interesting. But it is raining as if for the deluge — cold and nasty — and I am glad to think I shall be safe at the Villa by 10 o'clock tonight.

I will write tomorrow from there. It is so uncomfortable travelling in Italy, I simply can't write en voyage!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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VILLA ROSA, FIESOLE

M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1896

Thanks for thy card of the 10th which I found awaiting me. I am too much in the rush of unpacking and despatching belated articles to the *Chronique* to write a letter, but I hope to attain leisure of spirit tonight — when I have found the keys of my writing-desk, which I hid carefully away somewhere!

M. Ephrussi has written to ask for an article on one of my discoveries in the Louvre, and I must set to work on it at once.

It is really more beautiful here than anywhere I have been! When I woke up, the whole valley was filled with pink mist, and the hills were a dark purple.

I long to hear about the children's school.

Is there any further news about Grace?

Dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Oct. ,17 1896

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for the *Spectators* and the cuttings. Also for Alys' letter, which I have sent on to Logan. I do hope we shall hear all about Grace. A divorce would be infinitely better than to keep him tied, resenting his bonus and probably wracking his resentment on her. I can conceive nothing more wretched. But with a complete break, they are both young enough to make fresh life, each one separately. [1.2]

I am glad the children have had such a nice long time in the country, even though I was not there. But how I wish I had known I will certainly make every effort to combine better next year, but it is next to impossible to get B.F.C.C. to state his plans beforehand, and as I am trying to learn and see various things, I have to make mine sometime ahead. However, I hope to have better success next year. But they have been happy, I am [1.3] sure, down there — and, after all, that is the important thing.

I have had a wretched fight today with the Customs House — where every is a cheat and a thief — and it upset my temper, circulation and nerves, so that I have too raging a headache to write more.

I saw Miss Buttles today, and she sang like an angel.

Tell the children this picture is to make them thankful that I didn't marry a Chinaman and have them sent to a Chinese school!!

With dearest love,

Thine,

M.

Father's notes on the children are endlessly nice!



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Oct. 18, 1896

Dearest mother,

I did not write this morning because my carpets etc came, and had to be unpacked. A young American poetess — a charming girl⁶⁰³ — came to lunch, and afterwards a lot of people in the afternoon, for it is somehow got abroad that Sunday is my “day” — which it isn’t in the least. It bores me to death, and I shall make a point of always being out on [1.2] Sundays in future. This American girl is staying with the Princess Ghika — sister to Queen Natalie of Servia — a strange, queer, retired creature who has bought the Gamberaia, an old Medici Villa at Settignano, about 4 miles from here. I am going there next Wednesday to tea.

I am glad to hear of the children taking an active part in plays and so on — all on their own hook. It makes me laugh to think of Trevy and Sturges in the depths of the country, driven to associate with them, but it is [1.3] very good for Ray and Karin. They will be saved shyness at least. And I expect they have enjoyed very much being made something of by such distinguished grown-ups. Do tell me if they utter any reflections upon it! But I do fearfully grudge not being there during so much holiday. I really think if I had known I should have come straight back from Hungary. But I thought it would be only a day or two. Still, to have *them* happy, as they certainly have been, is a great consolation. I go to [1.4] sleep thinking of it. Letters don’t tell me *half* enough about them, though father is very good, and I thank him most heartily.

Fancy thy minding the weather! It seems like a revolution in the seasons themselves. I wish thee would be where it is sunny. My dream of unattainable bliss is to have thee and the children in the wing I am going to give to Logan when he comes. I often have long “make-ups” about it.

I hope the children will see something of Amber and Beryl Reeves when they come back.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁶⁰³ Apparently “Kitty” Hall.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter to Robert on ruled paper

Fiesole, <Sunday,> Oct. 18, 1896

Dearest Father,

I received all thy letters in a packet, and have sent them on to Alys. I enjoyed them *immensely*, reading them at leisure in my easy chair on the balcony. Again and again I laughed aloud, especially at CORPSE Cottage, and at the various descriptions of the “clah-ma-claves.” Do go on sending us thy daily chronicle, with thy observations on life and people. It is a capital idea.

Has the beautiful furniture Logan bought in Munich [1.2] arrived yet? He bought an “Ancestress” along with it, but one of a very different kind from the staid Quakers of Woodville. I wonder, too, sometimes if we really stand so close to them in years!

Golden weather has come again here after five days of overwhelming deluge. Logan writes that he is culling a rich autumnal melancholy in Venice, which he is in no haste to disturb. However, he will come soon, and I shall give him the west wing of my villa, where he can be as comfortable and solitary as he likes. It seems odd for thee to be entertaining his friends at shooting parties while he is in Venice. I [1.3] really believe there are almost no families whose parents get on so well with most of their children’s friends! Dibblee was here on Thursday. He had got his sister to make a drawing of a wall which he thought might be copied at High Buildings — this sort of an affair.

SKETCH

He was going to take it to Venice to show Logan. It must really be rather fun to do up the place. And then to have a tenant secure for the summer, if you want to let it!

I am “settling in”, and hope to start work tomorrow. I have two reviews of a [1.4] book of Botticelli’s drawings to write about for *The Studio* and the *Chronique* (Thee might mention this book to the out-of-work Fernhurstians — it only costs £5.5!) and a critical account of a certain picture in the Louvre whose author I discovered. The *Gazette* took the trouble to have it photographed and to make an engraving of it, on purpose for my article. The *Studio* editor writes that my article on Obrist’s embroideries will be in the November number.

The chief thing I am reading is Shakspeare, [*sic*] whom I begin to enjoy more than anyone else. How conservative we get as we grow old. *Ibsen n’existe plus pour moi!*

With dearest love to you all, and thanks for thy letters,

Thy loving daughter,

Mary



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter to Alys

on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole, 'Kraus' crossed out

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Oct. 18, 1896

Beloved Antiloo,

Father sends long letters on blue paper, and I (at mother's immoral suggestion) send them on to the enswathed in the folds of *The Chronicle*. By this means I save postage, as will be evident to thy discriminating mind.

Thy too brief allusion to thy woes on ship-board brought me near to thee in sympathy. Even my heroic combats with fleas seemed unimportant in face of a voyage like that! [1.2] By this time you will have seen Grace. Do give her my love and sympathy. I do wish she would come to England for a while, and see if she can't get a new start in life and enjoyment without a husband to worry her. How I wish I had had her luck! But of course I really don't know anything about it except Uncle Doctor's semi-religious, family, conventional view, so I really cannot say anything to the point. I am awfully sorry for Grace if she is unhappy, [1.3] but I feel she is so young and spirited it can't really crush her, and she may some day look on it as a blessed release. Privately I never thought they were made for *comrades* — their type of mind is so different. But it was possible that sexual love and habit would keep them together; also the dread of what Father calls "the first open divorce in all our circle". (I suppose he regards mine as a kind of closed, or ostrich divorce.)

Give dear old Tom Boher⁶⁰⁴ my warmest love. Tell **her** I think of her a great deal. I should love to have a visit from her, if she thinks of travelling.

When we meet I shall have some amusing stories [1.4] about Miss Sellers and Miss Cruttwell. They are too long to write. Things here are as usual, but we are going to Siena for a week before the end of the month.

I long to hear all your experiences. Do come home for Christmas, beloveds. After all, I, at least, have no friends so congenial and beloved — except B.B and Evalyne — as those in the bosom of my family. This is contrary to principle, but it works well in practice.

I can hear Bertie's laugh and oh how I wish I were there from time to time to share impressions!

My best love to Edith, and all thy imagination can suggest to Aunt Lill. Tell me what she [1] says about Grace. What does her crony, Mrs. Worthington, say?

Isn't it funny to think of Father giving a shooting party to the Trevys and Amos, and none of us there?

Affectionately,
M.L.C.

⁶⁰⁴ a nickname for Grace Worthington?



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Oct. 20, 1896

The London Sunday casts its blight even here — no letter from home on Tuesdays, not even the *Chronicle*! All I had by the post was a note from the Bald Butterfly⁶⁰⁵ urging me to come to his house to tea. I went, and lo! it was a real “tea party”, and I was miserable, boring and being bored. Placci was the one redeeming element. He was full of his musical ideas — wants to find out just how and why we do enjoy music — is thinking about it all the time. He is coming to dinner tomorrow, to play and to read poetry, which he means to do once a week all winter. We mark with pencils the few lines or words or (merely) stanzas of “real” poetry we find in our reading. He means to do the same in music.

With love, and constant thoughts of thee, the children,

Thy loving daughter, M.

I am *anfully* sorry Lady Henry has moved away. Her present place isn't half so central for her, and what a loss for thee!

⁶⁰⁵ Mr. Hamilton, Miss Paget's half-brother. Where was he living by this time?



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on Bernhard's (!) stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Oct. 21, 1896

Dearest mother,

Please tell the children that my Italian teacher's little boy Carlino brought up these two designs, which had made with great care for me to send to my *bambine* in England. He is a little boy about 3 1/2 years old now, and he thinks everything that Ray and Karin do is very, very marvellous. Whenever he comes, he always asks to see their *Book*, and it was out of that Book that he [1.2] took the idea of making these designs at all. So they may think they are having an influence here in Florence, setting Hugh and Percy Morgan to make "Blots" and Carlo Triulzi to make Designs.

I received thy letter and Alys' about Grace today. It is a frightful tragedy, as she cares so much for him. But he must be half mad to make so much of it all. I think Grace could not have done anything but what she has done. perhaps when he has had his fill of other [1.3] experiences, he will get a little more sense, and come back to her to spend a quiet and comfortable old age.

Carlo Placci has just gone. He has been too nice — playing Mozart and reading Dante aloud. I went over to the Vill La Gamberaia taken by that Servian Princess. It is most lovely there. I did not see the Princess, but my friend Miss Hall and the lady who is the Princess' most intimate friend, who always lives with her, like Carey and Miss Gwinn.⁶⁰⁶ This friend is a Europeanized [1.4] American painter who rejoices in the name of "Baby" Blood —!! But in spite of this name, she is rather nice, with exquisite taste, though a bad, or rather, indifferent artist.

Thee said "return" Sturges' letter, but I am keeping it for the children's book. His last sentence was an adaptation of what Aeneas said to Dido when he was recounting the exploits of the Tojan war: *Quorum magna pars fui* ('of which I was a great part') only he said *minima pars* ('the least part').

I destroyed Alys' letter, as thee directed, but now I am sorry I did not send it to Logan.

With love to thee and father, and the Angels.

Thy daughter,

M.

⁶⁰⁶ Mamie Gwinn is mentioned in her letters to Hannah of June 15 & 16, 1892.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Oct. 22, 1896

I am *so glad* to hear about the new school!! It sounds very nice. Thee must tell me what the children think of it. Also I should like to know a little about the play. What was it? What is thee reading to them?

My Annuities are not due till December, but will thee kindly advance me £5 and pay it to my @ (this address) at Hatchard's? I shall be very grateful. I could send it from here, if it is inconvenient to thee, but that is such a bother, and I lose on the exchange. How about Ray's Post Office Savings book? It was due in September. I could not add this year, on account of the extra expenses of illness, but I certainly shall put in £10 for each the first of the year, when I come home. Where is Alys' letter — the one before the one about Grace? I want to see them all.

Dearest love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Friday,> Oct. 23, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am delighted to think of the children going off so happily to school, and I am most anxious to hear their report of their first days' experiences there. Certainly, there were several silver mugs — the ones their father had when he was a baby — and others, porringers and salt cellars and spoons. But goodness knows where they may have drifted! [1.2]

Father sent me Alys' letter from Millville, and I have sent it on to Logan. I hope Grace will come over next spring anyhow. That will be a nicer time for the children, for they have Easter and Whitsun holidays. I will write to her myself urging her to come. It is a very queer story, but she has played an admirable part in it.

I return Miss Paget's letter, as father wrote on it "Return". I am expecting Maud Cruttwell to lunch and Miss Buttles afterwards to sing. Maud is coming up [1.3] to spend a fortnight or three weeks here to help me mount the photographs and put my notes in order. I have been working at them ever since I came home, but it is too much for me to do alone in any reasonable time. After that, I really will settle down to my Louvre Guide.

Janet Dodge and Beatrice Horne are travelling together in the North of Italy, enjoying themselves very much, Janet writes. She is coming here for a couple of nights before moving into her lodgings with her beloved spinet. [1.4]

I send a funny picture for the children, and oceans of love. Tell them I do hope they will really like this new school, and make friends there. What about Amber and Beryl? Those were such nice friends for them.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Oct. 26, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am very, very grateful to thee for trying to make the best out of a situation which is so hard on thee. I certainly should not attend to any rules reported to thee by anyone else. And I should encourage the children to take their own way just as much as possible. I do hope the feeling I cannot help having, that their father is fond of them and likes them to be happy, will not turn out to be an illusion, like all my other ideas about him. If they *insist*, I feel they can in the end have pretty much their [1.2] own way. Ray is perhaps too sensitive, but Karin might brave out cross looks, and insist on howling if she couldn't get what she wanted.

Their "secret", as thee may have guesses, was that they were to try and console thee for having none of thy children. But don't tell them I told thee.

The Bald Butterfly is Mr. Hamilton. Alys gave him the appropriate name.

Grace would be a raving idiot to marry Tom again — except that she loves him, and the winning him back would probably give her more pleasure than any amount of after misery. But wouldn't he just make her miserable! Her [1.3] behaviour to him seems almost angelic.

My annuity from America is due January 1st, I think. I have to form to apply with. Do I have to apply also to the English Office? The reason I think it is January and not December, is because the last came when I was ill, early in July.

How interesting Alys' letters are! I have sent them to Logan. What a charming character it is that can write such letters without a trace of affectation or conceit and so tactful in knowing just what we want to hear. Bertie seems to be [1.4] getting on very well — no doubt greatly to his own surprise.

I am being horribly bitten by a flea and must stop.

Thank Ray for her candlestick and Karin for her picture out of *Farthings*, and tell them that the sun seemed to shine brighter all the way because they liked their new school The darlings!

Thy loving daughter,

M.



M-HS 1896. — a two-page letter to Alys
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole
<Fiesole, Monday,> Oct. 26, 1896

Dearest Antilu,

Thy letters are just right, as I knew they would be, and tell us just what we want to know.

Of course the Worthington problem is the most interesting one at present. Grace is behaving like an angel. I really don't understand her love for a contemporary holding out like that — for a child, yes, but for a person of one's own age who "ought to know better" — !! I hope the dear creature is upheld by a sense that she is doing [1.2] just the right thing. I feel the greatest admiration for her. She must have always had in her the germs of a splendid character, our jolly Tom Boher!

Bertie must be surprised to find how well he likes America and the Americans. But Aunt Lill's — even the mere description — seems to choke me on lies and pretences, till I want to undo my collar. I send all thy letters on to Logan, who is still sipping his cup of melancholy with infinite content. I have at last found *the* motto for our Fiesole Condemner — otherwise *The* [1.3] *Golden Urn*. "Ars brevis, vita longa est."

I have had several contradictory letters from Miss Sellers — the last one saying she was going to 'shake off her apathy in regard to travel', and spend the next year seeing "all the art collections of Europe". And this, *just* as she had got really settled, with all her things, at Munich!

Our two "corks", Beatrice and Janet, are travelling together in North Italy — at Bologna today. They expect to arrive here on Saturday. Emily writes that Janet seemed to recover something of her charm during these weeks in [1.4] London. It is conceivable that "the Villa" spoiled her. I am always in theory against people of different ages living together — pretty soon it will be not theory but experience. However, Maud Cruttwell was a (nominal) contemporary, and she is now become rampant. Every idea that grazed the outside edge of her cranium she takes as divinely revealed dogma (an attitude I sympathize with when the cranium has openings to let in ideas!), and she now declares that Rossetti, Keats and Baudelaire are "not art" and that Pater is not "life communicating". O B.B.! what has thou to answer for with Miss Dodge raving about Life-enhancing pictures, and Maud Cruttwell laying down the Law on Art! [2]

Please tell Bertie that Benn read his review in *Mind* and thought it very good. I read the preceding review (of Hobhouse)⁶⁰⁷ thinking it was Bertie's till I came to the signature, and I kept saying to myself, "How good! how like Bertie!"

Isabel Fry and her friend are going to leave their school at Christmas, and

⁶⁰⁷ Leonard Trelawny Hobhouse (1864-1929), a liberal political theorist and sociologist.



shortly after that come to Florence. I have asked them here for a week, while they look out for lodgings.

Placci is being an angel about music. I told thee of the story we [2.2] are going to write in *The Golden Urn* called '**Violet in Wonderland**' (I am like Father, and have to repeat myself.) Our Violet will see Miss Sellers as a "dear old Humanist", me as a "generous and smooth personality", B. B as a "dry-as-dust connoisseur who has no more feeling for literature than a barn-door", Miss Anstruther-Thomson as a "Genius, with a marvellous memory", and so on — funniest of all perhaps, Benn as "a man who would be very interesting if he could lose all his information and learning."

Did I tell thee what she wrote to Eugénie about Logan. "I like Logan Pearsall Smith so much. Why wasn't he my brother?" I can only thank God and my parents.

Good luck to you, and write us hundreds of letters.

Thine,
Mrs. Gummidge



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am very busy this morning finishing my article for the *Gazette*, so I will send only a post card. I was glad for the children that they went to the country for Sunday — it is good for them in every way, but I hated to think of thee left alone in black London.

Wasn't Emily Dawson to have Alys' letters? She would like them very much. When (and if!) Logan sends them back, do let her see them. I always send them on to Logan by the way next post, so no time is lost here.

I have some stamps for the children and will send them tomorrow. Do they really care for them?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Farthings has come. Tell the children I have sent it on to the Morgan boys.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Friday,> Oct. 30, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am very much interested and very glad to hear that thee is going to have Miss Fairchild come and stay with thee while we are all away. Almost nothing ever happens (even threatenings of European wars!) but I first think of the effort it may have on Ray and Karin, and I feel delighted for *their* sakes as well as for thine, that she is coming. Do persuade her to teach them to “relax” in that marvellous way [1.2] Logan told us about. (He “relaxed” in Miss Sellers’ sitting room and fell on the floor with such a thump that the people from below came running up to ask what it was! Miss Sellers, at a loss for a comprehensible answer, said it was an actor showing her how you died on the stage — and thereby ruined her own character in the neighbourhood forever!)

It would be lovely if the darlings could learn a secret of not getting tired — for I fear their father will not spare them (when he remembers!). Then I think it will be so nice for them to see [1.3] such a charming creature as she appears to be. I hope B.F.C.C. liked her, and that she did not entirely hate him. Thee had better tell her something of the situation, and she will be all the kinder to the children. What is she doing in London? And how long is she going to stay?

Many thanks for the book (second hand) which came today. It is very amusing. In the first chapter, speaking of the purity of great art no matter what the subject treated, it adds: “But indifferent art, like dull [1.4] people, absolutely must be moral.”

Miss Buttles was up again today singling like an angel. Mr. Morgan came also. He always does come when there’s music, and he hates music! — and two young American women who have established themselves as doctors here.

Tomorrow I am going down to ride in the Cascine on a bicycle, and then go to hear Placci and Buonamici play Mozart quartettes. This is to be a regular engagement every week — that is to say, hearing them play, but of course they won’t always play Mozart. Janet Dodge is coming in the evening, and [2] will spend Sunday her. Monday she goes into her lodgings in Florence, along with her beloved spinet.

I have sent off my article to the *Gazette*, and a very poor review (it had to be so short!) of a book to the *Studio*. I have done all the “book-keeping” I can possibly think of — copied and indexed all my notes, etc., etc., and now I am face to face with **that accursed Louvre Guide** — which I feel absolutely [2.2] incapable of writing. I dimly see a masterpiece, but it would be in a form that would never do for a popular “guide”. I shall have to lower my ideals.

I am feeling in such a queer way about art. perhaps the truth of it is that



inevitably different things appeal at different ages — just as Ray and Karin used to like Fairy stories and then were all for adventure, and perhaps even now are passing into the stage of caring more for quiet domestic stories of “probable” events. What happens is that people of a [2.3] certain age — no longer young! — and with enough education to enable them to write impressively, try to force *their* tastes on the universe. Instead of which, we ought humbly to confess, “I no longer have the energy and buoyancy to carry me through “realistic” art; I dread boredom as I didn’t in my youth, and I haven’t the stomach to digest improbabilities, so the only art I care for is so-and-so”.

We *can* go further, of course, and say why the art we like appeals to our no longer fresh organization. But fancy [2.4] if I tried to make Ray and Karin read Keats and look at Botticelli. They are lively enough to supply their own “enhancement”, and they want incident. And incident *is* art to them.

I think of these things lying in bed in the morning sipping my tea and reading Shakspeare, and recalling how keen I *used* to be to read every French novel, and how important it all seemed. Now I am beginning to be a real old fogey, with my Shakspeare and Dante and Milton — with Mozart instead of Wagner and Raphael instead of Besnard. I think with joy that Ray and Karin have the best of all things — Youth!

Lovingly loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Monday,> Nov. 2, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am delighted to think that the children had Amber and Beryl to play with. Wouldn't it be nice for them to go together to the swimming bath sometime?

I have ordered the post-cards for Aunt M.⁶⁰⁸ at the Post Office. There are no new stamps. Yes, the illuminations looked very pretty from here, but I was very careful not to go down to town that day to get crushed in a garlic-eating crowd.

I had a telegram from Maude Robertson — or rather her husband — to say that she has a boy, and that both are safe. They live now in South Lambeth.

Janet Dodge has moved into rooms in Florence, near Maud Cruttwell's.

I am always hoping Logan will come.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Will thee ask father to let me see the *Fortnightly* this month. Also I like to get the Saturday Review, and I always send everything faithfully.

Did thee send £5 to Hatchard's? I have heard nothing from them.

⁶⁰⁸ Perhaps Margaret, the daughter of Robert's brother Horace?



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Nov. 4, 1896, evening

The anxiously expected letter never came at all today but I hope for tomorrow.

I am sending ten of the regular festival post cards and five of a special kind, issued not by the Government but with its sanction. These last contain the two portraits. Please tell Aunt Margaret I send them to her as a present. There are no special stamps.

Well, McKinley⁶⁰⁹ is in! I heard it tonight in the tram. It has been very exciting.

The Dr. Littell I spoke of is daughter to *Littell's Living Age*.⁶¹⁰ I saw her today, and she says she is getting on very well — already has several good patients, besides hospital work.

It has rained I think every day since I came back, but it is still warm.

I met lots of fireflies and glow-worms on the path tonight!

Dearest love,

M.

⁶⁰⁹ William McKinley (1843-1901) defeated William Jennings Bryan in November 1896. He was assassinated in September 1901, six months into his second term.

⁶¹⁰ In April 1844 Eliakim Littell (1797-1870) began publishing *Littell's Living Age*, a weekly literary periodical, in Boston.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
'Return to H.W.S.' written at the top of the first page

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Nov. 4, 1896⁶¹¹

Dearest mother,

Thy eagerly expected letter about the children's games with the little Reeves did not come this morning — to my great disgust. But I have asked the *postino* to bring it if it arrives this afternoon.

I have fairly begun **my Louvre Guide**, and now I feel I really can do it. It will not be anything extraordinary, but it will do very well. I have the plan quite clear.

Janet Dodge has brought me up a very pretty green silk blouse [1.2] made by the Swains out of that old green silk dress they had. The bill was enclosed, and I will be very grateful to thee if thee will pay it.

I saw Miss Paget yesterday; she had just returned. We are going to try to combine to hear lots of music together this winter.

I am anxious to hear what thee thinks of the children's school, now they are getting settled into it. Those books are awful, but perhaps they will teach them better. And have they made any friends? I do keep thinking about thee and [1.3] the children the whole time, and it seems as if I couldn't hear enough of you. Do save every scrap of theirs, and send it to me.

I have been thinking that when I come home this winter I must really *make* thee start on thy Autobiography. We shall investigate those old trunks of "Family Records", and arrange thy material chronologically. Has thee ever begun to write in that book Logan got for thee! All those early reminiscences — about the long-fringed shawl, etc. — are invaluable. *Please do* begin this.

I must run off now to town

My dearest, dearest love to the children, the angels,

Thine,

M.

⁶¹¹ Perhaps a mistake for 'Nov. 5'?



M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 7, 1896

Dearest mother,

Thy letters and post cards are a great comfort and pleasure. How is thee keeping in health during this time? Is thee better than in the summer? I gather that thee is from thy having meetings every now and then, but still I should like it if thee would *say* once in a while!

Herbert Horne has just been dining here. I urged on him the importance of our all [1.2] combining to make Janet Dodge take up her study of old music “seriously”, so that she can make a living out of it, if she has to — or at any rate, so that it will put some backbone into her. He seemed to agree. I am going to take up music in a very serious way. It will take me some years to learn to play, but I think I can learn, and it will be an always increasing pleasure as old age draws on. I feel there is a way of taking music that almost no one has ever tried, and a very [1.3] interesting way. I shall study it really historically, just as I have done painting, seeing how one man leads into another, and noting what each man adds to the common stock.

Carlo Placci, with whom I lunched today, is radiantly happy over his new work — the attempt to find out just what it is that makes one piece of music good and another bad. It is a question *no one has yet answered* — scarcely even asked! — although plenty of people know well enough in experience what is good and what is bad. I tell him [1.4] he must not expect to find the answer until he has given five years of hard work to it, but he hopes to find it in two. The real truth is that the fun of it is the work you do to find out. He is exceptionally fitted for the investigation, for he has played since he was 5, and has a wonderful musical memory.

I am reading Santayana’s book, *The Sense of Beauty*, with great pleasure. It is a most sympathetic book, although it contains almost nothing new to me. He does not touch the question of art at all, except literature, but he analyses very well our enjoyment of nature and of [2] many other things. He also holds consistently to the view that things are only beautiful because human beings find them so — a great advance on the semi-theological views of Beauty (spelt with a capital!) that most writers on aesthetics lay down.

Alys and Bertie are having a good time. But it is horrid of them not to come home for Christmas. Can’t we offer them \$150, since they seem to be so mercenary?!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Nov. 10, 1896

Dearest mother,

Shall I send back the grey trunk at once, or bring it when I come next month? I have meant to ask thee this ever since I came back! I could bring back both the grey trunks with me.

I think I had better write myself to B.F.C.C. about the Christmas holidays, but a little nearer the time. I particularly don't want to go to High Buildings as it would be too far away to [1.2] do the least good. The pleasure of being there is to have the children running in and out, and this they can do very well when we are in Copse Cottage.

I am hoping that Sturges will come down next month and join Logan here. I can give them each a bedroom and study in the west wing of the Villa, reserving for myself my big roof bedroom, the huge sitting room, and a little sitting room next to it. Nobody in the house would hear a sound from the others. Then [1.3] when I come home, Sturges and Logan might just as well stay on, the latter only moving into rooms near when I come back. There are nice furnished lodgings all about in the neighbourhood. I shall have Sturges as a guest, not paying — at any rate till I went away, and if Logan gave me 3 francs a day it would amply cover all extra expenses.

I don't like keeping a boarding house, and I don't think I need, as I seem to make plenty of pin money. The *Gazette* and the *Chronique* pay very well, the *Studio* owes [1.4] me a lot, and I sometimes get an odd commission for pronouncing judgment on a picture. I shall have, I hope, about £25 in hand for the children's Post Office account when I come back at Christmas. It is surprising to me how money comes. I never expect it and indeed if it were not for the blessed Annuity *sure*, I should be trembling in my shoes. By the way, wasn't there an application paper for me to sign?

Alys' letters are all most interesting. I am glad to think Grace is really coming over.

Tell Ray and Karin to write a tiny note to Hugh Morgan thanking him for all the things I sent today.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 14, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am glad your meetings went off so well. Did you decide to help Lady Henry with the Armenian refugees? The children will be glad to have thee back. I can imagine how they sprang to welcome thee!

Tell Ray I thought her long letter to thee was very fine — the writing was really beautiful, and the spelling — well, I can't say so much for *that*, but [1.2] I think it was an improvement. I am delighted she is getting so much interested in her stamp album. Tell them I want to hear what kind of a time they had with Amber and Beryl on Monday, when they went to lunch.

I had my first music lesson yesterday, and enjoyed it very much. I think I shall learn to play pretty well in <the> course of time. Buonamici said my fingers has kept [1.3] surprisingly limber. Placci came up to dinner with the Countess Rasponi, and we had lots of music in the evening.

Placci told us (in strict confidence) the Paget-Thomson famous "secret of art" they have been concreting the last few years. It is so funny that I haven't yet laughed enough at it. I vowed not to tell, but it is as funny as if some one found out that the secret of enjoying literature was to [1.4] eat sweets while you are reading!

Logan writes that he is coming next week. I am very glad. His rooms are already set in order. It is still curiously warm — too warm for a fire except in the evening.

With dearest love, and thanks to thee and to Aunt Margaret for all the news about the darling children,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Monday, Nov. 16, 1896

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday because I wasn't feeling very well, and I spent most of the day lying down — in fact, to confess the truth, asleep! I am all right again today (it was only in the cause of nature) and am writing in bed, while I sip my tea, so that Rosa may take the letter to the post when she goes up to Fiesole for the day's marketing.

My housekeeping is very simple, it consists in a conversation with Rosa every morning before I get up. She does all the marketing and ordering. The only [1.2] thing I have to think of is to remind her to order any special thing I may want during the week a few days ahead — such as game, a hare, a turkey, sweet-breads. She makes it awfully easy, and she is fairly good cook. I am battering and fattening at present our sweet potatoes, but it is a decline from my usual anti-fat diet, which I am keeping to with success. I am now about as this as I think I ought to be.

Please give my love and thanks to Aunt Margaret for all her kindness to the children. Ask her if she knows anything about the Ways? Placci met [1.3] Mr. Way travelling alone with his little boy last summer, and he said he was afraid to ask after the wife, for fear she had gone off with a Florentine man who was paying her great court.

I do hope father hasn't really got the shingles. I am awaiting today's letters with great interest to know. I thought it was a disease of overwork and underfeeding. But whatever he has, if it is itchy, I do sympathize with him from the bottom of my heart! I hope it isn't the effect of the ____ of High Buildings!

I was to have dined with the Sibyl of the Palmerino last [1.4] night, but as it proved I did not try to to. I sent a wire to Placci telling him to seek no further for the secret of the enjoyment of music, for I had found it. Each piece of music has a taste, and if you find the appropriate thing to eat while you listen to it, you will enjoy it properly. This is an exact analogy to Miss Paget's secret of pictures!

Rosa is waiting.

Farewell.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1896

Many thanks for thy letter containing Ray's "secret mark" and their stamps for Hugh Morgan. I am enchanted at hearing so much about them and from them. I will write tonight, but I am hurrying this off for the post, which goes in a minute.

Dearest love to all you blessed people. I am awfully sorry to hear that Father is so bad. It must be terribly uncomfortable,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Nov. 18, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am awfully worried by the only hint I have had of the increasing of thy bladder trouble, which Alys' letter mentions. If thee wants the operation at once, I will come straight home, and it will be such a pleasure to me. Please let me know. I feel sure I could make a very good nurse (extra), for I have just been through an operation and know all the feelings. [1.2] And, as some one said, "There is no such thing as a light operation. There are always after complications. I am awfully unhappy about it, and feel like going to thee at once, except that my presence, unless for some serious reason, might complicate matters. Please, I beg of thee, write me every detail about it. Does thee suffer any pain? What does the doctor say about it?

Thy letter about the children, with no word of thy own illness in it, was too delightful. I can [1.3] hear Ray reproving thee for "talking morals" to them when they were in for a spree. She has already the real Catholic notion about the difference between play-time and normal-time. Sweet angel! I hope she won't be spoiled by any Catholic ideas they put into her dear little head.

I am so glad Miss Fairchild likes them. I like her very much for that, and I liked her before immensely from all your descriptions of her.

Maud Cruttwell is here, and we are working very hard mounting [1.4] and cataloguing the whole collection of photographs, about 4,000 in all. It is an immense piece of work.

I hope for Logan in a day or two. The weather is too wonderful — tonight a radiant moon, and all the valley filled with blue mist. I had a dear little three months old American baby (with its parents) to lunch today, and greatly enjoyed holding it in my arms. The parents, a Professor and his wife from the Chicago University,⁶¹² think of taking a villa near mine from the same landlord. They are nicish people.

Do, do write me about thy health. I feel quite cut up that thee has said nothing [1] about it to me. And if I can be of use to thee, I will come back — certainly, if thee has the operation. And please don't take any meeting till thee is quite well.

With dearest love and a great deal of anxiety,
Thy daughter,

⁶¹² The entry for Mary's diary, Nov. 1, 1896: 'Also came Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, he a fresh-faced young "Prof. of Literature" from the University of Chicago, she with pretty hair, a genial but heavy sensuous temperament and a baby two months old whom she is nursing, and whom she keeps at night — modo Americano — to the ruin of her own sleep. They are Fafner's friends.'

Nov. 18, 1896: 'We spent all the day with the Lovetts, who came with their baby of 3 months to lunch. They were nicish.'



M.

At the top of the first page Hannah wrote "I wrote Mariechen that she need not worry, as I was not much different from when she was home. I shall not have the operation until after the holidays, and when thee is here to take my place with the children.



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M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter to her father Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Nov. 18, 1896

Dearest Father,

I have just sent on to Logan thy interesting letter about thy various spiritual re-incarnations. It appears thee is now trying to cast off thy bodily skin in a peculiarly uncomfortable way, and I am heartily sorry. Thee seemed so well and happy at Fernhurst — who could imagine the germs of this peculiarly aggravating [1.2] disease were ripening inside of thee?! It sounds most painful and distressing. how did thee get it in the wholesome air and quiet life of High Buildings? Trevy and Sturges must have been too mentally wearing for thee!

I wish I could open out my lovely view of the Val d'Arno to cheer thee from thy window. It is bad to be ill anywhere, but worst of all in London, except for the good doctoring and nursing and the various conveniences. Mother sends thy [1.3] bulletin every day, but so far it is not a very encouraging one. She says thee is threatened with a month's confinement.

Thy chats from High Buildings will be greatly missed, but do continue them fro thy sick-room when thee is up to writing. Write more of thy reminiscences, and tell us more of the philosophy life has taught thee — “by age taught many things, Age and the Muses.”⁶¹³ I feel convinced there is no “truth”, but only a varying relation of the soul with its [1.4] environment, hence the wisdom of youth and age cannot be the same. To get the same equation you must have the same or equivalent factors. The world +30 cannot equal the world +70.

We are having our usual quota of amusement out of Miss Paget. We call her now altogether “Violet in Wonderland”. The mere name has seemed to reconcile people in a surprising way to many of her most annoying freaks.

I do hope thee is already getting better. Continue thy Daily Chronicle when thee can.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁶¹³ Matthew Arnold, “The Strayed Reveller”

I am Ulysses.
And thou, too, sleeper?
Thy voice is sweet.
It may be thou hast follow'd
Through the islands some divine bard,
By age taught many things,
Age and the Muses;
And heard him delighting
The chiefs and people
In the banquet, and learn'd his songs.



M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 21, 1896

Dearest mother,

I have just sent to M. Ephrussi the proofs of a little article I have written on a certain picture in the Louvre, and I have asked him to send thee a copy of the *Gazette* when it comes out, which will probably be December 1st. I am having lots of small articles in the *Chronique*, but they are all deadly dull. I keep them in a file, but they really aren't worth keeping in Family Records.

Which reminds me — has [1.2] thee begun thy Autobiography yet? Please try to force thyself, for once! to write a few words about thyself, and answer me this question.

Dear little Ray! how good and teachable she is — *too* good, I am afraid. For there are never wanting people to impose on those who are too good. I had a most charming letter from Sturges about them. He was awfully pleased once when Karin, in her affectionate way, kissed him while they were playing whist — it was the first [1.3] caress of purely instinctive comforting fondness he had had since his mother died, and it made him glow with a moment's happiness. Tell this to Karin and Rya, so that if they go down to the country again they will be kind and nice to him. He has nobody to care much for him — at any rate that he can care for. That sister was not encouraging!

Maud Cruttwell is staying here, and she is so funny I am kept in a continual simmer of suppressed laughter. She has been reading Plato (in a translation) and [1.4] she says it is the first thing that has ever 'taught her to think'. I do not myself believe that thinking is a habit suddenly to be acquired at 37, nor do I see the faintest trace in her, but simply the most grotesque dance of platitudes that pose in her brain like a ballet of thin old, out-at-elbows dancers, long past their prime.

We went together to call today on some old friends of thine from the Broadlands days — does thee remember them? The Jeaffresons.⁶¹⁴ He used to have the church of St. Augustine at Kilburn. They have bought a Villa quite near [2] and have done it up with real English comfort, so that it is *lovely*. They even have a maid in English cap and apron. He is writing theological works, and she flutters about making acquaintances, as if the Fiesolan hill were an English county. I shall take Logan to see them when he comes — if the wretch ever does appear!

I am getting very much interested in my music. It is a [2.2] real struggle not to give it more than an hour a day. I have got some old songs, and Miss

⁶¹⁴ Herbert Hammond Jeaffreson (†1909) studied at Trinity College, Cambridge.

'Mrs. Jeaffreson, the widow of his loved and honoured chaplain, Herbert Hammond Jeaffreson, had prepared a cottage for him on the grounds of her beautiful Villa degli Angeli, looking out over Florence.' Arthur James Mason, *Life of William Edward Collins, Bishop of Gibraltar* (1912), p. 174



Buttles is coming up to try them tomorrow.

I am thinking of taking up Greek again — if only I had the time! I suppose I should get more pleasure out of it “as my age increases” than out of anything else. I could do. But I must draw the line somewhere, and I have so many things on hand. Being so well now, I feel as if I had lots of spare energy. And [2.3] this kind of quiet, studious life suits me perfectly. I am never bored a single moment. If only — ho! if only I could have the children in my extra wing, and Friday’s Hill next door, where I could always see thee and father whenever I wanted to, I should be absolutely contented — or at least it seems to me now that I should!

Tell me where thee has put Miss Fairchild.

And are Uncle Horace and Aunt Margaret still there?

Didn’t thee receive the packet of wedding post-cards I sent? [2.4]

I should like that Delmonico Cook Book, even if it is 12/6. Buy it and use it till I come. I will bring it back with me. Rosa, my cook, is so clever, I am sure she can learn all sorts of things from it. Do try to get sweet potatoes in London — they are really delicious.

Hugh Morgan is coming to see me tomorrow, tell the children, and I will give him *Undaunted*,⁶¹⁵ which arrived yesterday.

With oceans of love, and hopes that poor father is not suffering much now.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> <Monday,> Nov. 23, 1896

Dearest mother,

Logan was only waiting for his money. I sent it on to him at once, re-registering the letter, so he must have received it yesterday, and I expect he will come tomorrow. I will send back Alys' letter as soon as he has seen it.

My article on Obrist's embroideries is in this month's *Studio* (published at 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden), and I should be glad to have one sent to Aunt Lill and one to Evelyn. The latter's address is 39 Washington Square, New York. It does not seem to me to read very well, and I feel disgusted with attempting to journalize. However, it is far better than anything [1.2] in that paper. It makes me sick to be printed next to such an article as the one immediately before mine.

I did not write today. I meant to, but the Lovetts came to lunch, and then I went in to Placci's to hear Buonamici play. Placci has hurt his knee rather seriously in a bicycle fall — he can't move.

I do hope Miss Fairchild was able to put some of her really excellent notions about children's education into B.F.C.C.'s head _____

words lost in a fold

if she did. I feel he understands nothing about child (or woman) psychology. And *how* I hope it will be all right for Christmas! Has Miss Fairchild taught the children to "relax" yet? I hope she will.

I simply *adore* Ray for making up her little mind to find out the "mystery". I think I can tell her, quite tactfully, enough to put her curiosity entirely to rest. The darling angel. She begins to seem a real person.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter to Robert on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Nov. 23, 1896

Dearest Father,

Many thanks for they letter, and thanks to Uncle Horace for writing it. Thee certainly has been having an awful time, and I hate to think of all thee has had to endure. Thee seemed to be really happy in the quiet rustic life, planting trees and enjoying nature. I don't think thee has been at all fairly rewarded [1.2] for attempting to live a simple life. Is this attack the result of under-nourishment from leaving off meat?

I do hope thee will be well again by the time I come home, in a little less than four weeks I think. How long does the irritation last? *That* part I can warmly sympathize in, owing to my experiences with Italian fleas. And yet that must be literally and [1.3] metaphorically, a mere flea-bite compared to what thee has suffered.

I am greatly enjoying the return to music in my old age. I am beginning to practise again, as a resource for later years, when I think I shall very much enjoy the power to play well.

I expect Logan tomorrow and he will be very welcome. I saw today a lodging that would do excellently well for Sturges — quite near the [1.4] tram, and with a lovely view.

It is so late and I am so tired from a long walk. I will not do more now than wish thee a good night —surcease from pain and pleasant dreams!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Tuesday <? Nov. 24, 1896>

Please send a *Studio* to William James, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. and one to Mrs. H. A. Davis, 170 W. 77th Street, New York, marking both "With best regards from Mary Logan Costelloe."

No word from that wretched Logan today — and I hoped he would surely come.

Thanks for thy post-card. Don't *let* people — even the blessed children — make thee do too much. Be resolute in refusing to slave after thee is tired!

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Nov. 24, 1896

Dearest mother,

A wire from Logan says he will arrive tomorrow evening. I shall drive down to meet him. It will be so nice having him here, I am looking forward to it immensely.

I went to several places today to try to get one of Ray's designs made into a candlestick. They seemed to think it was too difficult, but I am still in hope of one place. I hope it will be done by Christmas. Will thee ask Meatyard to make me two pairs of stilts, also for their Christmas? [1.2] They can learn to walk on them down in the country. I think they will enjoy it immensely. I wonder what else I can get them? I suppose they are really too young for watches? I could get them little silver watches here for 16 francs, which work very well. They are guaranteed for a year. But perhaps it would be nicer to have a gold watch come as a surprise at an age when they can appreciate it. What does thee think?

I have been in town all the afternoon shopping and calling. I called to see poor Placci who has hurt his knee very seriously with the bicycle. he is so popular that when I [1.3] arrived there was already a great string of carriages at his door, and scores of countesses and marquises inside calling upon him! I left him my article on Obrist to read, which he had asked me for.

Do be careful not to get too tired, dearest mother. One invalid in the house is already too much, and after all nothing thee could possibly leave undone would have half such a bad result as thy falling ill — or even going down the least bit in health. Thee was an angel to go in and comb the children's hair. I am sure they blessed thee for it. But Ray at any rate is old enough to comb her own hair by now. She goes slowly, but [1.4] she *can* do it, for I let her do it last summer, and she managed very nicely.

It has suddenly turned to winter here, a piercing wind and frosty nights. It is the first touch of cold.

I do hope poor father is better. Has he a good nurse?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Thursday, Nov. 26, 1896

Dearest mother,

Logan arrived last night, having spent the night before at Ferrara. He seemed to be glad to get here, and he liked all the arrangements I had made for him. I had an electric bell put beside his bed, to ring when he wakes up and wants his hot water. I have bought some bundles of large twigs at a penny apiece, which blaze up quickly and make a warm [1.2] fire for half an hour, and I have told Pia to give him one every morning to dress by. When he is nearly dressed, he is to ring his bell again, and Pia will bring his coffee into his study and put it by the fire. I think he really will be very comfortable.

Last night was unfortunately very windy, and door and windows *shivered* all over the house, so that I fear he did not sleep well. However, as it is now 10 o'clock and he has not yet rung, I hope he is making up for the disturbances [1.3] of the night. He says send the "Montaigne and Shakspeare".

Alas! I am sure there is no such thing as an easy operation. It is the getting well that is so hard. But I think it would be wise for thee to have it done, because it must be inconvenient not to stand and walk. Alys will nurse thee like an angel, and I will stay on a week or ten days to help her. I am sure I can easily do this. Logan has no plans. I fancy if he is comfortable here and starts working, he will stay on until early spring. [1.4]

I am waiting now to hear about the holidays. I trust it will be all right.

I will return Alys' letter by a later post. Logan has not yet finished with it.

We are both awfully glad to hear that Father is making such a good recovery. All the same, he must be very careful!

O of course Logan got his money all right. I told him how thee seemed to think we were certain to lose it between us. I said thee felt like taking the trains and coming to see after it thyself!

With love to thee and father,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Friday evening, Nov. 27, 1896

Dearest mother,

I return Alys' letter, which I read to Logan this morning while he was eating his breakfast. We both enjoyed it very much.

Last night we had a real Thanksgiving dinner, at which we gave sincere thanks for being in Florence and not in Germantown!⁶¹⁶ We spent the evening recalling the experiences of our childhood, particularly in Aunt Lill's Sunday school class.

Today when I went down for [1.2] my music lesson, Logan went to the dentist's, had his teeth examined and made an appointment for Monday. The poor fellow is always having something the matter with his teeth. This time it is a gold crown that suddenly came off as he was eating his dinner at Ferrara.

So thee and Aunt Margaret spent your Thanksgiving going to see *Little Eyolf*? I do want to hear what thee thought of it. It was the play that ended my enthusiasm for Ibsen. I thought it excellent [1.3] as moral, but hopeless as art. I wonder if it acts in a possible way. They all talk too much, and seem to carry their minds and emotions about in their hands like watches which they can turn on to any hour they please. But all the same, one feels it wouldn't have much real influence upon the actual time of day. But do please tell me how it impressed thee.

How charming about the children's "romances". Some people keep the romancing faculty all their lives. Old Tolstoi still dreams waking dreams, not unlike [1.4] the children. I used to think it was a sin, and struggle against it. But I have ceased struggling, and now every night before I go to sleep I have a most lovely dream of things the children and I do together. What marvellous operas I write! What wonderful pictures I paint! I am by turns the finest architect, a poet, and sculptor the world has ever had, and the children are always there, playing about in my dreams.

Thank Karin for her nice drawing of the Boy on the Ocean, and give them both my love.

I am glad to hear father is down once more.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶¹⁶ Mary's diary, Nov. 26, 1896: 'Called on Miss Paget, who was charming. We had a Thanksgiving turkey, and gave thanks for being in Italy, not in America.'

This is the only Thanksgiving dinner which Mary mentions during the 1890s.



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Nov. 28, 1896

On Monday when I go down to town I will get those post-cards. The others must have been stolen in the post. Italians are such thieves — that is to say, official Italians. I was an idiot not to register the packet.

Logan seems very contented here. We called on Miss Paget today and arranged to dine there on Monday. Tomorrow we are going over to call at the Princess Ghika's, but not *on* the Princess, on her friend, who rejoices in the name of "Baby" Blood.

Miss Paget has offered to give me singing lessons, and I am to begin next week! Soon we shall be able to give a cat's concert together.

We are so glad to hear of Father's astonishing recovery. But he must have suffered atrociously. I have sent his letters to Alys.

Tell the children I have already begun buying Christmas presents for them!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

Fiesole, <Sunday,> Nov. 29, 1896

Dearest mother,

Logan says he doesn't want to decide about coming home just yet. He seems very comfortable, and I think he will probably stay, especially if Sturges comes to occupy the Villa while I am gone. It would be nice to have a family reunion when Alys and Bertie get back, but at the same time I should like him to stay on until Spring. It is awfully pleasant having him here. About 9 he always rings the electric bell I had put up beside his bed (by that time I am up and at my music), and Pia goes to pen his shutters and light a quick fire, beside which he takes his bath. At about half past he rings again, and Pia takes him his breakfast in his study. He consumes two large rolls [1.2] with home-made jam and coffee. What he does from that time till 12 I don't know. I suspect him of toasting his feet and reading the Russell case, but he will not confess to it. In the afternoon he take a walk with me, or goes down to Florence. After dinner we sit and smoke for an hour, and he then goes to his study. Tomorrow he is going to the dentist's and in the evening we are going to dine at Miss Paget's.

What strikes me as odd is that both Logan and I should like so much a perfectly quiet, uneventful life, with very few friends and no stirring ambitions. It seems queer for the children of thee and father, doesn't it? But our "ideal life", which we often speak of, is very much what we are leading now, with a few friends to talk to, [1.3] and plenty of quiet and solitude with our books. Mr. Hamilton came to break our quiet today, and Logan gave him a "Thinking Lesson" about his views of the world, which turned out most interesting. Janet Dodge also was here, and her "Thinking Lesson" was most amusing. Logan liked her much more than he had done.

I curse Alys every Sunday, for that day brings either Miss Dibblee or the fear of her! She came in person today, and was too boring for words. And yesterday Ma Horne descended upon me, or rather ascended to me. But that is my own responsibility, for I had to make her acquaintance in order to hear the harpsichord.

The nicest thing that happened today, tell Ray and Karin, was a visit from the two little Morgans, who came down all by themselves to write [1.4] the enclosed marvellous letter on my type-writer. They have made a wonderful owl — a "Howly" — for the children, but they said not to send it at the same time with the letter, but a day or two later. Ray and Karin must send them some kind of an answer, for I believe the greatest fun these little boys have is thinking about them and making things for them. The children are to puzzle out the address, which is meant for "Charing Cross Square, Moscow" and then a word in a strange, unknown language. They are dear little boys, particularly Hugh, who says he can hardly wait until he knows Ray and Karin.



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Tell Ray I think Sylvia is such a pretty name. I will bring home a little turquoise breast pin shaped like a frog for Ray to give Sylvia for Christmas, and another for Karin to give to her special friend if she has one. [1]

Our love to Father. I hope thee sometimes sends my letters to Alys, for much as I have revelled in her letters, I have hardly written to her at all.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Tuesday,> Dec. 1, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am sending the Marriage post cards by a registered package today. I hope they will arrive safely. Logan was a perfect angel, and bought them in town when he went to the dentist's yesterday.

We dined with Miss Paget last night. She was very agreeable. She told us that instead of the Bible she was brought up on George Combe's *Constitution of Man*,⁶¹⁷ a deistic treatise mixed with phrenology. Logan said his childish idea of God was man-shaped cloud, "diaphanous yet burly".

I will get watches for the children or rather, I think it would be best to get them in London. Waterbury watches attached to little breast pins is what I dream of. Silver plated, they won't cost more than 20/ each if so much. Miss Buttles got a very nice one for 12/6.

Love to Father. I hope he goes on improving.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶¹⁷ George Combe (1788-1858) was the leader and spokesman for the phrenological movement for more than twenty years. He founded the Edinburgh Phrenological Society in 1820 and was the author of *The Constitution of Man* (1828).



M-HS 1896.____

a letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Dec. 1, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am of course disappointed at Frank's letter, chiefly for the children's sake, for they love the country so, and enjoy excursions. And then thee will hate the journey to Paris. But I suppose I must be constitutionally optimistic, for I see several alleviations. I think we can make them have a good time there — and fortunately I have a little extra money, so that we can be comfortable, and do everything we want to do. If the weather is fine, we can take them for a row [1.2] at Versailles, which they enjoyed so much before, and then there is the skating, and theatres, and the circus, and plenty of amusements. I expect their father will not interfere very much, and we can arrange things very nicely. I must come back to London for a few days, for some necessary business, and to see Alys and Bertie. Perhaps we can smuggle in a day or two in the country, or if not, we can take them to skate at Niagara, and to swim and generally to have a very good time.

Now thee must find out just where they are going to stay, and I will go to Paris a day or two ahead, and get comfortable warm rooms for [1.3] ourselves close by. If I could, I should like to go into a French family, for I want awfully to learn to speak French, and I shall devote all my spare moments to it. I shall have in a piano for a fortnight too, for Buonamici tells me it is very important just in the beginning not to drop my practising. Thee will bring the books and paints and so on, and I think we can have a very cosy time. I really prefer it for myself, if only we can make the children as happy and thee as comfortable. (In fact, thee could hardly be more uncomfortable than last Christmas!) I shan't let thee walk a step, but [1.4] shall give thee cabs everywhere, and it will be a pleasure to think that I have made a little money that I can spend on making thee comfortable.

Do not, of course, let on to B.F.C.C. that this is anything but a very great disappointment to me. But au fond, I think we can manage very nicely indeed. Dr. Bull is most friendly to thee, and I think his presence will be an advantage.

Please send me word at once about the place where they will stay, so that I can make enquiries. I will go to Paris about the 21st, and spend a night at my usual hotel, and then look for our place.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter to Alys on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Dec. 2, 1896

Dearest Alys,

I am really ashamed of not having sent these letters before. I can't think why I didn't. Nor have I written. I hope to see thee and Bertie in something over a month.

To mother's and my sorrow, and the children's unfeigned disappointment, B.F.C.C. has decided to take them to Paris for Christmas. I shall go of course, and Mother says she will come too. I shall try to make her very comfortable, and never let her walk a step. **Berenson has made a lot of money**, and I have helped in [1.2] it, and so I shall be able to see that she has everything to make her comfortable. I shall give the children and Miss Clare bicycle lessons and take them to skate. I fancy we can have a good time, in spite of B.F.C.C. If thee comes before the 11th I shall make mother go back to meet thee, and come myself when the children come. I want to have a week with you before coming back.

Logan seems contented here, and he is planning to stay. We have decided to be very *hautains*⁶¹⁸ about *The Golden Urn*, and print it (**at Berenson's expense**) and send [1.3] it to the small company of the worthy — at any rate the first few numbers. If it seems popular and children cry for it, we shall “consider the advisability” of accepting subscriptions.

Miss Paget is going to teach me singing ——! We shall soon be able to give Cats' Concerts *insieme*.

Logan so touched our hearts about his dear Bensons that we laid aside our principles and ordered a *copy of a Giorgione* from Mr. Benson. However, it is [1.4] to be in England — at High Buildings — not here! Logan was awfully pleased about it.

We are getting on very nicely, but very, very quietly. Miss Dibblee, Ma Buttles and Ma Horne are my chief curses. They and B.F.C.C. keep me from taking too rosy a view of human nature!

I do long to see and hear you. I am sure you have a million observations you haven't had time to write.

Farewell — in affection and impatience,

Thy,
Gummidge

⁶¹⁸ haughty.



M-HS 1896.____

a letter to Robert on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Friday,> Dec. 4, 1896

Dearest Father,

I am awfully sorry to hear that thee is suffering so with neuralgia. It must be frightful. Has thee tried the effect of hot sponges? They say that drives it away. But perhaps it comes just in places where the new skin is forming, and where it would simply add to the torture to apply hot sponges. I am sure thee is glad to think that human beings don't have to cast off each year "their bright skins like the snake." I only [1.2] hope it *will* 'be explained to thee hereafter.' If one were sure of that it would be something, but one is haunted by the feeling that perhaps there is no explanation.

Logan and I are getting along very comfortably. He seems to be settled in for a good stay, and he has begun to write the introduction for the first number of *The Golden Urn*. I am going to have my first Singing Lesson from Miss Paget tomorrow, and i shall ask her to write for us the account she gave us the other night of her Deistic bringing up. [1.3]

How interesting Alys' letters are! They make a quantity of people seem real when I had utterly forgotten.

I enclose some stamps for the children, sent by their devoted Uncle Logan. He wants to print one of their "Thinking Lessons" in *The Golden Urn*, and I shall give it to him, as that Scotch Firm who took them — Patrick Geddes & Co. — appears to be not flourishing and not likely to be able to print them.

I hear the children are to go to Paris for Christmas. Of course I shall go there to be with [1.4] them, but I am sorry to think this will delay my hoe-coming. I shall scarcely be there when Alys arrives, but I shall come for a week or so a little later. It seems too bad we are all away when thee is so ill, and we might help to amuse thee. But thee has an infinitely charming "cheerer of men's hearts" in the radiant Miss Fairchild.

How I hope to hear soon that thy sufferings are abated.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

Don't have anything to do with that "picture by Paul Veronese"!



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M-HS 1896.____

a postcard printed 'Per le nozze di S.A.R. il Principe di Napoli con la principessa Elena di Montenegro — XXIV ottobre MDCCCC'⁶¹⁹

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Dec. 5, 1896

I hope the other six of this kind I sent — registered — arrived safely. This is late Saturday night and I only send a note to say that we are well. Logan is full of plans for the *Golden Urn*.

Tell Ray I do sympathize with her about Sylvia.⁶²⁰ I hope poor Karin has found a special friend!

Love to Father.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶¹⁹ Princess Elena Petrović-Njegoš of Montenegro, the wife of Victor Emmanuel III, was Queen of Italy from 1900 until 1946.

⁶²⁰ Sylvia Vidal, who appears in the summer camp photo of August 1898?



M-HS 1896.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Dec. 6, 1896

Dearest mother,

Tell Ray and Karin that I will send tomorrow three little frog breast pins made of turquoise with ruby eyes that they can give as presents to the little children, Beryl, Amber and Sylvia — who come to their party — no, I will send four in case Ivy comes too. I have other things for them when *real* Christmas comes, so they mustn't mind giving these away. Tell them I wish I could be at their party, and please give them 10/ each to spend in getting what they want for it (this is to save thee expense). Charge it to me, and I will pay thee all when I come back. I am looking forward to Paris with great pleasure, and I shall do my best to make thee comfortable there, and the children happy.

Some lovely furniture Logan bought for me in Venice has just come. He has great taste!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on plain writing paper

<Fiesole, Monday,> Dec. 7, 1896

Dearest mother,

I am too tired to send more than a line. Do tell me a little more about Ray's "dear friend" — or rather what Ray says of her. Does she think her beautiful! Does she put her in her dreams?

Logan came with me to Placci's today to hear them (Placci and Buonammici) play Mozart and Haydn and Brahms. Several whirlwinds of Italian countesses came in, but afterwards we got quiet, and had some very lovely music.

Obrist is coming down for a few days at the end of this week. I have not heard whether he is pleased with my article or not.

Thee might send the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, which I ordered sent to thee, to Aunt Lill, with my love,. I will get thee another when we are in Paris, if thee wants it for that alarming mountain of "Family Records." Could thee read the French? They will pay me about £15 for it.

With dearest love, and hopes that poor Father is suffering less,

Thy loving daughter,

Mary



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M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Dec. 9, 1896

Dearest mother,

I think the enclosed watches will do very well, especially if they guarantee them — as I have no doubt they will — for a year. Will thee get them and bring them to Paris? The disadvantage of a Paris watch would be the distance, in case it wanted to be repaired, and it is better to send it to the place where it was made. I love to think how [1.2] the little dears will enjoy them!

Logan is taking a great interest in my little garden, and is planning all sorts of beautifications. Tomorrow we are to have an experienced man come to consult about the soil, etc. The little patch in the corner of the vill is shaped like this:

sketch

this at present is filled with pebbly [1.3] paths and scraggly rose bushes. Logan's idea is this —

sketch

the plain part sward, the specked part a gravel path, the dark part beds of bright tall flowers, and vases of pinks on the wall. It will be a great improvement. Logan thinks he will stay on for a while. He had an idea of coming home for Christmas and then coming back, but he dreads the journey. He will stay until [1.4] the middle of February, as he now thinks.

We had a jolly evening last night, sitting till nearly 11, talking over our remembrances of childhood, and the fates and fortunes of our whole old "circle", as Father would call it. We ended, as usual, with a hymn of Thanksgiving for being in Europe, and with blessings on those who made money enough for us to live on. We pictures our lives without money ——!

I wish Father could have heard our expressions [1] of gratitude to him, and of sympathy with his long tiresome journeys in the West to make our fortunes!

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1896.____

a three-page letter to Alys on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
Strachey, p. 68-69

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Dec. 12, 1896

Dearest Antilu,

It is I who feel ashamed of my few and scrappy letters. Nor have I any excuse. I have leisure, stamps, a pen filled with ink, a pretty wit, and much affection. 'Yet I have not sent thee any real "efforts."' Well a day! Thus do we neglect what we most care for. To think that some demon moved me to send a long and brilliant epistle to — Frau von der Hellen!

This is my last chance, for [1.2] you will be sailing so soon. Of course thee has heard of the Paris plan. (Father thinks it is "so much better all round than the country" — — — !!) (he is going there next week himself).

Well, poor mother will be torn in two — she will so much want to met you when you first arrive. I shall send her back and wait for the children. We shan't go to the country at all, but I shall stay in [1.3] London until about the middle of January, and then come straight here. Logan will stay on. He is happy here, and gets on well with Berenson, and digs in the garden, and I think he himself, like his bulbs, has actually taken root. Thee can imagine how glad I am. We are making "the beach" into a formal garden, and filling the house with Empire furniture and faded hangings. **Berenson is recovering** [1.4] **his Greek**, and I my music, so we think in time we shall become civilized. We are choosing out for *The Golden Urn* all the "real poetry" in Shakspeare, [sic] lines, half lines, words. We almost fainted away with joy over the line

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang"

Logan brings out all his note-books, and we talk shop by the hour.

But more material cares oppress me.

I have the Signora Triulzi [2] every day to work for about 8 hours, mounting the photographs, and I am trying to catalogue them. **There are 12 or 15 thousand**, and I think it will be months before they are finished. In the midst comes an urgent command for a third edition of *The Venetians*. Like father's favourite Snake which casts off its bright skin yearly, so we cast off old attributions to take on new ones. There are hundreds of changes to be made, and all [2.2] the new collections to be added, and I feel at my wit's end. The worst is, we nearly always quarrel while we are working over the lists. And quarrelling doesn't go with the gilded furniture and fantastic carpets. Neither does work, for that matter.

We expected Obrist tomorrow, but a telegram came saying he was in bed with influenza, so we are all relieved. We are really too busy, and Logan did not look forward with rapture to his [2.3] visit.

Do not expect me to "play" for some years yet. It's an awful business, and i am merely storing up honey for wintry years. My present performances resemble the joltings of a goods train.



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Janet is in high feather, because Miss Paget came to hear her spinet, and Placci is going to hear it. It really gives her a certain standing — *elle est quelqu'une*. But she is diminishing ——!

No, I have heard nothing of [2.4] Prince Borghese, but **Placci's going to stay there**, and then we shall here. [*sic*] He is as nice as ever, Placci, and we rather like Miss (of all names) Blood, who lives at the Gamberaia. I believe no new planets have swum into our ken, though many recurrent comets have flashed across the skies.

How nice the Hodders sound!

Banish all thoughts from thy mind of giving High Buildings to the Dukes. Civilization etc. etc. etc. will be much more furthered by our having a group of [3] congenial spirits at Fernhurst, than by anything else we could do. And *col tempo ci arriveremo*.

Grace sounds splendid. How I hope she is really coming in the spring. It is a most interesting situation. I can well remember the queer feelings I had when I ceased being merely a member of a "family circle", and went my own way. Millions of thoughts, of feelings, rushed in upon me. I thought it would be possible to "face things [3.2] as they are." It was a fine time, in some ways. Certainly the whole of life has seemed very different ever since, but of course the excitement has faded away. The discoveries of yesterday became the commonplaces of today. But I well remember the excitement of finding out that I was a "human being". Now I sometimes fall back to thinking it is as well to be a Woman. This would now be the exciting paradox. [3.3]

Have you read Maeterlinck's *Aglavaine et Sélysette*? Do.

Farewell. Thanks for thy letter. In thy *orisons* be all my sins remembered.

Mrs. Gummidge



M-HS 1896.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Dec. 13, 1896

Dearest mother,

Will thee pay the enclosed bill of 5/ for me please? Also, to state all my "business" at once, will thee make a note to bring some of that chilblain cure to Paris — several bottles, and also enough English grass seed to plant about a quarter of an acre? They say it is no use trying to get a lawn with Italian grass seed. And Logan and I are very keen upon a little patch of smooth lawn We have induced [1.2] the landlord to cut down a big sumac tree, and he is going half with all the cost — and more, for he gives us parts and wires for the green "pergola" — a trellis-walk free. His own passion is gardening, and therefore he is delighted we have taken it up.

How sweet of Sturges to send Christmas presents for the children! I really think, however, we had better keep the money till Paris — they are sure to see things they want there. I shall write to thank him myself. We are most anxious to know when he is coming here — we have even [1.3] found an excellent valet for him, but he *will* not say!

We were expecting Obrist, but he telegraphed last night that he was in bed with influenza, so I don't know when he will come.

Tomorrow I am going to see the famous exhibition of modern pictures which is turning Florence topsy turvy. It does not open regularly until the 19th, but I am going to write about it for the *Gazette*, and also for the *Studio*. Maud Cruttwell will help me with the latter, [1.4] and sign the article. She is pleased to death at the idea of getting some writing to do, and I can remember so well my own pleasure at my first few literary adventures that it pleases me to give her the opportunity of experiencing the same emotions.

The horn of Janet Dodge is very much exalted, because I took Miss Paget to hear her spinet, and the lady liked it. Better still, I am going to take Placci on Wednesday. The originality of the instrument, and the curious

the second page now missing

[1] Did thee ever ask Aunt Margaret about Mrs. Way? Has Miss Fairchild gone?



M-HS 1896.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Tuesday,> Dec. 15, 1896

Dearest mother,

I should think those 12/6 watches from Barker's would do, but if thee thinks a really pretty watch in a case would be enough of a present from me (besides sweets and some little brooches I have), then get the prettily coloured ones for £2.10 in the advertisement. I can afford it. I should think the opal colour would be the best as it goes [1.2] with everything. I do think a velvet case adds immensely — it gives a kind of splendour!

What interesting letters from Alys. Logan and I have laughed and laughed over that idiotic young Prof. Norton and his lecture on Womanhood. I hope Carey took him down a little — or rather, a good deal!

I am just rushing off to see the Exhibition of modern pictures. Tell Ray and Karin that thee and I are having a secret correspondence about Christmas presents! [1]

With much love to father and kisses to the Angels,
Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1896.____
a note without date
<Fiesole, 1896?>

Dearest mother,

I am *so* sorry about Uncle James.⁶²¹ It is hard to believe, and I think I can well understand how it seems to upset the foundations of thy world. I [1.2] do hope he will get better, and live quietly for a long time yet, perhaps coming over to stay with thee for a while in his convalescence.

But people do sometimes die of broken hearts. Gertrude did, poor thing. Her disappointment in her husband was the beginning of all her trouble.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶²¹ Hannah's brother.

When did James Whitall die?

In 1699 James Whitall purchased the plantation on the Delaware River at Red Bank. In 1748 he built his home of brick, now known as the Whitall Mansion. On the north gable of the house are the letters "I.A.W." and the date "1748," indicating that the builder was James Whitall. His wife Ann was a sister of John Cooper, a member of the Continental Congress in 1776.



M-HS 1896.____
a note without date
<Fiesole, 1896?>

Dearest mother,

The weather here is miraculous. Yesterday I sat on my balcony under an umbrella, with no wraps, from 2 to 5.30, just watching the changes of light on the hills, the opal mists and deepening blues, and the filmy distant lilac. It is positively [1.2] divine, and today is the same. I now sleep with windows and blinds wide open to lose no minute of such sky. Strange to say the morning light — even sunshine — no longer disturbs me.

I wish I could send you dear people some of this heavenly beauty!

Thy loving daughter.



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1897

M-HS 1897.____

a two-page letter to Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Sunday,> Feb. 14, 1897

Dearest Father,

Logan and I received thy letters today, and I have already sent them on to London. We hate to think thee is still suffering that endless pain, but surely it will go away in that climate, particularly now thee can walk again. We laughed [1.2] a good deal over thy worse than Job's comforters, and decided that they must be English — Americans would certainly have more tact.

The proof of *the Golden Urn* has come, at last, and we hope to send thee the real paper in a week. to our fond eyes it looks very nice indeed.

I laugh a great deal at Logan who poses as a Hermit, for if by chance there is no one here to tea, [1.3] he invariably finds some excuse for going out to have tea with some one in Florence, or living in the Villas round about. And he delights in having people staying here. In short, people are his "material", and I must say he studies them well, noting a hundred traits that pass by without attracting the attention of ordinary people. This makes him very good company, for he is very skillful in drawing them out (for his [1.3] own purposes!) and he has a sympathetic manner. I do enjoy having him here.

Today we went to call on a lady named Mrs. Ross, the third of "Three Generations of famous English Gentlewomen". She is an interesting character.

Tomorrow we have tea at the Placcis, to hear Buonamici play, and on Tuesday we are going with Herbert Horne etc. to Siena for a week. (Address Poste Restante, Siena.) [2]

I am 33 years old today — the third of a century. It is quite an epoch. The children sent me two little pieces of fancy-work done by their own hands, and two letters. Otherwise the important day was without commemoration. But Logan and I, talking over our years, as we were walking to Mrs. Ross', decided that we found life immensely [2.2] pleasant, in spite of all the troubles in the world. In short, we both are blessed with happy temperaments — the very most precious blessing our parents could have given us! Outshining genius would surely have brought pain, but a cheerful temperament has no drawbacks!

Thy "character" is very interesting — we read it several times.

With love and all good wishes,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a one-page letter to Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Monday,> Feb. 15, 1897

Dearest Father,

We are just on the eve of starting for Siena — we go tomorrow at 11.40 and reach there about 3. We are going to take over lots of books of poetry to read in the evenings, all Coleridge and *The Golden Treasury*.

This reminds me to tell thee that we laughed a great deal today over *The Golden* [1.2] *Tin*. I am afraid both Logan and I have *inherited* bad handwriting!!

It is too awful that thy pain continues. We cannot bear to think of it, yet it keeps coming up into our minds and onto our lips all the time. What a disappointment that the soft air has not melted it out.

Sig. Buonomici, who was playing to us this afternoon, had just returned from giving a concert at San Remo. He [1.3] gave a glowing description of the warmth and spring flowers.

A note from Zangwill today says he is in Venice with his two sisters, and that they are coming here soon and will come up to have tea. He wants to take them one of our favourite walks where, “as you say, the earth exhibits her naked ribs”. He goes on, “I trust Logan will be in canonicals and I may be permitted to see one of the services — perhaps a tip to Rosa will secure admission to the chapel, where she will explain to me the ritual and the martyrology.” The martyrology is a good touch! (A lovely letter from sister _____ today tell her E..)

We lead such peaceful, innocent lives here there is almost nothing to tell — certainly no mis-doings (which would be interesting), and very few doings that are worth recording.

We have re-read thy “character” and find it most interesting.

I will write to thee from Siena. We shall be at the Grand Hotel.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

When did Robert go to Cannes to die? He dies on Apr. 17, 1898



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter to Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Grand Hotel, Siena, <Thursday,> Feb. 18, 1897

My dearest Father,

We have had a very busy day of sight-seeing, and I am almost too tired to write much tonight. Contrary to his usual habit, Logan came out this morning, and we visited churches and monasteries, and saw beautiful palaces. One, built of red brick, by a famous architect of the XVI, Peruzzi, is [1.2] for sale for about £1,000 — a marvellously beautiful house, well-situated, with a garden. **We felt we should like to have houses, like Browning's, son, all over Italy — and certainly this would be one of our first.**

In the afternoon we got a horse and drove ourselves out to a famous villa on a neighbouring hill, Belcaro. The sunset was marvellous. **We wanted to buy that Villa too!**

At a monastery on the [1.3] way, Logan quite fell in love with a mysterious early picture of a Madonna. He says he thinks that the admiration for these early masters is entirely affected, and he won't believe anyone can really like Duccio and Giotto and the Lorenzetti. However, this afternoon, I think that divine grace began to act upon his stony heart, for he really *did* like that picture!

Does thee remember Florence [1.4] Duke? I hear from Evelyn that she is just engaged to be married, to a New York "Christian Socialist" named Reynolds. Evelyn says he is a nice man.

How sympathetic I felt for thee last night — for I woke up at half past twelve and stayed awake till 3 suffering the most excruciating tortures of neuralgic headache — tortures such as I had never dreamt of. I suppose I got too tired yesterday. It was awful! and I kept thinking, "Poor Father, does he have to feel like *this*?" I really don't see how thee can bear it. [1] I should drown myself in opium.

Logan sends love, and so do I.

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Mar. 25, 1897

Dearest mother,

I have written about Hugh⁶²² both to B.F.C.C. and Miss Clare. He starts next Wednesday, the 31st, and will, I think, arrive in time to go to Haslemere on the 3rd. If the children are already gone, perhaps thee could find someone, Mrs. Rollings⁶²³ or someone, to take him down to Haslemere. I should of course pay both tickets. There the children could meet him with the donkey. It would be such fun for them all! I will find out from his parents at once whether the 3rd or the 109th would suit best.

My hand does not hurt any more.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶²² Hugh Morgan was the son Mary never had. See the entries in her diary:

Mar. 22, 1897: I had a quiet day, only broken by a call from that nice little boy, Hugh Morgan.

Mar. 25, 1897: Hugh Morgan called and we had a nice talk. He is a dear boy.

Mar. 27, 1897: After lunch Bernhard took the Halseys and I Hugh Morgan to see pictures. I bought Hugh a knife, and he was awfully pleased, and kept looking at it and feeling it in his pocket all the way up in the tram.

Apr. 6, 1897: Hugh Morgan came to say goodbye.

Hugh Townsend Morgan (†1927), an architect who designed homes in Hampstead, married Christina Trend, daughter of Sir William Trend; he died in an avalanche in Switzerland.

⁶²³ The wife of their coachman Rollings.



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Friday,> Mar. 26, 1897

Just after I sent off my post-card to thee, Mrs. Morgan called to tell me that Hugh's starting is delayed until the 4th or the 7th. But at any rate he will arrive in time for Saturday the 10th, and he wants to see the children so much. He was terribly disappointed at not starting.

The Golden Urns have come —100 of them!! I felt my rage was unjust. It should all have been directed against the Railway. Tell Logan. Also can thee send me again the list of people I sent thee I can't remember who got them from England direct. I thought I had kept a copy, but it's all mixed up somehow.

With much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Friday,> Mar. 26, 1897

Dearest mother,

The 4 *Urns* came and were some consolation. I have sent one to the Michael Fields, with an olive-branch inside!

Hugh came to see me yesterday, and he says he expects to arrive in London on Friday morning, a week from today. He will spend Friday night with an Aunt (he will give me the address later), and on Saturday at any time he will be ready to go to the country with the children. Let Ray and Karin go for him in "Rollings".⁶²⁴ The next Saturday the 10th will be too late, as he has to go to Oxford.

My hand was undone yesterday, and seems quite well, but stiff.

Dearest love,

Thine,
M.

no letters to Hannah after March 26 until June 17

⁶²⁴ A reference to the coachman Rollings.



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter to Robert
on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Cadenabbia, <Thursday,> June 17, 1897

Dearest Father,

I wonder if I have ever written to thee to try to say how delighted I am at the decision thee has taken about dear Friday's Hill. If I haven't, it is because I simply cannot express what a comfort it is to me! Of course it makes all the difference as regards the children. And then I am so fond of the place — **it is the only spot I think of as Home**, and it is so beautiful in itself. It would have been awful if we had gathered [1.2] there this summer, and had had to think it was our last time together there. Now e can look forward to many summers in delightful security.

But I hope thee will be well to enjoy it, dear Father. Logan writes that thee had one of thy worst attacks of pain lately — and mother writes that thy head is by no means well yet.

It seems worse and worse as time goes on. Anybody can bear a short, sharp attack, but a long continued persecution like

text missing at bottom of page

[1.3] being can be expected to endure! At any rate, I am glad to think we can all be around thee this summer, to do what we can, though it is little enough, when one is suffering actual pain.

I am so happy to think that all our "improvements" at Firday's Hill are ours for so many years more. We are all immensely grateful to thee, and I, in particular, have more cause for gratitude than any of the rest. I shall be there, I hope, in less than two weeks to tell thee myself. And I hope

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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Just leaving Cadenabbia <Sunday,> June 20, 1897, 2 p.m.

I am sure no letters will be delivered Jubilee day, but still I will send a line. It is so cool and pleasant here, I hate to go away to Paris. **But I must take some further notes on the Louvre and see M. Reinach who has kindly offered to translate my "Guide" for me.**

Tonight I shall be at Milan, tomorrow night at Turin, and I expect to reach Paris on Wednesday morning about 7

Signor Placci was to have met me at Turin, but he telegraphs he is ill.

Tell Alys and Bertie he has had to give up England this summer. The famous Doctor Marri⁶²⁵ says he is suffering from "brain exhaustion".

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶²⁵ A rare *cognome*, but there is a Prof. Marri at the University of Bologna.



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Paris, Wednesday, June 30, 1897

Dearest mother,

I had a very pleasant day with the Reinachs yesterday,⁶²⁶ at a charming place on the edge of the forest of Compiègne. We drove over to Compiègne itself to the Museum (where I found some Italian pictures) — or rather, I drove, for the Reinachs are as afraid of a horse as if it were a behemoth! Reinach couldn't get over his wonder at my being able to make it turn a corner!!

Wavell has sent the prescription — many thanks.

Thanks also for Alys' letter and the note.

The children have had a good time! Tell them I keep saying to myself, "Day after tomorrow!" and it seems too good to be true.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁶²⁶ See Mary's diary for June 29, 1897: 'We went to Pierrefonds to see the Reinachs, and spent the day with them, not getting home till midnight! Reinach drove us over to Compiègne, where we found, in the museum, a Niccolò d'Alunno and a Giannicolo Manni.'



SALISBURY AND WINCHESTER

M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Friday's Hill, Haslemere

<The> Angel, Salisbury, <?Sunday, Aug. 22, 1897>

Dearest mother,

I feel perfectly in love with England, for this delicious green close about the cathedral neatly shaven turf and elms and cedars. Nowhere on the Continent, where I know Cathedrals far, far fine, has any great building such an appropriate setting. [1.2] And how much it does! And then all round the old houses, dainty and precise, many of them just of "Logan's epoch", with gay flower beds and stone urns. I felt like a "disembodied joy whose race has just begun", as I wandered round and round for a couple of hours. The only serious defect is the [1.3] façade, which is trivial, and poor — covered with mechanical modern imitations of Gothic sculpture. But I'm not writing a guide so I needn't rage against it.

"Love to all in the house", as Ray said. I hate to be away, but I am enjoying this.

With dearest love, and hopes that thy rheumatism is better.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Friday's Hill, Haslemere

The Angel, Salisbury, <Monday, Aug. 23, 1897>⁶²⁷

Dearest mother,

All the letters came today. The registered one was from a person whom thee knows (I will tell thee when I see thee) drunk — a regular drunken letter. I have only seen one such in my life before, from a young art critic named Rankin, who used to write to various of my acquaintances. And this was exactly like it, incoherent, [1.2] raving, jocose and sentimental. I was as surprised as if it has been from — Bond! It has given me the cold shivers all day.

I rode out on a hired bicycle to Longford Castle today and arrived dripping wet in the rain. 'Is Lordship was there, but when I sent in my card he gave permission and the housekeeper took me over. There were several important Italians and some lovely Reynolds, Gainsboroughs [1.3] and Holbeins. It is a splendid house.

This afternoon I have been lingering in the Cathedral, and in the cloister, enjoying it very much. The interior repelled me at first, but I grow to like it better.

It is sweet of thee to miss me. I never think anybody does. I expect to join B. and E. at 44 on Friday night and come down in the 2.44 on Saturday.

What a dear little post card from [1.4] Ray — "suspention bridge" is very nice.

Love to all. I wish I had an astral body to send home for a game of whist tonight.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶²⁷ Added by Hannah in upper left corner



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Friday's Hill, Haslemere

<The Angel, Salisbury,> Wednesday, <Aug. 25, 1897>⁶²⁸

Dearest mother,

You are simple angels to miss me! I thank you all.

Thanks for the *Golden Urn*. Tell Logan I feel we've been far too lenient, particularly with regard to the lines from *Endymion*.⁶²⁹

I am going to Rushmore tomorrow.

I saw Wilton today — a most [1.2] heavenly place — and as it was so fine and cool I bicycled to Stonehenge. I have just got home, dead tired, but having enjoyed it. Stonehenge impressed me immensely — much more than I expected. I believe I'm very impressionable. "You may think it strange of me", Lady Edmond [1.3] would say!

O I am tired. I will eat something and go to bed.

Lovingly thine,

M.

⁶²⁸ 'Aug. 24, 1897', a Tuesday, added by Hannah in upper left corner

⁶²⁹ John Keats, *Endymion* (1818).



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on plain writing paper

<The> Angel, Salisbury, <Thursday> Aug. 26, 1897

Dearest mother,

I have had bad luck today! I started about 10 for Tisbury — it was grey but not raining. But when I reached there it was pouring. The only thing to be done was to wait for the next train back — 24 miles in that downpour was out of the question. I was very cross, for I had nerved my “heart and purse” up to the effort. If it’s clear tomorrow [1.2] I shall be angry, for I can’t go then, as I have promised Etta McArthur to go to see her.

Well! Stonehenge made up for a great deal, and I had a good sleep to rest me. Baedeker says it dates from the “Bronze Age” (whenever that was) and I had a good deal of the Epic Feeling Mr. Cobden Sanderson described, sitting there at the fallen stones looking over the [1.3] soundless plain. I found it fascinating. I should like to spend a week there.

I have been in the cathedral most of the day, listening to the Evensong and various performances. It’s a dull interior, though — not at all to compare with the great French Cathedrals. Burne-Jones has two awful windows there.

I didn’t go to **Winchester** tonight [1.4] as it is still pouring, but I shall go early tomorrow to see the Cathedral before going to Farnham.⁶³⁰

Love to all. I shall be glad to get home, though I have enjoyed Salisbury very much.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶³⁰ Just north of Haslemere.



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on plain writing paper

Royal Hotel, Winchester, Friday, <Aug. 27, 1897>

Dearest mother,

Thanks for all thy letters and enclosures. I have been enjoying the Cathedral very much this morning. It lies like a huge snail along the ground, resting heavily. Salisbury was uninteresting from that point of view. It was stuck onto the ground like a box.

I am going to see Etta McArthur this afternoon, and then on to 44, unless she is too ill to see me more than a few minutes. In that case I shall come back for twilight in the Cathedral, I think. I [1.2] am really getting impressions of a permanent kind, and I enjoy taking things so quietly. I was raging when the sun shone this morning. Thinking of Rushmore, but it began to rain about 11 and consoled me somewhat.

I shall take B. & E. to the National Gallery tomorrow, and we shall come down in the 2.45. I long for Euchre and political discussions — they make me long to be at home!

Lovingly thine,
M.



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THE CONTINENT

M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Brussels, Thursday, Sept. 2, 1897

Please address Saturday Postlagernd, Limburg am Lahn, Germany and then Postlagernd, Karlsruhe, Germany.

The music does not really begin to be interesting until the 7th, so I shall see a few things here first, but I can't be any more precise as to addresses.

The crossing was terribly rough, but I was not sick. The Cathedral here, unimportant enough for a French one, really beats both Salisbury and Winchester in what I (!!) call Beauty.

Love to all those who are desolate without me.

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Antwerp, <Saturday,> Sept. 4, 1897

Dearest mother,

I am jogging about in great comfort and pleasure, and expect to be at Aix-la-Chapelle tonight. I love to see the old Flemish pictures, but I don't feel ready just yet to grapple seriously with them.

Tell Logan there is a greater message than the message of *PA* — which includes and at the same time partly explains the magic of those lovely words parricide, paramount, pastoral. I will reveal it in a latter later, and he and Sturges can fall to on it. Ask him what he thinks of the word *pleach*,⁶³¹ and whether *plush* isn't (as a word) one of the most lovely words in English?!

Hotels are awfully noisy. I long for the quiet of home.

Love to Father and all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶³¹ To entwine or interlace (tree branches) to form a hedge or provide cover for an outdoor walkway. 'an avenue of pleached limes'



M-HS 1897.____
a one-page letter on

Limburg railway station, <Monday,> Sept. 6, 1897

Dearest mother,

It was a great pleasure to get thy letter and exceedingly delightful to read all the complimentary things that appear to have been said about me — which I am only too ready to believe! Bertie is quite wrong — I do miss you all — even him! — but I am upheld and consoled by the feeling that I am doing the sort of thing I have set out to do, and advancing my so-called “career”. I want to be intimately acquainted with all the important works of art in Europe, and little by little this ideal is working out. Side by side with that, I want to know why I enjoy them, and (but much less) I want to be able to tell other peoples why they should enjoy them. Of course it’s a beastly [1.2] bore to travel and all that, and it seems absurd to go away from such comfort and such very congenial society as I have at home, but I feel that if I don’t do it now, while I’m (comparatively) young and active, I probably never shall do it. But it is horrid travelling! Such noisy hotels, such cindery trains, such cheating landlords, such a bore packing and unpacking.

However, last night made up for all these injuries. It was pouring when I arrived (after endless hours of slow cross-country trains), but I tucked up my skirts, raised my umbrella and sallied forth all the same to see the famous Cathedral. Never have I seen such an impressive pile of mediaeval buildings. It is a 13th century church — the same date as Salisbury but far less advanced — [1.3] crowned with six huge, picturesque German towers, built high on a pile of rocks overhanging the river. The foundations from the rock up are superbly massive, and several little chapter houses, chapels, sacristies, etc., are lodged in the crannies of the rock, and lean up against the Cathedral to support it, instead of buttresses. The effect is Romanesque (low, deep arches) in spite of the Gothic intention, and this gives it a frowning, medieval air of menace and insolence. It looks like a great fortress, but a fortress against the powers of the air as well as those of the earth. It was worth many miseries to see, and I actually hung about in the wind under my umbrella for two hours, getting all the possible views.

Today I am going to try and see the little Galleries at [1.4] Wiesbaden and Darmstadt, and get to Karlsruhe tomorrow in time to hear Mozart’s opera *The Magic Flute*, which I have never heard.

I think I could explain to thee why the Brussels Cathedral is finer than Salisbury. But it would take along time, and I shan’t try until I am settled at Karlsruhe.

I shall be very glad if Grace decides to go with us. But I am surprised at its not being cheaper. It must be a piece of my general misinformation! But anyhow, eleven days is too horrible, even to have that wonderful approach to the Mediterranean through the Pillars of Hercules.

The train has started and I cannot write more.



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Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Darmstadt, <'Tuesday,> Sept. 7, 1897

Dearest mother,

The Gallery at Wiesbaden was a hideous affair, but it is well to know what one doesn't want to see.

Today I shall see the _____ here and at Mannheim and get to Karlsruhe — and, I hope, to some home letters.

This afternoon *The Magic Flute* begins at half past six. I can't decide about the hotel until I look round for a quiet place.

That miserable hair ointment is causing me excruciating tortures! It is like a million fleas rampaging over my unfortunate pate. I have written to the doctor to know if this is all right. It *may* be the sprouting of new hair.

I am so glad Father has found a nice tenant. What about High Buildings?

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper;
'Return to H.W.S.' written in upper left corner

Hotel Germania, Karlsruhe, <Wednesday,> Sept. 8, 1897, 3 p.m.

Darling mother,

Thanks for thy Monday's post card and for this dear letter from the children forwarded (Please send it back to me.) I see thee didn't open it, but thee should have done so. Isn't it amusing the way they spell? "Crochet",⁶³² "glaseur",⁶³³ "flore"⁶³⁴ — I think it's delicious.

If that picture of the new Governess is accurate, she must be a horror, but considering what they make of thee and me I think we need not take it as an indication! She may be very nice. They appear to be having a good time at any rate.

I saw two profoundly uninteresting galleries yesterday — [1.2] Darmstadt and Mannheim (ask Logan if he doesn't love to murmur the word "Mannheim"?), and then arrived here barely in time to hear Mozart's *Magic Flute*. It is the most complicated and fantastic plot of an opera ever written. I believe it was meant as an allegory about Free Masonry, or something of the kind. I could make neither head nor tail of it, but I enjoyed the spectacular effects like a child, particular<ly> an Orpheus part where he plays his flute and strange (very strange!) monkeys and bears and lions come in and dance to his piping. The music is very sweet and gay in parts, but it is not in all so sustained or lovely as in *Don Juan* or [1.3] *Figaro*. At least that was the first impression I should like to hear it several times again before having a real opinion.

Next door to me is the lady who sang the marvellous, impossibly high part of the Queen of Night and her practising this morning has been something enchanting. Imagine being waked at 8 by a heavenly voice singing one of Mozart's loveliest songs!

I went to the Gallery this morning and studied long a very puzzling and exceedingly beautiful picture painted by some mysterious Florentine whom I do not know. Then I studied the casts, for they have a good collection of the best Greek things. I saw Loeser there, and we exchanged courteous bows. [1.4] I wonder if Mr. Strong is here as well, or whether he has gone back to Miss Sellers.

Will thee ask Grace, when she writes to Bond, to ask him from me how I can find out whether the law that has been made in America about duty on pictures applies to old pictures as well as new? I want to know this very particularly.

I am going to hire a bicycle now and go out and explore the town. I have

⁶³² croquet.

⁶³³ ? glazier.

⁶³⁴ ? flower.



found a nice quiet room, and think I shall stay here, so please address here.

With dearest love to you all,

Thy loving daughter,

M.

If Grace would rather stay in the country, we can manage beautifully with Bond's and Edith's room, and it [1] would be nice to have the children unless we are in town with those operations.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Hotel Germania, Karlsruhe, Thursday, Sept. 9, 1897

Dearest mother,

After the post card came two letters from thee which they had evidently overlook in the Poste Restante. Thanks for them.

It has been simply pouring all day. Yesterday I had a bicycle ride in the woods.

Now I am just starting to hear *Lohengrin*, which begins at 6 — sensible hour! I wish it were almost any other opera. My seat (a very good one) costs 3/.

Tomorrow I shall run over to Stuttgart to see the gallery, which I have not see for about five years.

I do wonder when the children are coming home! Dear things! I hope they are really as happy as they seem in their letters.

How is thy rheumatism?

My head is awful, and a rash has come out all over my ears, neck and forehead, so I have stopped using the ointment and have written to the doctor.

With love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Hotel Germania, Karlsruhe,> Friday, Sept. 10, 1897

Thanks for thy letter with the cutting about Mr. Strong enclosed. It looks very bad for him.

I have been all day at Strasburg. I have hardly ever had such a nice day. In the first place, I read *Othello* on the train.

Secondly, the Gallery contained some most interesting pictures, and one particularly important to my Louvre Guide, as it establishes the personality of a painter, Domenico Michelino, on whose track I have been for a long time.

Then the Cathedral. I had no idea it was so beautiful! Stained glass has only revealed itself to me in the last two years, and so I never really noticed the glass there before. But it is as superior to ordinary glass as Shakspeare to ordinary English.

Now I am just going out to a concert, so it will be a good day.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Hotel Germania,> Karlsruhe, <Saturday,> Sept. 11, 1897

Thanks for thy post card I have had a letter from the hair doctor saying it is all right. I ought to have this inflammation. But he might have warned me! New hair is supposed to follow.

I had a most splendid bicycle ride today, miles and miles through a deep forest on perfect paths, with no one in sight except squirrels and birds. The temperature was divine.

I am reading *Egmont*,⁶³⁵ preparatory to hearing it with Beethoven's music.
Love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶³⁵ *Egmont*, Op. 84, by Ludwig van Beethoven, a set of incidental music for the 1787 play of the same name by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Hotel Germania, Karlsruhe, <Sunday,> Sept. 12, 1897

Dearest mother,

No word from home today, but I hope all is going well. I suppose you are still busy with the cleaning. I have had a quiet day reading, but am now going out to the Opera. I am struggling with this miserable German language, reading plays by Goethe and Lessing. I hate to be out of it, when other people enjoy things. I shall see them acted, and that will be a help when I have once read them.

I have got the new edition of Gibbon, too, and have begun that.

How I wish we could have some news of the children! I shall come home anyhow on the 22nd, but I do wish I knew!

How is Father? And thy rheumatism?

My head is better, but my ears are awful. Judging from their state I shall have a crop of hair at least as plentiful as Polyphemus' on my ears!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Hotel Germania,> Karlsruhe, Monday, Sept. 13, 1897, 9 p.m.

Dearest mother,

I have just got back from Stuttgart, where I saw again a Gallery not seen for five years. There are lots of new discoveries, and many interesting pictures turned up. But it has been a tiring day — 5 1/2 hours in the train.

I have laughed all day over the idea of Logan's Speech! Do tell me what he said!

And I am so glad the Ball went off well. But poor Alys — I hope she is all right now.

I am just going out to a restaurant called The Crocodile to get some supper.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Ears still awful!



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Hotel Germania,> Karlsruhe, <Tuesday,> Sept. 14, 1897

Thanks for thy post card, dearest mother.

I have long stopped using that hair ointment, and the irritation is slowly dying away. The doctor says I am to expect a new crop of hair, but I hope it won't be on my ears, where the irritation has been worst!

I had a most delicious bicycle ride this morning in the woods, and am now resting for Goethe's long and boring play tonight, *Egmont*.

It has been most hateful weather ever since I have been here — raining every day, and at best cold and grey, except one morning.

I had a letter from Bond today.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a one-page letter

Hotel Germania, Karlsruhe, Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1897

Dearest mother,

Thee will see from the enclosed letter what I propose. I shall leave here the 20th, but stop at several places on the way back, if it seems, as it appears to, inadvisable for me to get home at once. I think this will make it all right. After all, there is no reason why we should start for Italy precisely on the 1st; if the operations keep us a little longer, it will not matter.

I am reading so much that I feel in anything but a letter-writing mood. It is great fun to have a real gorge of reading [1.2] again.

Last night I found *Egmont* a great deal better than I expected. It consisted chiefly of people in gorgeous costumes uttering commonplaces about "Freedom", but the rhetoric was good and they declaimed it well.

Furthermore, Goethe, to show he was not taken in by his own enthusiasm for Freedom, put in a great deal of amusing side play in which he represented the glorious People in their true colours as ignorant, fickle, cowardly, and narrowly selfish. Beethoven's music between each act was very fine — such a relief, after two Wagner operas, to hear musical music instead of dramatic — music that takes [1.3] its inspiration from sounds, not from events.

Tonight I am not going to anything but I have tickets for every night after, up till Monday.

With much love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1897.____

a postcard addressed to

Hon^{ble} Mrs. Alys Russell, Friday's Hill, Haslemere, Surrey, England

<Hotel Germania,> Karlsruhe, <Thursday,> Sept. 16, 1897

Dear A.,

I am sure to want £20 worth of clothes from her when I come back at Christmas, so thee can safely sign the little dressmaker's bill.. I will pay it to thee as soon as my money comes in, Jan. 1st. I shan't have it by Dec. 25.

Thanks for thy yesterday's post card. Not only my ears, but all my neck, chest and back will sprout forth into curling tresses, if I can judge by the effect the ointment has had. It must have run down from my head!

I believe it has rained every day since I have been here. It is pouring now, and I am just going to the opera.

If thee sees the children give them each a hug from me, and say I'm coming next week.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Hotel Germania,> Karlsruhe, Friday evening, Sept. <17>,⁶³⁶ 1897

Dearest mother,

Will thee bring up to 44 my tin dispatch box, left on the window sill in the dining room?

I am writing at a restaurant after seeing a play at the Theatre, *Minna von Barnheim*, by Lessing. As I had read it beforehand, I could follow it very well. It was very pretty, and exceedingly well acted.

I have managed to continue my woes by catching a severe cold, now that my ears are quieting down!

Did thee get that homeopathic remedy from Edith? It is so much easier to take than that inhaler.

I wonder where the children are tonight?

Love to all, great and small,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶³⁶ Mary wrote 'Sept. 16', which was a Thursday.



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper

<Hotel Germania,> Karlsruhe, <Sunday,> Sept. 19, 1897

Dearest mother,

I am delighted to think the children are once more at home. Dear things! I hope you are all having a pleasant last Sunday there. How well it works about the Vidals going down at once. Now if the Governess turns out to be nice, and we get the operations safely over, everything will be fairly well started, and I think thee can come off to pay me a visit with an easy mind.

But we must insist on those operations. Karin's hearing and her looks depend absolutely upon it — and the quickness of her brain, ultimately the doctor said — and Ray's tonsils are a real [1.2] hot bed for any germ that might be floating about. I feel this so important that I intend to stay in London till they are performed.

I shall hear my last opera tonight, *The Trojans at Carthage* by Berlioz. Five years ago I was most enthusiastic about this very opera when it was given in Paris. I am curious to see whether I shall like it as much now. I heard another opera by the same man last night, *The Fall of Troy*, and I must confess I did not care for it very much. Ages ago Helen Hopekirk said she did not like Berlioz very much because he had "so few musical motives". I couldn't in the least understand what [1.3] she meant at the time, but I think I know now. He hasn't what Logan would object to my called a specifically musical talent.

Today it is raining again, and it rained most of yesterday. It has been simply disgusting weather.

I shall get home latish on Wednesday, about 6 or 7, I think. I don't quite know the time nor what route I shall take, so don't expect me till thee sees me. I shall stop at Cologne and perhaps Amsterdam.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

If thee sees the children, a million loves!



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper; 'Return to H.W.S.' in upper margin

Trinity <College Cambridge, Sunday,> Sept. 26, 1897

Dearest mother,

Thy letter, which was brought to me in bed this morning, was most "gratifying".*⁶³⁷ I do miss a great deal in being so much away from home, and I should regard as a blessing a chance in circumstances that would give me more home life.

If I don't take *all* I could get even under present conditions, it is because I see the time coming when I shan't be able to endure travel, for the most physical discomfort of it, and I want to see all I can while it is still endurable! But I do feel that nowhere on earth could I find a more congenial circle of people that at home. [1.2]

I have enjoyed being here with Bertie very much. He is a thorough dear. We got out of taking any meal, except lunch today, with the Whiteheads but I enjoyed that, for I find I like Mr. Whitehead exceedingly. Tomorrow morning we are going with Bond and Edith to Ely, and later I am going to Peterborough.

If thee writes to me tomorrow, address Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough, and I should be very grateful if thee would send me there (if thee has time) in a registered letter £5, that is, send it so I should get it Tuesday morning. After Peterborough I don't quite know, but I think I shan't go so far as to Wells, unless the [1.3] operations are postponed. But I will let thee know where to telegraph to me.

Cambridge is lovely,, lovely! I had no idea how complete and beautiful it was. I have felt my bones actually melted with sentimentality at the thought of so many nice boys growing up in these beautiful buildings.

With dearest love, and love to Father and hopes that he is better.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁶³⁷ Hannah's comment, written in the left margin: "* I had written telling her how charming we all thought her."



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter

on the stationery of 44, Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment,
S.W.

<Tuesday,> Sept. 28, 1897

Dearest mother,

Please wire when thee gets home tomorrow to the Swan Hotel, Lichfield, where I shall be tomorrow afternoon. I hope Mrs. Costelloe's death won't delay the operations. I could get home early Thursday.

I have seen the Cathedral here and enjoyed it, and I took [1.2] a bicycle and rode out to Crowland Abbey⁶³⁸ this afternoon — a most interesting ruin.

I have only a minute for the post.

Tell Alys Bertie is an Angel!

Lovingly the daughter,
M.

⁶³⁸ In Peterborough.



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter

on the stationery of 44, Grosvenor Road, Westminster Embankment,
S.W.

The Swan, Lichfield, Wednesday <Sept. 29, 1897>

Dearest mother,

I have just had thy telegram, and I will wait for thy letter. I shall come home Friday morning in any case, and go for the children to school, if thee will order Rollings. Then as B.F.C.C. is to be away, I might as well go down to Haslemere. If I decide to stay we can arrange about next week, [1.2] but if it seems better not, Grace and I can go on Monday, and thee can come with Mary Stuart, as Alys proposed.

But I will wait for thy letter. The Cathedral here is charming, but it's rather nasty wandering about in the rain and *very* expensive! I could be working to better advantage in Italy, and with more sunshine. But we shall see. [1.3]

I hope I shall see Alys and Bertie on Friday — no doubt I shall.

Dearest love, and hopes that Father is better,

Thy daughter,
Mary



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FIESOLE

M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Oct. 30, 1897

Dearest mother,

I managed to resist all temptations to pay calls, and fled back safely to the hill from the Scylla of Lady Edmund and the Charybdis of Frau Von der Hellen. I got out at San Domenico and had a long walk round the hill till sunset.

Then I came in and had tea and sat down at the piano. I felt awfully homesick for thee — it seemed as if thee must be there, taking thy nap [1.2] on the sofa, covered up with Logan's beautiful green cloth. But thee wasn't, and I had to get along as best I could. I read a book on music in the evening and went early to bed, in thy bed, only to struggle all night in a "dreamy delirious fight" with fleas.

This morning has dawned even *more* beautiful, for the haze is thicker and bluer. I am just going to settle in to work. O it *would* be [1.3] fun to be sitting with you all (this paper won't take the ink!!) at breakfast, frivolling delightfully. But I shall be glad when I look upon a neat — no, an untidy pile of manuscript, and think I need study no more horrible photographs of miserable daubs in the Louvre.

I wonder how thee will like the Venetian pictures. I wish I were there to point out their beauties to thee. Their defects thee sees only too clearly! Wasn't [1.4] that a funny experience we had in the Michelangelo Tombs?!

I went to see that mirror yesterday — it is a great beauty, and will just go with the carpet, in the new room.

It was nice having thee, dearest Mother!

Love to all you happy people,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Sunday, <Oct. 31, 1897>

Much disappointed at getting no news from you today, but thank Alys for her letter received yesterday.

The glorious weather continues, and so does Frau Van der Hellen, I regret to say! She came up yesterday, and it was all I could do to prevent her staying to dinner. She began on an endless tale of love stories, so I made her sit down at the piano (she plays very well).

She would play a piece of Schubert, and then sign, "Ah! I was once engaged to an artist!"

(I) "Won't you play some Beethoven now?"

She plays, then "Ah! what trouble I have had with my husband!"

(I) "I should love to hear a little Bach, if you don't mind" and so on!

She went after dark and I had to send the man with the lantern.

Love to all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Monday,> Nov. 1, 1897

Dearest mother,

Thy two letters and welcome enclosures came today — on each I had forty centimes to pay! (But I did not grudge it.) The children seem to be learning a thing or two as to how to manage in this “dog pie” of existence, as father elegantly calls it.

I like the word “monasables”⁶³⁹ and wish I talked more in in them myself, especially to such parties as Fran Von der Hellen! [1.2]

I am getting on very well in my work, in fact I keep at it nearly the whole time. Last night I was writing till half past twelve!

There is no news save of a golden curtain of sunshine which hides all the hills.

I am going to begin music lessons this week.

Tell Logan to come whenever he likes. I shan't begin ____ring till towards the end of the month, but I do want his advice [1.3] before long in various matters. But perhaps Edith's visit had better come off first; it is just as he feels.

I forwarding a fat business letter ____ Grace, so perhaps it is her money.

I shall give Augusto notice today. I quake in my boots.

I have fell designs of walking up to the Morgans to tea, but I think I can conquer the temptation by going for a stroll in the Caves. [1.4]

Love to all of you. How I wish thee were here!qcdwFW

Thy loving daughter,

M.

⁶³⁹ ?



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole,> Tuesday, Nov. 2, 1897

I will send these chocolates to thee today. Why *didn't* we think of them?!

The lovely weather continues, but I feel cloudy for poor Augusto is so utterly broken-hearted at going away. He says it has been his *only chance* in life, and perhaps this is true. I shall go to see Maud Cruttwell and tell her she must help him, as she took him out of a place he was in (not a good one, it is true) to send him to me. Poor creature — he's a miserable specimen, but alas! even he has feelings, and it hurts me to think what they must be.

I am just forwarding to Grace a long letter addressed in Tom's handwriting. I am very anxious to know what it says, and I have written to her to be sure to tell me.

I am going down to Florence anyhow today to renew my "permesso" for the Galleries.

I saw Fran Von der Hellen yesterday at Fiesole, but I was very cold to her, and did not invite her in!

As I remember it that Canova Pantheon⁶⁴⁰ is *most lovely*.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶⁴⁰ The Tempio Canoviano or Temple of Canova is a church located on a hilltop in Possagno near Treviso.



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Nov. 3, 1897

Dearest mother,

I sent off the chocolates last night, and they should arrive today.

Thanks for thy letter and enclosures. I send one from Grace. She might have told us how much the Legacy was!

I am getting on very satisfactorily with my work.

Please tell Logan to come before the end of the month to lay out the garden. **Mr. Eyre**⁶⁴¹ will give us [1.2] cypresses and other trees, we have *carte blanche* to do what we like.

I *did* see Lady Edmund after all, for Miss Duff-Gordon came over and asked me to combine with Lady Edmund an expedition to see some Luca della Robbias. But the rain has come today, so I suppose it will not take place. Lady Edmund spoke despairingly of committing to vulgar print such [1.3] a thing as one's favourite bits of poetry, and I made the (mental) comment that this was good from the writer of a volume of original poems!

I saw Maud Cruttwell too. She is in despair about Augusto, the man.

I feel great longings to be with you all, but I don't envy you the Duse. How did Logan like it? I fancy [1.4] he and I feel alike about the theatre — or rather, that I have come round to his views. I shall write tomorrow to thee at Venice, and then to London.

Thy loving daughter,

M.

I know a few graces I should like to go and weep (!) over, and I fear there are some people who would like to weep over mine!

⁶⁴¹ Mary has already agreed to rent Il Frullino from the Eyres for three years, 1898-1900; Mary's diary, **June 10, 1897**: 'Finished our business with Mr. Eyre, and took the two villas in the Via Camerata for three years.'



M-HS 1897.____

a postcard / a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Nov. 4, 1897

Dearest mother,

I wonder if thee will really leave tomorrow? My bones ache in anticipation of the long hours of jolting thee will have before thee is comfortably settled at thy "Table" again. For even if thee travels "en Princesse", thee can't escape those long boring hours of noise and shaking. [1.2]

Absolutely nothing has happened here, but it is not as "dull as dog-pie" for I am hard at work.

Yesterday it rained, and I did not see a human face — so to speak. But today I am going down to town to say goodbye to Carlo Placci who is so ill that his sister and mother are going to take him to Algeria for [1.3] a few months. His going will make a real hole in my life.

I have asked a bookseller in London to send me a certain book on Holbein for 15/, or rather to send it to Logan here, as his Catalogue was sent to Logan, and to send the bill to thee, so I shall be grateful if thee will pay it when it comes.

I shall never lend money again, unless to an intimate personal [1.4] friend! As to Augusto, I shall steel my heart and let him go shift for himself.

It would be a comfort if, the lesson question being settled, the children could come to terms with "Troi pig". I am sure she means well if her acute form of stupidity didn't stand in her way. Their letters are delicious!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole; in the upper right corner Hannah wrote, 'Yes, Kraus is the diplomatic representation at large of the republic of S. Marino. I am writing to the Mikes.'

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 6, 1897

Dearest mother,

I feel to crow over the lovers of Venice — for the weather here is absolutely divine. There was on day of rain, and another misty, but these last two days and today are perfect! I have put on a thin dress, and this morning I washed my head and took my bath by the open window. Summer itself has not such a charm as these warm, hazy days, whose only fault is that they [1.2] are too short. Nothing is happening but it is pleasant to breathe, and everything the eye falls upon is beautiful. I hate to think of thee rumbling across the monotonous French plains today!

Carlo Placci is coming up this afternoon to say goodbye. He goes to Algeria in a few days. Illness has made him nicer than he was, more sensitive, more open to art impressions, less bustling and active — but alas! [1.3] he can't sleep and he suffers from all sorts of nervous fears.

Mr. Morgan has called several times, but I was out every time till yesterday. He asked me all sorts of questions about thee, and took away thy Christian's Secret to read. I told him how much we all want thee to write thy Autobiography and he told me we ought to insist up on it. Do begin it!

By the way, how is Ray getting on with her "True Story"? Tell her to send me [1.4] a page of it now and then for a letter. I will copy it on my type-writer.

I long to hear about thy journey, and all the home news. Aunt Margaret has been an angel, and I send her my warmest thanks.

Tell Father there is not an hour when I do not rejoice that his pain has abated.⁶⁴² Though one could do nothing, it was very saddening to know that it was going on all the time.

I am so glad thee was here! Rosa sends her respects. She complains of [1] having nothing to do these days. I hear her now beating a cake which she is making in Placci's honour.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁴² Mary's diary, April 17, 1898: 'Rather late in the evening came a wire to say that poor Father had died in the afternoon "peacefully".'



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Nov. 7, 1897

Dearest mother,

Thank thee for thy letter from Milan.

It is a great relief to think thy long journey is over. And how happy the children must be to have thee again!

From Ray's last little note, she seems to be getting actually font of Fräulein. I hope it is so, and I await thy report with great interest.

Yes, that is my Kraus. His father was a famous music [1.2] teacher in Florence, and between them they have made a most interesting collection of old musical instruments. When Horne's friend, Dolmeetsch, was here, one of the first things he did was to visit Kraus' collection. The way he comes to be a "Baron" is that anyone who subscribes a certain sum of money to the Fiesole municipio is entered on the "Libro d'Oro" [1.3] of Fiesole, and becomes, by that, a "Baron". or "Baroness" — for what it is worth.

Would thee like me to buy a title? If thee wants a titled daughter that would be an easier and a safer way than assassinating Lord Russell!

I enclose Michael's letter. I quite admire their way of saying, "There was talk of darkness", when they harried [1.4] the Swiss Government and all their friends with their conviction the old man had been murdered. What it is to be poet!

Today again it is as hot as ever a July day in England. I have on the blue linen dress that unfortunate French woman made for me.

With love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, day,> Nov. 9, 1897

Dearest mother,

Three books I must have left at home — can thee find them, does thee think, with they wonderful gift for finding things:

1. *New Essays toward a Critical Method*,⁶⁴³ John Robertson (largish dark green or blue)

2. One volume of *Leo X* by Robertson⁶⁴⁴ (possibly in a black bag, if I left one anywhere)

3. A pamphlet or paper book catalogue to British Museum Drawings.⁶⁴⁵
[1.2]

The weather is heavenly. Janet and I are going to dine with the Morgans tomorrow night, for the sake of the moonlight walk. Both nights and days are divine.

I hope thy rheumatism is better, and that Father continues well.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶⁴³ John Mackinnon Robertson (1856-1933), *New Essays Towards a critical Method* (London, John Lane, 1892). **Biblioteca Berenson House PR99 .R6 1892**

⁶⁴⁴ ?

⁶⁴⁵ ?



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Nov. 11, 1897

My dearest mother,

Those letters are certainly most disagreeable in tone, and I am very much worried. However, I am pretty sure Alys and Bertie will be able to make an improvement when they come back. They have carefully thought out a plan. And then as I remember all these years, this month is always the one in which things look blackest [1.2] and most unworkable. This time they are unmistakably ominous, but the children are getting older all the time, and I believe in a few months, when things are settled down, they will be able to rule Fräulein a good deal. There is one advantage in her stupidity. She will gain no influence whatever with her convent idiocies over their minds, but repel them from the idea. Nor will their father's attitude make [1.3] them love him!

I believe I am glad he has taken that tone about tidiness. I think it can be made a habit at their age, which will be very useful to the. Of course with so stupid a creature as Fräulein it will be learnt only with a good deal of friction — alas! but till if they do get careful and tidy they will reap the benefit all their life.

The weather here is lovely.

Pretty [1.4] Miss Duff-Gordon came to see me today. She is leading a most unhappy, "always-on-tap" life with her domineering aunt.

Mr. Been is coming to lunch, Herbert Horne to dinner.

O dear! how I wish things were going better with the children and thee. My one hope now is in Alys and Bertie.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1897.____
a note on ruled paper

<Fiesole, Saturday,> Nov. 20, 1897

Dearest mother,

Logan says his money has come, and he sent it to the Union Bank today in a registered letter. Also, he says, ask Alys if she did send his trunk. A notice of Edith's⁶⁴⁶ has come, but of one only, and he wonders where his may be straying.

Poor Alys and Bertie, jolting their bones tonight over the St. Gothard pass!

Logan and I are determined thee must begin thy Autobiography. Mother, Please send us word thee has done so!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁴⁶ Mary's cousin Edith Carpenter Thomas committed suicide in May 1901.



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Thursday,> Dec. 16, 1897

Dearest mother,

I am writing today for the remounted photographs — it *may* be the tomb one — and I need it now, as it is a Pollaiuolo.

We move in next Tuesday and Wednesday if the weather is decent.

Thank the children for that splendid story of a “Mouce”, and that highly imaginative picture of a catacomb!! They came in the *Spectator*.

I am in the midst of gardeners and carpenters. logan says it makes him feel like a god to have so many people executing his will, but I feel like care-burdened mortal, enraged with the slowness and stupidity of the workmen!

Dearest love, and sympathy with thy woes over the Bazaar!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
'Return to H.W.S.' written in upper right corner

<Fiesole,> Saturday, Dec. 18, 1897

Dearest mother,

This will hardly reach London before the children have started. *I have heard nothing from B.F.C.C.*, so I have planned to go to Rome on the 27th or 28th. If thee knows where they are going to stay thee must let me know. If not, I must find out from Grace. If only the weather keeps as it is now, it will be lovely for them. Both these last mornings I have taken my bath by the open window, [1.2] and fires are not dreamt of till evening. we are going to move down to The Frullino next Wednesday and Thursday — the garden and everything will be in order then. The address is: Il Frullino, San Domenico di Fiesole, Florence. This is because if the letters go to San Domenico, I get them at 9 in the morning — if to San Gervasio, not till noon.

Logan is dividing his time between work and the garden of the Frullino [1.3] Neither of us goes to see anyone, and almost nobody comes here, we are *real* hermits this winter. We have now begun to "Golden Urn" the Bible, and we are enjoying Genesis immensely.

Will thee send me out three Church of England prayer books, cheap ones? We want to choose the most "coloured" translations, and as we mark and cut up the books I want 3, and cheap. They are very expensive here.

Rob Morton and his wife have taken a house ____ Lady Crawford's. He is in a simply awful state of nerves and illness. I do pity her. [1.4] I think she has a most miserable life cut out for her. She is very bright and amusing and plucky, and seems devoted to him, but he seems not only ill but thoroughly hysterical and as well, impossible!

Yes, we want a visit from Trevy, and Logan has written to him.

With much, much love to all of you, and thanks to all the victims of that Bazaar!

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Sunday,> Dec. 19, 1897

Thanks for sending the unmounted photographs, but *only one came*, and that the wrong one. Is thee sure thee put the other in the envelope? They are such thieves in Italy, it is never safe to send anything without a string, at least, round it. I received yesterday thy letter of *Dec. 3* — mysteriously delayed somewhere!

The weather is almost summer — about what it was when thee was here — the same lovely blues.

Grace leaves Rome on the 31st (I knew she would, no matter what we said), so the children will have only about a week together. However, I shall be there after, though I have not yet heard a word from B.F.C.C.!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Fiesole, Monday,> Dec. 20, 1897

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy letter about Ray's "Mortification" which I fear from thy account turned quickly, as such things will do, to self-glorification!

Thee said there was another unmounted photograph of people in a tomb, and that may possibly be the one — it should be the photograph of a drawing — outlines. If thee has that, please send it: Il Frullino, San Domenico di Fiesole, Florence.

We are awfully sorry father's pain has come back. It has made such a difference to us being able to think of him free from pain, and now the black cloud is returning. But I hope the doctor will be able to keep it off.

You will have a very quiet Christmas this year, but I should think thee would be glad, for it is a dreadfully boring time. I suppose the children are starting today — do let me know their hotel!! I have bought chocolates, paint boxes and blocks of paper for them.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Fiesole, <Tuesday> Dec. 21, 1897

Dearest mother,

We are in the midst of moving — and it is great fun! The weather is divine.

We are enjoying Genesis immensely — to our surprise, it is a series of what the French call *contes drolatiques*. All but the first few grand chapters. I wish thee could send us some book about how these tale have been “interpreted” What, for instance, has been made of Rachel stealing her father’s gods and sitting on them in her tent to hid them! It is too funny!!

I am waiting anxiously to hear the children’s address in Rome. I shall go there Monday, to the Hotel Hassler, Piazza Trinità dei Monti.

I had better write that again: Piazza Trinità dei Monti.

Love to Father.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Fiesole, Wednesday,> Dec. 22, 1897

Dearest mother,

I am sitting down to write in the half dismantled drawing room, waiting for the carriage which is to take me down to the Frullino. All the large furniture and most of the books have already gone in two wagons, and they are coming up for the rest tomorrow. It is really rather fun moving. Logan and I both enjoy it. We had our lunch and coffee and cigarettes quite peacefully, while half a dozen men [1.2] staggered past the window under heavy loads of our possessions. We felt like rich wicked despots, but it was distinctly agreeable not to be carrying those loads ourselves! Logan went down with some of the more precious things this morning, and he brought me thy Sunday's letter.

A blessed peace must have settled on thee now, after all the Christmas festivities. I am worried about Ray's headache, but it looks more like indigestion than anything else.

I am certainly going to Rome on Monday [1.3] or Tuesday. All I shall say to the children is that one day when they aren't expecting me, I shall come as a surprise. I shall try to use the wisdom of the serpent as regards B.F.C.C. My address will be Hotel Hassler, Piazza Trinità dei Monti, Rome.

We are awfully distressed to hear about poor Father's return of pain, and the depressing medicine. Please give him our liveliest sympathy and warmest love.

I shall be glad when the actual day of Christmas is over! I feel so unequal to the occasion in my sentiments, which are those of an old Quaker refusing to recognize times and [1.4] seasons. I haven't a single Christmas feeling — not an atom of goodwill to men, for I think B.F.C.C. might have written, and I have been bothered by that wretched Augusto. _____ how could one in the midst of moving?

Logan and I both send home much love, however, and wish we could look in upon you and cheer you up a little.

Thy very loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Fiesole, Thursday, Dec. 23, 1897

The last day here. We can't get settled in till tomorrow, but all the things have gone except from the bed rooms, the dining room and Logan's study. The house looks horrible.

We are going down directly after lunch to settle things in a little, and I am going to buy a Christmas plum pudding for Saturday. I wonder where the children are now? I shall hear from them when I go to San Domenico, so I will leave a line.

Il Frullino

Thy card of the 20th has come. My Letter to B.F.C.C. said I was going to Rome unless he objected, so there was perhaps no need to answer.

We are in the midst of things, expecting Mr. Eyre every minute.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Fiesole, Friday, Dec. 24, 1897

Dearest mother,

A letter, forgotten in Logan's pocket, and a post card, forgotten by both of us, are lying at the Frullino addressed to thee! I hope they will somehow get off today!

We can't really get settled in till Saturday,⁶⁴⁷ there is so much more to do than we expected. But it is very amusing.

A letter from B.F.C.C. at last, saying I can have the children after Monday — so that is all right. I will send them a wire this afternoon. I do long to see them!

The pillows and bead necklaces have come all right this morning.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁴⁷ Christmas day.



M-HS 1897.____

the second page of a letter

on the stationery of Il Frullino, San Domenico di Fiesole, Florence

<? Florence, Saturday, Dec. 25, 1897>

... will have it paid to thee. Thee can then pay thyself my debts and take £5 more for thy and the children's use of Rollings' cab, and the rest (if there is any) may stand over against future calls. When thee has settled this, please send me word how I stand.

We are glad thee *wasn't* here for the moving — it would really have tired thee dreadfully. Still I *should* have liked to consult thee about various arrangements. [2.2]

Fortunately the weather has been cloudless and not windy all these days.

Last night we had the Christmas turkey,⁶⁴⁸ but there was no time to boil the plum-pudding. Tonight I shall have that. Rosa has already put it to boil.

We send messages of special love and sympathy to Father. I hope he has thrown off his pain again.

Thy very loving daughter,
Mary

⁶⁴⁸ Mary's diary, Christmas Day 1897: 'Our final moving. We lunched at Doney's, and rejoiced to get out of the confusion.'



M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter

on the stationery of Il Frullino, San Domenico di Fiesole, Florence

<Fiesole,> Sunday, Dec. 26, 1897

Dearest mother,

I did not write yesterday — I had no time. It was a day of awful storm and stress — not the weather, that was lovely, but the moving. I hadn't the faintest idea I owned so many things. Just to bring them down and get a kind of order faintly sketched in the various rooms of the new house took four men two days, and then there were all the odds and ends — the waste paper baskets filled with [1.2] the boxes of fountain pens and torn off stamps and such like rubbish, which one is loth to throw away.

As Logan predicted, we might foresee many woes, and we did, but the real affliction that was about to fall upon us was never so much as suspected. Providence wished to show its infinite and unexpected resources when it drove what must have been a huge army of hens into our calorifer and bad them lay eggs there — which, in course of time rotted, and under the influence of the heat [1.3] became — well, I need not describe it! Mr. Eyre himself came on Thursday and smelt the smell and sent up a man who on Friday fished out a number of these eggs —but alas! more remain, or else the odour is caused by something else. But who could have dreamt of such a peculiar misfortune?!

the bottom portion of the page cut away

I shall go over the inventory at Villa Rosa tomorrow morning, go to Dolmetsch's concert in the afternoon, and take the 6 o'clock train for Rome. I have written to the children to expect me on Tuesday morning.

Logan seems very pleased with this house, and he is going to make the garden very pretty.

With dearest love,

the bottom portion of the page cut away



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M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Monday evening <Dec. 27, 1897>

Just starting for Rome. I hate to leave Logan to the grappling. They pulled out eight rotten eggs this morning!!!

Edith writes that the children were having a lovely time all together, and that Ray and Karin seemed very happy.

More from Rome.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a one-page letter

on the stationery of Il Frullino, San Domenico di Fiesole, Florence;

'Return to H.W.S' in the upper margin

<Rome,> Grace's, <Tuesday,> Dec. 28, 1897, 5 p.m.

Dearest mother,

I called for the children this a.m. and found them bubbling over with health and amusement. They had a splendid journey, slept all the way, no discomforts. Since they came they have been sight-seeing, and enjoying it immensely. They have no time to write, but they did write to thee — only they can't find the letter. But they have been really very happy. They love the "late dinner", but Fräulein says she gets them into bed [1.2] soon after 8 every night. She seems rather more careful than I feared.

While they were finishing their breakfast, B.F.C.C. came in, and was very affable.

I have had the children all day, and we have had great sport. This afternoon they played games with the cousins in the Pincian, shouting with laughter. Then I took them and gave them ices at the grand Café Aragno — they each ate four chocolate cakes besides. Now they are preparing a grand play, while [1.3] Karin is reading to "Babe" a new book I bought, *More Beasts for Worse Children*, the two little heads close together.

Tomorrow I am to have them all day. I shall take them to Hadrian's Villa and the Lake of Nemi.

The weather is rather cold but bright, and *lovely* in the sun. On my terrace it was so warm, we sat for an hour without our coats or hats.

They are so happy. I am quite [1.4] surprised, considering their caretakers!!

I am delighted to be here with them, and I think we shall have a very pleasant week. If the weather doesn't keep good, I have a nice room with a fire, and books and paint boxes. I brought 24 boxes of chocolates!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Special love to poor Father. I am *so sorry* he is worse.

Ray and Karin send "A lot of love."



M-HS 1897.____

a two-page letter

on the stationery of Il Frullino, San Domenico di Fiesole, Florence;

'Return to H.W.S.'

Hotel Hassler, Piazza Trinità dei Monti, Rome,

Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1897

Dearest mother,

The children had a splendid time today. May and Edith and Bond and Grace and I went with Miss Foote (Edith's cousin) and her nephew (George Foote), a boy of 11 and little Bond, to Lake Albano and the Lake of Nemi — the whole day in the country. There was a great deal of driving, so I just took all the children into a carriage with me and had them practically [1.2] the whole day. I don't like having them along with Grace, for she is forever saying, "don't", and I did not have to say this to them once the whole day. It is true they fought and wrestled (in fun) in the carriage, jumped on and off the steppen, ran on behind, get sticks and beat stray dogs and pigs, sang, slapped, snatched and shouted, but really why shouldn't they! It did no one any harm, and made them very happy. I was only thankful they had other children and didn't need me to join in these proceedings. [1.3]

Tomorrow I shall take them and the three cousins and Fräulein for a picnic to Hadrian's Villa. I have already ordered the lunch. They will have a grand time if the weather is as warm and sunny as it was today.

I have had a good deal of talk with Ray and Karin. They say that if either thee or I put on a single gram more of niceness we should be "too good to live!" They really *do* seem to appreciate thee, partly by force of contrast, and their little tongues are always [1.4] singing thy praises. They are awfully affectionate to me too, little as I deserve it! and they keep saying we are the only people they can "really talk to". Ray says she has "great power over Fräulein", and she seems fond of her, in a way. They *want* her to come tomorrow, "because she's so nice about games".

Bond and Edith are staying till Friday, and Grace herself leaves on Saturday. Then the children and I will have a quieter time. I shall have little George Foote to play [2] with them on my terrace.

I am so pleased to find them so well and so comfortable, and their Father (apparently) in so cordial a humour. *He* has gone to Grace's tonight, so I am staying at home, and I shall get a long sleep to prepare me for tomorrow's labours. I do *love* going about with a pack of children and listening to their idiotic talk, merry laughter.

I had a post card from thee yesterday [2.2] but nothing today. I wonder if thee is going to Lady Henry's?

Much love to Father, who, I *hope*, is better.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1897.____
a postcard

Rome, Thursday, Dec. 30, 1897

Dearest mother,

We have just returned from a thoroughly successful day at Hadrian's Villa — in the course of which I had to say "don't" once only. The day was heavenly, and the children were all just as happy as they could be. I longed for them to enjoy the beauty of the place, but they were too intent on their own pleasures. Fräulein was a great help. She organized play in the Amphitheatre — lions eating martyrs, etc. It couldn't have been nicer, unless we had had Gram as audience.

I will write to that dressmaker at once.

Thee must pay Alys as soon as thy money comes in — or — no — I will send her the money myself and thee keep that.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1897.____

a two-page letter on plain writing paper

at Grace's, <Friday,> Dec. 31, 1897, 2.30 p.m.

Dearest mother,

I am waiting here for Ray and Karin, whom their father took to see a "Crib" somewhere. He said they were "very much interested in cribs", but I remember a year ago in Paris when I took them to one at his request they hated it!

This morning they took Girlie and all went to the Catacombs, where they enjoyed themselves very much.

But the best of all was yesterday, at Hadrian's Vill. It was perfect, without a hitch all day. It was lovely to hear [1.2] their merry shouts as they clambered about the ruins.

But what they seemed to enjoy most of all was that silly old trick of hiding in some obvious place and jumping out to "surprise" me. They preferred this to all the ruins and all the scenery in the world!

On the way back Ray and Karin distinguished themselves by inventing a marvellous dragon story, to which the other children and our fellow English travellers listened with [1.3] great interest.

Going home at night Ray bought for herself the new number of *St. Nicholas* to finish a serial story. She says she loves the *St. Nicholas* and she thinks thee has subscribed for it. If thee hasn't will thee? Ray is big enough now, I am sure.

When the interest was beginning to flag yesterday, and they were saying, "What shall we do?" I revived their spirits by offering 10 centimes to each child who would hop on one foot across the [1.4] Arena. It was a good distance, but the hope of gain kept them up, and I believe they enjoyed it quite as much as anything they did, except perhaps playing "Christian Martyrs" in the old Theatre, and devouring each other, rushing out from the vaults. Fräulein was famous at that — and indeed she was a great help all day, and most good-natured.

Bond and Edith got off to Florence this morning, and Grace goes at 8 tomorrow. She looks forward to the journey with *horror*, as thee [2] can imagine! I am glad I don't have to go with her, but I wish she could have waited and gone with "The Costies".

I expect I shan't stay after Tuesday or Wednesday, so thee had better address me to the Frullino now. Logan hasn't sent me a line since I came away, but I expect everything is going well.

I am so glad father is better!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



1898

check for letters to Ray and Karin, 1898-1900

M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

Rome, New Year's Day, 1898

Dearest mother,

This is just a line to tell thee that the children have had a very happy day. They even enjoyed the *Te Deum* at St. Peter's, but not so much, I think, as some ice cream and meringues I gave them after. B.F.C.C. is peculiarly friendly. I have a faint hope he will let them spend a night in Florence! [1.2] He shook hands with me and wished me a "Happy New Year", and tomorrow he is going to the Baths of Caracalla with us all. Speaking of baths, they haven't had *one* since they came! Fräulein is so helpless and so German and so dirty Ray's ears were holes of filth. I went early this morning and washed [1.3] them out! But she, Fräulein, is very good-natured, and they like to have her about. They never try to run away from her as they used to from Miss Clare.

We are reading *The Charge Fulfilled* by Mrs. Molesworth.⁶⁴⁹

I have to close hastily for the post.

Dearest love to thee and Father,

Thine,
Mary

⁶⁴⁹ Mary Louisa Molesworth (1839-1921), *A Charge Fulfilled*.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
'Return to H.W.S.' written at the top of the page

Rome, <Sunday,> Jan. 2, 1898

Dearest mother,

It is sad to think of you turned into a Hospital while we have been having such a good time. I hope Margaret and Uncle Horace are well by now, and that Father keeps better.

I have had the children all day, except for a low Mass this morning. I asked B.F.C.C. to let them stop at Florence, but he said their return [1.2] tickets went by way of Pisa. But he seems inclined to let them stop at Pisa a day with me to break their journey, I running down from Florence to join them there. I shall go away from here on Tuesday, as he requested, when he wrote, but really the children don't seem to mind much. They are very well entertained, and Fräulein is very nice to them. I read to them this morning while they painted, [1.3] and I lunched with them. Then we went with Fräulein to the Baths of Caracalla, where the children were perfectly happy climbing on the most dangerous places. They shouted and ran and explored, and wished "it would last forever". The rain drove us in, and we ended our day with the old but ever welcome reading and painting. They are making a marvellous series of animals with imaginary names.

I thought I bought my Annuity [1.4] form here to sign on the 1st, but I can't find it, so I must wait till I get back to send it. Therefore, thee must not worry over the delay. I can't write — my hand feels terribly cramped. I wonder if it is writer's cramp?

Dearest love to all,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1898.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Wednesday,> Jan. 5, 1898

Dearest mother,

For two days I have not written, and thee will excuse me when thee hear why. On Monday from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. I hadn't a moment free from the children, and the same yesterday, until 2.30 when I started.

On Monday we spent the morning in the Borghese gardens. We found a panorama and a lake. The lake had a boat and shoals of gold-fish, and there was a small zoo of [1.2] monkeys and kangaroos. Then we came to my hotel and they painted "creatures" — their favourite occupation this Christmas — and such funny creatures! I will send thee a specimen or two, but I am keeping the best to make into a book. They "got the idea" from a book I brought them for Christmas called *Animal Land where there are no people*.⁶⁵⁰ I read a story to them while they were painting. The sun came in at the window, and St. Peter's dome looked wonderful in the golden sky. The children [1.3] kept looking up and saying, "O now we are perfectly happy!" or "I wish this would last forever!" It was lovely, I must say.

I lunched with them, and then their only idea was to go back to their painting. So we went to my room again, and the reading and painting continued, mingled with chocolate and eating. The day was so beautiful, I wanted to go out, but they sternly refused to see sights. They said they would have quite enough of that when I was gone, and they didn't want to "waste their time." However, [1.4] about 4 o'clock they signified their willingness to go out on the Pincian (just by my hotel). I was surprised and delighted, but the mystery was explained when they led me straight to the swings and merry-go-rounds! We had the enclosed tin-type⁶⁵¹ taken for thee — and I must not forget to tell thee that I gathered up various scraps of letters begun to thee, which I will send thee as soon as I find them in my trunk.

Then we went and had an ice — a raspberry water-ice. They said their "ideal of bliss" would be to be sitting in [2] front of an Enormous Raspberry Ice with me reading to them! However, the reading only came afterwards, reading and painting until dinner, which I had with them.

After dinner, the wretches made me let them sit up a little, "because it was the last night", and they only got to bed at 9. I sat by them an hour, and they went off to sleep holding my hands.

Yesterday we went to a museum to meet their father. He was late, but I managed to amuse [2.2] them very well. We filled the mouths of the sculptured animals with some flowers we had, and played about. When he

⁶⁵⁰ Katharine and Sybil Corbet, *Animal Land: Where there are no people* (New York: Dutton, 1897).

⁶⁵¹ A photograph made by creating a direct positive on a thin sheet of metal coated with a dark lacquer or enamel and used as the support for the photographic emulsion.



came, it was only to say he was busy, so we went home and they helped me pack. I lunched with them, and they came to see me off. They were miserable at my going, but I slipped two francs into each of their hands and told them to do what they liked with it, and urged them to paint me some more “creatures”, and faint smiles flickered through their tears. They had some very nice things [2.3] planned to do for today and tomorrow, and there is some hope of their coming on ahead of their father and spending a day at Pisa with me. They want to very much, but even if they don’t they are having a very nice time.

Fräulein struck me very favourably, on the whole. She was so devoted to sight-seeing that she never stayed with us a minute she could help, and this was partly out of delicacy too, I think, she is fond of playing. Her defects are lack of control, and shiftlessness, and sometimes [2.4] quick temper, but I believe she will learn. Already some of her convent ideas are leaving her. I shall write her a friendly letter, with a little advice in it, and I think she will take it very well, for she was very nice to me. The children themselves say she is a “great improvement” on Miss Clare.

I returned to find the house still chaos, and I am awfully busy today. I long to write more, but I must rush off to town. I have enjoyed the children in Rome. If only thee had been with us! We wished for thee every minute.

Love to the Invalids, who, I hope, don’t deserve the name any more.

Love to Father.

With dearest love,

Thy devoted daughter,
M.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Thursday,> Jan. 6, 1898

Dearest mother,

I am so busy today, there is not a minute to write! The books, particularly the note-books, are still lying about, and I have a hundred household matters to regulate. Those eggs have broken out again in our calorifer! I don't know what we shall do. The house was said to be haunted, and I believe those eggs are the "haunt" — a peculiarly unpleasant kind! Not even the carpets were spread down when I came back!!

I have sent off my application for the annuity today.

I hope all the invalids are better, and Father not ill.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Friday,> Jan. 7, 1898

Dearest mother,

Thy last letter, sent to Rome, is entirely safe. I ordered my letters sent after me to the Poste Restante of Florence, as Logan wrote me there was trouble with the post here, and I wanted to make *sure* of a parcel I was expecting in Rome. I will go and get it [1.2] tomorrow and write to thee at once.

Logan says: Has thee written to Wavell about the prescription⁶⁵² to be used with spray — to order it sent out? Also pay that bill thee wrote about, and he will send thee a cheque.

I am writing in great haste as it is time for Guido to take the letters. Logan and I have just come up from haunting antiquity [1.3] shops — “Iniquity Shops”, I call them! I will write more tomorrow.

We are truly distressed to hear that Father is so much under the weather. His letter to Logan this morning touched us both very much, and we send our love. I am glad the invalids are better. Alys says thee [1.4] is an Angel — so thee is.

Those blessed children — how I did enjoy them.

In haste,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁶⁵² for a hair tonic.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Saturday,> Jan. 8, 1898

Dearest mother,

The children will reach Paris probably Tuesday night, and will spend Wednesday there with "the Cousins", and come home on Thursday. I am waiting to hear whether they may come to Pisa on Monday or not. I did not say anything to B.F.C.C. about Easter. I thought it well to let sleeping dogs lie. [1.2]

I am greatly distressed to hear such bad news of Lady Henry — the most *charming* woman I have ever seen. I hope Clifford is merely a pessimist. I hope, too, she will resign while she can do it with grace, and with people regretting her. I wonder if she still feels "wonderfully about it all"?

We are beginning to fit in a little. I must say the house looks very different from what it did when thee saw it!⁶⁵³ It is filled with books, and it is [1.3] clean and begins to be dainty. They cleared out today (I hope) the last of the rotten eggs, and so we shall soon be settled. I am beginning to find cubby-holes for my papers, and to know where the books are on their shelves. The table china Herbert Horne designed is very pretty.

I send thee another bill to pay. Do not be discouraged! There are more coming.

Tell Father his letter to Logan came. Logan says he has [1.4] written to thee about the various bills. The Larkins' one is all right.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁶⁵³ When did Hannah come to Il Frullino?



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Monday,> Jan. 10, 1898

Dearest mother,

When I got no letter from thee today, I thought it must be the excitement of Lady Henry's resignation. Probably thee is receiving and sending telegrams every half hour, besides rushing about to see innumerable people. I think she has done right to resign, but *Who* will take her place? Who is even talked of? I can't imagine. It must be very interesting — but alas! I fear, now she is really out, it will soon subside into dullness. B.W.s as such are [1.2] not — well, not very exciting. What will thee and Alys do?

Logan and I are about 4/5 settled in now. The smell of eggs is gone, and our fire doesn't smoke. But the books are still lying about in heaps, and I haven't yet found the right cubby-holes for my papers.

Love to Father. I wish we could send him some of our health and good spirits by way of a New Year's gift.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Tuesday,> Jan. 11, 1898

Dearest mother,

The *Chronicle* hasn't come for four days (!) so we haven't heard of Lady Henry's resignation except through thee. What can be the matter with it? The *Athenaeum* and all my French magazines come all right.

Thanks for the *Mind*. It ought to come here. I subscribe to it, for it often has interesting articles on Aesthetics. I have all the back numbers from the beginning.

The Shakspear [*sic*] Calendar chooses extracts because of their ideas and sentiments — a totally different [1.2] standard from ours. I don't think there is one of our pieces.

The Strongs left Rome the day I arrived. Logan saw "Miss Sellers" here, and I have had a very happy letter from her since — more peaceful and contented than any I ever received.⁶⁵⁴ Logan said she looked very happy. So who knows? They have taken a furnished house — 35 Kensington Court Mansions — for two months.

The smell of eggs is gone at last — quite gone, I think. It is really lovely here now. I wish thee could see it. The long room is beautiful, and the loggia is most cozy and bright.

Special love to Father. I hope he understands that my letters are for him too — only I send <them> to thee because of writing to the children. Logan and I are always talking of him and hoping he will get back some enjoyment of life before long.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
Mary

⁶⁵⁴ The letter Mary refers to here does not seem to have survived.

Mary to Eugénie, Jan. 8, 1898: 'Your letter sounded very happy, happier than any I have ever had from you, and I am very glad.'

Eugénie to Mary, Feb. 28, 1898: 'You wrote to me a perfectly charming letter as far back as Jan. 8, and in my usual lazy manner I have left it unanswered 6 weeks.'



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on ruled paper;
'Return to H.W.S.' written at the top

San Domenico, <Florence, Friday,> Jan. 14, 1898

Dearest mother,

I return the cheque, signed. Our postal arrangements are getting better, as we have bribed the post office to send the letters without delay. I think we shall have not more real difficulty.

This money I will leave for thee to use paying my bills, etc. I have several still to pay, for photographs, etc. A letter from my dressmaker begs me to have patience, saying she will try to pay back a few pounds each month. She hopes to get more custom<ers> as the Season comes. I will get her to make me some clothes when I come home, ____ to help work off her debt. And

illegible

does thee need more for the children? I hate to have thee spending all thy money on them, which perhaps thee needs for thy own comfort. If thee needs anything thee must draw on me, for I can always send thee £25 out a pinch. How much does thee spend on them? When I get over the strain of settling in (which has cost a good deal) I think I ought to be able to give thee at least half of what thee spends.

I hope the beloved children are home by now, back with their beloved "Garam". They have a firm and fixed belief that thee is the very loveliest "Gram" in the world — and — unlike many firm and fixed beliefs! — it [1.3] is well founded. The way they speak of thee, as if thy goodness and sympathy were as certain as the sun's rising, or the law of gravitation, would do thy heart good. They were even planning to take baths in at "Yours", so as to have the fun in them which Fräulein prohibits in their own bath-tub.

That was a dear little post-card Karin sent. Yes, it *was* "awful" when I went, as she said. Ray and I wept like fountains, but Karin was braver. however, I trust Ray is happier now — the darling!

Logan and I are very much interested in the B.W. doings. They remind us of the Conclaves of the Popes we read about in Bishop Creighton's history. [1.4]

Did I tell thee? I missed the Stronges — they left Rome the day I arrived. Logan saw her here, and she seemed well and happy, and I have had a happy letter⁶⁵⁵ from her since.

Poor Bertie! What a bore to get Influenza. I am all over my cold, thanks to doses of *Rhinitis*, but even a cold is a bore.

Logan and I are enchanted with our new rooms, now that we have decorated them. The long room is one of the prettiest and most comfortable I have ever seen, and the loggia room is enchanting. We have

⁶⁵⁵ The letter Mary refers to here does not seem to have survived.



spent the whole day giving last touches and sitting round admiring our creations! Rosa has made everything as clean as a pin. Guido, her nephew, is very nice

illegible

honest, faithful and very strong country boy, who trembles with anxiety to do well. He is just the servant I wanted.

Love to Father.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Sunday,> Jan. 16, 1898

Dearest mother,

I am glad you are all better — and Bertie too. What an illness he seems to have had.

This reminds me: Logan is anxious at hearing nothing from Sturges — and he is always saying, “Do ask Mother to send to 17 Upper Wimpole Street and enquire how he is.” Thee might go with the children “in Rollings” — I should like them to pay a little call on him. They can buy him [1.2] a few flowers from me.

Also Logan says, “Has thee told Mother to pay Tanners’ Bill?” I don’t suppose I have, for he never told me to, but at any rate I have done it now!

Thee *was* good to take all those children to the Circus. I sympathize with thee. I expect there was great chattering among the children — Ray and Karin telling all their “adventures”.

That “Call to Duty” is a very amusing document — really a shocking exhibition of spite, intolerance, ignorance and fanaticism. Lady Henry is well out of it!

Love to Father and to thee.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole, crossed out

Viareggio, <Friday,> Jan. 28, 1898

Dearest mother,

I do hope that was only a false alarm about darling little Ray. She is too young for her troubles to begin — she ought to have a good two or three yeas more. Still, if it is so, there is nothing to be done but to take the greatest care of her. Thee must impress on her how important it is to be careful, and I think her father ought to be told. Thee had better write [1.2] to him. On the whole, the most convenient arrangements are those I have made of bath-towelling, and fastening to a band especially made for the purpose.

sketch

Poor old Ray! I do hope it isn't true. She had better begin the habit of staying at home a day, quite quietly (she would love this), and this will take away the risk of strain. As she is so young, she ought to be especially careful. I think I should explain it to the Head Mistress — who will, I am [1.3] sure approve of her being as careful as possible, as she is so unusually young. I expect thee has thought of all this and more thyself.

I am glad Lady Henry is taking things so easily. She is almost the only person who does, though! Is Miss Willard⁶⁵⁶ coming over? Does Lady Henry want her?

Miss Holdsworth and Miss Paterson came to tea the other day.⁶⁵⁷ I detest Miss Holdsworth, and do not take to Miss Paterson. Who [1.4] is she, and why did Eva send me to call on her? Mrs. Wynford Phillips has asked me to call on a friend of hers, but really I can't. I don't live in Italy to keep up London acquaintances, and I know too many bores as it is! I have succeeded in choking off the Von der Hellen woman, and the Morgans hardly come at all, now I am so far away.

We are glad to hear Father is better. Is he coming abroad at all?

I am awfully sorry about thy Lumbago — has thee tried Elliman's Embrocation?⁶⁵⁸

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁵⁶ Miss Willard is Lady Henry's assistant and secretary?

⁶⁵⁷ Mary's diary, Jan. 20, 1898: 'I had a music lesson and then called on Miss Paterson. By mistake her friend Miss Holdsworth took my visit to herself. However, it didn't matter.'

⁶⁵⁸ First sold as a rub for animals, by 1850 Elliman's Embrocation was being sold for use by humans, as an aid for aching muscles and joints. Elliman's Embrocation is now made by GlaxoSmithKline.

See the letter of Mar. 27, 1894.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Wednesday,> Feb. 2, 1898

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy letter from Cambridge.

Tell Karin I do sympathize with her about her teeth! And I am so glad to hear Ray's are coming right of themselves. I expect the operation on her throat had something to do with that.

Does thee use pure olive oil at all? I should like to send thee some of Mrs. Ross', and also some of her "muscated white wine vinegar", and her tomato preserve for sauces if they would be useful. If they seem nice thee could regularly get them. They are delivered free in London. She is awfully kind to me and is giving me quantities of flowers.

The weather here is like paradise. The almost trees are in blossom and the daffodils and irises are out!

Dearest love to you all,

Thy daughter,
M.

Will thee send me the name of a good commentary on the Old Testament, or lend me one of thine?



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Thursday,> Feb. 3, 1898

Dearest mother,

Will thee put it on thy "list" to go to Rudolph's at 154 Sloane Street and have him send me, carefully wrapped for the post, 2 bottles of his "Pine Schampoo" [*sci*] (at 1/a bottle)? It is most lovely stuff, and might be nice for the children's hair — unless they go once a month (as i hope and am anxious to pay for) to the hairdresser's. Tell Alys about it — thee might, if [1.2] thee is there, get a bottle for family use and try it thyself the next time thee washes thy hair. Miss Duff Gordon says it is the most delicious thing she knows — with the nice odour of the pine woods about it.

Friday, Feb. 4, 1898

Thy letter telling about Lady Henry's change of opinions has just come. She does keep you lively! Miss Willard will rejoice. But still I should think you would hesitate to have her for a leader [1.3] again. It hasn't been exactly a statesmanlike course to pursue!

It is pouring today, and I am sorry for the poor people, the Scott-Barebers who are coming to lunch.⁶⁵⁹ They must be cursing me! They were friends of our "Antiquity Shop" acquaintance, Jenkins, and as they asked us there to lunch and I went (Logan was at Viareggio) on Mr. Jenkins' account, I had to pay up by asking them here. He is [1.4] very musical, and she is an amusing person. But still — why should I know them? There are too many people in the world!

Logan seems much better since his trip, and I am sleeping a great deal better. We are going to begin on our Opera as soon as Trevy comes, for we want him to help us with the verse.

The rest I will say in a letter to the children. Thank thee a hundred million times for thy darling daily letters!

Thy grateful and devoted daughter,

Mary

⁶⁵⁹ Mary's diary, Feb. 4, 1898: 'Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Barber came to lunch. They were rather nice, and she was very amusing. He gave us some music: Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin and a quaint little old *pavana*.'



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Monday,> Feb. 21, 1898

My dearest mother,

I am very sorry to hear of Miss Willard's⁶⁶⁰ death. To me it was utterly unexpected, though thee had told me she was ill. But she seemed so young and so full of energy, and her death leaves such a gap, that the imagination could not grasp the idea of her fading out of it all.. She was a very great genius in her way, and there is no one, I should think, to take her place, or anything like it.

It must be a real loss to thee, and I am very, very sorry for that. The Temperance work will somehow be carried on, but [1.2] of course nothing can make up to thee for that friend of so many years. Lady Henry must be very much upset. I wonder if it would have made any difference — but I suppose not — if she had come over as she planned. With Lady Henry and Miss Willard not in the work, it must seem like merely dry “duty” to thee and Alys.

I wonder what Miss Willard is doing now? Whether she takes her eager, active, curious mind with her? If she does, she must be enjoying herself very greatly, and after all, from the other side, it won't seem [1.3] to make much difference that she has gone a few years ahead, because all the people she loved are sure to come. The sting of absence here is partly the uncertainty of meeting again, but if she has achieved immortality, she is sure to be quite tranquil about seeing thee and Lady Henry again, and in the meantime I expect she is enjoying herself very much. I can imagine her laughing at the various “cures” she undertook, now when (in all probability) whatever her [1.4] “body” may be, it is a satisfactory one that corresponds to her spirit. But just think of old Mrs. Costelloe living on till nearly 80, and Miss Willard gone so soon!

I am reading thy Commentary on the Bible. It is very interesting and exceedingly ingenious. But of course it starts from such different premises from ours that no discussion is possible. We have got into the Psalms now, and occasionally we find some very good poetry. But so far, most of the Bible, as literature, is miserably poor. How does thee explain to thyself that God chose men to write who had so little literary talent? Scarcely anything is [1] up to the level of good folk tales or ballads. Why didn't he put his revelation into real poetry and literature, does thee think? It would be most interesting to hear thy view of it.

⁶⁶⁰ Frances Elizabeth Caroline Willard (1839-1898), an educator, [temperance](#) reformer, and [women's suffragist](#). Her influence was instrumental in the passage of the [Eighteenth \(Prohibition\)](#) and [Nineteenth \(Women Suffrage\)](#) Amendments to the [United States Constitution](#). Willard became the national president of [Woman's Christian Temperance Union](#) (WCTU) in 1879, and remained president until her death in 1898.



With dearest love, and great sympathy about Miss Willard's death,
Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____

the second page of a three-page letter;
the third page on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, ? *ante* Feb. 28, 1898>

~~for the present.~~

Such a long list of worries at settling in! I really think I will burden thy sympathetic mind with them:

1. The w.c. has gone wrong.
2. The pump has gone wrong and new pipes have to be laid in.
3. The roofs leak in two places.
4. The windows leak.
5. The dining room walls must be done over.
6. The floor of the new [2.2] room must be re-made.
7. The Eyres had the house filled with dogs and it is nearly uninhabitable

for the fleas they have left.

8. The Eyres have left at least half a dozen chairs and a sofa in rags.

9. The matting of the dining room isn't fit for a pig-pen.

10. Rosa buys tough chickens and poor meat, and rushes all over the house neglecting her cooking. [3]

11. Leonie won't do the ironing on regular days.

12. A lot of laurels in the garden hedge have died.

13. They break stones early in the morning, and the neighbours dogs run about howling all night.

These are all the small grievances I can think of. If the children and thee were here, not one of them [3.2] would bother me. I do believe I miss you so awfully I hardly know what to do.

Alys writes that they are all getting on splendidly. I think they will all thoroughly enjoy themselves.

I am much better. I saw the doctor, and he says he thinks the effects of that accursed medicine are nearly worn off, and I [3.3] must just diet and rest for a while.

I have to **go to Siena**⁶⁶¹ **from Tuesday till Friday**, but after that I will devote myself to getting well and **writing my Louvre Guide**.

Ever and ever and ever so much more love than I can express to all of you dear things, including Grace and her "Angles".

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁶⁶¹ Mary and Bernhard were in Siena at the Grand Hotel from Monday, Feb. 28 to Thursday, Mar. 3, 1898, and then went to Volterra and San Gimignano.



M-R 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

San Gimignano, <Monday,> Mar. 7, 1898

Dearest Father,

We received thy interesting letter while we were at Volterra. I do hope thee doesn't think that I am not deeply sympathetic with all the suffering thee has to bear, because I don't write more often. Thee sees writing to the children every day takes up a good deal of time, and all my energy for letter-writing goes in that way. But whatever news is in them is meant for all the family. And I do feel awfully sorry about thy continued illnesses. I groan myself when I have the least little [1.2] thing the matter, and I can't bear to think what it must be to be living — or rather half-living — with such diminished vitality as thine must be. How I hope this spring will give thee back some of thy former spirits!

We are enjoying our trip very much. Becoming conservative and conventional as middle age creeps upon us we have tonight along only the Bible and Shakspeare [*vi*] to read. With these and guide-books we fill in the time left-over from sight-seeing.

Logan sends love and says he will soon be at home.

I must close hastily for the post.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Friday,> Mar. 11, 1898

Dearest mother,

I have written to B.F.C.C. about Easter — goodness knows when he will reply! It is too bad about their bicycles — I cannot understand it. Won't Winny be persuaded to keep them in the pantry?

Logan started yesterday, as thee will know by the time thee gets this letter! He made up his mind about 11 o'clock, [1.2] and started at 3 — and so, very sensibly, saved himself all the misery of anticipating the journey and the packing! Tell him I am sending him his pocket-book, which I found on my desk.

Trevy is going to stay till Tuesday, in order to go to Buonamici's concert on Monday night and also to read some of his poems to Miss Duff Gordon on Monday afternoon. He is at [1.3] work on the second Act of the Opera.

We are going over to the Rosses' today.

This Bill he wants paid by thee for him. He wanted to take it, but I am sure he would have forgotten it.

I do hope poor Father is getting better. He is having a terrible siege of it, poor dear — and the worst is that no one can really do anything for him. It is very hard. We [1.4] were reading Job, and were very much struck with the way God justified himself before Job's reproaches — by a lyric outburst in praise of the rhinoceros and the crocodile! I am afraid this would not be very consoling to Father, who really has a right to cry out with Job, "Let him take away his rod from me!" but it is a magnificent piece of Literature, quite worthy of our *Golden Urn*!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, day,> Mar. 25, 1898

Dearest mother,

B.F.C.C. writes an absolute negative to my coming back at Easter, for he says he is terribly overworked and wants to be with the children himself at the Cottage. What can be done? I am *anfully* disappointed, and they will be too, poor little darlings. I am sending his letter to Alys and Bertie, for [1.2] they think they must grapple with him about making more settled summer plans, and I think this would be a good occasion to do it. To him I am writing that I am *terribly* disappointed, and that I count on having them for a long uninterrupted time in the summer. Of course I *could* come still, but I fear it would be very awkward. Thee *must* tell [1.3] the children it isn't my fault — that I had made every plan to come, but that their father wants them by himself at the Cottage. Perhaps they won't mind so very, very much, if they can have the Vidals, especially as Auntie Loo is there and Fräulein is nice during holiday time.

Thy post card has just come. If Ray is ill with measles, or any other definite sickness, [1.4] thee must telegraph for me, and I will come at once.

I am just *anfully* disappointed. I have been dreaming of their dear little faces and their sweet voices. Thee had better prepare them by saying that thee is *afraid* their father may want them to himself, and that we are *all* going to try to make a better arrangement for the summer, if this Easter plan doesn't come off, and start them thinking of that, and talk [1] about the Vidals.

If there were any treat they could take that would console them a little, I should gladly send £5, which would be much less than my ticket. O yes, I have it. I will hire them a quiet little pony cart — doesn't thee think that would console them?

Thy loving daughter.



M-HS 1898.____

a note; '28.3.98' (a Monday) in pencil at top

<Florence,> Sunday <Mar. 27, 1898>

I am just waiting to hear how Ray is. If she really has S. F.⁶⁶² — and Karin is sure to get it too, — then they will have to be secluded from B.F.C.C. and he can't be with them for the holidays. Then I shall come to nurse them and see them through. So I wait, before writing to the children or to him or doing anything. Thee would have telegraphed I am sure, so I am trying not to be anxious. But thee will wire me at once if she is at all ill?

Lovingly,

M.

⁶⁶² scarlet fever



M-HS 1898.____

a note from Mary (to Logan ?) with corrections
for the printing of 'Altamura' in *The Golden Urn*, vol. 3

<no date>

Proof of Altamura -

p. 102 first line of 2d paragraph wants a comma after "power"⁶⁶³

<p. ____> 3d line of last paragraph, *colour*⁶⁶⁴

<p. ____> Hades - one l. (look it up!)⁶⁶⁵

p. 106 about middle wants a comma "in the contemplation of these
devout Satanists",⁶⁶⁶ etc.

p. 108 "undoubtedly 'of Faith' " not undoubtedly 'of Faith'⁶⁶⁷

Por ti co il Bravo!

MLC

Where is the proof of the list.⁶⁶⁸ I *must* see it!

⁶⁶³ *The Golden Urn*, vol. 3, p. 102, line 14

⁶⁶⁴

⁶⁶⁵

⁶⁶⁶ p. 106, line 16.

⁶⁶⁷ p. 108, line 14.

⁶⁶⁸ The list of sacred paintings.



M-HS 1898.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Monday, Mar. 28,⁶⁶⁹ 1898

Dearest mother,

By a storm in the Channel or some other mischance, no letter from thee has arrived today. I am going to telegraph, for it is awful to hear and know nothing of darling Ray's condition.

Please tell her I am thinking about her every moment.

I can hardly write today, [1.2] for I feel so ill. I ate part of a lobster insufficiently cooked, and it has played havoc with my internal economy, so that I can hardly hold up my head. But am getting all right — and I could start at a moment's notice, of course.

B.F.C.C.'s reason for my not returning was that he [1.3] wanted to be with the children at the Cottage, but of course he must keep away if there is infection, as he has to go among people.

Welk, I must wait for news.

Please find out if it isn't important to have Ray's hair cut. I am *convinced* that it will make all the difference between her having a good crop of hair later. I have [1.4] known so many cases. But of course B.F.C.C. won't have it done unless he is *forced* to. If he won't do it even then, I shall simply have it done myself when I come home, and when it is once done, he can't undo it, however he may rage, and Ray will bless me all her life — till she gets too old to care! Please use my money to get all

illegible

[2] her if she is feeling miserable. Get her anything she thinks she would like — the nicest grapes (muscatel) — and whatever else she fancies. I long and long to hear — as thee can imagine!

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶⁶⁹ Mary wrote 'Monday, March 29, 1898'.



M-HS 1898.____

a postcard / a ____-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Tuesday,> Mar. 29, 1898

Dearest mother,

It is a *great* comfort to hear that Ray is actually enjoying herself. A nice nurse is perfection, and she seems to have a nice one. I am so relieved by thy letters today, and last night's telegram, that [1.2] I am almost happy. Yes, I will try to make that arrangement about June. Alys and Bertie are going to speak to B.F.C.C. too — and between us all I think we ought to manage it. It would be heaven!

I am sure Ray is as well off as can be now, and I expect it is great [1.3] fun to have no lessons.

I suppose Karin doesn't go to school either! Tell the dear little puss I had her post-card and will answer it soon. Thank her for me, and tell her it was beautifully written.

Thank thee a hundred times for all thy letters, dearest Mother.

Thy loving daughter

[1] I am much better today.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Florence, Saturday,> Apr. 2, 1898

Dearest mother,

Thank thee for sending me the paper about Miss Willard. It is very impressive and very touching. I do not see anything to change in what thee has written — it seems to me just right, and unless thee expanded it to something else, I can't see how it [1.2] could be improved. Thee wanted to give that view of her character, and thee has done it. Of course thee could give instances of her genius, her activity, but that would be another thing. She was a very wonderful person, there is no doubt. Her large-heartedness was a form of genius.

I am making no plans until I hear from Alys and Bertie the [1.3] result of their talk with B.F.C.C. I could come back — and should love to — for Ray's convalescence, but it would be nicer if we could have a long time in the summer, with the cousins and Polly.

When thee telegraphs — Fiesole, Italy is enough — not Florence. I *was* frightened when I saw the "April Fool" telegram.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-R 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Sunday,> Apr. 10, 1898

Dearest Father,

I am truly grieved that thee feels in such a low way about thy state of health. It must be very hard to bear to feel the body hemming one in uncomfortably on every side, when in one's *self* one is as fit for life and enjoyment as ever. I am conscious of my body chiefly as the channel of many pleasures — particularly in this beautiful spring weather — and that makes me feel almost a resentment against Providence that thee should be feeling thine in just the opposite way. I wish I could send thee a little of my vitality! [1.2]

I keep always hoping for better news, and sometimes thee *does* seem a little better. But I fear thee has a great deal to bear, more than anyone can know.

Thank thee for thy sweet little note. I wish I could be at home at this time, but at any rate I am looking forward eagerly to next summer, when I do believe thee will feel better. Friday's Hill always seems to do thee good.

Thy loving daughter,

Mary



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Monday,> Apr. 11, 1898

Dearest mother,

Thee wrote me some time ago that thee had given Alys £20 on account of that dressmaker, but she says she has not had it. Will thee therefore give her £25 from my account! And how much shall I have left¹ Somehow I can't keep it in my head.

I had found such an amusing [1.2] tenant for Logan this summer, one of my nearest neighbours, Count Hochberg (a great Prussian swell). He has built an enormous palace on the next hill and decorated it *à la* Savoy Hotel, but with streaks of taste, here and there. And now he wants to sell it (for £40,000) and come to England and buy a place in Surrey and build and improve and furnish again. (He has the furnishing [1.3] mania.) He wants to take a cottage as hear-quarters while he is looking about, and has appeared delighted with the idea of High Buildings when I told him. But I suppose there is no chance now. Blackdown⁶⁷⁰ or some such place would be what he would like to buy. I suppose there aren't many going? He is an awfully amusing person, a blend of poor Stenbock and Obrist, with [1.3] greater geniality than either.

Let Logan see this letter, and maybe he will know of some place I could tell Hochberg about.

I am making no plans till I hear the result of Alys' and Bertie's negotiations with B.F.C.C.

Much love to poor Father, who is feeling <in> better shape.

Thy loving daughter,

M.

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M-R 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Wednesday,> Apr. 13, 1898

Dearest Father,

I am awfully sorry to get such bad reports of thee all the time. Thee must indeed be suffering a great deal. The doctor's report on thy heart seemed to be good, but evidently it does not make thee feel any better to know that thy heart is sound.

I do feel that we ought all to be with thee now, and yet there is so little any outsider can do for a person in suffering. I know [1.2] when I am ill, beyond the pleasure of having an audience for my woes, no one can administer consolation. There is none in fact!

I hope each day to get a better report. Mother tells me how thee is from day to day, but she is evidently very sorry thee should be suffering so much.

I hope tomorrow to have better news.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Thursday,> Apr. 14, 1898

Dearest mother,

I think Alys has made a very good arrangement, considering all things. We *shall* feel rich with four solid weeks, it is really a part of one's life. It will do no harm to tell the children he has promised it, and it will be another thing to keep him to it (not that he cares very much about their feelings). It would be *too lovely* to have them [1.2] staying actually in Friday's Hill. I could manage to keep them quiet, so that no one would be disturbed. I shall arrange all my plans so as not to have to go up to town once, if possible, during that time. I may come back a little earlier in July, so as to get everything settled up. It *will* be nice to feel that we have some real time to depend on! I am so glad too that Grace is going to be there. Alys is a brick, and I am awfully grateful to her. [1.3]

I shall go and see about those Easter eggs today. I am so sorry they did not arrive in time.

This arrangement means, I suppose, that I had better *not* come home for Ray's convalescence? Well, it will make up for a good deal if we can really have all that time uninterrupted. I look forward to being there with you all. Father certainly has provided for us one of the loveliest places in the world, and we really aren't there half enough. Yet with all the [1.4] interruptions it seems more like home than anywhere — it is home. I always think of myself as "belonging" there.

Give Father my dearest love. We shall all be so glad to be with him this summer — not that we can *do* much if he is actually suffering, but I hope he won't be.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____

a two-page letter on the death of her father,
the first page on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence,
the second on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
Strachey, p. 75

<Florence,> Sunday, Apr. 17, 1898, 10 p.m.

Dearest mother,

The telegram has just come.⁶⁷¹ The wind is howling about the house and the rain falling steadily and heavily on the roof, and I am haunted by the feeling that poor Father's unloved, lovely soul is maybe blown desolately about, cold and shivering without its bodily covering. It is strange how all the old commonplaces become alive and vivid when [1.2] a serious thing like this happens. I should hate to think he had just stopped existing, who was so wrapped up in life a few hours ago, and I should hate to think he wasn't happy. It would be nice to believe in Purgatory, and climb up to the Fiesole Cathedral through the rain and wind to burn candles for him and have long prayers said. But, as thee would say, "he is in God's hands" — whatever that means — so I suppose he is all right. Only I cannot think [1.3] of anything else except that perhaps he is astray among the elements somewhere, wandering dismayed at the loss of the "cocoon" he lived in so long. Poor Father! he did not win much love in his life, and what he won he could not keep. I suppose no one will feel existence poorer for his death, and yet one has a great deal of human emotion over such an event. We shall soon remember only what was engaging about him — and the *habit* of him will be hard to break. I [1.4] can't help feeling as if he were taking a great interest in the disposal of his body — trotting around himself to give the last touches.

I am so glad Logan is with thee, and Alys and Bertie. I have sent a wire to know if I mayn't come. It will be a good excuse for me to be home with Ray while she is in the country. B.F.C.C. couldn't take exception to it — and I should love it. I don't suppose thee needs me for anything else, but I feel it would be lovely to gather together with a family that [2] is now really united and congenial. I should love to be there at all your plan-making. And even if thee *has* wired not to come, do reconsider it and send for me. It would be *lovely* to be with thee just now.

⁶⁷¹ Mary's diary, April 17, 1898: 'Rather late in the evening came a wire to say that poor Father had died in the afternoon "peacefully". There was a terrible storm of rain and wind, and I was haunted by the feeling that his shivering, naked soul had become the play of the elements —

"Imprisoned in the viewless wind

Or blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world."

Poor man! I did not feel at all the relief I always expected to feel at his death, but rather a longing to see him once again.



How thy children *do* love thee, thou darling Mother. This will draw us all the closer to thee. I do *hope* I shall have a wire tomorrow telling me to start. In that case I should start tomorrow night, and reach [2.2] London about 5 Wednesday. Think of being with thee so soon! If thee wires upon receiving this letter, I can start Wednesday.

Thy “loving, loving, a million times loving” daughter,

Mary

It was a *great* comfort to hear that he died “peacefully”. Did he know? Who was there? But of course I shall hear all about it.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Tuesday,> Apr. 19, 1898

Dearest mother,

I received thy telegram, and so shall not come home. I suppose I could not really be of any use. I could not get there in any case in time for the funeral. I must confess I should have been glad to see poor Father again. I can imagine that he looked peaceful and even beautiful, and I should like to have had this vision to carry away. How nice of him [1.2] to send strawberries to Ray.

From thy Saturday's letter I gather that he did have a good deal of suffering, but I have not yet heard what caused it.

I find I loved him a great deal more than I thought. I have been very unhappy thinking I should never see him again. I should not, however, call him back, either for his sake or ours. Still I do miss him. Poor Father, he really had a miserable year of it at the end. What a [1.3] mercy it was not prolonged. I do not suppose this changes any of our plans. I hope it will not be necessary to let Friday's Hill this summer. I don't believe there is really going to be a war. However, I will speak to Count Hochberg about it.

Excuse a hurried note and tell Ray I have not had a chance to write. The flowers I sent her were returned. The English post won't receive them any more. So I won't send the asparagus.

Very lovingly, thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Sunday,> Apr. 24, 1898

Dearest mother,

I am awfully glad you have decided to keep Friday's Hill for ourselves this summer. There is a sort of war scare now, but I don't believe it will last. Mr. Davis, a billionaire railroad king (who sometimes buys pictures) was here yesterday, and he said that he thought there would be very little business upset, but on the whole, more activity and more prosperity on account of the war. He said [1.2] he considered American incomes perfectly safe. Laurel Hill, particularly, should do well at such a time. I can't help thinking that we shall be as well off as ever. At any rate we shall have this summer "tucked under our jackets".

When I see Count Hochberg, I will tell him about taking the place for the autumn and winter. But I don't believe he'll do it, because he is going to Sicily for a couple of months. So if you have another offer, take it.

Thee will smile to hear that Miss [1.3] Houldsworth⁶⁷² [*sic*] and Mr. Hamilton are already boasting over Florence that Lady Henry will come to their wedding in August —!! Thee needn't have warned me against her. I took a great dislike to her on sight. They are putting off their marriage so that she can finish a novel she is writing. His love began with an admiration of her works — a beautiful instance of the punishment of bad taste! Miss Paget, I hear, is furious.

Yes, I will write to Aunt Lill about poor Father. Do you all find it [1.4] an immense relief to have him gone? Of course living away so much he did not weigh so heavily on me. But hasn't anyone except me a sort of longing to see his familiar face again?

Thanks for my account. Thy addition was £10 out. It comes to £101.15 and leaves me only about £10 in hand. I am afraid it would be a crazy expense of £15 for the ticket to come home just for a week, but I am awfully tempted. We shall see what B.F.C.C. says.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I will send my signature this afternoon.

⁶⁷² Eugene Lee-Hamilton (1845-1907), a late Victorian poet. His mother died in 1896 and in 1898 he married Annie E. Holdsworth (1860-1917), a novelist, born in Jamaica, daughter of the Reverend William Holdsworth, a missionary to the ex-slaves there, she returned to England in 1871. In 1898 married Eugene Lee-Hamilton in 1898. She began writing as a girl; came to London on father's death; first worked on the staff of Review of Reviews; became co-editor with Lady Henry Somerset of The Woman's Signal.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Wednesday,> May 4, 1898

Dearest mother,

Surely the war will not stop supplies? Everyone here says it has altered nothing. I can't understand about thy having so little. When are Father's next remittances due? Laurel Hill hasn't stopped dividends surely, nor the [1.2] Arch St. offices? Thee can't manage on £57.16/indefinitely, that is clear. But some income *must* be coming in. It did not stop with poor Father's death? I have never heard anything about his will, or how much there is. But surely there is all there was, minus the expense of him? [1.3]

I wish I could write more. I am in great haste. What is Miss Toplady's number, 50 or 51?

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Saturday,> May 7, 1898

Dearest mother,

I am writing to Ray now in the country, at the Millhangar. Will thee tell Logan that the china hanging jar is too large to go by parcel post. I will send him some frames and mirrors presently. The Florence shops are shut at present because of the riots — or were yesterday!

Does thee feel very patriotic over the American victory at the Phillipines? [sic] I don't seem to have a single eagle feather left on me to ruffle.

Etta is very comfortable settled here, studying Italian and looking at photographs. She is very sweet, and I find it a real pleasure to have her in the house.

Any news about income?

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Florence, Saturday,> May 14, 1898

Dearest mother,

I got it into my head — stupidly enough — that thee was away this week, attending the B.W. meetings, but of course the annual meetings are always held in London. I am glad to hear of Lady Henry's triumph, but I thought she didn't really *want* to go on with such hard work? [1.2]

I received the newspaper cutting about poor Father. It is a blessing he is gone out of the chance of bearing — or giving — pain. I cannot quite understand about the money, for it is impossible for thee to live on £200 (owing already £150) for the rest of the year! Something must absolutely be coming in, though I do not see, from thy letter, [1.3] the quarter it is to come from — if neither Arch Street nor Laurel Hill are going to pay any dividends this year. But surely that can't be quite the case? But anyhow I do not think thee needs to worry, for between us we can manage, I am sure. If we must, we can let Friday's Hill another summer, but I hope it will not come to that. What a pity we none of us were up to investing in wheat — we [1.4] should have been rolling in wealth!

It amuses me that Ray appears so entirely happy seeing none of us, not even Karin. Doesn't it show how little necessary to happiness even the nearest and dearest people are?! But I hope her peeling will soon be over, and that she can get off to the country. Alys is an Angel.

Please tell Logan I have sent him three packages by parcel post, of which I enclose the receipts.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

Tell Logan to send Mrs. Ross a couple of dozen Toplady cards, and to send me some more.



M-A 1898.____

a one-page letter to Alys on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Monday,> May 16, 1898

Dearest Alys,

Thanks for thy letter. **We don't hear much about the Riots.** Placci came up all fire and flame over them, but he could see nothing ahead except "the ruin of Italy", and I think he was not very clear as to just what that meant. The excitement is an excuse to him for giving up his serious work in music. [1.2]

It is funny, we have heard nothing form the Dikes. Let me know when thee hears.

I expect to be in Paris for two weeks at the end of June.

Edith and Bond have gone home for her father's illness, perhaps death. I'm afraid Edith will have her mother and sister on her hands.

Thee is an angel to Ray, and if her child's heart is incapable of appreciating it, mine isn't. [1.3]

I read about thee in the *Chronicle*, and thought thy speech a model of humorous diplomacy. The discussion sounded very funny! So you are back again in the tick of your Temperance work, and Lady Henry too.

I am sort of living alone, working a little, eating and sleeping a lot, and occasionally talking. I have just read a most amusing French play, *Cyrano* [1.4] *de Bergerac* — quite a relief after "problem" plays. But do lend me Shaw's book all the same. Send it out.

I began this letter for a definite purpose, but I can't remember what it was, so I will draw to a chose. The kiss is for happy Ray.

Affectionately,

MLC



M-L 1898.____

a one-page letter to Logan on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
Strachey, p. 75-76

<Florence, day,> May 28, 1898

My dear Logan,

Get Horne to make thee a nice N° III at the corner of the new *Golden Urn*. But why don't I receive the proofs? I am wild to have them.

Glad to hear good news of Miss Toplady. I look forward to seeing the place. Grace is with thee, I suppose today.

B.B. says that thee owes us *nothing* [1.2] and he was "furious" with me for my "indelicality in suggesting" such a thing. He says keep the profits (if there are any) of the things I have sent and of these frames, etc., I am just sending until they mount up to pay for *The Golden Urn* N° II.

I read Shaw's plays, which Alys lent me, and now I am furious at having wasted time over the stuff. If Ibsen is bald (and he is), what *can* one say of Shaw? And his [1.3] "problems" are no longer new.

We went to see the Duse in *Hedda Gabler* and were horrified with her, it and ourselves for wasting our money (seats £20 entrance £5 — each!) She is living with d'Annunzio at Settignano, poor thing! desperately in love with him, and he merely calculating that if she acts his wretched plays he will make more money out of them. He stuffs her head with the idea that he [1.4] and she are The Latin Renaissance!

Blaydes' address is 5 Duke Street, Adelphi. He wrote one charming review in that filthy rag, *Literature*, but I fear he is too much bothered about money to settle down to finish his book, or begin what we want him to begin, an "appreciation" of Pindar. I suppose such sordid worries as how to pay your landlady, etc., do spoil the serenity which a real enjoyment of literature requires. However, this is surmise, so don't speak of it.

Herbert Cook and his Bride are coming next week.



Lovingly,
MLC



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Sunday <June 5, 1898>

I see by the paper that Lady Henry's son has had a bad accident. I hope it will be all right. How is Lady Henry?

How can thee stay away from the country! I hear very little from there, when thee isn't there, but I am satisfied feeling sure they are having a royal time.

Tell Logan I am an outer barbarian. I have just re-read his favourite *Henry Esmond* — and I find it sentimental and not really charming — not very.

Etta has gone and I expect Herbert Cook and his bride every minute.⁶⁷³ They are to stay a week.

I am doing a lot of work.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁷³ Mary's diary, June 4, 1898: 'I took Etta down and settled her in a pension in Florence. ... Read *Henry Esmond*.

Sunday, June 5, 1898: 'The Cooks arrived early in the afternoon, and Bernhard in the evening. Mrs. Cook looks very like Nelson (great-great-uncle), aquiline nose, clear blue eyes, ruddy complexion.'



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Tuesday, <June 7, 1898>

I hope thee enjoyed thy visit to Birmingham. Why didn't thee, however, go to Fernhurst? I know they would all have loved to have thee, even the busy children, who have "no time" to think about anything but their own serious occupations!

I am sending thee today the proof of a smaller photograph of the Villa, but there is a **much** nicer view, which I will send later — a very romantic one, with the tower and cypresses.⁶⁷⁴ I have no proof of it.

It has turned very, very hot, but I am getting through a lot of work.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁷⁴ National Portrait Gallery, Collections Ax160752.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Thursday,> June 9, 1898

Dearest mother,

Will thee play the enclosed bill for me by cheque? I shall be very grateful. It is Etta McArthur's soap, and I have stocked my house for years to come! It is the best quality, and a more delicious soap I have never used. It is quite different from what thee once had. It makes a better lather [1.2] even that Pears', and it feels especially cleansing. It is made out of Fuller's Earth, and is one of the most wholesome soaps going. I wish thee would try it again.

If thee or Alys want to order it, do so through Etta⁶⁷⁵ (2 Piazza Cavalleggeri, Florence, till the end of June) as she get a certain percentage, which helps her to live. She is awfully poor,

illegible?

[1.3] and this is so hard, being an invalid. She is a real angel, too. I have never known a lovelier character, except thine. Even chance coachmen in the street (I took her to S. Maria Novella yesterday) say, "Viso di santa" — "Face of a saint." She sleeps very little, and she tells me that as she lies awake her brain mechanically counts up her money — this to plan how to make both ends meet and she [1.4] can't help worrying awfully over it, poor thing.

Herbert Cook and his bride are rather nice. She is a great grand-niece of Nelson, and looks just like him. She has a lovely voice, but no interests. They leave tomorrow, and i shall at once begin to put away my things.

I am full of joy at the idea of coming home!

Thy loving daughter,

M.

Send to Alys.

⁶⁷⁵ Etta McArthur.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

Turin, <Sunday,> June 19, 1898

Dearest mother,

I received thy Saturday's post card all right, and was *very* grateful.

Tell Logan I received also the second proof of *The Golden Urn* list, and a good thing, too, for we had left out the Sistine Madonna at Dresden! I have sent it with corrections to Oxford.

I wish thee had told me the final decision about the Cavendish-Bentinck cheque!!

It is hot. I have been all day with the gallery director.

Love to my Angels,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Paris,> Tuesday, June <23>,⁶⁷⁶ 1898

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy post card.

I don't understand about the miniature, however! Who is making it? Thee has never told me.

I am just off to look up Carey. Why didn't thee write through her English bankers and ask her to send me word when to meet her?

M. Reinach was awfully nice last night, and in spite of being full of the Dreyfus case, he had arranged for me to see all sorts of things, so that I shall be kept busy.

Tonight I am going to see *Cyrano de Bergerac* with Carlo Placci. Ask the beloved children if they want me to bring them anything special from Paris.

Love to you all,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁶⁷⁶ Mary wrote 'Tuesday, June 22, 1898'.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Paris,> Monday, June 27, 1898

I have just got back from Chartres, where I went to see the Cathedral, the Louvre being closed, and the Musée at Chartres containing, anyhow, some Italian pictures. Whom did I meet but “Crimer Putnam”,⁶⁷⁷ more vulgar-looking than last summer. She has broken her engagement, but says she is very happy. She seemed to be flirting with a sandy-haired young man. “Popper” and “Berther” are in America.

Tomorrow I lunch with Ephrussi and Herr von Seidlitz of Dresden, and we go afterwards to several private collections.

I am very busy, but I long to be at home and see you all.

Tell Alys that I liked reading *Cyrano* better than seeing it, and that I advise her to leave before the last act.

Dearest love to the Angels,

Thy daughter,
M.

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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Paris,> Tuesday morning <June 28, 1898>

Yes, I will go with thee and Alys most gladly to your "Bee" Reception — and then thee and I will dine with Florence. Tell Alys to write and add herself to the party, if she is not otherwise engaged.

I suppose B.F.C.C. doesn't go to school with the children? I shall wait for them in front of Vauxhall, "in Rollings" to drive them to school. What time does their train arrive? And when does thee come up? For I want to meet thee too. What joy it will be to see you three again!

I have three private collections to see today, and a lot of work to do in the Louvre. So I am busy, and, so far, happy, but I long to get home.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Paris,> Tuesday 6 p.m. <June 28, 1898>

I have just come in late from lunching at M. Ephrussi's and going to see endless private collections of rich Jews.

Thanks for thy post card and letter last night. No, I didn't know anything about the miniature, but I shall be awfully glad, if it is good. Beautiful people like thee ought to have their portraits done as often as possible!

I am glad to hear about the nice arrangements for Friday's Hill. I can't tell thee with what delight I am looking forward to it. And in less than a week I shall see thee!

Love to the Angels,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Paris,> Thursday, June 30, 1898

Dearest mother,

I enclose a letter from Dr. Flanagan, which will show thee that he would be glad to respond to any overtures thee may want to make him about Ray. He is very much on the side of not overworking her. I expect these upsets are all due to her change coming on. I believe an illness often hastens it. But of course she needs great care. I wish B.F.C.C. would let her come at once to the country.

Tell her that I am coming soon, to be at *Haslemere*, and only up in town sometimes for the day. That will make her easy in her dear little thoughtful mind. She is getting too good!

That is nice news about Grace. What a resource it will be for the children. I am so glad they are to know what it is to have "cousins".[1.2]

Yes, I shall make all my plans to go down to the country a week from tomorrow, so as to be there with Carey and her friend, who, by the way, doesn't seem to me half so interesting as Mary Gwinn. I suppose the children will be coming too; I hope so.

Tomorrow's letter I will address to Friday's Hill.

Rembrandt is the painter who does a great deal in light and shadow — a Dutch painter of the XVII century. His flesh is golden. He painted a great many portraits — mine is a portrait of a little boy with greeneyes. I don't want thee to see it till some of the varnish is taken off, for it looks rather sticky at present.

Tell Uncle Horace I had a hearty laugh over his "Salvation Army" paragraph. Aunty Lill is *too* funny!

With dearest love, and kisses to the angels,
Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

Leipzig, Friday <Sept. 23, 1898>

I have been *so* lazy, and so oppressed with “aching members” (as Aunt Lill would say) that I let Alys write from Dresden. Now I have torn myself off, most unwillingly, to see one or two local galleries and am to meet Alys again at Bamber on Monday. How delicious that thee is coming down so soon! It is only about a couple of weeks.

Those children are wretches, but I hope they’re having as good a time as sinners generally do!

Hotel Leinfelder, Munich, Bavaria.

Much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

Weimar, Saturday, Sept. 24, 1898

Dearest mother,

When thee writes to those wicked (but I hope happy!) children, tell them if they will send me their address to the Hotel Leinfelder, Munich, I will send them some *Fliegende Blätter* and some books of funny pictures.

I suppose thee is at Babbacombe, but thee will be returned by the time this reaches London.

Will thee ask Wavell to give thee three of those small bottles of rhinitis to bring me, and will thee bring that paper Edith sent — or a part of it? Logan said it was in town — and I do want to begin arranging my notes on it.

Thy letter and newspaper scraps have come.

I sent back to Dresden thy letter to Alys, as I shan't see her till Monday, when we meet at Bamber.

Ever so much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

Eisenach, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1898

Dearest mother,

I have been travelling about all day, seeing small galleries, each with one or two Italian pictures.

I fell in with the Holroyds again at Gotha, and we had lunch together.

I shall see the collection at Meiningen tomorrow and join Alys' and Berti's train on the way to Bamberg. The next day Nuremberg and the next Munich. Then Italy! It is beginning to be cold, and I am glad of my fur cloak.

I am feeling terribly indignant about Col. Picquart and the Dreyfus case generally.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Thursday, Nov. 3, 1898

I am sitting in Alys' room while she is packing. It is dreadful to have her go. I feel as if they had only just arrived! Tell the children she is bringing *more* chocolates!!

We dined at the Gamberaia last night.⁶⁷⁸ It was very nice, only that Miss Blood would keep her great cat on the table, who put his tail in my soup and his claws in Alys' fish, and upset the flowers over Bertie's plate!

Coming back we stopped under the windows of Mr. Power's Villa⁶⁷⁹ and Alys began "Ladies and Gentlemen!" while I sand, "Maw, meow!" Their heads popped out of their bedroom windows, and we exchanged a few pleasantries. It was just the sort of joke they appreciated. We walked home, and it was very pleasant in the moonlight, but *too hot*! It is still like Spring, in spite of the rain.

Alys says Tuesday, 11, at *Waterloo*, not Victoria.

Lovingly,
M.

⁶⁷⁸ Mary's diary, Nov. 2, 1898: 'Alys and I called on Miss Lowndes and Madame de Platonoff, whose niece, Matilda Ducci, Alys is taking back to England. Then we all four went to the Gamberaia to dine with Miss Blood, a pleasant dinner, except for her huge cat on the table, who snatched from all our plates, and waved his tail everywhere, and upset the flowers. We had a delightful walk home, stopping to serenade Mr. Power.'

⁶⁷⁹ Power was a singing teacher and lived at ? Villa Camucci ?



M-___ 1898.___
a postcard to Bertrand Russell

<Florence, Wednesday,> Nov. 9, 1898

That was too awful! I am going raging in to Gaze's⁶⁸⁰ to say none of us will ever, ever buy a single ticket there again. It kept me awake from fury half the night!

The weather, after being a touch cold, is now again exactly as it was that day you bicycled to S. Donato. It is wonderful.

Mr. Price sends his love to Alys. They all adore her there.

Now I wonder whether your eyes are in the condition Miss Hamilton thought they ought to be in.

My love to the P.E. o' W. and my regards to Signora Ducci

Affectionately,
MLC

⁶⁸⁰ Henry Gaze (1825-1894) & Sons, travel agents, in London at 163 The Strand since 1869; the tourist business was continued by his two sons, but ended in bankruptcy in 1903. Gaze had an office in Florence in 1898?



M-HS 1898.____ a postcard addressed to Bertrand Russell

<Florence, Friday,> Nov. 11, 1898

I went to Gaze's yesterday. The man shrugged his shoulders and said, "It wasn't my fault. They said at the Railway there was a connection." I left in a white heat of rage, and I have written to Humbert⁶⁸¹ to tell him I consider it extreme carelessness on their part not to have made sure, which could easily have been done by a telegram at Turin.

I told him that I should in future dissuade all my friends from going to his office, which appeared to be run by a set of careless and indescribably rude clerks, who did not even know how to look up trains in the time-table. This has been some satisfaction, but not much! Boiling oil would scarcely meet the psychological requirements of the situation.

The weather is still heavenly, and I am taking exercise in the most admirable manner!

How is it at Fernhurst?

Affectionately,
M.

⁶⁸¹ Humbert in Florence.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Saturday,> Nov. 19, 1898

Dearest mother,

I had already written to B.F.C.C. a letter which must have reached him Monday or Tuesday at Chancery Lane. So I hope for a more favourable arrangement. I wrote exactly as thee suggested. I am awfully sorry I delayed it so long. I wrote again telling him how much I wanted to come quietly to Haslemere, and explaining that there was no idea [1.2] of doing anything behind his back, nor of causing him any inconvenience. So now we must wait and see.

The paper has come, some of it is very nice, but this so-called thin isn't what I ordered. I ordered thin blue silurian. however this is very easy to write upon.

I am more and more cut up by Evelyn's death,⁶⁸² although I [1.3] believe, even at the most favourable, it has spared her years of great unhappiness. But when you can't believe in a future life, it is simply awful to have one of your dearest friends "stop", as the little boy said.

I am awfully glad the children have their cousins — if *they* are happy, other disappointments are easier to bear.

I will write later. Guido is just taking this off, as he [1.4] goes to get some medicine for Mr. Nowers, who is laid up with an attack of laryngitis.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁸² Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1866-1898), Mary's best friend, died on Nov. 2, 1898.



M-A 1898.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
Strachey, p. 78

<Florence, Thursday,> Nov. 24, 1898

Dear Alys,

Mr. and Mrs. Cobden do not possess a common style of letter-writing. What a lovely letter his is — be sure to return it to me.

Edith hasn't written yet, and I do think it unkind of her. I don't know why, but it will be a great comfort to me to know the details of her last hours,⁶⁸³ whether she knew she was slipping away, and how she felt about it. How *could* such a [1.2] terrible tumour have grown up in her all unnoticed? I simply cannot understand it. Yes, I miss her more all the time — it is especially hard when I go to bed. Then, in the dark, a thousand images of her come up — and no hope of passing future days with her. It is an awful thing. I hope X is dead by this time. His suffering must otherwise be too great.

I enclose also Blair Fairchild's notes — he is really a nice boy. He became [1.3] great friends with B.B. and opened his inmost heart to him, and I must say that all he told was calculated to make one feel very nice to him. He has taken Mr. Power's Villa, at £200 a month — greatly to Mr. Power's delight, for they are *especially* hard up.

For the *first* time yesterday my "real voice" came out. It is a very low, rather powerful — and, I may add, indescribably hideous contralto. It is just the voice I *didn't* want to have. I wanted a light, clear voice to sing nice, [1.4] little tinkling things — and lo and behold I have an "organ" suited only to the bellowing of passionate, moving songs. I should not have begun had I known.

It was Mr. Nowers who had the laryngitis. He is all right now. I think they really *are* enjoying their stay. They are very appreciative of everything. Miss Blood has invited me to take them to the Gamberaia on Sunday.

Satey⁶⁸⁴ will stay with them, no doubt, since her brother⁶⁸⁵ has taken that Villa, but I hope to see something of her. Trevy comes on the [2] 16th or 17th. I am very glad.

I am waiting for B.F.C.C.'s answer to my second letter. In a first he simply said he wasn't going to have all his leisure disturbed. however, he said he wanted a pupil very much, and seemed disposed to take Blaydes. He said he would write again. So I wait. I want to come home very much. I dream of the children a great deal.

⁶⁸³ Evelyn Nordhoff's.

⁶⁸⁴ Mary's diary, Dec. 10, 1898: 'Mrs. Fairchild with Blair and Satey came to lunch. The far-famed Satey struck us as a rather ugly <girl>, with a touch of vulgarity in her looks, and not interesting — a great disappointment.'

⁶⁸⁵ Blair Fairchild.



I have sent **£3,750 to Child's Bank**,⁶⁸⁶ asking them to invest it in Sugar for me. It had to be bought at a premium, but it ought to bring in about £370 a [2.2] year. I find myself watching the stocks in *The Times*!

But all this amusement is a pass-time. I feel somehow as if nothing counted, now that Evelyn has slipped away into silence — as if nothing were serious, since it might happen to anybody.

Give my love to Matilda.⁶⁸⁷ I mean to write to her soon. It *is* nice that she is so happy. Thee is an angel to her. Do you really like having her at lunch?

Love to Bertie and ardent sympathy with the Gaze fights!

With dearest love,

Thine,
M.

⁶⁸⁶ Child & Co., at 1 Fleet Street, probably the oldest bank in London, was founded in 1664. In 1867 the Earl of Jersey & Frederick William Price were appointed as the two leading partners. Ownership continued in the Jersey family until the 1920s. Now owned by RBS.

⁶⁸⁷ Matilda Ducci.



M-HS 1898.____

the second page of a letter

<Florence,> ? post Nov. ____ - *ante* Dec. 3, 1898 ?

The Wolf Boy of China by Dalton. This is a book to get the children for **Christmas**. Mr. **Nowers** says it is very interesting.

I had a rather friendly note from B.F.C.C. (I think I propitiated him by recommending Mr. Blaydes to read law in his Chambers — an arrangement which B.F.C.C. says he will be glad to make, as he needs a pupil) — but he said that he could not get abroad himself this Christmas, and wanted a quiet [2.2] time at the Cottage. So **I have written in reply** that I should like to come home just about when his holiday ends and have at least a week with the children. I hope he will arrange this.

I have found **a very good investment**, and I am going to buy back at least my London annuity and re-invest it, so that I can leave it to Ray and Karin, and I wrote to him of this, saying I wanted to arrange it as soon as possible. I have invested already a little extra money in it. So we shall see. I want to see thee so much. It is awful to think how delightful thee is, and I not enjoying thee to the full. **I was talking with the Nowers** about thee, and it made me feel awfully homesick for thee.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Saturday, Dec. 3, 1898

It *is* horrid of me to say so little about myself, not to have told thee that the Schampoo [*sic*] came!

Yes, I liked the Nowers very much. They said they were very happy here, and they seemed so. They stayed nine days, and have been up to lunch twice since. They go to Rome tomorrow.

I haven't seen the Jeaffresons.

Mrs. Fairchild and Satey are coming on Tuesday to the Villa, Blair has taken. Satey will then come and pay me a little visit, I think.

Janet Dodge is still in London, but she is soon coming to live with the Kerr-Lawsons.

I sleep in the room thee had. I moved a white wardrobe there, and it looks very nice. All the woodwork is painted white.

I am *fairly* free from the persecution of fleas — about three a week I have.

These are all my questions.

I will try not to be so careless in future.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Friday,> Dec. 9, 1898

Dearest mother,

I have been very much interested in William James' little book. How charmingly he writes! His argument is against a point that doesn't bother me at all, for I have never been a 'materialist'. But his theory that our brains are a sort of lightning conductor for a power as diffused as electricity which we call *Mind* was very ingenious, and I daresay correct, or at any rate [1.2] not untenable. Only course as we only know this energy undr the form of human mind we can't possibly do more than dream of what it may be like outside. No proof *can* reach us, in the nature of the case. If we are hopeful we can hope — if we are pessimistic by nature we can dread.

I miss Evelyn more and more, but I have n either hope nor dread about her present state. All I know is that terrible silence.

I wish I were coming home. I haven't heard again from B.F.C.C. I shall hope till I do. I simply *long* to come.

I have meant to tell thee I sniff salt water every day, and it does me so much good,. In fact my health just now is almost perfect.

With dearest love and a thousand thanks for all thy letters and enclosures,

Thy daughter,

M.



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M-ES 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
the letter sent to and received by Eugénie is at Girton;
perhaps this is a copy Mary made to send to her mother?

<Florence, Friday,> Dec. 9, 1898

My dear Eugénie,

I see Miss Lowndes from time to time ...

I am glad, too, that you cherish some pleasant remembrances of me. Let us keep these intact until the time comes when we have been able to forget any others.

Yours sincerely,
Mary Costelloe



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M-HS 1898.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Friday,> Dec. 16, 1898

Dearest mother,

I forgot to return the name of that book I should like, "*A Study of a Child* by Louise E. Hogan.⁶⁸⁸ Illustrated by over 500 original drawings by the child. 6/-"

I should be very glad to take my full share, and more, of whatever you decide to do about Grace. It is an indescribably comfort to me to have her living there [1.2] and I would give a good deal sooner than have her go away. Couldn't we offer her her house rent free? Or any plan you like. It would be well worth it for me to pay the pound a week myself, for I simply love to have "the cousins" to play with Ray and Karin. It is so good for them too not to associate with Catholic children. So arrange it as [1.3] you like. The income from my new investment will come in in January, I think, and that will make things much easier. That Sugar Trust is safe for some years to come. Mr. David is an enormously rich American who sometimes buys pictures. He comes to Florence always in the Spring (after spending the winter on the Nile), and I always see a good deal of him. He is very friendly, and as he has invested [1.4] the money of his two nieces (who otherwise would be entirely dependent on him) in the same thing. I am sure he isn't "doing" me. I bought my stock at 127 and it is now gone up to 139 1/2. So I shall make 12% if I sold out now! But I shall hold on, as it *pays* 12%.

Yes, it is most mysterious about Satey Fairchild. Her mother is so simple and quiet (a little stupid, I think — she simply adores Zangwill's writings as literature!) that the explanation cannot be [2] what thee suggests. But everyone who has met her feels the same, rather bored and repelled. I took Placci to call on Tuesday, and he had a long walk with her. Today he said he had found her a bore, and not at all pretty. It is really a great *déception*. Her brother seems to all of us a much nicer person. She is [2.2] what I should call "Loeser Meat",⁶⁸⁹ and I am certain that if she meets that worthy, she will strike up an enthusiastic friendship with him. This is a prophecy.

I haven't heard from B.F.C.C. yet, but he surely must write soon. I must say, he might be a little nicer about small things. IT is most awfully inconvenient not [2.2] to know. Alys will perhaps stir him up. I should come back if it were only for a few days. I am simply longing to see my angels and thee again.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter

Would thee like me to tell thee every day the things I do? I mean, would it

⁶⁸⁸ Louise Eleanor Shimer Hogan (1855-1929), *A study of a child*, illustrated with over 500 original drawings by the child (New York: Harper, 1898).

⁶⁸⁹ Mary's diary, Dec. 13, 1898: 'Miss Fairchild I really do not like. I think she is Loeser-meat.'



interest thee and make thee feel as if thee were following my more closely?
For I could easily send thee a sort of journal. Only it *would* be boring.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence,> Saturday night <? Dec. 17, 1898>

Dearest mother,

I am delighted to be coming after all. Half a loaf is *much* better than no bread. I hated too to break the habit of always returning at Christmas. And I am so particularly glad to see you all this time. Evelyn's death has made me awfully sad, and I seem to need you more than ever before.

Trevy is very anxious to meet the far-famed Miss Fairchild. He says Sturges had a good deal to say against her, finding her not improve<d> with years. She struck Miss Duff Gordon as rather ugly. I can't understand what Alys means about their distinction. They don't seem to me to have a particle of it. It seems as if we must be talking of different people!

Will thee ask Alys to order me a dress exactly like her gorgeous new blue one? They can get it cut out for me to try on — skirt a little longer, body fatter, otherwise the same. It would be a great convenience to me. The same people could do it.

I will spend some money at Miss Toplady's to help Grace on. I think that I shall make some more very soon, over those pictures I spoke about. I hope so.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Sunday night, Dec. 18, 1898

Dearest mother,

I will come home a few days before the 10th and pay thee a little visit in town, until it is time for me to go down to the children. I have some people I want to see, too (but thee most of all), and a couple of most interesting pictures that are possibly for sale. Then after their school begins I will go for a couple of days to Cambridge (if [1.2] Alys and Bertie want me). Perhaps thee will come too on a spree.

Trevy and I lunched with the Fairchilds today, and we got on better. Satey flirted with Trevy, and, he thought did it rather nicely, but a little too obviously. She told him that Sturges was continually writing to ask her to marry him — I suppose it was a joke, but it was an ill-timed one, for it made Trevy rather furious.

Please don't think I have quarrelled with Mrs. Strong. I really haven't. She quarrelled violently with me, and was so disagreeable (at the top of many disagreeables) that I really don't want to see her any more. It would simply bore and annoy me. It is much greater fun to hear about her from Logan.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1898

Many thanks for thy letter and the scraps from *The Chronicle*. *The Times*, like the sensible paper it is, would rather see a strong Opposition, as that is the time-honoured constitutional way of governing.

When this arrives I suppose the children will be in their Retreat — do try to find out what they managed to think about those two days!

I will get home on the 6th or 7th so as to have some days with thee, and attend to my London affairs. Perhaps even a little earlier. I look forward to it immensely, although the journey is awful!! Shall I bring Aunt M. some more *marrons glacés*? And what, for the children? To thee I will make a Christmas present of paying my debts, I think!!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Wednesday,> Dec. 21, 1898

Dearest mother,

Will thee tell Logan that the Robinsons are to be here from the 26th to the 2nd? I wish he would come! I shall start on the 4th or 5th. Howe lovely to see thee again!

The Fairchilds lunched here yesterday, and Satey gave me a “relaxing” lesson. I liked her better. Mrs. Fairchild was full of talking about the “regeneration of France by means of the younger writer” de Vogüé (who is about 70!!)⁶⁹⁰ and Paul Desjardins⁶⁹¹ and Renald Rodd.⁶⁹² Logan will appreciate the funniness of this, if thee doesn’t. It made me sigh over Boston.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁹⁰ Perhaps Charles Jean Melchior de Vogüé (1829-1916), marquis de Vogüé, diplomate et archéologue, membre de l'Académie française.

⁶⁹¹ Perhaps Paul Desjardins ou Louis Paul Abel Desjardins (nom d'état civil), né le 22 novembre 1859 à Paris et mort le 13 mars 1940 à Pontigny, est un professeur et journaliste français. Il anima pendant trente ans des réunions annuelles d'intellectuels attachés à la liberté d'opinion, les Décades de Pontigny.

⁶⁹²



M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Thursday,> Dec. 22, 1898

Dearest mother,

The wind has been howling in such a terrific way for two days that it is almost impossible to go out. The house trembles under the gusts, and all the doors and windows bang and creak. Sleep is nearly impossible. I am going to try to struggle over to the [1.2] Rosses to lunch. Trevy was there yesterday (I think he is rather taken with Lina Duff Gordon) and he said Mrs. Ross was in a rage with the Fairchilds, whom I took to call on Sunday. She thought Satey too vulgar for words (her way of dressing is rather loud) and positively ugly, and Mrs. Fairchild stupid and affected.

Isn't it curious, when other people [1.3] like them so much? Satey I liked better the other day, when she was kind enough to give me a "relaxing" lesson, but I should never care much for her. She said if she could manage it, she would never pass a day absent from Bernard Shaw, whom she admires above everyone on earth. This gives an idea of the kind of mind she has.

I shall get home as early in January [1.4] as I can. The Robinsons are here till the 2nd, and I shall start the 4th or 5th.

With ever and ever so much love,

Thy daughter,

M



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M-HS 1898.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> Saturday, Dec. 24, 1898

Dearest mother,

What a delicious remark about Aunts — especially old Aunts — being so “spoiling”! Dear little Babel!

I am rejoiced that the cousins are to be at Fernhurst. I will come home a little earlier than I said (probably leaving here on the 3rd) so as to see thee a little soon and to help Grace. If I have any money to give her, I will spend it in giving her singing lessons, if she wants them. I don't think [1.2] there is anything at Toplady's I particularly want to buy. But I hope her fears about Tom are without foundation.

I think thee or Alys had better tell the children — thee if there is time — that I am coming on the 19th, and that I am *awfully* happy over it. Tell them it has been difficult to arrange, so they mustn't say much about it, but keep it in their own sweet little hearts. I dreamt last night of giving [1.3] them a good hug.

It is so cold, my hand almost refuses to write. The furnace has given out on one side of the house — suddenly, last night, and I have had to let the fire go out and send for the *fumista*. I hope he will be up today. Guido, the invaluable post- and errand-boy, went for him on his bicycle.

“When the days begin to lengthen, Then the cold begins to strengthen”⁶⁹³ is proving true here. Real frosty winter weather has set in. And as [1.4] this house has but an open fire (in the loggia) it is very awkward for the furnace to choose just *this* moment!

Tell Alys that Miss Blood likes Satey but finds the mother very dull. Satey is teaching Miss Blood to “relax”. I must say she is very interesting on this point. What I meant by “Loeser meat” was that she seems to care for people without distinction of quality, so long as they had a lively and social life. She would like Loeser's lunches and dinners and the sociable set of people he has round him. She is getting on very nicely with the Rasponis, I think, and I expect she will soon be in the thick of Florence society, in so far as [2] living out of town and her mother's health will let her. I went there to have a lesson yesterday, and the mother was just returned from Florence with a large assortment of the most dreadful sham artistic Christmas cards, which I had to perjure my soul admiring. She really has about as persistently bad taste in art and literature as anyone, with pretensions to taste [2.2] I ever came across. She has been reading a book by a man named Axel Munthe — a very shady, second-class doctor in Rome (really an awful man, Mrs. Ross says) and she is weld to meet him, notwithstanding she has been told that he makes his living by getting hysterical women under a half-hypnotic control. But the worst is that the book itself is so hopelessly mediocre and vulgar. I

⁶⁹³ An old New England adage.



suppose my thinking about them so much [2.3] comes from the great disappointment after Alys and Bertie had put my expectations up so high. I have no doubt they detest me — only it can't be such a disappointment for I have nobody to praise me as they were praised.

I have Rosa's niece, Lidia, the sister of Guido and Leonie sewing for me at present — making the tops of sleeves smaller and converting some blouses. She will help, too, when the Robinsons come.

It is awful at Christmas time how [2.4] many unexpected people turn up for tips. Still, I really am not hard up — or at least I shan't be as soon as the dividends of my famous Sugar begins to come in. I shall get about £300 a year from that — besides extras from other things. I have a lot of things to go and see in London. Sugar stock went up 5 1/2 per cent in one day this week!! How interesting money is, even if only a little!

With love, and the loveliest anticipation of seeing thee soon,
Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Sunday,> Dec. 25, 1898

Dearest mother,

A warm cloudless day has dawned for the *festa*, which I am going to celebrate by taking a long walk in the woods ending up with tea at the Gamberaia.

The *fumista* duly came yesterday, and the furnace is working all right again. A bit of the wall had fallen into the main tube.

Placci came to lunch yesterday, and after he had delivered himself of the most awful idiocy about Dreyfus, etc., he became very nice. He played Mozart, and then, after a walk in the hills, read aloud nearly the whole of Dante's *Purgatorio*. He is writing a play which, I think, ought to be very good.

In less than two weeks I shall be with thee! I hope thee has told the children.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Monday,> Dec. 26, 1898

Dearest mother,
Expect me on the 5th.
In great haste,

M.

(I am just off to meet the Robinsons.)



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Monday, Dec. 26, 1898 ?>

Dearest mother,

I return the cheque. I had a hasty note from B.F.C.C. saying he would "write again". He likes to put off things. If I don't hear by the 1st I shall write in the way thee suggested. What *does* it matter what attitude one seems to take to him, so more important things are arranged!

I want to see thee again so much.

I feel awfully homesick for thee, as well as for the children.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Florence, Monday, Dec. 26, 1898 ?>

Dearest mother,

Please do put up the private Post Box at my expense, no matter what it costs — and also please take £5 out of the money I still have left with thee, for thy cabs. Also draw on that for the children, and I will give thee some more when my income comes in in April. I expect I shall get some money in Rome, and probably make some more when Dr. Davis comes back from Egypt. I have lent Logan £50, and I <lent> [1.2] him another £50 in Rome. I am sure the Toplady business will begin to pay better before long — and in any case, what a blessing to have Grace settled near us. Logan thinks of letting her take all the profits for a while.

My cold is better, but o I long to have those adenoids out!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

How about the massage?

Hotel Hassler, Piazza Trinità dei Monti, Rome.



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M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Wednesday,> Dec. 28, 1898

Thanks for thy letter about the children's performances, and for their drawings in the *Daily Mail*. I see from that paper that Willie Peel is about to be married. *The Times* never has anything interesting in it!

Lina Duff Gordon met us yesterday, and we took the Robinsons a long walk by the quarries, on the hill to the right of Fiesole. Mrs. Robinson has a *most beautiful* voice — it is the greatest pleasure to hear her sing.

Today we are going to have tea with the Fairchilds, Mrs. Robinson has also heard Satey's praises for years and longs to see her!

Tomorrow we have tea with the Rosses, Friday at the Morgans', Sunday at the Gamberaia — all at the end of nice walks.

The weather is indescribably lovely, and my furnace works again.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

I reach home very early in the morning Thursday.



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M-HS 1898.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Thursday,> Dec. 29, 1898

Dearest mother,

I will try to start on the 2d, reaching home on the morning of the 4th, which will give me nearly a week with thee. At the *latest* I shall be there on the 5th. I am sending down today (it is raining) to enquire about a special train that runs once or twice a week straight through to Calais. Travelling is [1.2] so awful that, if you can, it is really worth while to do it as easily as possible. Can't thee come down to the Millhangar or High Buildings for a day or two? No fun is complete without "Gram", neither mine, nor the children's. Aunts — particularly *old* aunts — are so deliciously "spoiling"!

It is very nice having the Robinsons here. They take care of themselves during the day, and in the [1.3] evening we play whist, with Trevy for a fourth (he goes to Naples Friday) and she sings like an angel.

Yesterday we called on the Fairchilds. They were awfully disappointed in Satey — who, by the way, carried on with Mr. Robinson exactly the same conversation, with the same badinage and jokes, that she had done with Trevy a few days ago — jokes about Newport 'where people live in [1.4] cottages three times as big as Buckingham Palace, ha! ha! ha!' The mother they liked, and the boy. I liked Satey better because she taught me to relax my hands; but she is rather tactless, and seems to rub people up the wrong way.

I shall be with thee only a few days after this letter. I am so glad.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



M-HS 1898.____
a postcard

<Florence, Saturday,> Dec. 31, 1898

Dearest mother,

I have caught the most awful (!) cold, and am running at eyes, nose and mouth (in lamentations!). I am staying in one room so as to get over it more quickly, but what a disease it is!

I shall start on Tuesday and reach home on Thursday morning for breakfast. If the train is on time, I ought to be home by 6 o'clock! I hope my cold will be well enough to make the journey, endurable, but I shall come, well or ill.

Trevy went off to Ravello last night.

Did I tell thee, we called on the Fairchilds, and Satey told Mr. Robinson that she 'loathed these clever people living in foreign towns.' It was rather tactless but it explains, I expect, why we have found no charm about her, because one isn't charming to people one loathes. I think dislikes are generally mutual.

I will bring some more chocolates.

Lovingly thine,
Mary



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1899

M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence, Sunday,> Jan. 1, 1899

Dearest mother,

I am sorry to hear of Logan's woes, but it serves him right for staying so long in damp England, when he *might* be here! I hope he will come back with me.

My cold is going the usual course — it is *solid* today, and I have a bad headache. I'm not going out, and I hope by Tuesday to be on the way to recovery. I shall start all the same — arriving, as I said, at some very unearthly hour Thursday morning.

Today is a white mist outside. Miss Fairchild said she would walk over and give me a relaxing lesson (It was very kind of her), but I think she will hardly come in this weather. Her brother says she abhors Florence and spends her time reading trashy novels. Evidently she is unhappy here, and doesn't take much trouble to make people like her. She would like to be in England, and she told Trevy she was going to marry an Englishman!

I will write another line tomorrow.

Ever so much love,

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence, Monday,> Jan. 2, 1899

Dearest mother,

My cold is going its normal course, and I think I shall be all right to start tomorrow. The wind is starting up. I expect the Channel is something awful!!

How lovely what thee says about Miss Willard — very few people have ever had such a tribute!

Give Grace my love. I long to see her house and the shop.

I have just finished pasting in the Children's Book, down to the end of 1898. That is the fourth volume. They are awfully interesting. I will bring them home next summer.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on writing paper;
the date 'Jan. 14, 1899' written by Hannah

<Haslemere,> Saturday morning <Jan. 14, 1899>

It is a nice day, dearest mother, and the children are wild to paint their house. Puttick has sent up two cans of red and green paint.

We had "great fun" yesterday, in spite of the rain I was unlucky enough to catch [1.2] more cold, but it has to be endured. I'm not going to stop anything on its account.

I think we had better go to Cambridge from Wednesday-Friday of next week. Then I will start Saturday.

It has been *such* a satisfaction seeing the darling [1.2] children. We have had a good deal of talk — their sweet, innocent little minds!

In haste, to rush down to the paint,

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard from France?

< > Sunday, Jan. 22, 1899

The crossing wasn't bad, though it brought us in too late to telegraph. I can't understand why, but the boat didn't toss, and none of us were seasick!

The train waited, but of course we miss our connections. However, we shall reach Florence Monday night.

Logan and I slept under sulphonal.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Nowers at Calais.

This boat did not roar.

Lady Mary went on to Paris. She is going to the Rivoire⁶⁹⁴ to join her sick child.

Ever so much love!

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁹⁴ Piazza della Signoria.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Tuesday, Jan. 24, 1899

We reached our journey's end last night, after a pleasant morning at Piacenza, haunting the "Iniquity" shops. The last part of the journey I felt very ill and when I got here I was quite knocked up. I have a slight attack of influenza, and am staying in bed today. I think it will pass off soon. I am better already, and Rosa and Leonie are nursing me like angels! It is 10 o'clock and Logan hasn't yet rung, so I hope he is having a good sleep. It is too hot here for the furnace to be lighted. All the things came safely.

Tell the children I would write a letter, but I'm afraid of sending them the influenza. Give them a whole heartful of love, and to thee too!

M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Wednesday,> Jan. 25, 1899

Dearest mother,

Will thee please pay the enclosed Bill, and also will thee send me, if thee can find it, that list of the "Hundred Best Books" which are being printed so cheaply?

I am feeling rather ill — aching, head swimming, and an impenetrable cold. Not a breath has come through my nose, since [1.2] I arrived, and my head feels more like an elephant's head than a human being's! I am not trying the open air cure. I really don't feel equal to it, but am keeping in my room.

Logan seems settling in, but he can't decide which study to take — the front or back. He thinks [1.3] the garden lovely. (The anemones thee gave me were put in yesterday.) He says he is happy. The weather is lovely.

Excuse such a horrid note. I am fit for nothing. But I hope to be better tomorrow. Tell the darling children why I don't write.

Ever so much love,

Thine,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
'Return' in the upper left corner

<Florence, day,> Jan. 26, 1899

Dearest mother,

I never thanked anyone for that lovely open-work table-piece, which looks *beautiful* on my table. To whom do I owe thanks? If it was Aunt Margaret, please tell her I appreciate it fully, and that it is much admired.

I am better today, but still heavy and keeping indoors. As it seems to be a touch of influenza I have warned everybody not to come near me.

Thee will be glad to hear that the Kerr-Lawsons have got £650 in [1.2] bank, after paying all their debts, owing to the sale of some pictures to rich Glasgow merchants. So they are "off my mind". I wish I could put all my impoverished friends into the business!!

I gave Rosa and Leonie each a necktie from those thee gave me — as a present from thee, and they were awfully pleased, especially 'with thy kind remembrance', Rosa said!! I fear thee and i aren't sentimental enough for the world as it is!

Nevertheless I send thee a heartful of *real love*,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-A 1899.____

a one-page letter to Alys
on Bernhard's stationery of 3 via Camerata, Florence

Il Frullino, <Florence, Thursday,> Feb. 2, 1899

Dear Alys,

This letter is to enclose thy envelope, which has at last, after many wanderings, reached me, bringing news of December 13th, welcome, but belated. "Florence, U.S.A." is delightful. Logan and I didn't know thee was so patriotic.

I could kill Miss Fiddledidee,⁶⁹⁵ but she is Mrs. Greg now, and I expect she doesn't boast any more of such inferior acquaintances [1.2] as ourselves. She came here on her wedding trip. I did not see her, but Lina did, who said she was intolerable — giggling, vulgar, impossible. Once she said, referring to some date, "O yes, he was already *after* me, by that time."

I don't believe Maude Robertson would care much about Newnham, though she *might*. But she probably will not come, on account of the children.

Logan is busy Topladying, and I am nursing the last (at [1.3] least I hope it is the last!) of a succession of colds in the head. I am just finishing the Life of Macaulay — are you in a hurry for it? And might I lend it to a ravenous-for-books school mistress in Sicily?

Kassandra Vivaria⁶⁹⁶ has given no sign of life, but I still hope for visit.

I rejoice over Flosky. I hope he has fallen into the hands of some real cat-fiend who will torture his life out of his body! [1.4]

I wonder how your Deception went off? I'm glad I wasn't at it; and I expect no tears were shed over my absence!

I had something else to say, but I can't remember it. To another time.

My sister-in-law-ish respects to Barty.

Thine affectionately,

M.

⁶⁹⁵ 'Dibblee' written above by Hannah.

⁶⁹⁶ The pseudonym of Magda Sindaci.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Thursday, Feb. 2, 1899

I thought of the Reception yesterday, and sympathized with thee and Alys! How did it come off? Were the children there to help?

It was raining yesterday, so I passed a very quiet day indoors. Logan lunched with the Fairchilds and had a lesson in "relaxing". The only interesting thing that happened to me was to dream in the night that I was at "yours" when an awful earthquake shook the house, while a tidal wave rolled up the Thames. Thee and the children and I called "Rollings" and all got in with our arms round each other, thinking it was wiser than to stay in the tottering house. Then I felt the advantage of being a mother, for in the attempt to console Ray and Karin and banish their fears, I quite forgot any fears of my own! I laughed and made light of it all. But I awoke with quite a hankering after some wild excitement. After all, there *is* nothing quite so thrilling as an earthquake!!

With dearest love, and hunger for more pictures,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence, day,> Feb. 4, 1899

Thanks for thy Reception-day post card. Logan says thee may give away those trousers!

I meant to tell you that his intellectual labours are so wearing that, to keep him alive, I have to send him a basin of soap between breakfast and lunch!

Tonight we read Plato aloud — the *Protagoras* — a dialogue that will be intensely amusing as long as the earth is peopled with human beings! No one has ever had a subtler wit than Plato — not to speak of his more serious qualities.

Today has been fine, but colder. Lina Duff Gordon came to lunch. Afterwards I went down to a large antiquity shop to look at a bust an acquaintance of mine wants to buy. The man is going to send the price tomorrow — he was not in today.

With ever and ever so much love and kisses and hugs,
Your loving,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, 1899

Dearest mother,

I will answer the questions of thy Sunday post-card. I don't want that letter from Child's bank any more.

Young Fairchild is coming to dinner tomorrow. I have scarcely seen him, his mother and sister entertain so much and go about so much that he is constantly occupied. He, too, adores Mrs. Lee-Hamilton, and this does not make me value his affection for me more highly.

I have had two talks with the mother, but she insisted on talking kind of theosophy that I didn't care for.

I sit at the table where thee sat, and I have got a new book case along the wall behind that table, to hold my art books. It is very hard to keep it in order but have managed so far.

My veins are just the same as to looks, but as I don't feel any discomfort I don't bother about them.

Britten can tell thee better than I what is the botanical name of the Italian cypress. Ask him.

The weather here isn't famous, but it is warm, and we have streaks of sunshine.

Love untold and untellable to thee and the children,
Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Hotel Hassler, Rome, <Thursday,> Mar. 2, 1899

I was glad to hear the children's plans from Aunty Lu's post card. I picture thee just getting home in time for tea, and all the five trooping in, with their darling heads full of fun.

We had a disappointing morning among the shops — found nothing very much worth while. Still, we have got some very nice things for Miss Toplady. And Rome itself is *enchanting*!

It takes thee, Grandma, to have the useful ideas. Not a flea has come near me since I used the dog-soap!!! It is too good to be true! But haven't had one since I left home on Saturday, and usually in Rome I am *devoured*. Everybody ought to know about it. I am jubilant over the discovery.

Lovingly,
M.

Thank Aunt Margaret for her most practical idea about the bath, which I shall adopt.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Rome,> Friday night, Mar. <3>,⁶⁹⁷ 1899

Dreadfully busy *Topladying* all day. I wish I could think of a nice birthday present. I've sent some chocolates. Can thee think of a book? Or would they like to go to the theatre? Can't I give the umbrella, or does thee want to?

Logan is very happy about our plans for Miss Toplady. I think we can really start her going in nice pictures. It has been most interesting to go about and see what we could pick up! The weather has been lovely too.

We saw Douglas Robinson's things today — one of them is *most beautiful*. He has real genius I think.

We go home Sunday.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁶⁹⁷ Mary wrote 'March 4'.



M-HS 1898.____ a postcard to Hannah, Ray and Karin

Wednesday <Mar. 8, 1899>

Dearests,

I arranged yesterday to have **my operation of Friday morning**⁶⁹⁸ — here in the loggia, where there is plenty of light and then to be carried to my own bed next door.

Janet Dodge will stay and see me through.

Uncle Logan insists on moving the bay-hedge that runs down to the **statue**,⁶⁹⁹ to the other side of the flower-bed, which will certainly improve it, sheltering the walk and flower beds from the drive. So the men are at work on it today.

With *ever* so much love,

M.

SKETCH of Via Camerata and cypress trees at Il Frullino

⁶⁹⁸ Mary's diary, March 10, 1899: 'Dr. Grazzi, his assistant and a chloroformist came at 9.30, and by 10.30 my adenoids were removed and I was tucked away in bed.'

⁶⁹⁹ The statue of St. Dion.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence, Thursday,> Mar. 9, 1899

Dearest mother,

I have written at once to B.F.C.C. about Rome. I shan't say anything till I have his answer. I'm delighted they are coming down. They will thoroughly enjoy it. Does thee think it would be a good plan to take Percy Morgan down? They will have *so much* more fun if there is another child. Tell me what thee thinks.

I use the dog-soap just like ordinary soap, only a little more — washing all over with it in the morning, and my neck and arms in the evening.

I will send a telegram tomorrow, but of course I've already written.

Dearest love,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Friday <Mar. 10, 1899>

Operation gone off very well. Big adenoids removed.
Much love,

M.



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M-A 1899.____

a one-page letter to Alys on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, ____day,> Mar. 19, 1899

Dearest Aunty Lo,

Many thanks for thy letter.

Trevy was quite excited about McTaggart's engagement. I bore it calmly.

I have invented something of which I am very proud — a couple of elastic bands, fastening to one's blouse in front and behind, passing so to speak through one's middle, and and warranted to keep a blouse down over the most refractory stomach!

Miss Blood, *on dit*, has fallen desperately in love with Blair Fairchild — whether with honourable intentions [1.2] or the reverse no one yet knows. Logan picknicked with her and the Fairchild family yesterday, in the Caves, and he said he thought Miss Fairchild seemed rather annoyed about it, as Miss Blood has so taken up Blair's time that even his singing teacher has given him up as not studious enough.

So much for the gossip of Settignano. Coming to the hill between ourselves and that peaceful eminence, the Rosses are making a desperate set at Trevy (for Lina), who, however, exemplifies the ancient saying that many may lead a horse to the trough, but none can force him to drink. [1.3]

As to ourselves, we have a perfectly awful infliction in the person of a remote cousin of B.B.'s, the stupidest, crassest, conceitedest ass that ever brayed. Even gauging him is beginning to pall. We have persuaded him that Altamura is real place, that B.B. is a sad dog, intimate with all the actresses in Europe, that we all fall down before his (the young man's) mighty intellect, and realize that until we met him we never knew what real Thinking was before. Logan's face at times turns purple and his eyes stand out with a suppressed laughter, [1.4] and Trevy's nose quivers up and down, while I hide my face in my napkin, but he doesn't see it. O he is awful.

We expect George Trevy⁷⁰⁰ tomorrow. You must read his book,⁷⁰¹ by the way. It is excellent.

Do, Alys, in the angelic goodness of thy heart, read and attend to the enclosed letter. B.B. says they are refined and nice Scotch people 'of noble lineage', and they are the owners of that "Fairy Hostel" at Kintraw.⁷⁰² We should be awfully grateful if thee would repay good for evil, and make their acquaintance.

⁷⁰⁰ George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876-1962). Mary's diary, Mar. 21, 1899: 'a nice Cambridge boy of 23'.

⁷⁰¹ Perhaps George Macaulay Trevelyan, *England in the age of Wycliffe* (New York & London: Longmans, Green, and co., 1899). 'Originally composed as a dissertation sent in to compete for a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge.' **Biblioteca Berenson DA235 .T81 1899**

⁷⁰² See Bernhard's letters to Mary from The Fairie's Hostel, Kintraw, Lochgilphead, Aug. 14-19, 1898.



By the way, thee will be glad to hear that B.B. gave a tea for Mrs. Fairchild alone, and they got on very well together. She has a very sweet nature.

I have been much interested by thy letters to Mother, telling of your Cambridge dissipations.

My love to Burrty,

Affectionately thine,
MLC



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M-HS 1899.____

a postcard perhaps to Alys?

<Florence, Monday,> Mar. 27, 1899

I wrote to Mr. Raleigh today, recommending some rooms, and said polite things about making their acquaintance. Logan and I have nevertheless developed a fine healthy prejudice against him, thee will regret to hear, based in part on his writings,⁷⁰³ and in part on Sturges' condemnation and Trevy's defence of him. However, we shall see.

I may be in Rome when they're here. The trouble is we may want to talk ourselves too much to enjoy listening.

Miss Blood and Blair Fairchild's affairs are much rumoured abroad in the hill country! I wish you were here. Really it is too bad not to have you to enjoy all these months / their mouths.

a postcard to Alys?

Adieu,
M.

⁷⁰³ Raleigh



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Monday, Mar. 27, 1899

I suppose the children will have started when this reaches thee. I don't envy them the journey, but they are young!

Logan and I called on the Fairchilds and Miss Blood yesterday. Satey looked wonderful, the first time I have seen her in looks. Miss Blood has fallen desperately in love with Blair. Satey calls it Baby-Snatching, and seems quite put out about it. She says instead of the good old-fashioned way of holding hands, they are flirting by telepathy — each thinking of the other at a given moment, and afterwards comparing their “thoughts” Miss Blood is painting his portrait. It is very amusing, but it puts her in a most ridiculous light, as she is over 30 and Blair just turn 21.

The pictures we went to see yesterday were absolutely worthless, I am sorry to say.

I hope thee is feeling better.

Love to Aunt M. & Uncle H.

Any word from Laurel Hill?⁷⁰⁴

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁷⁰⁴ Their cemetery.



M-HS 1899.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> Wednesday, Mar. 29, 1899

Dearest mother,

Today is the day when the children ought to be starting for Rome. I do hope Fräulein is well enough! Thy post-card yesterday about the boat-race, and their merriment was delicious. How wonderful it is, this “fun” springing up, day after day, in a child’s heart, and the continual stream of laughter bubbling out. It is to life like sunshine to the world. Every day thy letter [1.2] brings this sense of sunshine — it is wonderful! They turn everything to gold, “life’s leaden metal into gold transmute”, as Omar Khayyam says, even a railway journey becomes a sort of spree!

I didn’t write yesterday, because I run off early to lunch with some old Scotch acquaintances, the Birkmyres,⁷⁰⁵ whom I hope to acquire as picture-buyers. They are awfully rich. But I love them because they are so good. The old man has something of the cheeriness of Grandpa Whitall. They are coming to have tea [1.3] with me on Friday, and I shall show them the pictures I have, and try to arouse their desires to have me buy for them. They have promised to go to Miss Toplady’s.

After lunch I had my music-lesson, and then went to see a picture which is for sale, but this, like Sunday’s pictures, was a snare.

I then hurried back, as the Fairchilds had said they were coming to call, but they had already left cards. Logan saw them a moment, but he said they would not have stayed in any case, as Mrs. Fairchild had been seized with a terrible ear-ache. They leave today for Rome, where Satey says she is longing to [1.4] be in the thick of (what to me is a very shoddy, dull Society) the Anglo-American colony. I suppose she is made for social life, those are her gifts, and she likes to exercise them. I think they will be glad to get Blair away from his desperate flirtation with Miss Blood! When he comes back from Rome he is coming to stay here for a week, and I am curious to see if Miss Blood sends him continual notes way over here.

As I was all dressed up in my new blue dress — which, by the way, fits me more *abominably* than anything even I have ever had (it is torture to wear it, even though I have had it twice altered) — I took Logan and we paid a wretchedly [2] dull call on the Countess Rasponi⁷⁰⁶ — which I think will be enough for this Spring. She is devoted to young men, and is always sending in for Logan and Trevy, and no doubt will do the same for Fairchild when he comes. Our exchange of calls, as Alys will remember, is a mere farce!

⁷⁰⁵ The father of **Sir Archibald Birkmyre**, 1st Baronet CBE (1875 – 24 June 1935) was a Scottish jute manufacturer and merchant in India. He became senior partner of the family firm, Birkmyre Brothers, in Calcutta and also served on the Viceroy of India’s Legislative Council and the Bengal Legislative Council. He was Vice-President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce.

⁷⁰⁶ Angelica dall’Onda Pasolini, contessa Rasponi



Trevy, by the way, is going today — one of his sudden, restless decisions. He has been nicer this time, but on the whole I am practically indifferent whether he goes or stays. Logan thinks Percy Feilding⁷⁰⁷ is coming today or tomorrow.

I am working every day at my Louvre book, and it is coming on. The other [2.2] day Leonardo was “revealed” to me. It was a real epoch! It seems to me a great privilege to be able to appreciate the best that was done by the greatest people of all times. Leonardo, I believe, was really and truly the greatest genius who ever lived — more profound and versatile and artistic (in *all* the arts) and, above all, *suggestive*. Even if one thinks little of this world in comparison with what one hopes for in the next, it would be hard to refute the contention that a good way to fit one for enjoying the next world is to try to appreciate the best creations of the finest spirits who have appeared in *this* world.

I have been sitting in the sun drying my hair, as I wrote. I must now go to my music. It is only half past 8 — most lovely day.

O yes, please tell Aunt Margaret I found an Aubusson carpet in almost perfect condition, 19 ft 6 in by 12 ft 8 in for £20. It is not a *very* pretty one, though the colours are soft and nice, for the pattern is rather mechanical.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁰⁷ Mary wrote ‘Feilding’. See Bernhard’s letters to Mary.

Perhaps the son of General The honourable Sir Percy Robert Basil Feilding KCB (1827-1904).



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence, Wednesday,> Mar. 29, 1899

I do wonder if they have started! I hope I shall hear the name of their Hotel.

My own plan is to go down next Tuesday the 4th. It is much the most convenient time for me. I shall be at the Hassler (Piazza Trinità dei Monti).

The Birkmyres are coming to tea on Friday, and I shall casually show them one or two of the Toplady pictures. They may buy one or two. I hope so, as Logan's finances greatly need it!!

The weather is *perfectly* lovely now. I hope it will be the same in Rome, when they are there.

Logan says he will write. He says the Laurel Hill dividends always go up and down, but there is no danger of their stopping.

Thanks for thy letter about the boat-race.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Easter Sunday, Apr. 2, 1899

Dearest mother,

Do excuse my writing so little! Florence is simply full of acquaintances (I wish I could say friends), and I am rushed from morning till night. I shall be glad to get away to Rome on Tuesday evening.

I sent the children an "April Fools" telegram yesterday — but I haven't heard from them. However, they must have arrived.

The weather is lovely, so warm and sunny.

Logan will have written thee of Perch Feilding's⁷⁰⁸ characteristic entry into Fiesolan life. He is awfully nice, and he seems to love Tuscany, and to take a great interest in pictures.

Logan is beginning to study photographs, and to become, in a way, a "Kunstfusser" — it will be delightful if he sticks to it.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁰⁸ Mary wrote 'Fielding'.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> Monday, Apr. 3, 1899

Dearest mother,

I have no word from the children, though I sent them a stamped envelope. If nothing comes tomorrow, I will send a reply paid telegram, as I want to know their address before going to Rome!

Thanks so much for thy letter. I have plenty of Golden Urns No. I and I shall be very careful of the extra copies of No. II. Logan and Percy Feilding are going to [1.2] Siena for a few days, on their bicycles, to see some “treasures” our bookbinder says he has unearthed, and they will take the Golden Urns thee sent and have them bound for thee — and also some for us.

We are awfully busy these days with the Easter Vacation people. The picture-dealer, Mr **Gutekunst** and his wife (a dreadful person) came to lunch yesterday, and I took them to Mrs. Ross's. Logan [1.3] talked to him a great deal about Miss Toplady, and I think got him very much interested.

Logan and Feilding⁷⁰⁹ called at Mrs. Ross' and then went over to the Gamberaia, where they had a most delightful time. Today I am going to take them out to Careggi (near that old Michelangelo farm⁷¹⁰ where thee and Grace and I drove) to call on Mrs. Scott-Barber.

The Poet [1.4] Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austen, has become a frequent visitor here — he is an *awful* bore. He longs to go on a trip with us all, but we shall be very careful to avoid it!

I do *hate* to hear of thy increasing stiffness. I like thee to be lazy, but not because of rheumatism. I am afraid, however, there isn't much to be done. Thee doesn't, I know, but I do wish thee were fifteen years younger!

Thy loving, loving daughter,
M.

⁷⁰⁹ Here the surname is finally spelt correctly.

⁷¹⁰ Is Mary thinking of the Villa Medici at Careggi?



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Tuesday,> Apr. 4, 1899

Dearest mother,

I enclose the children's amusing letters. Be sure to send them back, for the "Book". They are very creditable productions, bless their little hearts. How relentlessly they give every detail, boring and interesting alike!

I am in the midst of preparations — packing the [1.2] chocolates I am taking, and a few clothes. I shall stay till Saturday, when the Robinsons will return with me for a week. Mr. Davis, the rich American, will be there, and I have my eye on him for some pictures. Logan is becoming quite a connoisseur. He took me to see a very pretty picture [1.3] he had found, of which he will send thee the photograph to Colley,⁷¹¹ who may find a purchaser.

I should stay longer at Rome, only B.F.C.C. doesn't want me to. I shall try to make them have an extra good time, to make up for the briefness of it.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷¹¹ Mary to Bernhard, July 15, 1896: 'Mr. Colley, a man who deals in such things, is a friend of Logan's and I might ask him to come and value them.'



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Rome,> Thursday evening <Apr. 6, 1899>

Such a splendid day! We went out to Albano where three donkeys and donkey-boys were waiting. We then rode down to the lake and found a fisherman who took us out to fish and float about. The children went barefoot all day, wading at the edges of the lake. The best was catching about 30 fresh-water crabs, cooking them and eating them! We returned by donkey and train. They have been perfectly happy today, I think.

Tomorrow we go to Tivoli. Saturday alas! I go back. The children stay for a papal Mass in St. Peter's on the 16th, and then go straight home, arriving, I suppose, on the 18th. They are enjoying themselves even without me — the Angels.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Rome,> Saturday <Apr. 8, 1899>

Just leaving alas! but it has been *quite perfect*. The children certainly have enjoyed themselves, and they ended up last night by acting me all their play and several other things — *full* of fun and merry laughter. So they danced into bed, and I kissed them and promised to send round chocolates and made summer plans, and got off without their feeling it very much — though *I* felt it. They have been *so* good and *so* sweet, the Angels!

I say B.F.C.C. who said they might come to Perugia next week, in which case I should join them again for 2 or 3 days. But they won't get home till the 18th at earliest.

I showed Rya how to manage with carbolic soap, for she was bitten to death. Do tell Miss Bulmer, for Pug⁷¹² is terribly bitten every day.

They are so merry and foolish, the children. I have enjoyed them more than I can say! They were always talking of thee — “O if *Gram* (such a tone of love, this “*Gram*”) were only here!”

Lovingly,
M.

⁷¹² Pug or Puggie, a nick-name for their friend, Mary Vidal.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Florence, Sunday, Apr. 9, 1899

Dearest mother,

I reached home in the afternoon yesterday. The Robinsons came with me, and Logan and Percy Feilding returned in the evening, full of their discoveries and purchases. It rained yesterday, and still rains, so I account the three perfect days i had with the children as a great piece of luck. When they get home, I will write an account of all we did, which they can supplement. They are such darlings! Were there ever such nice children before?!

I play in a concert this afternoon, and must go and practise. Farewell.
Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a three-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Tuesday, Apr. 11, 1899

Dearest mother,

I meant to write and tell thee how *very* nice I think the children's new suits are. They look very sweet in them, and really well-dressed at the same time. They like them very much themselves, too. But the moment of really caring about dress has not arrived. In fact, even [1.2] Ray remains entirely a child. She says she makes up "wonderful castles in the air" before going to sleep, but they are all about next summer's battles, how she is going to lead, from the roof of the chicken-house, an attack upon the fort, how they are going to build earth-works of all sorts, and so forth. I delight in the *youngness* of it as much as I marvel at her being *able* [1.3] to go on with such imaginings after the many rude shocks of reality she has suffered! Does thee remember their extravagant schemes of battle last summer, and how they themselves saw that they *couldn't* come to anything? And yet there is that busy little head planning them all over again, more extravagantly still, for next summer! "*Ça me passe*", as Péchuchet used to say. [1.4]

illegible?

— can't tell thee how sweet they were at Rome I really saw nothing the least bit naughty, or even troublesome, in them. How lovely they looked galloping along on their donkeys — Rya quite grown-up, with her long skirt. how they enjoy things too! Really more, I think, than when there are a lot of children about, for they have spirits for a whole troop, and when there are only [2] themselves nothing inharmonious happens, whereas with other children there is generally something going wrong. The day on (and in) the Lake of Albano was without a cloud. They got on so well with the old fisherman, who helped them fish, and who of course didn't understand a word of English. But for all that they chattered away together, and laughed and teased [2.2] each other.

I was very much pleased with Fräulein this time — she has learnt their ways, and really makes them very happy. Only she is not a good teacher, that is clear, for they thoroughly detest their French and Music. She hasn't the power to explain anything to them. Otherwise, they say, they are perfectly happy. They simply *love* coming downstairs [2.3] in the morning and finding thee there with an orange all prepared for them, the newspaper and my letter. Their little hearts are just overflowing with love for thee, and I must say they couldn't find a lovelier person to spend their love upon. The *tone* in which they say "*Gram*" is full of such content and confidence — thee would love to hear them talking about thee.

I have been meaning to ask thee [2.4] if thee is going on with thy Autobiography? If thee doesn't we shall make some sort of conspiracy against thee, never to send thee a letter except in reply to me from thee



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saying, "I am getting on with my Autobiography", or something of that kind!

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are going today. They are very pleasant company. Did I tell thee that he has painted a really *very good* picture, in my [3] opinion? He has at least as much talent as any painter of his age. Except Whistler and Degas, I do not know anyone whose work I prefer.

Does thee remember that half-crazy sculptor, Andersen He is all right in health now, and he has also some talent. But his belief in himself passes all bounds! [3.2] He told me that *his* future works would quite knock into the shade all the Greek sculptures — in fact, *any* work of art previously existing! I do wonder how it feels to have that sort of an opinion of one's self? It must be a wonderful feeling! I am hoping my friend, Mr. Davis, will give the poor youth £300 or so a year for five or [3.3] six years, to enable him to do his best. Alas! I fear it won't be a very great best, but he will have had his chance!

Logan and I are going to Venice in a week, with Lina Duff Gordon and Percy Feilding — I shall stay a week there. There are more pictures for sale I am anxious to see.

Then I shall come back here, and Logan, I expect, will go back to England. Thee *will* be glad [3.4] to see him again. He is awfully nice, and I love to have him here. I will send thee our Venice address as soon as I know it.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

I haven't the *least* belief in the Mind Cure for thy stiffness.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Wednesday, Apr. 12, 1899

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy post card. I haven't heard from those wretches since I left!
What can they be doing?

I am so sorry to hear little Pug is ill. I hope it is nothing.

We are greatly excited over some pictures that are turning up — old rare
Sienese works.

Did I tell thee I played in a Concert last Sunday? It went off very well. It
was given by all the pupils of my teacher, Miss Ducci's aunt.

It is very warm here, but windy.

Ever so much love,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Thursday, Apr. 13, 1899

Dearest mother,

We expect to go to Venice next Wednesday, the 19th. Logan hasn't yet heard from the Casa Silvestri whether they can take us in, so I can't send thee our address, but as soon as I know I will send it. I shan't stay more than a few days 5 or 6, but there are some interesting pictures there to be sold, and my advice has been asked on them.

Poor old Mr. Ross seems to grow weaker and weaker. I feel dreadfully afraid Lina will soon be left without a home — for her aunt would sell Poggio at once (she says) and go and live in a pension.

Spring is *flirting* with us here, one day all smiles and the next day the cold shoulder. Today is the cold turn.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
Strachey, p. 80

<Florence,> Monday, Apr. 17, 1899

Dearest mother,

I am glad something has come in from Laurel Hill, though it is not very much. Alban certainly ought to give reports of what happens. I do think Logan will have to go over sometime and enquire into it, and arrange a definite system with Alban. I know that Alban feels it very hard that he should do all the work and we enjoy most of [1.2] the money, and this would tend to make him very careless about our interests. Does he treat his father and mother in exactly the same way?

I forgot to answer thy question about Elihu Vedder. Prof. Palmer took me to see his things fifteen years ago. I have not seen them since, but I am quite sure I should find them extremely bad!

Mr. Davis is coming up today, and Logan hopes he will buy for £100 a picture he has just [1.3] bought in Siena for £20. He has already send me work that he wants to buy another pictures I have which cost me £280, but I shall not let him have it for less than £1,000, and I don't believe he will pay so much. But I can wait — another year he will pay it, and in the meantime I enjoy it! I wish Logan could make a little money — he is in debt all round! He owes me already £80, and I expect it will be £125 before [1.4] he leaves Italy. But I really see no reason why, with time, Miss Toplady shouldn't build up a satisfactory picture business. There is plenty of money in it, as I have found! Logan is talking hold of "connoisseurship" quite ardently. We study photographs every evening, and I tell him the characteristics of the master, which he writes down. Feilding is very good at it too. Last night we had a trial with Logan and Feilding, and Janet Dodge. [2] I chose out photographs of four painters, Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, and Alvise Vivarini, and made them say which was which. Logan did very well, but Feilding even better. Janet Dodge, who has had more chance than either, came out worst. But she has no method and no energy, poor thing.

Here is an exciting story for the children, but no, I will have it till tomorrow's letter [2.2] when they will be more settled in their minds. I expect they will be quite excited at getting home — and tired too, poor dears! Give them kisses for me as well as for thyself.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary



M-L 1899.____
a two-page letter to Logan
on the stationery of Il Frullino, via Camerata, Florence

<Florence,> Friday, Apr. 28, 1899

Dearest Logan,

B.B. thinks the statue is a forgery!! He is awfully down on me for not making time to study the Rizzos and the Riccios in Venice. I should then have seen, he says, that the bronze is characteristic of neither, and that, while it is very good, it hasn't that last touch of originality and power a great sculptor would have given it. Mine eyes were holden. I could not see what he meant last night, but he convinced Andersen, who, [1.2] furthermore, had been greatly troubled in the train at finding an acid odour on his fingers after handling it. It smelt, he said, like the stuff they use to make new bronze look old.

But no one more than B.B. can know how hard it is in some cases to distinguish. He quite admits he may be mistaken — only — he won't have anything to do with it. I am in great perplexity, for it is life and death (so to speak) to the Kerr-Lawsons. Andersen says I should write to Davis saying B.B. disapproves of my [1.3] turning dealer, and offering it to him "at the price I paid" with 4% commission. If the Lawsons approve, I will do so, I think — though I hate to, when there is anything suspicious about it. Let us all learn a lesson !!!!!!!

Our pictures he adores — only he is suspicious that the woman's profile may be also a forgery. He is going to study it today with his magnifying glass. The little Doge he wants to keep, and the Guardi. I shall make him give a fair price to Toplady for them. He thinks we probably [1.4] sold Davis that profile altogether too cheap! The jewel he likes immensely, also the glasses, etc. He is awfully sorry he didn't come to Venice, and we shall certainly go in June.

I hope thee has told Paolucci to send my wardrobe. It might come with Piccoli's things. I shall send Piccoli the money today. Tell Barozzi to get all the pictures he can for me and that if Mrs. Andrews didn't buy the cassone, and it turns out in June to be genuine, I will take it. But after this fright, I must see it in the light. Send [2] me one of Desideri's cards, if thee has one. I forget his address.

I am grieved and ashamed to say that B.B. insists on keeping the Balducci tondo — the old man with the hour glass. I'm going to Gagliardi's today to see about the Sano, etc.

It is perfectly awful about that bronze, and i hope it has taught me a lesson. We mounted our heads all together. It is a good thing, however — even B.B. admits that.

What did you find at Padua, I wonder? I am anxious to hear. [2.2]

Please tell Percy he has endeared himself to us all very much, and that whenever he comes he will be welcome, and that the longer he stays the



better pleased we shall be. I want him to take this for granted. Lina feels in the same way, and he would have been pleased to hear all the nice things that were said about him in the train.

Miss Erichsen and Janet will stay on till the 5th, I think.

I go [2.3] onto the meat diet today. It is true, B.B. dissipates on fish and an occasional dolce — not to mention now and then a meal out! — but he is better for the regular *fond* of solid meat. I shall be more strict, though I may have an occasional “bat” of black coffee as _____.

Poor Lina finds still a root of the old tooth left. She will have to have it out.

Adieu. I have no more time — so consider said all the emotions I [2.4] feel as to saying goodbye, etc.

Thine affectionately,

MLC

Do please let me hear something exact about Toplady. Thee knows how it will interest me.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Thursday, May <11>, 1899, 8.30 a.m.

Still cloudy and not hot. I never saw such a Spring! I have been working at the pump and the house is now simply swimming in water! I work at it in my nightgown and (a skirt) and then go back to bed to repose and get a little cooled down, and then I have my bath. Rosa and Guido and Leonie simply can't imagine what I'm up to! They think me a "pazza inglese" — mad Englishwoman — a curiously common expression in these parts!

Somehow, Gram, Mrs. Fawcett's letter seemed to me sensible. I don't see how you can pretend that a question so vital to your existence as an affection also is "open" — anymore than you could admit arguments in favour of the Turkish system of harems. Lady Aberdeen always was a dreadful trimmer.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Sunday, May 14, 1899 — perhaps not 1899?

Dearest mother,

The Silvestris haven't replied about our rooms, so we shall go to the Hotel Monaco, Venice. I shall stay till the 25th and then come straight back. Logan and Percy Feilding will go on to England. Lina Duff Gordon is going with us.

The weather is really wretched, so cold and windy and changeable. I hope it will be settled before we start. I have heard of some pictures for sale there that may turn out to be very important. At any rate, I must see them.

Thee will see the children almost as soon as thee gets this. I shall hope for a line about them in Venice.

I do hope Edward Martin was better for his winter in Switzerland. They must have been glad to get back!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> Wednesday, May 17, 1899

Dearest Gram,

Please send me at once an 8/ box of that anti-fat soap! I may as well try it along with my other remedies. If it works, it will certainly be more convenient than all this dieting and exercise. I long to begin lathering myself at once!!

I find the massage *terrible* — it is a genuine martyrdom. Like [1.2] thee, I haven't much belief in its efficacy — still, I shall try it for a month. Fortunately it isn't at all expensive — 2/6 a "treatment"; it is only painful.

The soap sent here should be a registered parcel package, otherwise it will be stolen en route.

I saw Janet Dodge off today — and very thankful I was, for, although she hasn't been here lately, she has been on my mind. She is in a most miserable condition of nerves. [1.3] I can imagine how busy thee is this week, and can only sigh comfortable as I contrast my quiet lot.

What fun for the children to string beads for the Savages! Who thought of it? I am sure it was thee.

Please tell them, if they haven't already flown to the country, that I greatly enjoyed that picture of a girl in a garden. The name was not written on it, but I think I "connoshed" Karin's hand, although in two [1.4] such very young painters of the same school, who haven't yet developed their separate styles, it is not easy always to tell.

I found a beautiful Sienese Madonna today, of the kind Logan and I area always sighing for. I brought it home, and tomorrow am going to bargain for the price. It is very cheap, but I want to get it cheaper still.

Thanks for the *Chronicle* cuttings, but *The Times* is hotly on the side of Dreyfus.

Ever so much love!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Monday, May 29, 1899

Dearest mother,

The _____ anti-fat soap hasn't come yet! Do stir up the wretched man.

I have written for some of that Russell Compound, to try while travelling, when it is very hard to diet. One might as well try! I will report to Aunt M.

I hear thee sneaks off and secretly goes town the Canadian Chute,⁷¹³ when thee pretends to be at meetings!! I suppose the Birthday treat will be on Saturday.

I am glad that enamel box is sold! We felt so squeamish about buying it! But really good stuff is pretty sure to sell.

Affectionately,
M.

⁷¹³ The Great Canadian Chute was evidently an attraction at the 1899 Greater Britain Exhibition.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Tuesday, <May 30, 1899>

Dearest mother,

May I bother thee again to send me the details of my account with thee since January? I want it for my estimates.

I am just off to my music lesson, and write in haste.

There is some very pretty blue and white Japanese (washing) silk here, very cheap. Would it be worthwhile to bring some home to make ____ for the children and Pug? It looks like a nice fresh print.

No letters today, except for a note from Janet Dodge who is at Matlock. It was her goodbye to the world before six weeks of the Rest Cure.

A parcel is waiting for me at the Post Office. Perhaps it is the Soap!

Affectionately,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a postcard to Hannah, Ray and Karin

<Florence,> Saturday, June 3, 1899

I do hope darling Ray's headache was nothing. She must have dug too hard at the Pond. So they aren't going to Earl's Court⁷¹⁴ just yet. Perhaps they'll wait now till I can take them. That *would* be fun. I simply long to go down the Chute!

Tell Aunt Margaret that I really am getting thinner. Yes, I suppose I must keep up those contortions all my life, but they are not disagreeable, and they are very good for one's general health, and keep one limber. I have used the soap four days, of course it's too soon for an effect. But please ask Wavell to send me two more cakes to Hotel Roma, Venice, where I go next Wednesday, the 7th.

Excuse a short note, but the house is all upset, and I have to superintend the workmen.

Love to all those of you angels,

M.

⁷¹⁴ Where the Greater Britain Exhibition was held.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Monday, June 5, 1899

Poor old Ray!! I am sorry for her if her eyes are too bad to read. I expect it finishes school for her this spring — and perhaps they can come to the country earlier. That *would* be nice! Has any plan been made yet? Thanks for the account. My money will come in in a month.

I am delighted about the change at Friday's Hill — it will be an immense improvement.

I will try to find a place for Lady Henry in Venice. It ought not to be hard. The house is full of workmen, and I haven't a minute.

No news yesterday of the Blood-Fairchild affair. In fact, they pretended they were going to spend the summer in different places, and not going to meet at all, until perhaps at Christmas! No one believed them!

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence, Tuesday,> June 6, 1899

Dearest mother,

I *am* glad I got the telegram yesterday before those mournful letters. Poor old Ray! She is an angel though. I hope her appetite is coming back.

Tell Karin her pictures are splendid. I had no idea of the Chute before, and now i know just what it is like. her copy of ruins, too, is *excellent*. A thousand thanks to the poor lovely darling.

I shall have the summer perfectly free of friends and acquaintances, except, perhaps, a few days' visit from Miss Blood, who wants to come because she adores thee. Miss Cruttwell may come for night, but *that is all*.

Am in the midst of packing.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Venice, Monday,> June 12, 1899

Dearest mother,

Here is a “secret” letter to Ray, be sure thee seals it up before giving it to her. She wanted me to buy Fräulein a skirt and hat in Paris, but I’m not going there.

On the 20th, 21st and 22nd

illegible

_____ address ____ Hotel [1.2] Manin, Milan. After that I will tell thee.

If Alys is coming with Lady Henry, I am sure the Bensons would let her have their house, as they won’t be here. The truth is they have no linen, and are ashamed to have it [1.3] known. Alys could bring a little, and I could send over Leonie as a servant, and a lot of linen, etc., with her, so it could easily be arranged. I think it would be very kind. Mrs. Benson has been much nicer than I feared, and I should be glad if a little [1.4] could be done for them.

Tell Karin her post-card was a great pleasure, and give them both (if thee is allowed to!) 1,000 kisses from me.

Ask Alys to send me here the France Guide Book she has.

In haste — just off to search into the “forger”.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Venice, Monday,> June 19, 1899

A letter and a post-card came together today, telling the good news that poor Karin had passed the turn of her illness.

I write a card, as I don't quite know where this may find thee — I *hope* at Haslemere with Ray, whom I love to think of flying a kite with Val.

My picture is sold, and very successfully! I hate the idea of parting with it.

I looked at several apartments today, but they were *too* miserable. It is awfully annoying of the Bensons!

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence crossed out

<Milan,> Friday, <June>⁷¹⁵ 23, 1899

Dearest mother,

It is an unspeakable pleasure to think of thee and Ray in the country. Thee *must* be enjoying it — and she, I can see from her dear little note that she is just bubbling over with “fun”. I only wish poor old Karin were there, too. It is hard on her! When does thee think she will get down? I do hope they won’t have to go back to school. I await plans with great [1.2] hopes. If we could have all of July and most of August there together, it would be *enchanting*.

From here I am going on Monday to the Grand Hotel Andermatt, Switzerland, for two or three days. Thursday night I shall spend somewhere on the way North (long railway journeys I begin to find too tiring — at any rate, in hot weather) and Friday and Saturday nights at the Hotel Lion d’Or, Rheims. I expect to reach London Sunday afternoon, and could come to Haslemere [1.3] early on the 4th — bringing with me fire-works for a celebration of the “opening” of the Pond.

About the Pond — tell Logan to have the men do what is necessary, but not more, nothing fancy. I had no idea it would cost so much. Still, of course, I can manage to pay for it, and it will be an immense pleasure to the darling children. But I think Voller ought to arrange it all for not more than £5. He told me to start with it would cost £5!!

I hope thee is taking some real comfort [1.4] in ray’s visit, after all thy labours! Thee deserves it a hundred thousand times over. And I hope it is a sort of entering wedge. It is *too* silly (and mean) of him not to let the children stay with thee.

It is deliciously cool here. I am just off to see Cavenaghi, the famous picture-restorer, who will, I hope, throw some light upon that forger of old pictures whom I am after. No one will give me his name, but I’ve seen about thirty of his works. I call him “L’Aragno da Siena”⁷¹⁶ — the “Spider of Siena”. I think I shall write an article on him some day.

Love to Logan and Alys and Bertie. Tell Alys *The Nation* reviews very favourably a book called *Women and Economics* by Charlotte Perkins Stetson.⁷¹⁷ They say it is important.

⁷¹⁵ Mary wrote ‘July’.

⁷¹⁶ *L’aragno* is perhaps a mistake for “Il Ragno da Siena”?

⁷¹⁷ Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935), wife of Charles Walter Stetson (1858–1911), *Women and economics: A study of the economic relation between men and women as a factor in social evolution* (Boston: Small, Maynard, 1898).



The French Baedeker⁷¹⁸ came — many thanks
With dearest love, and send my love to poor Karin.
Thy daughter,
M.

⁷¹⁸ Perhaps one of the following:

Karl Baedeker, *Le Sud-ouest de la France de la Loire à la frontière d'Espagne: Manuel du voyageur*, 5. éd. (Leipzig : K. Baedeker, 1894). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DC609.8 .B35 1894**

Karl Baedeker, *South-eastern France, from the Loire to the Riviera and the Italian frontier: including Corsica; handbook for travellers*, 2nd ed. (Leipzig: Baedeker, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson Deposit DC16 .B142 1895 [Contains a note by B. Berenson.]**



M-HS 1898.____ a one-page letter to Hannah, Ray and Karin
on the stationery of Grand Hotel Andermatt, Andermatt
with ruled lines

<'Tuesday,> June 27, 1899

Dearest Family,

The air here is something indescribable. It is like the difference, in swimming, between sea-water and fresh water — this is so light, it makes you feel so swift, so airy. To walk on the hills here is next door to having wings and flying! I am very glad I came here for three days, after Italy, which was hot and relaxing. And I feel sure there will be *so much* to do in the country that I shall need all the strength I can get, what with building and painting the buildings, and digging entrenchments, and fighting in them, and beating Polyphemus, and running beside the pony — altogether I shall need a giant's powers to do all I look forward to doing!

This valley, Grandma, is much prettier in summer than in winter, when *we* saw it. It is filled with dewy green grass and flowers, and the little river running through it is bright blue. Still I can't say it is one of the most beautiful places [1.2] in Switzerland — its great advantage is its convenience, being so near the St. Gotthard railway.

I am waiting eagerly for letters that I hope will arrive today telling me of summer plans. We must have a tent (perhaps I can buy one) near the Pond — o and we must give our pond a name, what do you think it should be?

I can hardly wait for all the good times to begin!

Lovingly, lovingly,

Mother

Daughter



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Grand Hotel Andermatt,
Andermatt

Wednesday, June 28, 1899

Dearest mother,

I think I had better come now, taking it all in all. The Law Courts don't rise till the 12th anyhow, and I expect B.F.C.C. will have (as he usually has) lots of things to do at the end of term. I will come on Monday, but not quite so early a train as I said, for fear of meeting him. I will come in the 1.55 train, if there is such a train; if not, in the 2.45. Please let me know at No. 44. I should rather come in the 1.55. Or, if thee finds out that he is coming up early, let me have a wire to No. 44, and I will come in the 11.25. I want to come down as early as I can.

Yes, I expect Ray is sorry to go back to the Cottage. She must be having a splendid time with you.

Will thee send me, please, a £5 note to the Lion d'Or, Rheims, France? There will be time if thee posts it on Friday. I am all out of English money.

I do hope the doctor won't allow the children's return to school. It seems to me a crazy idea, just for [1.2] a week — it simply upsets and annoys them. What a pity Val's holiday begins so late! Next year, perhaps, we might arrange for a couple of weeks later, say June 26 to August 26, so as to have his birthday⁷¹⁹ coincide.

Please expect me Monday — by the earliest train possible. I will be guided by thy report of B.F.C.C.'s movements. I am in an *anful hurry* to see you all!!

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.

Please tell Karin I have very much enjoyed her letters that thee has sent me. She writes very well.

⁷¹⁹ Whose birthday?



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Grand Hotel Andermatt

Thursday, June 29, 1899

Dearest mother,

This letter will travel as far as Basle by my train. But I shall stop off for the night, and go on to Rheims tomorrow by a day train. Travelling tires me more and more. I think I must see Dr. Bull again about my eyes, for of late it always give me a headache, and I have had to give up reading — which makes a journey endlessly boring!

M. Reinach is, I hope, coming to Rheims to spend Saturday with me. He wrote the most awfully Philistine thing ever written in answer to my invitation — that he thought you could judge architecture very well by photographs, and he had seen photographs of the Cathedral of Rheims, and therefore didn't need to see the original! It made me furious, and I wondered how I *could* be friends with him, and yet I like him very much!

I had another long walk yesterday, which no doubt [1.2] did me a great deal of good (I slept deliciously after); but the fact is I do hate walking. I wonder if I could ever get to like it.

Today the hotel is expecting 200 English people of a club called the "Polytechnic", who come every summer to Lucerne and spend a week making excursions from there, and for the sum of five guineas per person! I simply don't see how they can do it. They have special trains, a special boat, a hotel to themselves, etc.

At present the hotel is so empty, only about five people altogether, it being early in the season, that I have been able to practise every morning. In spite of the emptiness, and in spite of my prayers for a quiet room, they have contrived to give me terribly noisy neighbours overhead, who dance hornpipes and drag furniture about until midnight every night.

Will thee send word to Rollings to come for me at 9 on Monday morning? Even if I don't take the early train I want him. If this letter reaches thee too late to write on Saturday, will thee please telegraph? Unless the note reaching him Monday would be in time?

I am wild to see you all!

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

Lion d'Or, Rheims, Saturday, July 1, 1899

Dearest mother,

Thy letter and post-cards have been most welcome. Thank Ray, too, for her darling little letter (on a post-card), and tell her I'm delighted to hear about the Fort. They must have worked awfully hard. I'm glad she [1.2] has the perseverance to carry the undertaking so far!

This is just to say that I shall await at 44 thy wire (or letter) telling me when to come down. If I knew Karin's train, that is the one I had better take — in case she is kept till Monday, which I hope the poor dear *won't* be.

It is delicious to think of seeing you all so soon — *day after* [1.3] *tomorrow*.

Love to all, and *oceans* of love to thee and the children,

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a postcard; the date 'July 12, 1899' by Hannah

<Friday's Hill,> Wednesday morning, <July 12, 1899>

A splendid rain last night, and thee can tell the children the Pond is filling up slowly.

Babe's and Pug's boots are 9 inches, if there is a question of sandals.

We are thinking of thee, dressed in red, with a long red feather in thy bonnet, driving the children with 6 horses, and stopping at every Pub to give a treat to the voters!

Mr. Britten has just gone.

Ever so much love. We miss thee awfully.

M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Hotel Cavour, Milan, Tuesday, <Sept. 12, 1899,> 1.30 p.m.

Thy telegram was a *great* comfort! It was an inspiration to send it, for I was miserable at seeing thee go off, with that dreadful climb before thee, and furious with myself for not having arranged it better. The only advantage was that it mitigated the pure pain of seeing thee go off, for I was so raging I forgot my sentiments — for a while, at least.

I slept at the hotel till 12, and fairly well in the train, in spite of a snoring man. No further symptoms, either of d— or typhoid. It is very hot here, but not stifling.

Rosa goes to the Villa tomorrow, and I shall return Saturday or Sunday, probably Sunday.

Excuse a post-card, but I do want to go and have a wash.

Lovingly thine,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

<Milan,> Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1899

Dearest mother,

I blessed thee all day for telegraphing! Thee *knew* how worried I was at the mistake over the berth.

I seem to be quite well again — that change of air, together with diet, has, I do believe, cured me. Now we must wait *thy* cure for a month or so.

I fell into a regular nest of old art-cats in this hotel, Mrs. Ady and Mr. Boutine,⁷²⁰ and a host of enthusiastic hangers-on. We chatted all the evening, to our mutual disgust. They aren't staying long, however.

It is considerably cooler today, and the jacket of my white flannel is very comfortable.

I am waiting for Cavenaghi.

I long to hear that thee is comfortable at home once again.

Thine devotedly,
M.

⁷²⁰

Mentioned in Bernhard's letter to Mary, July 5, 1899.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Hotel Cavour, Milan, <Thursday,> Sept. 14, 1899

Dearest mother,

Thy post-card from Paris arrived safely and was a great comfort. I do think it was beastly of that younger woman not to give thee her berth.

Perhaps thee is seeing the children today — and I am snatching a moment between galleries and private collections to send thee this line.

Signor Cavenaghi says he thinks it is useless for Miss Mason to try to learn, unless she has for years already been a devoted student of the Old Masters. Even so, it would require a two years' apprenticeship. It is much more severe than I thought. I have written to her.

I seem to be perfectly well, and last night even ate a little fruit — without results! I wonder how thee is?

This is a charming quiet hotel, and my room looks over the public gardens.

Ask Logan if the green stuff (100 meters) has arrived.

Dearest love,

Thy daughter,

M.

I return to Florence Sunday.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Milan,> Friday night <Sept. 15, 1899>

Dearest mother,

Forgive these scraps. I am *awfully* busy. All day in the country seeing collections.

I just had a minute to call on Lady E. Fitzmaurice, who is ill here, and now Signor Nosedà (with a long nose!) is waiting for me to come down.

Thanks for Grace's letter. They are happy!

I go to Florence Sunday, and join Alys and Bertie at Arezzo Tuesday.

Write to Florence.

Ever so much love,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Milan,> Saturday <Sept. 16, 1899>

Another busy day!

I gave a lunch to the Directors of three museums here and great swell called Prince Pio di Savoia, who awns pictures. They stayed till 6.30, through tea (putting in a visit at the Museum from 3-4), and I am nearly dead! They all talked at once, and very loud. I think the English people in the hotel thought we were a band of maniacs.

Cavenaghi is ill, and has had to go to the country, so I have no chance to work with him at present. I expect to reach home tomorrow, and join Alys and Bertie Tuesday.

Address always Frullino. I shall keep the postman informed about forwarding.

I am so glad thee is well again!

Lovingly thine,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

Il Frullino, <Florence,> Monday, Sept. 18, 1899

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy letters and Grace's enclosed. How lovely for the children. But it is anything but lovely for their father, I fear. *What* a good holiday they are having! I hope it will keep them in good health and spirits all winter. I am awfully glad Grace's children are to stay for a while.

I reached home last night, and found Rosa and Leonie (who send many, [1.2] many thanks for the blouses, which I presented to them intact!). Guido has taken to managing a bicycling establishment, and so won't come back. I shall have to find another man. It is a great bore. I think I shall ask Mrs. Ross.

Everything seems in hopeless confusion, for the Eyres simply turned the whole house upside-down. They have, however, [1.3] made one great improvement. Does thee remember the passage with the partition that I had painted white? It led to the bedroom thee had, and to the drawing-room. They have taken down the partition, and put up a rustic, really pretty staircase at one side, which leads very conveniently to the tower bed-rooms and the tower terrace. The place opens out into a rather [1.4] picturesque, charming sitting-room, somewhat larger than the loggia. It certainly makes the approach to the drawing-room a hundred times nicer, and it will be a good cool place to sit in hot weather.

I have the upholsterer and carpenter at work today, and by tonight I hope to be in order once more.

Tomorrow afternoon I go to join Alys and Bertie at Arezzo.

It *is* a comfort to think thee can [2] enjoy thy food again! Those two days of freezing *must* have done us good in some mysterious way. I am still quite well.

I was awfully busy at Milan, but not at all as I expected, Cavenaghi being away, not well. I saw a great many pictures, and made a great many useful acquaintances.

Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice was there, ill with a feverish cold. I [2.2] saw her twice — the second time at a dinner-party of her own, where she appeared to much greater advantage than when we saw her. But she is a bore.

All the workmen are waiting for me. I really must stop. Where does Logan sleep? Is he disturbed by building noises?

Farewell — in haste,

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

I mis thee *awfully*.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1899

Just starting to join Alys and Bertie at Arezzo. Plans are a little vague, depending on weather, spirits, strength and hotel, but I shall wire to the postman every day to send letter wherever we are so everything addressed here will be right.

It is *awful* settling in! The upholsterer is still at work, and I feel as if I should never get unpacked. Eyre is having all the shutters painted. The nice gardener wants to take Guido's place in addition to his own, so I shall have a competent butler for a month to teach him. He is so clever and active and willing. I think he can manage it all.

It is pleasant weather, inclining to warm. Glorious moonlight.

I saw Mrs. Ross yesterday and ordered from her my winter supplies. Mr. Ross is better.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Will thee look in my corner for a large volume of Rembrandt and give it to Grace?



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A-HS 1899.____
a postcard from **ALYS to Hannah**

Arezzo, Tuesday evening, Sept. 19, 1899

Thy post-card about Lady Henry's arrival and an welcome Weekly Jim's came this morning, before we started to Assisi. Many thanks for both. I brought them on to give Mary here, and lo! she telegraphs that she has missed her train and cannot arrive until early tomorrow. In spite of our disappointment, we have eaten a large dinner, ending with delicious peaches like the old days at the Cedars.

We had splendid coast of 12 miles from Perugia to Assisi, and a most interesting day there.

Now we are going to try a Milligan⁷²¹ to console ourselves for Mary's defection.

Love to you all.

Affectionately,
A.

⁷²¹ Miss Milligan is a solitaire (or patience) game which is played using two decks of cards.



M-HS 1899.____

a postcard from **ALYS to Hannah**

Bibbiena, Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1899

We met poor Mary, who had to get up before 6 at the station early this morning, and she showed us the Sacred Pictures and buildings in Arezzo. Then we came up the valley of the Arno to this little hill town, and having packed all our bags in a carriage, rode our bicycles up from the station. Now we are anticipating our lunch with longing — will it be good? Mary has never been here before, but has heard the hotel well spoken of. Perhaps she will discover a Sacred Picture in some little Church today. It is most exciting. She seems perfectly well, quite a different person since she went to the mountains with thee, and she looks very well.

Love from us all,

Affectionately,

A.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Bibbiena, Wednesday noon, Sept. 20, 1899

Dearest mother,

The train I *meant* to take to join Alys and Bertie didn't run, so I had to go ingloriously home, and spend the evening, and get up at 5.30 to take an early train. Alys and Bertie met me at 9 at Arezzo and we duly adored the sacred pictures, and then came by a slow train (2 hours) here — a most picturesque town up in the mountains, near where St. Francis received his stigmata. Alys is looking very well, and says she thinks nothing of the numerous hills they have encountered.

This is a real exploring trip for me, as I have never been in this part of the world before. The hotel is *very* primitive — however, with real dog-soap I don't care!

Ever so much love from us all,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Bibbiena, Friday, Sept. 22, 1899

Dearest mother,

Thy daily letters are a source of the greatest interest to us. The Florence postman is very intelligent, and I telegraph him daily directions.

We had a most delightful trip yesterday to the old monastery of the Camaldoli. It was 4 miles up a steep uncompromising hill — even Bertie found it fearful. Alys and I pulled each other up with a rope from the carriage. My tea basket is an immense success. Bertie drinks from it twice a day, and is as comfortable as at home.

I write standing by the carriage which is to take us to St. Francis' shrine, on the top of a crag resembling Mont Revard.

In haste,

Very lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Città di Castello, Sunday, Sept. 24, 1899

Dearest mother,

We each had a letter from thee today — mine, just as thee was starting out to buy that mysterious horse's head! I wonder what their Secret can be!

Alys says to tell thee that her waist is 29 in. and mine is the same (the fatness comes below!) Do get us those "featherweight" dress fasteners. Grace will bring mine out.

Brillantine (from Truefitt's)⁷²² is the thing for the hair. You shake the bottle and pour out a few drops on a saucer, and dip the brush in it. It is perfect. I do want the children to use it — it robs hair-combing of all its terrors.

We had a rainy but interesting day on Borgo San Sepolcro yesterday. Alys and Bertie have to leave tomorrow on account of joining Lady Henry, and I may go back to Florence with them, unless the weather is very promising.

Much love from all,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷²² Now Truefitt & Hill, St. James.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Foligno (in the “sacred” Hotel de la Poste), Monday, Sept. 25, 1899
Dearest mother,

The weather was so enchanting, and the need for getting up some notes for Lina Duff Gordon’s guide book to Assisi (which I have promised her) so pressing, that I decided to take leave of Alys and Bertie this morning. They have a fearful journey to Milan, about eight hours extra travelling, instead of the boat they meant to take from Ancona, and Lady Henry has not begun well with Bertie, I fear, by asking them to meet her at Milan. It really upset all their plans. Bertie was quite ill this morning (too many figs!), but I hope a quiet night and Rosa’s cooking will set him up. They both enjoyed Gubbio immensely.

I shall be back, I hope, on Saturday. The soap alas! has lost its power, and I am again devoured by fleas. Thee must think of something else!

I suppose the cousins came up today.

My love to Grace.

Thine most lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Assisi, Thursday, Sept. 28, 1899

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy card. Alys has already received thy medicine from Pistoia. How good that corn sounds. But I could not eat it, for my trouble has returned — in a modified form. I am at present eating nothing but rice. It came on after a bicycle ride. Evidently I must take a good rest with quite simple diet when I get back. It isn't bothering me much.

The weather here is simply perfect, and heaven itself could not be more beautiful than this valley. But I shall tear myself away tomorrow and go home.

Dear Grace ! I *am* glad she feels so well and jolly!
Hundreds of hugs to thee and the children.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Train on the way to Florence, Friday, Sept. 29, 1899

Tell the children I *must* know the Secret! I am just wild with curiosity, and when the fleas wake one up at night I lie and wonder and wonder about it. I *must* know!!!

The scirocco (hot wind from Sahara) has come on today and I am glad to be going home. But I am better. Eating nothing but rice agrees with me, and it worked very well at that hotel, which has a wretched kitchen, so that I was glad to be excused the dreary uneatable meals.

Saturday

I forgot to post this last night. I am back at the Frullino now settling in. But I *must* know the secret!

Lovingly ,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____ a postcard to Alys

<Florence> Wednesday <Oct. 5, 1898>

Thanks for the postcard. I will look out for Mother at Mantua. I shall take a first class ticket, unless thee sends word to go second. But it is much better to go first, as that line is apt to be crowded. If she decided on second, however, I shall get into a Ladies' Carriage. Send me word, please, by return, the name of the hotel at Mantua. I advise them to stay over a day, as there are lovely things to see. This is against my interests, for I should love to have thee come at once with us. I am looking forward immensely to Mother's visit — how I hope the weather will keep fine! It is enchanting today!

I advise you to bring some Fidebus (Zampi____) to burn against the mosquitoes. Burn two in your room, with the windows open, lights out. Then close the blinds, and don't _____ relight. The process to be repeated as often as occasion arises!!

M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Friday,> Oct. 13, 1899

Dearest mother,

I am getting on very well with Lady Henry and her boring friend. His talk is to me like the sound of the waves (though not so beautiful!), so I don't care what he says. It is well I don't, for he is a fearfully uncultivated, ignorant sort of prig. But he seems to me to mean very well, I find him less hateful than Alys led me to expect. But I cannot help [1.2] thinking it is his good looks and his youth (he can't be 40) that have infatuated Lady Henry, for really he is terribly commonplace, and not at all sympathetic to her. He doesn't appreciate her in *the least*. He ought to adore *her*, and he lets her adore *him*!

Of course she has done the most imprudent thing she could. She has taken a room at a hotel on the Lungarno, and there they go, in the pouring rain, and spend the day together. It is _____ [1.3] and wet for sights, though she says they do puddle about a little. If Lord Henry wanted to make a scandal, he would find it not hard to do so! They have lunch and tea there.

i send thee a cheque of eight pounds I happened to have drawn. Put it against a ____ of my debts I can send thee more whenever thee calls it in.

I am really feeling quite delighted over my **Louvre Book**, and ashamed of myself for having [1.4] delayed it so long. I hope a similar glow of virtue is warming *thy* breast over thy Autobiography!

Teach Cousin Carrie Mrs. Milligan, and you will pass a very agreeable month together! She won't require any other entertainment. It *was* fun at ____, wasn't it? I feel quite homesick for that table and the cards, and us in our wrappers having always "just ____". I did enjoy having thee

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.

That post-card from Mont Revard was about my beloved little _____ left there! _____ sent him a Paris address.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Sunday night, Oct. 15, 1899

Dearest mother,

I am sure Lady Henry is all thee says, but I don't get any chance to see her, alas! They go out at once after breakfast and return late for dinner. She is charming and gay at dinner, but rather restrained by Mr. Prig Saunders, and charming when I go into their sitting room after dinner and have coffee. But it is so clear to [1.2] me that they don't want me, that I generally retire early, and I am in bed long before Lady Henry comes up. Her maid nearly faints away with sleepiness, for they prolong their holy conversations to quite unholy hours. So I miss a great deal of enjoyment,. But I am really very glad to be of service to her, and if it is convenient, as it seems to be, to her to stay here, I am really and truly glad she came. A visit, however, I [1.3] can scarcely call it. She is just wrapped up in Mr. Saunders, and I don't think anything else exists for her at present. I should be a hypocrite if I pretended not to understand and sympathize with that peculiar frame of mind! I do both understand and sympathize, and I love to think she is having a happy week. I must say that I have not found Mr. S. Rude, as Alys warned me he would be, He seems to have rather [1.4] good manners, and while Lady Henry is dressing he comes and talks to me most politely. I will even make another confession, which will horrify Alys and Bertie, I *rather like him*! He has all the defects they say, but he has a kind of humour (very crude), and a way of teasing Lady Henry which is rather endearing. I begin to understand a little why she likes him. Alys will despise me for this! I have been amused [2] to have him once or twice inadvertently call her "Dear!" in my presence. Still, why shouldn't he? She *is* a dear. He is — it seems to me — a good man, according to his lights, and ... well, yes I do like him, and he has by no means destroyed, **but rather increased my devotion to the Church of England**. How should he be cultivated? He has worked for years in Plymouth and Southampton and London. Nor do I find him harsh in his judgments — crude he is, and direct, but very kind, and I think he loves people. He is just about what I expect and want a typical clergyman to be. And in spite of Alys and Bertie I like the type — not to live with — but to exist elsewhere. [2.2]

Monday, October 16

At this point, 11 o'clock, Lady Henry came in, and we actually sat talking until nearly two o'clock! She is a delicious person — her laugh — I never heard anything like it. She adores thee too, so I cant' help feeling very warm towards her. She begged me to get thee to find out if the children are Wards in Chancery already — Do get Morell or Witt to find out. If they aren't *we* can make them so, by settling some money on them and even if they are, thee could be made next guardian to their Father. And, she says, without his knowing anything about it. Do look this up. We ought to be



prepared.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1899

Dearest mother,

Ray wrote me such a funny letter about their secret I nearly split my sides with laughter. How delicious childhood is!

Have Aunt Margaret

illegible

[1.2] stay in Moseley? But they quoting what Aunt Margaret said about Cousin Carrie makes me think she must be in London — in fact there is no other inference!

Lady Henry & Co. went yesterday. I really enjoyed having them. She is one of the most charming people alive; and

illegible

[1.3] against Mr. Saunders (for Alys and Bertrie evidently couldn't stand him) I got to like him. It may be a low taste, but I found him very humorous; and I may be very immoral, but he seemed to me good. He isn't the sort of man I would like by himself, but as Lady Henry drew him out —

illegible

[1.4] visit was really a pleasure.

The post is going, so farewell,

Thine lovingly,

M.



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence,> Thursday, Oct. 19, 1899

How is thy Autobiography coming on?!! Thee preserves a most peculiar silence on the subject! And hasn't thee begun to get less stiff? I hope thee has started the Pistoia powders.

Today is a beautiful day. I don't expect to see a soul, and I feel a delicious sense of *plenty of time*.

I have had a black silk robe made on the model of Alys', but fuller in the skirt, and it is simply perfect. I do advise thee to get one. It would be *most* becoming. Only have it a little fuller, like mine. I have also had my famous Debenham corsets cut down to be like those I got at Aix, and they are now very comfortable.

The Vermite has come, but not the other. However the plague of fleas has passed. Give my love to Cousin Carrie and Lina. I hope thee is having a little fun with her.

Kisses to the delicious Angles,
Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Monday,> Oct. 23, 1899

Dearest mother,

Did thee get my cheque for £25? I am rather worried at thy not mentioning it. However, I crossed it to thy Bank.

I remember the bulbs were various kinds of anemones. If thee has them, do give them to Grace.

I *do* sympathize about the [1.2] Play and wish I had been there to help thee. Thee must let things take their course, and not tire thyself. The children are getting big enough to manage their own little affairs. How I hated to hear of Ray crying! But generally she is happy?

I see from the line thee sent [1.3] me that without a *legal decree* (or a divorce) the Mother is the children's guardian. That seems all right. But I will ask a lawyer to make sure.

I am in haste with the postman waiting.

Oceans of love!

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Wednesday, Oct. 25, 1899

Dearest mother,

It upsets me dreadfully to think that B.F.C.C. is wretched and suffering. If only he could die *at once*, instead of dragging through the (I fear) years of suffering that lie before him. Do pray one of thy "polite" prayers for him, and for me, for what it would be to me no words can possibly, possibly say.

To prevent thy pitying him *too* much, I enclose his last agreeable [1.2] communication. I wish thee and Alys would take counsel over it. Come home at Christmas and see the children I certainly will, whatever he says or does. He certainly hasn't the energy or the money now to move away, so we need not dread that. Do see if Alys can't think of something. This is in answer to a letter of mine begging him to make fixed times, so that every year we shan't have these discussions that he says are so painful [1.3] to him. The Kerr-Lawsons, by the way, were speaking of him the other day. They said they had often heard him talked of in London, and by all sorts of different people, and the one word every used about him was "impossible."

Well, I am glad the children don't feel the strain of the situation. How they can go on so unmoved with their idiotic games is a mystery, but a blessed one! [1.4]

I have a very nice letter from Mr. Putnam, begging me to send him the proofs⁷²³ as soon as possible. In a week I will send them to thee to look over (a part of the book, about a third) and forward to him. He may as <well> be getting it under weigh.

How is thy dictating getting on?

Will thee send me Lilian Poe's new address? And ask her if they could type my manuscript for me without delay if I sent it within ten days?

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷²³ The proofs of Mary's Guide to the Louvre.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Saturday,> Oct. 28, 1899

Dearest mother,

Alys and I are planning an arrangement which will, I am pretty sure, make things *much* easier for the future. I tell thee this, because i worried thee with that letter of B.F.C.C.'s about Christmas.

The Jäger rug is for travelling; it should be plaid. Also I should like the anemones all the same. [1.2]

No, I simply cannot get the address of that quick boiling kettle. It is a “disperazione”! as the Italians say.

Thy letters are the greatest comfort and joy. My heart gives a leap of pleasure whenever I see thy hand-writing — how different from some other hand-writings I have heard of!

With ever and ever so much love, and hopes that Alys' plan will work out to make things much more comfortable.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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November 1899

M-HS 1899.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Friday, Nov. <10>, 1899

How good of Lady Henry! I do hope it will come off!! It would be perfectly enchanting.

I heard from the Bank today — it will take a little while they say to raise the money on the shares, but it is all right. They will send the £150.

Grace was in bed all yesterday with a stomach upset, but she seems all right today, and we are going down after lunch to the Academy. The weather is *heavenly*.

Thank Karin for her new puzzle. I will do my poor best at it, _____ by her explanations.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
not in Strachey

Frullino, <Florence,> Saturday, Nov. 11, 1899

Dearest mother,

The worrying business affairs were Alys' negotiations with B.F.C.C. and which preoccupied me dreadfully. For though I am quite determined to see the children at Christmas, I should hate to have a fight over it. How I *hope* he will accept Lady Henry's lovely invitation for them! It will be real selfishness if he refuses.

Besides this, I was disturbed in mind about a question of investing money. [1.2] **There is a chance of making a great deal if I go in with some London picture dealers, but it is a risk, and, altogether, it was hard to decide. However, I've gone in, and now hope it will come out all right.** This would never have preoccupied me alone, but that and the waiting to hear quite upset me, and I feel as if I couldn't write. How I hope he will accept for Christmas! Lady Henry is too kind.

That is sheer nonsense about the Sistine Madonna. A man in St. Moritz has a wretched copy he wants to sell, and he has [1] printed a big book to prove his copy the original. A single glance at the illustrations of his book is enough to confute all he says.

I haven't see the Ross' pictures yet. That will be this next week.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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a postcard 'to her family'
see Strachey, p. 84

Nov. 12, 1899

The great excitement of the day was a telegram from an agent I sent down to Umbria to look up **a splendid picture** I heard was secretly for sale.⁷²⁴ He suddenly wired that if I could send him twelve hundred pounds *at once*, he could snap up the picture. ... So I had to rush to the Bank and persuade them into lending me the money, and telegraph England for securities and all sorts of things. The money was *just* being paid into the Banca d'Italia as it was Saturday, and I caught it in time.

⁷²⁴ The Gardner Annunciation. Matteo da Amelia?



M-HS 1899.____

a postcard to Ray and Karin (xerox at I Tatti);
not in Strachey

Frullino, Monday, Nov. 13, 1899

Another perfect day of brilliant sunshine. Grace and the Frys and I are going with Mrs. Ross to those Villas I wrote about before, but didn't go to. I will let you know the result.

In the meantime, I'm having great trouble over that picture, for the Monks who own it have put their heads together and now demand £200 more, and my agent (the one honest antiquity dealer in Florence) sends distracted telegrams every few minutes! But the picture is worth almost anything!!

So thee could trot a whole year, Karin, if some one handed thee food. I am glad you like the riding. But I am sure thee, Ray, would like a good gallop with Peggy Himham and Omnibus Roman Nose, in the open, for we used to have *real* gallops sometimes!

Ever so much love,

Mother

Gram, will thee ask Wavell to send me 2 new pieces of anti-fat soap? I think it does good.



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a postcard to Ray;
see Strachey, p. 84

Nov. 14, 1899

The great excitement of yesterday was when I stopped at the Bank in the morning, and found a telegram from my picture agent saying that as he had taken a false name, he couldn't draw out the £1,200 I had sent him. ... I have telegraphed to my agent to come back, and the Bank was wired for the money, and altogether things are in a confused state. But the picture is worth all this trouble and more, for it is very beautiful and very valuable.



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M-HS 1899.____

a two-page (?) letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
not in Strachey

<Florence,> Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1899

Dearest mother,

I am not at all sure that thy plan of letter B.F.C.C. get everything out of thee and give nothing in return is a good one. But still, I expect it is as well to secure the Cottage, in case I do have to fight with him. I will wait awhile, to give him time to accept thy offer, and to hear whether he accepts Lady Henry's [1.2] invitation. That would smooth things over for the present. Then, as thee says, before another year has run, he may be "safely gathered" (a delicious expression!). Anyway, if he makes no more money he will have to come to terms, sooner or later, and submit to being 'subventioned'.

The Bank will send thee that £150 just as soon as they can negotiate the [1.3] shares necessary.

I am delighted about thy Autobiography, and I am working faithfully at my Louvre. I can't send the manuscript yet, because I am leaving one or two points over, till I have a chance to work them up better, and these come in the middle. But I am going on with the rest, just laying these aside.

Grace seems pretty tired, though [1.4] full of spirit, and I am encouraging her to lie in bed and sleep as much as she can.

Don't speak of this, but I fear Mrs. Fry is getting delusions again. She spoke to me in the strangest way yesterday about a friend of hers who had been poisoned by her husband, and said this man had give her (Mrs. Fry) a bottle of medicine telling her it was poisonous, but she must take it. I shall have to tell poor Roger tonight, I fear. It is simply heart-breaking, for he *adores* her. Don't speak of it.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a postcard to Ray and Karin (xerox at I Tatti);
not in Strachey

<Florence, Wednesday,> Nov. 15, 1899

No falling stars! And I sat up one night to watch for them. I am really very unlucky. I was to wake up the others, if anything happened, but the night pursued its usual tranquil course.

There are all sorts of dreadful complications about the picture — whether after all it isn't church property, as it was once exposed in the Church, whether it can be got out of Italy, and so on. Telegrams and messengers are flying backward and forward, and I feel like Sir George White⁷²⁵ directing an army of attack and a flying battalion of reconnoitring. It is most exciting.

I am glad you are enjoying *Stalky & Co.*⁷²⁶ though it is a very bad example for you!!

Your loving, loving
Mother

⁷²⁵ Field Marshal Sir George Stuart White (1835-1912) was stationed at [Peshawar](#) during the [Indian Mutiny](#) and then fought at the [Battle of Charasiab](#) in October 1879 and at the [Battle of Kandahar](#) in September 1880 during the [Second Anglo-Afghan War](#). For his bravery during these two battles, he was awarded the [Victoria Cross](#).

⁷²⁶ *Stalky & Co.* is a novel by Rudyard Kipling about adolescent boys at a British boarding school, published in 1899



M-HS 1899.____
a postcard;
not in Strachey

<Florence, Thursday,> Nov. 16, 1899

Sky covered with clouds all night! I wonder if the meteors were popping away behind? It was an awful disappointment to me.

Tell Karin I do hope the three kisses on her nose reminded her to bring home the letter. I long for it!

The Bank writes that they will send the £150 as soon as ever they can make the sale. I had to sell a Sugar share. I am so glad the affair is in hand. The £50 is for Mr. W's⁷²⁷ expenses and towards my floating debt.

I really *am* working on the Guide, but I can't send the manuscript till I have worked up one or two points which I am leaving over.

Delighted about thy Autobiography.

Much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷²⁷ Who? Mr. Wavell the pharmacist?



M-L 1899.____
a postcard **to Logan**;
not in Strachey

<Florence, Thursday,> Nov. 16, 1899

Dear Logan,

If thee happens to go to Friday's Hill will thee fish out and keep for me a long roll of paper with a picture on it in watercolours. It was done by Kerr-Lawson, and is a copy of an important thing never photographed. I left it in the bottom of the desk in the dining-room by mother's table. Maybe she will know where it is now.

The Strongs have been here a long time, and we hear the strangest reports of their sayings. Since Fry's *excellent* book on Bellini, they have taken him in hatred and Mrs. S. (whom everyone says is far more malicious than her husband) goes about saying, "O yes, that Mr. Fry who gives lectures that are so popular with young ladies."

Grace is working with tremendous energy. I can hardly keep her supplied with fuel!

When is thee coming?

Affectionately,
M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
see Strachey, p. 85

<Florence, Friday,> Nov. 17, 1899

Dearest mother,

Here are the children's names and dates:

Rachel Pearsall Conn Costelloe, born June 4, 1887.

Catherine Elizabeth Conn Costelloe, born March 10, 1889.

They are not dates I am likely to forget!!

The great picture business is [1.2] at a stand-still so far as news is concerned. The Agent went to Assisi taking his own packer and restorer. Secretly, inside the monastery, they were to make a case for the picture, and glue down a little blister, and wait till midnight, and then drive away in a cart with the picture out of the old Papal State [1.3] (where the laws are very strict about exporting works of art) and get on the train at some Tuscan station. No one in Assisi was to know they had gone, except of course the friars. It is a fearful plot. **The director of the National Gallery has been after the picture, and one of the dealers here, a man I am terribly afraid [1.4] of, for he may be so angry at being foiled that he will go to the authorities.**

So I shan't be happy till it is safely out of Italy. **We are going to stretch a modern oil painting over it, in the frame, and so get it out.** It is quite as exciting as the life of a smuggler of old in the caves on the coast. If the Italian government took decent care of the pictures, I should hesitate to snatch it away, but they let this [2] one, for example, go to ruin, and the agent says we have got it just in time to save it from peeling off entirely. Besides, this is not state property, but the private property of a monk. The State, however, is so grasping that they often unjustly sequester private property.

Ever so much love. I am just rushing off to a Gallery [2.2] with Grace.

M.

sketch



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a postcard 'to her family';
see Strachey, p. 85

Nov. 23, 1899

Since I wrote, I have seen *the* picture. It is hidden away in a back upstairs room in order to have the cracks mended. It is a PERFECT BEAUTY, one of the very best pictures painted in the fifteenth century and worth a very, very great deal. I am enchanted with it and hope to grow quite rich by it.



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a postcard 'to Karin';
see Strachey, p. 85-86

Nov. 25, 1899

I promised to tell you how *the* picture is to be taken out of Italy, but first I must say that I don't consider this wrong, because here in Italy the pictures are apt to go to ruin from carelessness. This one, for example, I got just in time to save it, for the panel on which it was painted had cracked right down the Madonna's face and figure, and the paint was all but falling off. Her dear beautiful nose and one eye were nothing but a huge blister of paint, and to bring it here strips of fine muslin had to be pasted over it in a dozen places, otherwise the paint would simply have fallen off. Bow it will probably go into one of the big Museums and be well taken care of, and delight hundreds and thousands of people who could never have seen it otherwise. I *hope* it will go to the National Gallery. However — as to the way they get it out. They take it to the Overseer at the Gallery here, packed in a large box, to get permission to export it. That is, they're supposed to, but in reality they take another picture, some worthless daub of the same size. The Inspector looks at it and of course says they can do what they like with rubbish like that. he then gravely seals up the box and puts the mark on which serves to carry it thorough. But all the time the box is cunningly made to open where he would never think of putting a seal, and they carry it home, open it in this secret way, and substitute the good picture for the bad. Myself I think the Director knows all about it, and he knows it is hopeless to enforce the law, but [p. 86] of course he cannot go openly against it. So for dealers with whom he is *good friends* (i.e. who bribe him), he doesn't look too carefully into how the boxes are made!



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M-HS 1899.____

a postcard **to Ray and Karin** (xerox at I Tatti)

<Florence,> Monday, Nov. 27, 1899

Today is a very busy day, for this morning I am going to take Grace to all sorts of Churches and little Museums and this afternoon we are going in to the Curiosity Shops. She leaves on Thursday the 1st⁷²⁸ and will get home the following Monday. She has insured the jewels. She spends Saturday and Sunday in Paris to go to the Louvre. She has written to Logan about advertising. Last year all their Christmas sales came in the two weeks just before Christmas.

The weather is perfectly delicious — sunny, clear and warm. I wish I could send it to you dear ones.

What a MAGNIFICENT Book of Designs I had from thee yesterday, precious <...>

There came also two pictures from Karin, painted in her “early manner”, I think, some time ago.

Ever so much love,

M.

⁷²⁸ Nov. 30, 1899.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> Thursday, Nov. 30, 1899

Dearest mother,

Grace is just starting, and I have only this minute to send thee the cheque.

I will write about the Christmas-Easter plan tonight. I think perhaps that will do.

Tell the children I know they are all *angels* to their poor father.

Lovingly thine,

M.



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M-HS 1899.____
a postcard to ? ;
not in Strachey

<Florence,> Sunday, Dec. 3, 1899

The papers here are full of a discovery they have made, that **valuable pictures are passed through the frontier under false pretences**, in boxes that have been secretly opened after the official seal is put on!! Also in the Italian Parliament there has been a great outcry against the strangers who come to Italy pretending to write but really robbing Italy of its “artistic” Patrimony. No doubt all the Senators who shouted in applause of the speech against these indescribably wretches had themselves sold or helped to sell pictures and bronzes, but the more they had sold the louder they shouted. Sensible Italians are very indignant, for no one buys anything out of public galleries, and what good does it do the public to have pictures shut up in private house? Besides, they are always offered first to the State. However, there we are! I am going down to have a consultation about what is to be done in the case you know of.

Many kisses!

M.



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> Thursday, Dec. 7, 1899

Dearest mother,

I should like to try what can be done about Ray's £1,000. Please tell Mr. Withers the case, and ask him if he can find out who were Stenbock's executors, and whether they ever paid B.F.C.C. the money. Of course B.F.C.C. must not know we are making enquiries. Stenbock died April 26, 1895. The enquiry [1.2] might be made in the names of Alys and Bertie, as guardians of the children.

Before I forget it, if the children want to give me a Christmas present, what I desire above all things is an egg to darn stockings on and some dark coloured little mats to put under vases of flowers, either little china or Japanese lacquer plates (very cheap) or mats made by them out of strips of paper and [1.3] painted as their invention suggests. Or just pieces of dark felt cut round and stitched at the edges. They are wanted to keep the pieces of velvet and stuff on which the vases stand from getting spoiled by chance drops that may overflow.

What else shall I send them? I sent a turquoise bracelet for each of the three children, and a pin for each. Also pins for Lucy and Rose, and one for Fräulein. Does thee [1.4] think of anything else?

I am *waiting* form day to day. It is somehow a worse strain than actual misfortune. I have never been so nervous. I simply long to come home and see thee and them. If it weren't for music, which is a mechanical employment that, little by little, takes the attention along with it, even if you begin very much preoccupied. I really do not know what I should do.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence;
Strachey, p. 86

<Florence,> Saturday, Dec. 9, 1899

Dearest mother,

I have been waiting anxiously for the telegram Alys promised to send after she had seen the doctor, but nothing, so far, has come.

By all means, give the children purses from me each containing a couple of pounds in silver. I will get a little [1.2] picture card to put in saying it is from me and they are to do what they like with it. Only, does thee think I might add that it is for *their fun*, not for charities or presents to other people? I won't put this if thee thinks they would rather not.

If we find that he is really seriously, hopelessly ill, I shall try to *make* him let me come home and take [1.3] care of him. It would save the children a great deal, and it might make things easier to arrange. Besides, I am *awfully* sorry for him. If he talks to thee about it, thee can say whatever nice comes into thy head as *my* sentiments. Only I do not want to complicate matters if he is going to get well after all. Does he suffer actual pain? Is it his ear again? Can't thee get [1.4] some information from the nurse? How will he be well enough to go to Hampstead?

I am always at work on my Louvre, but these days I am so wretchedly nervous it is hard to make any real progress. I don't think the book very important at the best, and just now it seems peculiarly irrelevant. Still, it is a good thing to have steady work to do.

I enjoyed having Grace enormously. She is a real brick. If Tom doesn't send her any more money we [1] must try to make her a regular allowance. I think I could promise her five pounds a month, or we could manage it perhaps as Toplady wages. Consult Logan. She is one of the people I am fondest of on earth.

Thy daily letters are my greatest comfort. I really live on them — as Grace will tell thee. Thank thee again and again for them.

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.



a letter to Aunt Lill

M-HS 1899.____

a two-page letter on the stationery with black borders

<London, Tuesday,> Dec. 26, 1899

Dear Aunty Lill,

I take the first collected moment I have had since my husband's death to write to thee. After the terrible operation on Saturday the 16th, which confirmed beyond any shadow of doubt, the dreadful fact of cancer, he never recovered [1.2] consciousness, although for three days he talked a good deal in a wandering way, and even laughed and made jokes, and *half* knew us all. But on Tuesday he became really unconscious, and lay without moving or eating until Friday morning, when he quietly ceased to breathe.

Immediately he was dead, interminable legal questions came up, as he has left most unsuitable provisions in his will [1.3] as to guardianship, etc., which we mean to dispute before the Chancery Court. I brought the children to Mother's at once and they have been quietly here awaiting the definite settlement of his affairs. They do not seem to feel his death very much. Of course they were prepared for it and then he had always been so awfully busy that he really gave them very little of his time. A very great [1.3] deal of our natural sadness at the tragedy of so early and so painful a death is, I must confess, dried up by his exceedingly annoying Will, which shows that he did not really have the dear children's welfare at heart; and that he had been secretly cherishing bitter grudges against all my family — not only against me, which would perhaps be natural, although, in the actual presence of death very deplorable — but against Mother and Alys and Logan, who [2] have all along, I must say, been most kind and helpful to him. It is an awfully sad thing to go thus, leaving behind you confusion and bitterness, and almost no regret — and the pathos of this unmourned, loveless death-bed has been exceedingly painful to me, more painful than I can possibly express. I have welcomed eagerly every [2.2] token of affection that has come to him from the outside; but alas! while testimonies to his cleverness and his usefulness abound, there seems almost no one to mourn him as a friend, and no one who can regret him in any closer relation.

The English law decrees that he can control the children's religion, even after he is dead, until they are sixteen, when they are legally [2.3] free. Therefore in taking them to our care, we have to give pledges not to disturb the teaching they have already received. But, so far, they seem very little affected by their religious training, and I hope, when they come to maturity, they will be easily able to throw off the senseless superstitions with which Roman⁷²⁹ Catholicism has filled their darling little heads. I will write and tell [2.4] thee as soon as some definite arrangement is come to. The chief

⁷²⁹ The word 'Roman' written above the line as an addition.



Trustee is entirely on our side, so we cannot have any serious difficulty.

It is a sad Christmas, not only to us, but to all England, with this disastrous war. But I hope it finds thee well, and greatly enjoying thy loved ones who gather round thee.

Very lovingly thy niece,
Mary Whitall Costelloe



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Five letters — 1899?

M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence> Saturday night <? Oct. 14? 21? 1899 ?>

Dearest mother,

I send thee a cheque of £25, which is about half my debt (with the £8 I sent thee). I should send it all, only I want to keep a special sum loose for one or two things I have on hand. One of the big London dealers, Mr. Dowdeswell,⁷³⁰ is coming up to see me tomorrow, and I hope to make a combination with him over one or two pictures I know. [1.2]

Today became brilliantly fine, and Lady Henry⁷³¹ and her Parson enjoyed it enormously. What a delicious laugh she has! She is a million times nicer than he. however, I get on very well. All they ask is to be left alone, and I ask nothing better, so we are a happy family.

They go to Pisa on Tuesday, Turin Wednesday, Paris Friday, London Saturday.

They haven't seen a drop of wine since they came? As I have given up drinking it, it is no privation to me.

My love to Cousin Carrie and Lina please.

How is thy Autobiography?!

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁷³⁰ Mary's diary, Nov. 1, 1900: 'Wrote to Dowdeswell proposing a sort of partnership, and to Heinemann proposing a book on the unpublished Italian pictures in England.' The only mention of Dowdeswell in the 1891-1900 diaries.

⁷³¹ Sept. 25, 1899: 'Alys and Bertie started north, as they had to meet Lady Henry at Milan to "chaperon" her and her friend, Mr. Saunders, who are going to Venice with them for 3 weeks.'

Oct. 6, 1899: 'Found despairing letters from Alys saying all Lady Henry's pleasure is destroyed by Lord Henry's having come to Venice. **I wired inviting her and Mr. Saunders here**, though Alys says Mr. Saunders is an uncultivated, rude, narrow, middle-class prig. Lady Henry, however, adores him.'

No entries Oct. 8-24, 1899.



?



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M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

< ? ante May 30, 1899 ? >

Dearest mother,

Thank thee so much for the prospectus of Matlock.⁷³² It will suit Janet Dodge perfectly. She has written to her sister to come over, and really she needs someone belonging to her. She is frightfully unstrung, weeps at the least thing, and can hardly walk a step. **Miss Erichsen**⁷³³ **is going to take her to Assisi for a month** and then Janet will go straight to Matlock.

Thee is a wonderful person for knowing things and thinking of the right remedy. *Not one flea* did I have on my trip. I am writing [1.2] to Baedeker to tell him to put it in. How much misery may be saved.

That is a terrible tale about poor Mrs. **Wistar Brown**.⁷³⁴ Where will she live? It must be mental derangement on his part. Those poor children!

Tell Logan I will write to him about the pictures either today or tomorrow. Toplady may sell that necklace, if she can make £10 out of it. The wrench of parting with it is over. Still, if it doesn't sell at that price, I shall be glad to take it back in the summer.

Miss Blood says she will Mind-cure⁷³⁵ thee next July, when she comes to England. She says she has rejuvenated herself, but I think the truth is she has fallen desperately in love with Blair Fairchild, and so feels young for the moment. She will pay for it later!

⁷³² Mary to Hannah, May 30, 1899: 'No letters today, except for a note **from Janet Dodge who is at Matlock**. It was her goodbye to the world before six weeks of the Rest Cure.'

⁷³³ **Nelly Erichsen** Apr. 1-June 7, 1899, May 30-June 16 and Nov. 24-Dec. 8, 1900.

Mary's diary, April 1, 1899: 'Miss Erichsen, who was once engaged to Malcolm Macmillan (it came to nothing, as he was already married) came to lunch, and we liked her very much. I adored her, for she so much resembled my darling Evelyn — hair and eyes and nose. Bernhard liked her also, very much. It was quite an event, making her acquaintance — she seems just the kind of woman I am always hoping to find.'

Mary's diary, April 27, 1899: 'The intervening time has been spent by Bernhard quietly here with Janet Dodge and Miss Erichsen, whom I left in my house, and by me with Lina and Logan and Percy in Venice.'

Mary's diary, May 6, 1899: 'Miss Erichsen left.'

⁷³⁴ Thomas Wistar Brown, b. Feb. 7, 1858; m. 1890, Margaret Meirs Coldstream, and had issue, **two sons and four daughters**; *Revolutionary Families of Pennsylvania*.

'Rich Philadelphian indicted for child rearing methods', *Chicago Tribune*, Dec. 20, 1906: Thomas Wistar Brown, who is rich and **the father of six children**, has on the rearing of boys and girls which involve ocean baths in November and barefoot strolls ...

another Thomas Wistar Brown, b. Jun. 23, 1887

⁷³⁵ May 31, 1899 Miss Blood and the inevitable Fairchild, and Kitty Hall came to dinner — the latter quite adorable. Miss Blood says she can believe anything she chooses. She is going to make herself taller **by Mind Cure** ...



Lovingly, lovingly thy daughter,
Mary



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?

M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

Mary has just returned to Florence from a trip with Ducci and Logan

< ? 1899 ? >

Dearest mother,

Keep the silks for me, please, but send the syringe. I need it when I travel, sometimes. It is hardly worthwhile to send those lamp-shades. Keep them for me please.

Logan's **bicycle**⁷³⁶ came through quite safely, and none of our prohibited goods were discovered.

The Ducci⁷³⁷ was a rather agreeable travelling companion — she appeared to enjoy it very much. Logan lost one of her trunks at Bâle, but we telegraphed for it from Chiasso, and it is coming all right. She doesn't seem at all broken-hearted, but I dread meeting her aunt, when I take my music-lesson tomorrow.

I have just *stodged* through my cold, and it is really better today. When it's well, I am going to a famous nose and throat doctor here, to see if something can't be done.

I am so glad thee has begun the "magnetic" massage. I wish we could induce thee to pray politely for thyself, to make the cure certain! How I hope it will do thee good, even without the courteous prayers!

Thy letter of Monday came today; of Tuesday yesterday!! Both are welcome — also the post-card.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷³⁶

Jan. 18, 1898 Logan went off for a little bicycle trip to Pistoia, Lucca, etc. Bernhard's bicycle lessons, Sept. 1897; Feb. 10, 1898 Then we chose Bernhard's bicycle.

⁷³⁷ Matilda (Mathilde) Ducci.

Mary's diary, Nov. 2, 1898: 'Alys and I called on Miss Lowndes and Madame de Platonoff, whose niece, Matilda Ducci, Alys is taking back to England.'

Feb. 13, 1902: 'I had my music and played at Mrs. Maclean's, and heard Mathilde Ducci sing — a splendid voice, but untrained — a *most hateful* girl.'



?

M-HS 1899.____
a one-page letter on writing paper

< ? 1899 ? >

Dearest mother,

Send us *the Golden Urns* and I'll have them beautifully bound by my little Sienese book-binder. Send us also an extra copy of N^o II. *I am out of it.*

I am sure, from B.F.C.C.'s letter,⁷³⁸ he wouldn't mind my meeting them at [1.2] Florence (particularly if I bring lunch!), as I suggested.

I do wish thee wasn't so stiff. Can't thee try those steam pine baths? I had a *dreadful* fit of homesickness for thee in the middle of the night. I do believe no one ever had a lovelier mother.

With dearest love,

Thy loving daughter,
M.

⁷³⁸ Mary has been with the children in Rome?



?

M-HS 1899.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole (not crossed out); 'I asked them whether they liked to see thy letters.'

<Still at Villa Rosa ? 1899 ? >

Dearest mother,

Of course we like to have Alys' letters; they give such a good idea of the way their life at Cambridge goes on.

Do tell us what sort of Dictionaries those from Westall's are. They ought to be about the Saints of Tuscany — *Santi e Beati di Toscana*.⁷³⁹

The vegetable garden is at the back, down in the hollow under the wall. There is right about sweet-peas. We have put them along the edge of the vegetable garden, and in front we shall have irises and lilies and poppies and tulips and daffodils and narcissus [1.2] in the spring, and, in the autumn, that lovely hedge of cosmas on both sides. Daffodils are already out all over the country-side.

Logan⁷⁴⁰ sends thanks for the watch chain — he needed it! I took one of his watches today to be repaired. He said when it got excited, it stopped. I also made him yet another pair of boots and order still another. His love for antiquities makes him neglect his own clothing!

Alys is *hateful* not to tell us the gossip she heard about Miss Harrison.

With dearest love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷³⁹

⁷⁴⁰ Logan is staying at Villa Rosa.



1900

M-HS 1900. __ a postcard to Hannah, Ray and Karin
with the postmark of 'PARIS 20 Bd. St. Germain'

<Florence,> Wednesday, <Feb. 14, 1900> My 36th birthday

The railway for Italy is broken, at Aix, just by Lake Bourget, where they
blasted too much, and so I could not start last night. But I go at 2 today, and
hopes are held out that the debris will be cleared off the track, so that we
can get through. Thee can fancy Grandma with what affectionate memories
I shall look at the Lake and the Col du Chat⁷⁴¹ and all the familiar scenes.

Ever and ever so much love to all of you dear beings!

M.

⁷⁴¹ Just north of Chambéry.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Sunday,> Feb. 18, 1900

Dearest mother,

I agree with thee that as long as B remains in a good humour and doesn't attempt lessons, I had better use that "smothering blanket of silence", which thee is wisely adopting towards the whole crew of Guardians. If the Rembrandt sale isn't — as it may be — broken up after all, I mean to send Father Brown a cheque for £50 for his Church; but I do not think I shall do it until he sees fit [1.2] to make some explanation of that last turn of the wheel. It would really serve them right if I answered them by running off with the children! As, indeed, it would be very pleasant to do!

Thee keeps, I am sure, a full account of the money thee spends for Ray and Karin. Whenever thee likes, I will send thee a cheque.

O how lovely it is to have them in our own hands! The world seems a strangely different place now that I have no more that terrible preoccupation about their welfare. The *darlings*, and thou darling grandma, who will spoil them into being *too* good!

I am writing to Lady Henry to regret not going there, and to tell her about her picture, which Mrs. G. does not want, but which one of the dealers might take.

Dearest love,

Thine daughter,

M.

Will thee send to the Rev. A. C. Mackenzie, 1 Douglas Terrace, Dundee, Scotland, a yellow leather book which is on the shelf over my dining-room desk, and which has in it an inscription that B.F.C.C. gained it as a prize at the Glasgow Academy. Thanks beforehand.



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M-HS 1900.____

a four-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Tuesday,> Feb. 20, 1900

Dearest mother,

I enclose a cheque from Mrs. Ross, and will thee please put 2/ of it to my account and send me, in a newspaper 16/ worth of penny stamps? Mrs. Ross will be ever so much obliged to thee.

Please thank that very dear lady, Ann Fowler, for her message to me, which I feel comes from a very loving and sympathetic heart. She must be really [1.2] *good* so to rejoice in another's joy. Tell her the whole world seems a different place to me. No words can express the difference, now that the children are growing up happily under the care of the one person out of all the world I love them to be with, and now that we can educate them in what we think the very best way. I discover that about a third of my energy was taken up in aching over them and worrying about them. Think what it is to have that all [1.3] turned to joy and confidence!

I read with some concern what thee said about the apparent lack of responsibility thee sees in us, in me particularly. I hardly know how to answer, except that of course the whole of life must be totally different to a person who is anxious about their soul and other people's souls, and to one who has grown up with no anxiety at all on that head. I am afraid on all that range of things we speak a different language, not that thee is any longer worried about thy soul, but because [1.4] thy habits of life and conduct were formed under the influences of that sort of preoccupation, and nothing but this really can seem to thee "serious". To my view of the universe the person who creates a beautiful ing or who does even a small piece of clear, honest thinking, is more "serious" than the one who converts thousands of souls, or prosecuted philanthropic schemes. It is not a pose with me, but comes from the belief which thee shares, that society is not meant to be radically better than it is, and then, of [2] course the feeling that the whole of Christianity, ingenious and in parts beautiful as it is, probably *isn't true*. With such beliefs, art and scholarship and scientific work are the only pursuits left.

But all this is not to say that I want everybody to agree with me. Exactly the opposite to thee at my age, I want them not to, for society as a whole would go to pieces if my kind of person were in the majority.

As to the personal responsibility of the children, I am trying to take [2.2] it, and believe I do take it, very seriously. If I did not, I should have them beside me at this moment, for I miss them horribly. But I am going to try to do what seems to me the *best thing for them*. Thy spirit of real goodness and of common-sense has been of such inestimable blessing to thy children all their lives (unworthy of *thee* as any of us are!), that I conceive nothing so fortunate could happen to Ray and Karin as to come under thy influence — added to, as it will be, by the high ideals of intellectual work they [2.3]



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cannot help getting from us. I mean them to be happy, and to have the very best education I can contrive for them.

Further, I think children should be rather conventionally brought up, get good habits of truth and virtue when young, and not hear too much free talk, which they couldn't understand, and which would only prevent their forming good habits. If I were to devote myself with them I literally should have to give up my whole life, for even my most respectable and best friends are always saying things they ought not to hear — like [2.4] the good M. Reinach, the other night, who said at dinner that 'Monogamy was only a form of Taboo'. I do not believe that, even for their best good, I need to give up all my friends and my life, for, if they are like the rest of the world, while they may love me, their real life will be with their contemporaries. I must give them the *best conditions*, and I take that duty, I assure thee, with very great seriousness. As I say, if I thought of my own *pleasure*, I should have them here with me this instant.

Health, healthy fun, friends, affection, the best possible education, sympathy, [3] sound moral habits, and, when they want it, money — what can a parent do more for a child? If I have other responsibilities than this, I really do not know what they are, and thee must tell me. They *know* I love them, and I think it fills their little hearts with warmth, and just as soon as I can, I shall start them in the proper way of studying.

But I should be really glad if thee will tell me just what it seems [3.2] to thee, from thy point of view, I ought to do? For I want to do the best I can for those beloved creatures.

Tuesday

Thy letter about the Settlements has come. It is very awkward, for I must not sell my Sugar shares now, for the stock has, for the moment, fallen below what I bought it at — preparatory, I make no doubt, to rising again (as Mr. Davis has given no sign). I [3.3] am not worried about it in the long run, but it would be really a great loss to sell at this moment. I could not, without borrowing, raise more than £6,000 at the moment, which would include selling my annuities. But I shall wait to hear from Mr. Withers before I begin to worry. I am sure things will turn out all right, though it may be a nuisance for a little while. Still, what a blessing to know they are provided for by an [3.4] ample income when they are 21, for if each of them have our £200 a year, and then perhaps £100 more from their Father they will be able to do whatever they choose.

But there are some points I don't understand. The *settlement* was, I am sure, to be only *after thy life*, that was made clear. At first Mr. W. put in my life too, but I understood that he withdrew that in face of their wish. Furthermore, thee undertook to supply £200, *not* £200 each. [4]

However, I shall learn about all this from Logan, if he can have managed to carry it across the Alps in his head.

I had a note from him today. He was at Milan, and expects to reach here



tomorrow afternoon.

Mme Ducci has, I think, already sent the necessary paper to Mr. Withers.

Yes, the beloved children have a *home* at last, and a home with the loveliest Grandma in the world. Give them kisses from me.

Thy loving daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Thursday,> Feb. 22, 1900

Lina will give £2 towards the Clavichord. How much does that come to now? Do send me the list. And when it reaches £80 (as I hope it will) write to Arnold Dolmetsch, Esq., 7 Bayley Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

It is deliciously warm and sunny here, almond trees and daffodils in bloom. It hardly seems the same world as England.

Bad rumours tonight, but I hope unfounded.

Love to Bertie.

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino <Florence, Thursday,> Feb. 22, 1900

Dearest mother,

I hardly know what to say about that money-settlement until I hear from Mr. Withers. In any event, we can't be supposed to hand it over to Flanagan and Co. to dole it out to us again. As I understood Mr. Withers, it was to be settled through thy life, not directly, with all the [1.2] bother of selling out and re-investing. But I don't understand it at all, and Mr. W. must write me just how it stands if I am to do anything in it. But I suppose it can drag on till April without anything definite being done, and then we can see. As I can get 12% for my money, and with personal guarantees that make me feel easy [1.3] about it, it would seem absurd to screw myself down to 3% just a quarter of what I do get.

No doubt, if it came to the worst, I could borrow the money, on my expectations, but I am inclined to think it would be much better to go before the Judge and explain about the way the money is tied up, and he [1.4] would see that the children are safe, and would understand the situation. Flanagan would not fight on that, I am sure. It would be absurd.

I do hope thee isn't worrying about it. I don't think there is the least cause. I can scrape up money if necessary, it isn't as if I had none. Only I would much rather not. I am sure Father Brown won't press it, and he is enough to [2] neutralize the other Trustee. I am glad to hear that he did not join in that monstrous "observation" their lawyer made. That I shall never forgive.

Yes, it would be heaven to have you here¹ But let's have at least next summer at Friday's Hill before we do anything desperate. As Ray says, remembrance of past pleasures there make one look forward to midsummer [2.2] "terribly".

Logan is resting from his journey — doesn't want to see anybody yet.

Today he is going out on his bicycle. It's beautiful outside.

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.

8 games of Milligan, 3 successes, one sneak.



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send a message to michael.gorman@unimi.it

M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Florence, Friday,> Feb. 23, 1900

Dearest mother,

I wrote to Mr. Withers today — sending the letter to thee —without a moment of time to spare. But I think I said substantially all that I need to say.

It would be very awkward for me to raise such a large sum as £10,000, and i don't really dare to undertake it, if all the [1.2] free money I shall actually inherit is £4,000. It might end by leaving me penniless, although that is not at all likely, as I have no doubt, really, but that more and more money will be coming in from pictures. Still that is always very chancey, and I cannot depend on it as my only source of income.

If it were absolutely and entirely necessary, that would be another thing. But I cannot believe it is. The engagement was undertaken by thee in perfect bona fide, believing thee could do it, but Mr. Withers finds that settlements which apparently thee did not grasp the significance of, prevent thee from doing it at once, although they do not stand in the way of the children benefiting ultimately quite as much [1.4] as they would benefit if the settlements were executed at once. I am sure this can be made plain I do not for a minute believe that Flanagan will fight it. But if he does, we have the other Trustee with us, and that last resort, always, of bringing the children here. The children will benefit by our income just the same as if it were theirs, and we'd better just let all the money from the [2] other side accumulate for them. I could much more easily give thee £3300 or even £400 a year for them, tha<n> put my hands on £10,000. This is so clearly to their advantage that I am *sure* there will be no question of going back to the state of things proposed by the Will. My total settled income is £575, and of course there are [2.2] windfalls every now and then. But re-invested this would only come to £210 a year, and this, besides not being enough for them, would hamper me frightfully, even if I kept it.

As things are, I think any Judge would say it was too much to expect us to borrow it, as it confers no actual advantage on the children.

It is a bore, but I hope thee won't let it worry thee. I am sure it will come out [2.3] all right in the end. Really, Mr. Withers oughtn't to have taken on the engagement for us until he had looked into things to see if we could do it.

I can come home if it is necessary, but I should much rather wait till April, and perhaps, in any case, I'm not necessary to this, as there was no question of me in the application. But Mr. Withers will let [2.4] me know how it stands. Perhaps thee had better see Father Brown and explain it to him —assuring him, of course, that thee and I mean to give the children my share of the money (we can't answer for Alys' and Logan's, and he will perhaps sound the others, or try to explain it to them. Please don't be



anxious about it. We always have a resource.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

Send this, please, to Alys.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, Tuesday, Feb. 27, 1900

No letter from you today — the London Sunday, I suppose.

I hear, Mother, from Mr. Davis that now is the time to buy Sugar shares. Logan and I advise thee if that £400 comes in to instruct thy Bank to buy 19 or 20 shares, if it is on the market for anything under 120, or even 125. Mr. Davis says it is pretty sure to go up tremendously, and even increase the 12% dividend. Thee can sell it again when it goes to 160 and make a good profit.

In haste,

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Friday,> Mar. 2, 1900

Dearest mother,

It will be consoling to you all to hear that the weather has turned miserably cold, and that today it is snowing and the wind is roaring. We are as badly off as in England, except that the sky is wider and freer.

Will thee please tell Miss Ritchie that the Hotel Paoli⁷⁴² or the Hotel Simi (really Pension)⁷⁴³ both on the Lungarno delle Grazie, are much nicer than [1.2] the Bellini,⁷⁴⁴ where they think of going. If they would rather have rooms with a splendid view (the best in Florence) and excellent cooking, they could go to Signora Pacini, 22 Lungarno Acciajuoli. The only objection is that there are a good many stairs, but it is more central than any of the new places, being quite near the Ponte Vecchio. It is a thoroughly nice place. The Frys [1.3] always stay there.

If the Trustees will pay for the Cottage, I am inclined to think we had better keep it, as the children would be freer there and give infinitely less bother. I could have the Sommerscheins and Hugh Morgan and the Vidals without disturbing anybody. Otherwise it will be very difficult with Logan and Bertie. Do think of this. Logan says Father Brown offered to pay for [1.4] the Cottage. It would be a great relief to have Fräulein there, too, and not with us, though I mean to send her home this summer, if not for good, at any rate for the summer. I could *nominally* be at Friday's Hill, but really at the Cottage, and it would be *most convenient*.

I hope Withers will find a way out of the Settlement difficulty.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁴² Baedeker 1886, p. 375: '*Hôtel Paoli, Lungarno della Zecca Vecchia 12'.

⁷⁴³ Baedeker, 1886, p. 375: 'Simi's English Pension'.

⁷⁴⁴ Baedeker, 1886, p. 375: 'Bellini (formerly Molini-Barbensi), Lungarno Guicciardini 123'.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Saturday, Mar. 3, 1900

Hurrah for Italy! — snow and wind all gone, a cloudless warm spring day. I hope the children have the same, if they are gone to the Cottage.

I am expecting the little Boultons this afternoon, who are coming over all eagerness to see Ray's and Karin's drawings — especially the Valentines!

Karin's birthday is in a week. What does thee think of getting them a parrot? They are such fun. We used to enjoy ours immensely. Or else that work-box? Or both?

Logan is very seedy with a cold, his first severe one since my adenoids were cut out! He isn't up yet, but he can't help getting better on a day like today.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Saturday,> Mar. 3, 1900

Dearest mother,

That plan about the Arch Street Offices⁷⁴⁵ appears to me an excellent one. We can pay our money there and have it repaid to us, and so it will be all right. I hope to send thee a cheque for £100 soon, for current expenses. You cannot hurry up people whom you want to be on good terms with, so I am obliged to wait a little, but it [1.2] is all right.

Logan agrees about the Arch Street Offices, and of course if they are ever sold I will take care to see that Logan and Alys don't lose by the arrangement. If Mr. Withers can carry it through, he will be a genius! For it really amounts, for the present, to the same thing as not settling anything on them but paying their current expenses, as we always meant to do! Who shall we have as [1.3] Trustee? How about Mr. Withers himself? But perhaps Logan would be better.

I wish I could find out about how much we shall owe Mr. Withers, so as to get the money together. Has thee any idea? For I shan't want to keep him waiting. I suppose it will be at least £200, shouldn't thee think so?

Logan has been in bed all day with his cold, but he says he is comfortable and happy. It [1.4] was rather as a measure of precaution that he stayed in bed.

I wonder if the children have gone down to the country? I fancy it is almost too cold. I hope thee is turning over what I said about keeping the Cottage. I find Logan has, and he thinks Bertie has quite a dread of having the children in the house, and it would be impossible to have any little visitors for them. They couldn't keep quiet — it is not in a child's nature. [2]

I am now at work on an article for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and am also going on a little with the Louvre Book, but that I can't get finished in time with all these blessed interruptions.

Tell the children I have had 26 Milligans and 11 successes. The cards seem to be bewitched, Logan says, our games tonight went so well. And I 'mixed' the cards Bertie's way, too! [2.2]

I shall wait anxiously to hear Mr. Withers' ultimatum.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁴⁵ See M-H Sept. 27, 1895



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, Thursday, Mar. 8, 1900

At last the proper weather has returned — sunshine, warmth, flowers. Logan is well again, and we are going in to look (alas only to look!) at the Antiquity shows today.

We have written to Alban to urge him to facilitate the settlement of the Arch Street property. It *will* be a comfort if it can be done. I shall send thee £100 in a few days, for current expenses. How is thy balance?

Tell Grace Logan is ordering a fairly representative selection of photographs of Florentine pictures. He thinks that she might tell Roger that through Toplady's his students could procure any Italian photographs they desire, or a selection ready-made, of any school. Anderson gives 35% discount, and this would make it worthwhile.

Ever so much love to the children.

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Sunday,> Mar. 11, 1900

No home letter today. (Afterwards Logan brought me the one to him, with your picture of Ophelia.)

Tell the children I am dying for those Inventions! I hope the birthday passed off happily, and that Karin got my telegram. I was thinking of them all day.

Rob Morton and his wife are at **the Pension next door**. She is a most amusing, agreeable person, but we suspect him of being a *terrible* bore. They are looking for a villa somewhere on the hills.

Please give Helen my love. I look forward to seeing her next month. i wonder if she is coming down to Italy? She could stay here, but I shan't be here after Easter again till the first week in June. Logan, however, may stay on. What are her plans?

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard to **Karin**

<Florence,> Monday, Mar. 12, 1900

I do hope *Hamlet* was a success. I wish I could have seen it with you.

And the Birthday? how did it go off? Grandma was an angel to stay at home from Lady Henry's so as to be with you.

There is no news here, except that the weather is simply delicious.

Uncle Logan and I are going down to town to Topladyize a little.

I am reading the most exciting book ever written — the history of the Crimean War — and at night before I go to sleep I make up dreams of being a skillful and brave General. There seems nothing so much worthwhile as leading a vast army!! I think even peace-loving Gram, if she read this book, would secretly long to be at the head of a brigade!

I am *so very much pleased* that you are regularly talking French. All the rest of your lives you will feel the deepest gratitude to Fräulein for making you do it.

Lovingly,
Mother

49 Milligans, 23 successes.



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M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Thursday, Mar. 15, 1900

Dearest mother,

I have indeed taken the situation very much to heart, and I do not intend to lend or give any more money to outsiders at present. The Toplady shopping we are doing now is on some money Grace sent Logan, and, after all, if the shop is to go on, it must keep its stock replenished.

I don't see how the children can cost £400 extra, and I don't think they ought to cost [1.2] so much as that. As things are at present, I really cannot afford it, for, as I told thee, Sugar has gone down one half, so that instead of £360 a year I get £180, which is a great difference! Altogether I have *settled* just £400, and it is simply impossible for me to be able to pay all that for the children's support. We shall just have to cut down extras. Thee forgot to send the account of the £51 thee has spent for them [1.3] in this month, but *that* is an average not of £400 but £600 a year! However, when they are in the country of course it will be much less. But until I get richer, thee will have to help me out as thee used to do. Logan says he hasn't any objection to thy spending part of thy income, as thee used to do, on the children. But if they ever should feel it to be unfair, when Aunt Lill's money comes in, or if I am lucky, I can repay [1.4] it to Alys and Logan. And with thy splendid system of keeping accounts, we need never be in doubt about how much as been spent on them. I am afraid that £200 extra is all I *can* do at present, besides of course what I do when I am at home. I mean two cheques a year to thee of £100 each. That at least is all I can safely make *sure* of, unless I am very lucky. And I don't really think they ought to come to much more than that, especially if they are a good deal [2] in the country, where pleasures are both pleasanter and cheaper. Of course, as they grow older, I hope to have more to give them, and I am not in the least worried about their future in respect of money. As to the Settlement, Mr. Withers got us in for it in what I consider an awfully rash way, for he only told us about it *afterwards*, and I really don't care much even if he has to have the mortification of saying his clients' property is so arranged that he cannot make it good. I am *perfectly sure* [2.2] they will not, on that account, take the children from thee. They can't, with Father Brown and Father Scoles on our side, nor will they want to, now that the thing has quieted down. Mrs. Witham may be nasty to Mr. Withers, but that's as far as it will go, I am sure, so thee need not be worried over that. If Arch Street can be settled, well and good. I will pay my \$2,0-00 to Alban by a cheque which he will send on to [2.3] thee, and thee will do the same, getting thy money back at once. Then we shall spend as little over what I give as possible. If we can't "settle" Arch Street, we must tell the Judges, and go on without the formality of sending cheques to America. That is all it amounts to, and I do not think it is anything to be troubled over.



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Only I perfectly understand thy writing strongly, because thee wants to warn me against extravagance, and the warning is a most valuable one! But if I draw [2.4] in my horns, as I have done, I don't think there is anything amiss in the situation.

And *the children are happy*! Thee can't think what pleasure I get from reading those words in thy letters every day. What a difference for them! What a difference! And I hope thee is happier too, with the dear things under thy wing.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,

Mary

Please notice my economy in using this old paper!!



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, Friday, Mar. 16, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thee writes as if the children were going back to school, but we have planned for them to quietly stay on with Alys, and if any questions are asked we shall simply say that it was bad for their health in warm weather to take that long underground journey twice a day. Thee is under *no* [1.2] bond what ever to educate them at that school, and the sooner we break them off there, the better. I don't suppose the least notice will be taken of it. Alys said she thought it best just to seem to *drift* into it, and not to speak as if any changes were to be made, but let it just happen. We can write in the holidays to the school. So that, for [1.3] Ray and Karin, there is no such importance about my getting back on one day rather than another.

However, I have followed thy advice and written to Mrs. Morgan asking for her boys on the 12th, so thee can tell the children that I will get home on the 12th early in the morning, if not on the evening of the 11th.

Will thee see Mr. Langrish about getting a perfectly gentle old horse for [1.4] them to ride, and arrange for it to come down by the same train with us? Ray can ride it out, I think we have better have Mr. Langrish's Peggy, too, while I am there. The expense for three weeks won't be killing. Then I can drive the rest and one child ride.

I shall gladly go into "the Big House" for a few days, while the Cottage is being put in order.

I think I look forward to it as much as the children do. I am feeling very well, and up to any amount of fun. I hope thee will come down to the "Big House" with us. Perhaps I had better try to get home on the 11th. What does thee think?

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Saturday, Mar. 17, 1900

On reading thy letter again, I see that the holidays actually begin on the 11th,⁷⁴⁶ so I will try to get back not later than the morning of the 11th. The children may count on me to go with them to the country in the afternoon.

Has thee done anything about the Friday's Hill piano? My idea was to sell it to Steinway, since we have the children's. And will thee please move the children's to Friday's Hill before i come. I am just at a critical point in my music. We can always hire one in town, if we need, for very little.

It is windy and rainy today.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁴⁶ Easter was April 15, 1900.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Sunday,> Mar. 18, 1900

Dearest mother,

Please tell Ray that her splendid poem has quite taken my breath away, and it will require at least a day and night for me to be able to make an “adequate” answer. I’m afraid I can’t get home till the morning of the 11th, but I will try. I am hard at work on a very tiresome article.

I am so glad they enjoyed *Hamlet* so thoroughly. And how nice that Karin likes her birthday present of Shakspeare’s. They must give Puggy one when she has a birthday, and we shall see what we can do when the 4th of June comes around!

Tell them I am looking forward to April with the *greatest* joy.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence, Monday,> Mar. 19, 1900

Dearest mother,

That idea of the Pilgrimage is an Excellent Plan!! Trust thee for getting round things. I am sure the "others" will never bother their heads about us. Father Brown is the only one to take his "duties" seriously, evidently, and I am glad he does. he is a nice man. [1.2]

Logan says that is all right about the rent.

It is *perfectly delicious* to hear of the children so happy. I hope thee is happy too.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole;
Strachey, p. 90

Frullino, <Friday,> Mar. 23, 1900

Dearest mother,

I have just had a very comforting letter from Mr. Davis about the Sugar. He says he is buying all he can, for the drop in percentage is merely temporary, perhaps only for six months, and is done only for the purpose of showing a rival company that they don't mind fighting. [1.2] So I feel much more cheerful.

I have heard from the picture too, which has arrived safely in London. The famous dolls were left in Paris. The Italian who took it on, says that at the frontier everybody was looking at the enormous trunk and speaking about it, and cold shivers went down his back, but when they saw dolls inside, they were satisfied. [1.3] But it was a risky business.

The weather is miserable, nothing but rain. Mr. Benn, an astronomer, says it is the comet, but I don't know what comet.

Logan seems very happy and jolly. He seems well, too, and very much interested in everything. He *is* a nice fellow, even though he is not as devoted an Uncle as he should be!

I should just let the affair of the Spring Term tide on till we see how things look. Time enough to drift into a decision when I come home.

Emily Dawson says their office work seems dreadfully dull with no "Autobiography" to work upon.

Logan sends ever so much love. Our tulips are coming up, and the garden begins to look very gay.

Thy loving daughter,
M.

78 Milligans, 30 successes.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Sunday, Mar. <25>,⁷⁴⁷ 1900

What a comfort!! In spite of thy not being, as thee seems fondly to suspect, “meek”, thee was rewarded in judgment. I will send that cheque in my next letter, as Logan went out without signing. Why bother Logan to be a Trustee? He is no good at business.

Please write to Steinway to get the piano from Friday’s Hill and *put it in order*, which they promise dot do for £25. It will take them some months. I have decided that it is worth the expense, and will save in the end.

For the vacation, I do want the children’s piano down there, and it will probably stay on, and, if they stay, be most useful. The sooner Steinways’s send for my piano the better. That can always remain at 44, and the children’s at Friday’s Hill.

Excuse a post card. The house is full of people.

Thine with congratulations about the settlement,
M.

⁷⁴⁷ Mary wrote ‘March 24’.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Tuesday,> Mar. 27, 1900

Dearest mother,

We can leave everything about the Spring Term till I come. Perhaps I could just manage (though it is awful) with that old piano through the Easter holidays, so as to avoid moving the other till we know what are the plans. Then we can send it to Steinway's. If it is too awful, I will get a piano from Guildford, or perhaps even Haslemere will afford one.

There is a gleam of sunshine today.

Will thee speak to Mr. Langrish about a safe horse! Then we can drive across to Midhurst and get one for me for a fortnight, or else, getting a driving-horse or pony, the child who rode could always go with the carriage. Still, I should feel safer if I were along. I really think I can afford it!

Affectionately,

M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Wednesday, <Mar. 28>,⁷⁴⁸ 1900

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for the various cuttings, and thank Karin for her beautiful cut-out-and-pasted design, which I find really very good.

I walked up to see Hugh's and Percy's parents yesterday, and a fearful rain came on with no sign of stopping. So finally I had to as it were swim back, running down hill in a perfect torrent of water, and reaching home in the condition of a bath-sponge!

I am now just setting out to pay a call on the wife of Wagner the musician, the famous Frau Cosima Wagner. She looks a good deal like thee, so I can't help liking her.

Here is the carriage. Farewell. A heartful of love!

M.

⁷⁴⁸ Mary wrote 'March 29'.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Saturday,> Mar. 31, 1900

I write at once to relieve thy mind! The *only* reason I haven't written decent letters for so long is because I feel hurried, as I *must* get my article done before I leave. And just at this season Florence is full of people, and I haven't been able to keep out of engagements.

The o]"other side" won't give us any bother, thee may be sure. If they do, it will be all right. But I can't imagine they will, for what have they to propose? Mr. W. is something of an alarmist, I think.

I leave Florence Sunday night the 8th and reach home Tuesday afternoon about 5.30.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Tuesday,> Apr. 3, 1900

I was delighted to hear of the children's going to *The Rivals*⁷⁴⁹ again. It is splendid to have them take such an interest.

Mrs. Robinson is here, charming and very amusing, sings like an angel. But of course she is dreadfully worried about her husband — not that she knows he is in any special danger.

I am beginning to prepare for departure. Do you want some more chocolate? There is just time to say.

It is still cold — most unlike a real Spring. We are all going to be vaccinated today. I don't suppose it will "take", but smallpox is raging in Italy — just in time for the vast pilgrimages going to Rome!

Ever so much love,

M.

⁷⁴⁹ Sheridan's comedy of manners.



M-HS 1900.____ (preserved at Lilly)
a three-page letter
on the stationery of The Millhangar, Fernhurst, Haslemere

Friday's Hill, Thursday afternoon, Apr. 12, 1900

Dearest **Bernhard**,

I did not write last night, as I hoped to do, because I was so very tired that after supper I crawled at once to bed. The cause of extra tiredness was not only the horrors of the journey but the joys of riding. For I found, when I went to the Riding School to enquire, that it was very expensive sending [1.2] horses by train, and also that if I would take three horses and not work them very hard they would, as it was holiday time, let me have them all three for two guineas a week. So I decided to take them for a fortnight and ride here, and bravely did we three set out yesterday at half past three. The children's intense joy I cannot describe. My big horse they named Sycorax,⁷⁵⁰ Ray's mare Scalawag⁷⁵¹ and Karin's fat little pony Skittles.⁷⁵² [1.3]

The ride was all very well, but it rubbed the skin entirely off certain sections of my body easier to imagine than mention, and of course I'm awfully stiff today. We rode to Esher and stabled the horses and came home for the night.

Today would have been misery if I had gone on, so I put Ray on my horse, Karin on hers, and Puggy Worthington on Karin's, while I drove with the two boys. We came from Esher to [1.4] Guildford, along most lovely roads. The sun was out, the air ringing with the songs of larks, daffodils and primroses on the banks — "O to be in England, Now that April's there".

The three girls were simply radiant, galloping over the grass with their hair flying, singing, shouting, riding without their stirrups. Babe had a water-gun which he replenished from the streams and fired upon them amid peals of the most delicious [2] laughter on earth, and he and Val stood on the steps or ran on behind — anywhere except soberly in the carriage with me! To my great satisfaction, the three horses are so well trained that I can let the children go alone without a thought of danger, and of course every excursion means a great deal to them in health and spirits and the sense of [2.2] power. They ride very well — and oh, how they enjoy it! it gives me a reflected sense of energy and health to watch them — life and laughter simply bubbling, bubbling up in a superfluous, exhilarating fashion we have long ago lost sight of. Always running, chattering, planning new exertions, furious at the least suggestion of repose! Some people would be made nervous by contact with it, but I love to see it, it makes me feel [2.3] happy about the human race. And the spectacle of intense, innocent — alas fleeting! — joy is a delicious one. It would pay one for a good deal to hear

⁷⁵⁰ The mother of Caliban in *The Tempest*.

⁷⁵¹ A white who supported Reconstruction in the South.

⁷⁵² ♀



the tone in which they said, "Now that Mother's here!" or "Now that Aunt Mareeks is here!"

illegible

[2.4] Thee will laugh when I tell thee that I am taking immense

illegible

[3] I haven't been in England in early spring for many years. Of course it is very early yet, but there is a stir in the air, and odours and faint green birds and a moisture that isn't mere unpleasant damp which delight me. I am still tired from the journey. Those wretched children have rushed forth to find birds' eggs and survey their fort and their lake. I am so sore and stiff I don't want to move from the fireside.

I find the children really absorbed [3.2] in Shakspeare. They always carry a volume in their pockets and read at every odd moment. Karin at last had a reply from their adored Benson,⁷⁵³ who has promised to send her, after Easter, two photographs of himself. He is going to give another series with *Macbeth* and *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* and one or two others, and of course they are wild to go. Indeed I think it is worth while, for it is so much better for them than the trash they would otherwise

final page missing

⁷⁵³ Sir Francis 'Frank' Robert Benson (1858-1939), educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. While at Oxford he produced the first performance of a Greek play, the *Agamemnon*. Seven out of the eight plays performed during Benson's 1900 "Shakespearean season" at London's Lyceum Theatre were Shakespeare; the eighth being Sheridan's *The Rivals*.

<http://shakespeareandbeyond.folger.edu/2015/12/07/how-frank-r-benson-helped-revive-shakespeares-popularity/>



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Paris, Thursday, May 3, 1900

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy letter / post-card. It was a great comfort to know that the children had so much fun, for I hate to do anything to make them unhappy. I flattered myself they were sorry to have me go!

They are com-plete-ly rehanging the pictures in the Louvre, greatly to the advantage of all but the poor Italians, and I went over it thoroughly with M. Reinach yesterday. We met Herbert Cook there on his way back from Venice, and he and I went afterwards to call on the editor of the *Gazette*, and then I dined with him and his wife, and afterwards called — tell Ray and Karin — on Miss Braidwood and Elsie, who sent a great deal of love to them. They are dreadfully poor, but they have taken the responsibility of bringing up two penniless orphans — relatives — to save them from bad influences and poor Miss Braidwood, old and ill, has to do the cooking. It is very fine of them.

I am off today at ____.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Turin, Friday morning, 8.40 <May 4, 1900>

Dearest mother,

Thy second post-card came and was most interesting. Tell Ray she did well to spend her money letting the poor children have a grab. I wish I had seen Karin and Percy together.

Travelling is horrible, but its horrors are certainly mitigated by going first class. I got a through carriage at Paris, and slept all night except for the Customs. I had no trouble there. For bringing those three heavy trunks I have had to pay only about £2.10/ and it usually costs 30 or 40 francs to send one ordinary trunk by Petite Vitess.

I wonder if Lord Russell has come back? Thee must let me hear what happens.

It is full summer here, with the wheat more than a foot high. But it is not yet too hot.

I got a speck in my eye, the same eye! and so cannot read. I am keeping it bound up and will put in oil when I get to Florence. It came just as I left Paris.

Much love,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard ? '6.3.00'

<Frullino,> Sunday <May 6, 1900>⁷⁵⁴

Dearest mother,

Logan is just starting for Assisi, Ancona, Venice, and **I for Rome**, so the Consul papers will be a little delayed. I will attend to them in Rome, and send them on to Logan at Venice.

It is a lovely day, but packing is enough to ruin almost any weather, and we are both packing.

Poor Mrs. Robinson's sisters are almost as bad as Sturges — she doesn't *at all* know when to expect them, and she hates being here alone, I think they have been very selfish leaving her at this time. It isn't as if they had anything to call them elsewhere — it is mere laziness and thoughtlessness.

Ever so much love. I feel quite homesick for you all.

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁵⁴ Mary arrived in Rome on Sunday, May 6.



M-HS 1900.____ a one-page letter
on the stationery of Hotel Hassler, Rome

<Rome, Tuesday,> May 8, 1900

Dearest mother,

The letter describing the children's Saturday was a great pleasure. I entirely agree in what thee says about trying to teach them to use money sensibly. It is a hard lesson, but it simply must be learned. I send them a letter on the subject. The dears! I wish we could keep them children for years and years to come.

I am sure the settlement will be all right. It is so clear that they have now nothing to fight for (or on!), and I am sure Flanagan has entirely lost interest. [1.2]

I know nothing about the enclosed bill. I have had absolutely nothing done at that place. it is merely an attempt to get stay — isn't it *thy* man, who did put my watch in order last Christmas? Ask him about it when he next comes to wind the clocks.

Alas the papers came too late to sign in Florence. I have arranged to do my part before the Consul tomorrow, and Logan will sign in Venice. It is the best we can do.

Isn't it *lovely* to think of Friday's Hill next summer? I see thee sitting by the window with the old papers for thy Autobiography, watching that no one creeps through the fence. It is thee, sitting at that table, that makes it seem like a *real home* to all of us. Lucky Ray and Karin to have thee!

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

Hotel Hassler, <Rome,> Sunday, May 13, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy letter about Hereford, and the general discomfort of things and loveliness of Lady Henry there. I should love to go and see her with the children next summer. It is something delightful to look forward to. She is the most fascinating person I know.

I had one of my dreadful headaches yesterday. It come on soon after lunch and simply felled [1.2] me about dinner time. But I slept for eleven hours and am all right today.

I am feeling (temporarily, I hope) rather poor, because Mrs. Gardiner has given up buying. Her trustees do not sympathize with her, as her husband did, and they refuse to let her have any money. As they are also her heirs this is perhaps natural. She does not want the picture — at least, she wants it but cannot raise the money for it, and it may be some time [1.3] before another buyer turns up. However, I am not at all *worried* about it.

I have sent the paper to Logan to sign, and I hope thee will receive it in a few days with the papers for Alban. He does not reach Venice till Monday evening.

I have decided not to go to Naples, but to stay here until the 19th, as there is so much to see; and then to explore a little between here and Florence. Naples is too hot and crowded and noisy. (If thee has written to Naples, the letters will be returned here.)

Tell Karin I thought her post-card [1.4] to thee was *most pretty*, and in excellent taste. When am I to give a sight of the other?

I am wonderfully preserved from fleas, for I cover myself with a lather of Nadire's Dog Soap (better than carbolic) and let it dry on. Today I forgot to doctor my feet, and the consequence is that since I sat down a flea found the opening in the stocking clock just over my low shoes, and began to make a meal, till I caught him. I send his corpse to Ray. But with the Dog Soap I am really entirely relieved from my greatest annoyance. It is a great blessing for me, for travelling used to be torture.

Ever so much love to you all.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a postcard printed 'Per le nozze di S.A.R. il Principe di Napoli con la principessa Elena di Montenegro — XXIV ottobre MDCCCC'

Rome, <Monday,> May 14, 1900

Write on Thursday and Friday to Albergo d'Italia, Aquila; on Saturday Poste Restante, Terni; on Sunday-Tuesday Albergo Subasio, Assisi. I have given up Naples.

I am *so* glad about the Latin lessons! I keep rejoicing over them all the times. *That* is what teaching ought to be. We must go on with them next winter, and have him teach Greek as well.

How did the jumping go?!

I thought of that Phonograph as an entertainment for Ray's birthday. It is very amusing and only lasts an hour. I should gladly pay for it, it is only a guinea. It would amuse a party greatly.

Lovingly,

M.

M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

Hotel Hassler, Rome, Tuesday, May 15, 1900

Dearest Mother and Chicks,

A letter from Lina Duff Gordon, who is at Assisi, makes me change my plans a little. I shall leave Rome on Friday instead of Saturday and skip Subiaco. So thee had better address as follows (if thee has already written to Subiaco, it will

illegible

[1.2] From the 18 to 22 please write to Albergo Subasio, Assisi, and from the 23rd to the 25th to Hotel Brufani, Perugia and then to the Frullino, unless I send other directions.

Tell Ray I am *very* much interested to hear what her teacher said about her Euclid discovery. It is delicious to think of her having brains of her own to think out

illegible

[1.3] and we, who thought she would never be lever enough to eat a bone all by herself!

I am curious about Karin's latest "Invention", too; and where oh where are all those post-cards?

I had lunch yesterday with a Russian Duke who has an immense collection of pictures and works of art.⁷⁵⁵ He was dressed up

⁷⁵⁵ Mary's diary, May 14, 1900: 'We lunched with Count Stroganoff, who was very agreeable.'



illegible

[1.4] me over the house, giving me his arm, and gave me a magnificent bouquet when I went away. He had about fifty servants who simply grew pale and trembled when his eye fell on them. I suspect he is an awful tyrant. His son killed himself, and his wife ran away from him. But wicked as he is, he has very good taste. I have never seen a more magnificent collection. His name is Stroganoff, and it was his ancestors who

illegible

[1] let me hear more about the Latin lessons. Does Dodo remain in the class? Do you have marks, like the boys! And have any of you got stars!

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Sulmona, Friday,> May 18, 1900

Sulmona, the birthplace of Ovid, whom the children will presently be reading with Mr. Morton.

I am dreadfully excited about the fate of Ray's Geometrical problem. *Do* let me know as soon as you know!

I have been all day in the train, and am very tired. The scenery was beautiful, and a large black pig yawned in such a monstrous absurd way, as the train was passing, that I laughed for half an hour.

This is a marvellous little town full of beautiful things.

Ever so much love,

M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Assisi, <Tuesday,> May 22 , 1900

To answer thy question at once — do have both the children have the same Godmother, i.e., Fräulein. It is much simpler. I cannot think of any other. Mrs. Fraser has never taken oany notice of them, so that seems absurd. Still if the simpler plan won't do, then have her.

I sent off already from Rome the last of Alban's papers. I hope thee has had it by this time.

Will write tonight.

Ever so much love,

M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a three-page letter on writing paper

Hotel Subasio, Assisi, Thursday, May 24, 1900

Dearest mother,

I have written to Mr. Morton and told him the lessons must stop before the 16th — saying of course how much I appreciated what he has done. We must have him next winter if we can. It is everything to make the children love the classics! I care more about it than about [1.2] any other part of their education. I told Mr. Morton I had sent thee a blank cheque (here it is — I will send it in my next) for him to fill in when he found how many lessons the children had had.

I have just had a letter from Lidia (Rosa's niece) saying she will be delighted to come to England for the summer. One thing I want her to do is to take care of the children's hair, for [1.3] their heads are in a horrid condition (owing to neglect), and now is the critical time as to strength and beauty of hair. Sometime when thee is out will thee take them to a hair doctor who lives at 34 Davies Street, Berkeley Square (Sargent is the name, I think) and have him look at their heads and tell just what they ought to do, how often wash, how often clip or singe, how much brush their hair? Fräulein [1.4] might take them, but if she does, she must ask the doctor to write it down, for after her performance over the pine shampoo, where the directions were *clearly written* on the bottle, I have no confidence in her doing things right, or understanding how they ought to be done! The man's fee is 5/, and no doubt he will recommend some sort of wash or lotion, which had better be got. I despair of Fräulein's [2] even beginning the treatment properly, but when I bring Lidia we can do it as it should be done. Lidia can make all their next winter's dresses, and put their dressing-up things thoroughly in order.

I *am* sorry thee should be bored with Mrs. Brooks. Does thee remember, she bored me so wanting to come to Haslemere at Easter, and she seemed so anxious to see the children (!!) that [2.2] thee said I might tell her she could go to see them at 44, since it was utterly impossible for us to receive her at Haslemere? But it is awful, and I am very sorry. As thee says, everybody ought to keep their own crocks⁷⁵⁶ to themselves!

Thy letter telling about the Mafeking⁷⁵⁷ celebrations was most interesting. What fun for the children to demonstrate [2.3] too! Thee is really an angel!

Tell them that a few weeks ago the waiter here came to Miss Duff Gordon and told her that a gentleman "grand, high, blond and

⁷⁵⁶ something considered to be complete nonsense.

⁷⁵⁷ The Siege of Mafeking was a 217-day battle for the town of Mafeking (now called Mahikeng) in South Africa during the Second Boer War from October 1899 to May 1900. Lord Edward Cecil, the son of the British Prime Minister, was besieged in the town. The siege turned the British commander, Colonel Robert Baden-Powell, into a national hero.



beautiful" ("grande, alto, biond' e bello") was waiting below to see her. She knew at once, from the description, who it must be and ran down to welcome whom do they think? Uncle Logan!! He stopped [2.4] on his bicycle trip and spent two days with her. All the Assisi people thought they were engaged, and kept telling her (to please her) how beautiful he was! There's the Child-Hater in a new light for you!!

Not a flea since I came to Assisi! But then I must say that Lina had my room cleaned out three times and thoroughly sprinkled with insect powder.

Today was the Feast of the Ascension, and last night all the children of Assisi were [3] out with torches hunting for crickets. These they catch and put in little cages and carry them home. They bring luck to the house and protect the inmates against the Evil Eye for the whole year. It has been beautiful in these days seeing the processions of priests under canopies going about all over the country blessing the fields. They always do it in May. They sing a strange sort of song which is said to come straight from the old festivals in honour of Ceres, the Goddess of Corn. Today the dark under-church which contains the Tomb of St. Francis was [3.2] brilliantly lighted up and they had High Mass there. There was a young priest who sang the *Salutaris hostia* whose voice was beyond anything I ever imagined a human voice could be. It was as high as a woman's and <as> full as a man's, as resonant as an organ and <as> thrilling as a violin. That must have been the sort of voice people used to go simply crazy over in the last century. I have never heard it before. It wasn't a boy's voice, but quite different. Never again, I fear, shall I hear anything like it.

We are just starting out on donkeys to go to the Cave where St. Francis used to retire from the world.

Lovingly,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Grand Hotel Brufani, Perugia

Monday, May 28, 1900

Dearest mother,

Day after tomorrow I shall be settled at the Frullino for two and perhaps three weeks, so thee will no longer have that distressing feeling of my wandering letterless in space. As a matter of fact, I never lose any letters, for if I don't receive them at the place to which they were originally addressed, they always come on. I have just had [1.2] a letter (not thine) from London which came to Rome, then to Naples, then to Terni, then to Foligno, and then to Assisi!

I didn't know thee wanted me to wire about the Godmother nuisance. I wrote at once saying Fräulein would do very well, but it seemed so unimportant that I really did not take it in. It gives absolutely no legal hold, and the children are sure to outgrow it.

Lina sent me a Perugian friend of hers, an old professor of chemistry, and he has been taking me about to all sorts of out-of-the-way [1.3] places where there are bits of decaying frescoes, and private (generally rubbishy) collections. He is a darling old man, quite "prehistoric" in looks, as Lina says, but very, very learned and exquisitely polite. I soon found out that his great hobby was the superstitious beliefs and customs of the country people; and this interested me particularly, as I have been reading lots of books on that very subject lately, particularly a book on the *Evil Eye*,⁷⁵⁸ which is perhaps the oldest and deepest superstition [1.4] of the human race. Professor Belucci has made a collection of prehistoric, Etruscan, Roman, mediaeval and modern amulets against the evil eye, and they are precisely the same today that they were before the foundations of Rome were laid! Everything else has changed, even religion, but this belief and the rites and remedies that go with it, have not changed one particle. These amulets are just like the "medicine bags" of the Indians that Ray and Karin used to read about: the more you have, the more powerful your "medicine". The Professor says that [2] he carries certain very "strong" ones in his pockets to show to country people in order to get a sight of theirs, and that on account of them they reverence him as a sort of god. At one time the Church forbade the wearing of the pagan amulets — substituting scapularies and other things of her own — and just at first some of the peasants carved their stones and sticks into crosses or scratched religious symbols on them, but now they have gone back again to the old things, as old, apparently, as the human race. The Badger — who knows why! — is especially "strong medicine", and he is so hunted for his teeth and hair and

⁷⁵⁸ Frederick Thomas Elworthy (1830-1907), *The evil eye. An account of this ancient and widespread superstition* (London, J. Murray, 1895). **Biblioteca Berenson House BF1553 .E6 1895** [Inside front cover, ink, legible, 'Bernard Berenson I Tatti Settignano'. Letter from W. Morrison and newspaper clipping inserted.]



claws and skin, which are all used as amulets, that there is danger of [2.2] his becoming extinct. If you can't catch a badger, a mole will do *almost* as well. On every set of horses' harness they put a few badger's hairs, and those hairs which we have even in England around whip-handles, are badger's hairs to protect horse and driver from the Evil Eye. They have even amulets to hang around the necks of cats to prevent their getting ill when they stop giving milk to their kittens! I quite feel as if I ought to get a whole necklace of charms to hang around the children's necks, in case — !! I am going to make enquiries at Fernhurst and see if they have any charms or queer beliefs. They are sure to have.

I leave for Cortona today and then Arezzo, where Carlo Placci and his sister are coming to meet me and look at pictures.

Florence on Wednesday.

With *ever* so much love,

Thy daughter,
Mary



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence> Tuesday, June 12, 1900

I have just time, in the midst of an awfully busy day, to send a line.

I had a horrid day yesterday going to **Siena**, nine hours in a baking hot Railway carriage. And perplexity at the end, for the picture was very good, but also very dear, and I can't make up my mind!

Nothing is going on at the *Tatti* but furnace and — not to put too fine a point on it, w.c.'s. But tell Logan I am going to have a ceiling put to his rooms, and not leave him to freeze or roast under the roof.

It is very hot, but I must be off.

Ever so much love.

M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence, Friday,> June 15, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thank thee for thy letter.

Please make thy mind at rest about the effect on the children of my plans. Mr. Withers assured me it would rather improve than harm the situation as to our guardianship. Thee can imagine I [1.2] should take care of that, and in fact I asked him. As a fact, it shows I have no longings to be disreputable, and is in so far a guarantee. So *that* worry thee may entirely cast off.

I quite agree with thee that it is much best not to speak of such a thing till it is over. Silence is the same smothering blanket [1.3] that it was in dear Miss Willard's day.

I hope and trust and firmly expect that instead of more load⁷⁵⁹ for thee to pull, thee will find let us say an electric machine for helping the machine along. Money is that, at least! As to the rest, absolutely nothing is changed.

I am awfully hurried, but I thank thee for thy line

a line illegible

letter, and I send oceans of love to thee.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁷⁵⁹ Mary's diary, June 15, 1900: Mother appears considerably upset by my letter telling her how marriage really was to be. But her literary style is so forcible, *da se*, that she seems often to say more than she really means, so I hope it is so in this case. How well she writes! "I always see myself as a patient ox pulling a cart, that has got to be full of some sort of a **load**, and it really don't much matter what that load is. Frank has been lifted out, so there is room for Berenson; and very likely he will be **an easier load to pull**. Certainly he will be, if thee is happy, or at least while thee is happy."



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

Palazzo Tiepolo,⁷⁶⁰ Venice, Sunday, June 17, 1900

Dearest mother,

I wish I knew thy address so that I could write directly to thee! I hate there to be any delay now when I fear thee must be feeling a little estranged from me. I do wish thee could realize that my plans, for me, change absolutely nothing: and that Mr. Withers is certainly right when he said there was

illegible

[1.2] our position with the children. The Judge would undoubtedly take the common-sense view that it was much better for them to have me respectably married than living, however innocently (and no Judge would consider it innocent if circumstances pointed the other way) in a situation that caused comment. In fact, every one who has expressed an opinion to me on the subject, even those (and they are many) who deplore the hateful institution of Marriage, say, "It is much better for the children." As to the rest, they

illegible

[1.3] mind would certainly be relieved if thee could realize how utterly without significance it is to me. I'd as lief be married tomorrow or two years hence, or not at all. If Berenson arrived in Venice with a license today and showed any reason why, I should go through the form without even changing my dress, and like Edith Woodman "forget all about it."

Still, there can be no reason before the new Villa is ready, thank goodness. It is not that I am not fond of him; I am, very, but the "marriage" part means absolutely nothing

[1.4] Poor darling, patient strong ox — to use thy simile! I do feel sure this new load in thy cart won't make the weight any greater. The great desire of us all is for thee to have a peaceful, satisfied and very much beloved old age. We shall try to take burdens out of thy cart, instead of piling them in, as we have been doing so many years! Thee will see.

I wish I could express to thee half, a quarter even, of my fondness and admiration. Twenty husbands (heaven preserve me from such a dispensation) couldn't possibly alter

illegible

⁷⁶⁰ Palazzo Tiepolo è nel sestiere di San Polo ed affacciato sul Canal Grande tra Palazzo Tiepolo Passi e Palazzo Pisani Moretta.



M-HS 1900.____

a postcard 'Per le nozze di S.A.R. il Principe di Napoli con la principessa
Elena di Montenegro — XXIV ottobre MDCCCC'

Palazzo Tiepolo, S. Tomà, Venice, <Wednesday,> June 20, 1900

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy letters and post-cards (the last one received of Monday). I send just this line as I am going out with oceans of love love to thee. All thy news is good, except the bicycle accident.

Karin's ear must be better since thee doesn't mention it. It gave me an *amful* feeling — Thee can imagine! — to hear of her having an ear-ache.

It is very hot here.

Much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a three-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence Villa Rosa,
Fiesole

Palazzo Tiepolo, S. Tomà,⁷⁶¹ Venice, Friday, June 22, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thanks for thy post-card of Wednesday, just as thee was starting; and for all thy letters and cards.

Thee is right in thinking that an outward barrier, such as poor Frank was, between me and the children, [1.2] was a much less evil than an inward barrier of any kind might be. And thee would be right in fearing that possibly marriage might create some inward barrier; except that, the peculiarity of the circumstances, makes such a fear absolutely groundless. All the influence Berenson could have on me, he exerted long [1.3] ago, as I on him. we are now practically incapable of fresh reactions, and that is what makes it so safe. He has never tried to come between me and the children, for he recognized and often says that, in spite of the natural longing he has of a man to get "perfect devotion", it is right and inevitable that my children should be closet to my heart. To my feeling, [1.4] there is no possible human emotion that can compare with a mother's love. I could not change in this if I were torn to pieces by wild beasts for it.

But of course, under the circumstances, I had to, and Berenson helped me (made it possible, in fact) make a new life for myself, and I have one that is in every respect except absence from thee and them [2] perfectly satisfactory. It would be a most awful wrench to change it now, and if I tried, I should become I know dissatisfied. What I mean to do is to work in the direction of bridging over those absences, making them as short as possible. I want a good long visit from you in the autumn, and next summer I mean to come home early in June and [2.2] stay till October. Ray and Karin in the mean time have thee, and that is the greatest advantage in the whole world I could possibly choose for them. I can't want them really at Florence, not for any inward barrier — far from it! — but because I am convinced it would not be a good place to bring them up.

And I trust in time to take all the financial burden of them off [2.3] of thee. Logan writes that Laurel Hill doesn't pay because they are re-investing the interest in paying for new ground. It is awkward for the moment, but cannot last. My income comes in July 1st and I will give thee another £100 at once then, and more as thee may need it. Perhaps I may get some money from a picture presently to be [2.4] sold at Christie's. I have advised Berenson to put all his spare money into one or two Renaissance busts and pictures that he can get now, and which represent a chance we might never have again. He has offered, for various "deals" about £3,000, and until these

⁷⁶¹ Campo San Tomà è un piccolo campo, ubicato nel sestiere di San Polo, a pochi passi dal campo dei Frari.



matters are settled he doesn't want to draw out extra sums, or I would borrow the money from him and [3] send thee the £100 at once. Borrow is not exactly the word, either, for practically a great many of his business affairs are half or three quarters in my hands. His income is about £1,500 a year, but he sends his family £500 and helps various other people; but I am sure this is only the beginning of the [3.2] money we shall have. And he is very keen on the children's having every possible advantage.

It is awfully hot here, like those hot days at the Cedars when we used to wear our night-gowns nearly all day! But in a gondola it is cool enough, and I am spending all my time floating about from Church to Church and marvelling at the beautiful [3.3] ideal world the Venetian painters and sculptors and architects created. In their way they were gods, for God gave them very rough material, and what wonders they brought out of it!

I hope thee is enjoying my Temperance bust. My love to Alys.

Please tell Lady Henry that Ioni of Siena said he had no definite receipt for the surface of his sculpture. I asked him when I was last there. He said that he could *show* a person, but could not tell, for it depended upon the kind of clay and a thousand other practical things. I tried my best to get some hints, but he is one of those working artists who, like a really good cook, goes by "instinct".

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a three-page letter on writing paper

Palazzo Tiepolo, S. Tomà, Venice, <Sunday,> June 24, 1900

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy letter from Edinburgh. I do hope thee is having a "good time" among all those lively and energetic women. If thee is with Lady Henry, that is enough to guarantee they (or anyone's) enjoyment! This is the last time I shall [1.2] write to Scotland.

Alys urges me to come home as soon as possible, and I am myself most anxious to. But we planned this visit to Venice a year ago to re-see everything here with our new eyes, because in all these years since *The Venetian Painters* was written we have changed immensely in our view of art, [1.3] and all our standars are modified, if not altered. Things we never saw beofre have now become of the utmost importance.

Well! we are right in the midst of this re-seeing, and unless it is really very important, I should like to feel a certain margin of time to really do thoroughly what I have begun. Still, if Ray and Karin are too great a nuisance without Fräulein, [1.4] I ought to come back and take care of them, for, after all, they are mine. But if I'm not needed I should rather stay till about the 10th or 12th, as there is really a great deal to do, and a certain amount of quiet taking-in must go one before one knows just where one is. I could hardly tell thee yet exactly the difference, but every day something becomes clearer. I went with Miss Priestly [2] to the Academy this morning, and there, trying to explain to her how different my point of view was from a painter's (she is a pupil of Sargent), I hit on something which I must try somehow to express. Logan could say it so well — for the idea is merely that an artist, by means of his style, gives to things an importance, a [2.2] suggestiveness, which nature gives only in rare moments, while a mere craftsman, skilful and gorgeous as he may be, leaves the thing he paints merely commonplace. This is even more obviously true of literature than of painting, and it is no less true of sculpture, and I think it would apply to music. The idea is a very old one, but the [2.3] interesting thing would be to work out in each art the sort of means by which the artist separated himself from the craftsman. I don't mean the actual use of materials from a technical point of view, but the various psychological appeals that go to make such a different impression on the beholder. Venice is a splendid place to work out this theme, for [2.4] many of the poor painters are excellent craftsmen, and yet they don't compensate for their banality by quaint devices in gold and ornament and composition, as the Sienese and Florentines do.

It is a really happy time in my life this, because for the very first time I can give a free heart to beautiful things. Misery about the children was always gnawing [3] at me before, and at night before going to sleep I used to be so unhappy that i often used to think of myself as a kind of Saint (!) Lawrence



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toasting on a gridiron. *Now* the children are safe and happy and being educated properly, *thee* has little to worry thee — and for me, the world is almost a new place. I could scarcely have believed it would make such a world of difference!

Let me know about coming home.

Thy loving and grateful and devoted daughter,

Mary

I should love to pay Lady Henry a visit next summer.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on writing paper

Venice, <Thursday,> June 28, 1900

Darling mother,

Will thee pay the enclosed small account for me please?

Logan writes me that for a year or so to come thee will undoubtedly be hard up, owing to the Lauren Hill dividends being used to pay for new lands, and I strongly advise thee to borrow £1000 on [1.2] thy securities so as to enable thee to live in comfort. I am sure that things will improve, and even if thee can't pay it back, we should all a million times rather have thee live in comfort now, when thee has a chance, than be richer ourselves by some £10 a year each. What thee spends on the children I will try to repay to Logan [1.3] and Alys — and, indeed, as it is, I give Logan board and lodging to make up — but I am absolutely and perfectly sure that we shall never any of us fight ab out money, and that we are all united now in the wish to have thee at last *really comfortable*. So do borrow that money — from any bank almost you can borrow at 4% [1.4] and live easily. I am sure to have more and more money, and if necessary I can sometime pay thee enough arrears for the children to repay the loan. It is sure to be arranged somehow.

Thank the children for their darling post-cards. Tell Ray I can't get her bicycle done over for her till I enquire int it a little. I've no idea what it would

second page missing?

no entries in Mary's diary after June 27 until Oct. 20, 1900



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M-HS 1900.____
a note

Sunday night <June , 1900 ? >

Dear mother,

I am going to Reigate to spend tomorrow night with the Michael Fields, but shall be back to take the children swimming on Tuesday afternoon. A post-card c/o Miss Bradley, Durdans, Reigate, telling me your plans would be welcome.

With love

Thine,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Venice, <Monday,> July 2, 1900

Dearest mother,

Many thanks for thy first post-card from the country. I can just *see* those three angels riding in to their lessons!

My plans are now settled. I leave on Tuesday⁷⁶² at 2 and reach Paris on Wednesday the 11th at 5 p.m. (3 Rue de Beaune).

I reach London at 7.50 on Saturday morning, and Haslemere — if the train is on time! — at 4.18 in the afternoon. I am looking forward to that day.

What a summer we shall have! No interruptions, no upsetting of plans.
Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

Tell Logan I have bought the carpet.

⁷⁶² July 10, 1900.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Venice, Thursday, July 5, 1900

Dearest mother,

I have always forgotten to ask about the piano. I hope that it has gone to Steinway's and that the children's has come down. I can't possibly practise on it as it was, but the children's will do beautifully. I mean to begin to teach Mary. If it isn't down, will thee have it brought I will pay all expenses, of course. The dining room is, I think the best place, unless it would be less heard in the children's study.

In a little I hope to be in Paris, *near* home! I am simply longing to see you all. It has been a most satisfactory visit here, and I feel as if I were enjoying the *art* of Venice for the first time.

Shall I engage Alys' rooms in Paris? What dates and how many?

Love to the Angels.

M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Venice,> Friday, July 6, 1900 (in a gondola)

Thanks for thy letter. Tell the children it sounds *most* interesting, those dreadfully secret thoughts in their diaries. They will be awfully interested to look back on them when they get older and less sensible!

I am so glad Mary and Karin are learning to play tennis. I want to play with them all when I come. And Tennis is a splendid game!

It is very hot here.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Venice, Saturday, July 7, 1900

Home in a week! It seems too good to be true. What a lovely picture of rya studying Greek with a kitten in her lap, and Karin and Mary studying Latin on the grass!

Mrs. Robinson and her sisters are coming as far as Paris with me, so we shall be quite a party with our two maids, the sister Lidia and Leonie.

I am just off to see Lady Layard's pictures. It is raining and cool today, quite like autumn.

What joy to think of seeing you all so soon. 4.18 week from today. What shall I bring the children from Paris!

M.

Tell them I think the garden in the woods is a *delightful* idea.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Venice, Sunday, July 8, 1900

How delightful to read of the children going in to swim in our own pond! *Their* lives and doings, as thee reports them from day to day, form a sort of undercurrent to the things I do myself, a delicious kind of double life. My mind is always slipping back to them, to their kitten, their Latin and Greek, their Garden (I think it's a *splendid* idea), their bathing, even their pig-tails, their Theatre — everything.

Looking at a Titian, I think, "Now they are having a swim!" What joy to be coming home so soon!!

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a note on the stationery of Friday's Hill, Haslemere

Wednesday <? July , 1900 ?>

Dearest mother,

Don't meet me. I may not catch the 11.14. In any case, I would have to take a cab for the trunks which I am bringing back for the linen etc.

missing a xerox of the verso?

The children are wild with joy to be in the country.

Lovingly,
M.W.C.



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August - September 1900

M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of High Buildings, Haslemere

<Haslemere, Friday,> Aug. 31, 1900

Dearest mother,

After all, the children's school-books have not come — the trunk must have gone to London after all! The children really want to work up for their examinations, so I am [1.2] setting them papers in Geography, History, Grammar and Literature; and Alys says she will bring down that trunk of school books.

She says also to tell Logan that she sees no sign of the promised Coals;

We are very comfortable here, although the mice were rather lively. I had Blackie in my room (we had to give [1.3] Lidia the small room off the children's, for there were only three servants' beds), but he refused to open his eyes all night.

We found about sixty delicious mushrooms this morning, and the children took a hat-ful to Grace for their own tea tonight.

We have the big hall opening to the back, and [1.4] Blackie has made himself a bed on the window-sill on one of the red cloaks.

The Espérance bodices have come and Lidia is putting <on> the finishing touches. They are very nice. But they haven't sent the skirt yet. I will write for them to send it to 44.

The children swam this morning and are planning cricket when I go. Babe said, "Do persuade Mama to go with you, Aunt Meeks. It would be such fun to be left alone!"

It is lovely and quiet here. I think it will be most comfortable next summer!

Lovingly,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Friday's Hill, Haslemere

High Buildings, Sunday, Sept. 2, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thy letter was most welcome this morning. I will answer the business part first, and then go on to the ornaments.

1. I have found Karin's eye-salve.
2. Edmund will take the trunk, with the enclosed trunk tomorrow when he takes Miss [1.2] Gilman to the station.
3. The coals are attended to.
4. Lidia has put the new breadths in Ray's dresses, which are somewhat improved thereby.

What a relief Alban's letter gives! I do hope it will be all right now.

As yesterday morning was rainy, the children, with great joy and delight, got me to set them a Geography paper, which they spent an hour answering. Another hour passed listening [1.3] in rapture to their answers being read out and adding up their marks. Aunty Lu assisted, and we were both surprised to find how much they knew. Ray passed "with honours" and Karin and Mary with credit. They think it is "the greatest fun", and look forward to going on with the sport. Today as it is raining, they did not go to church, and they are planning [1.4] a History Exam. The Geography one was very stiff I assure thee. They had to draw maps of each hemisphere, mention all the divisions of Europe and the capitals, the principal rivers, lakes, peninsulas, etc.

Tell Logan that I am *perfectly enchanted* with High Buildings. It exactly suits me. I love it already more than Friday's Hill. I find it delicious [2] to wake up in that panelled room. I wrote an enthusiastic letter to Aunty Lill about it, describing Logan as a "true descendant of John Jay Smith"! I told her about the garden, and how refined and pretty Logan had made the house.

It cleared up yesterday afternoon, so the children had swimming [2.2] and cricket. In the evening they wrote stories for the "Examination", and made me pictures of what they call "Rottenham Tottenham Court Road". They are full of fun, and would hardly go to bed for prancing about the bedroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Firth came to dinner, but it was not a success. She is frightfully [2.3] strained and nervous, and bears the weight on her mind of all the commonplace idiots in Oxford. She adores Bernhard Shaw — in short we found her a great bore, and we settled down to Mrs. Milligan with a sigh of relief when they went.

Please tell Rollings to meet me on Tuesday at Vauxhall at 6.10. I shall [2.4] take the 4.24 train from Haslemere. I *hate* to go. Never were the children more engaging, or I more at leisure in my spirit to enjoy them.

We feel quite lost without thee, though. Thy name is always on the children's lips. "We must tell Gram!" "We must show Gram!" They are always saying, "O what a nuisance Gram isn't here." They long to show thee



[1] their marvellous Geography paper.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Paris>, Friday <? Sept. 7, 1900 ?>

Dearest mother,

Home letters were a great pleasure today. Ray's letter was delicious. What an awful Concert that must have been. I'm glad I wasn't one of the cows!

I have been dress-making all day, and am now going to call on Carey. I saw Miss Garrett last night for half an hour. I dine with the Reinachs.

I took Lidia to Redferns⁷⁶³ today, and she was completely astonished. "S'allunga la gamba", (it pulls my leg) she said. They have 25 women of all shapes and sizes to try on different dresses and capes for you, to give you an idea how you would look It is most amazing.

I will write tonight. This is to catch the post.

Lovingly,
M.

⁷⁶³ Redfern & Sons, later Redfern Ltd., was a British tailoring firm founded by John Redfern (1820-1895) in Cowes on the Isle of Wight that developed into a leading European couture house (active: 1855-1932; 1936-1940). By the early 1890s the business had branches in London, Edinburgh, Paris and New York. The Paris extension was operated as a couture establishment while its other branches functioned primarily as tailors and importers.

The Redferns are credited with making tailored clothing chic for women. Previously resigned to utilitarian wear, finely tailored dresses and suits, as introduced by Redfern, quickly became a craze among sporting aristocrats on holiday at Cowes, spreading soon to Paris.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Paris>, Friday night <? Sept. 7, 14? 1900 ?>

I am ashamed to write so little, but words fail to tell how busy I am these days. I will write about the school, the Offices (I agree with Logan) and everything tomorrow. I meant to tonight, but Logan has persuaded me to go out to see the Japanese actress.

He is going to **Vétheuil**⁷⁶⁴ tomorrow to stay till Tuesday, <Sept. 11? 18?> and I shall probably go there for Monday night, but I may be too busy, so write here.

I laughed over Uncle Horace's letter, and think the suggestion about settlements very good, though I am not sure if it is practicable. I will see. Logan seems in excellent spirits. We expect to leave on Thursday.

Lovingly,
M.

⁷⁶⁴ In the northwestern suburbs of Paris, in the arrondissement of Pontoise in the Val-d'Oise department.



M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Hôtel des Saints-Pères, 65, Rue des
Saints-Pères; 'Don't let the children see.'

<Paris, Sunday,> Sept. 9, 1900

Dearest mother,

I am expecting B .B. to arrive every moment but his train is evidently late; he ought to have been here an hour ago. I meant to do the correct thing and go to meet him (at 7 o'clock!) but Carey and Miss Garrett came last night and persuaded me to go out to an *Opera Bouffe* with them, and we did not get [1.2] back till nearly one o'clock. When six o'clock came this morning, I simply could not get up.

Carey says she thinks there must be a great streak of whatever is the opposite of sentimentality in the Whitall stock, which was too much for the Smith and Thomas "sensibility". She is like me, she thinks nothing of these "last moments" and "occasions" which are so dear to Aunt Lill!

I had invited Mr. Hodder to dinner, but he could not come, [1.3] and I was very glad when I found Carey and Miss Garrett seated at the table next to me.

It isn't quite true, Bertie should know, that Carey doesn't understand French. She understood nearly everything last night, quite as much as I did, I am sure. We saw a screaming farce upon the gods of Olympus and the heroes of the Trojan war. It was something in the style of *Dervorguilla's Will*,⁷⁶⁵ and made me feel more than ever how *excellently* Logan's play could be staged. [1.4] I do hope he will give it a final revision this winter. I hope he will be persuaded to publish something more serious, too. I think he is the only person alive now who really writes in English. Carey and I were arguing that he has an almost perfect style.

10.30

B.B. arrived, rather tired with his journey. He says we ought to be "correctly" married, when the time comes, in Church (Catholic), with a few prominent Catholics present — very quietly, of course, and without a High Mass, but in such a way [2] that none of the guardians or Catholic friends of the children can have a word to say against us. What does thee think of it? It would rather take the wind out of their sails, wouldn't it? It makes me laugh to think of *la tête* which Lady Amabel⁷⁶⁶ would make, as the French say. Do let me know how it strikes thee and Logan. The Placcis, who are the most respectable people in Florence, would arrange it all, and at no time, even if the children got dreadfully pious, could they say [2.2] anything against it. I don't care one scrap, myself, but I should like to outwit Britten and the

⁷⁶⁵ Dervorguilla of Galloway (c. 1210-1290) was a 'lady of substance' in 13th century Scotland, the wife of John, 5th Baron of Balliol (after whom Balliol College is named), and mother of John I, a future king of Scotland.

⁷⁶⁶ Lady Amabel Kerr? Lady Amabel Hume-Campbell (née Lady Amabel Yorke), Countess de Grey (1751-1833), political writer.



others!

By the way, if he makes trouble about the school, I think it would be a very good chance to break with him. He will do nothing but bother us, I fear, and we are not fond of him. If he stirs up Lady Amabel, I really think it is a splendid chance to quarrel.

Thy letters are too delightful, and Aunty Lu's description of the children's pleasures. how happy they are! The darlings. I will be nice to see you again. I should laugh to see thy Quaker bonnet presiding over a group of (practically all unbelieving) Catholics assembled to give "correctness" to the ceremony. But do let me know what thee really thinks.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a one-page letter

Paris, Wednesday, <? Sept. 19, 1900 ?>

Dearest Grandma,

I made sure I had told thee about that writing paper the day when I ordered it at Sewell's. Thee had better take it, if thee is passing sometime, to Pitt & Scott, Shaftesbury Avenue, to be sent to me c/o F. Henry Humbert, Florence, petite vitesse. There is no hurry at all. I am so sorry thee was bothered about it, and the books. I thought I had surely spoken of both, but of [1.2] course it would be much better for me to give my name as well. I really think there is nothing else to come bothering thee.

We must get Logan well installed as Trustee before we do anything. He is prepared to tackle Mr. Withers, and see what can be done. But first he must get back his Trusteeship.

I found him very happy at **Vétheuil** amusing the ladies and taking them boating on the river. He is coming up tomorrow.

I hate to be going so far away, but it is the greatest solace in the world to think of your visit in November. What lots of work, crude material work, I have to do before!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Milan, Monday, Sept. 24, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thy post-card came this morning, and Ray's very pretty design for Monitress⁷⁶⁷ last night. Please tell her I like it very much, and I hope it will be the chosen one!

We had a real gorge of curiosity shops this morning, but did not dare to buy much, as Toplady has no money laid by. Signor Cavenaghi and the [1.2] director of the gallery came to lunch, and we are just starting off on another hunt. We hope to reach Florence tomorrow evening.

I enclose two letters for thee to post, if they seem all right.

Thy loving daughter,
Mary

⁷⁶⁷ A female student who helps keep order or assists a teacher in school.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Saturday, Sept. 29, 1900

Dearest mother,

It is the most awful muddle I ever heard of, this affair of the Settlements! Logan and I are like Alban, we can't make anything of it. I wish it *were* "giving up each \$20,000", but it is giving up, all together about £7 a year!! (really). However, I think it is a good thing to drag it on. **Let Logan be made Trustee first**, and then he will grapple with Mr. [1.2] Withers. The affair has quieted down so much that I am sure that we shall have no trouble even if we can't make the settlements, for there is no one else to take the children. The Chancery judge won't want to!! Logan feels equal to it, and I think he has plenty of capacity, when he really takes a thing in hand.

I am enjoying having him very much, and we get on very well together, though he does sniff out some of our ideas of furniture, [1.3] and say you might as well set up Egyptian Tombs in a house as some of the pieces of furniture poor B.B. most particularly wishes to buy! Logan, however, is apt to be right about furniture, so I am on his side, though with secret leanings towards the uncouth and commodious.

B.B. was feeling awfully poor (it is a purely psychological question with him) in view of the enormous changes at the Villa he will have to pay for, when [1.4] yesterday a London dealer dropped in and bought three of our pictures — the three I care least for — quite unimportant things — and gave him a cheque for £300 and half profits in the future sales, which may amount to £500 or £600 more. This cheered him up, and indeed I am sure he will have plenty of money, even for our extravagant ideas in the way of beautiful surroundings. He will insure his life for me for £10,000 or so, which will be a practical settlement. (By the way, wouldn't it do for thee to insure thy life, or me mine, for the children's benefit! Thee might suggest that to Withers. It would mean a small payment yearly. I will write and ask him myself — don't thee bother.)

I have sent my pass book to the Bank,

illegible

soon as it comes back I will send thee what I can.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Palazzo Capello, Rio Marin, Venice

30 <Sept> 1900, Sunday⁷⁶⁸

(Excuse my using up all my old scraps of paper)

Dearest mother,

We evidently can do nothing until Logan gets back the Trusteeship. He will no doubt be guided by Withers, and they will do the best they can.

I shall be *delighted* to have thee stay on. We [1.2] can see how the children like it — if they think they would rather go back and have a week with the cousins, before their holidays close, thee could take them home a little earlier. Logan thinks they will be greatly bored here.

I am not sure I can have Grace and Mary if thee stays on. Beside B. B.'s two rooms and my one (and two "general sitting rooms"), I have Logan's two, which he will [1.3] be living in, a large bedroom with small sitting-room opening off, which I will give to thee, and only one other bed-room and dressing-room, which the children will have to take. However, we shall see. Only thee might just say to Grace that thee wonders if I shall have room for her, if thee stays. I should love to have her, but I should much rather have [1.4] thee, if thee is contented to stay. As each person has his or her own sitting-room, I do not see that any hitches can arise, even in the (I hope unlikely) case that thee and B.B. do not find much to interest you in each other. I am sure he will not mind at all, and I am going to have his Mother next summer. If we were looking forward to a "honeymoon", it would be different!

We are quite scared by what Mr. Withers says as to property laws, and are going to the American [1] Consul's at once, besides taking the advice of the very nice lawyer who has helped me out of several difficulties already. We think B. B. is full-blown American citizen of the state of Massachusetts, but of course we shall look into it very carefully. At first he proposed to give everything to me, but I suggested that I might die first and leave him with nothing!

We are just off to the Gamberaia.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁶⁸ Sept. 30, 1900 was a Sunday. Mary wrote '30 Oct. 1900, Sunday', but Oct. 30, 1900 was a Tuesday.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Saturday <Sept. ? 1900? >

I have written to Lady Henry, 9 rue Galilée⁷⁶⁹ (Finlaison) the address of the corset maker, which is Madame Lartigue, 13 rue de Turin, and I have asked them both for Easter. (But I shall be at home — however, perhaps a few days will overlap).

I nearly split my new corsets laughing at thy taking a cure for indigestion into thy "Ox-cart"! Thee *is* good!

Tell the children I received a quadrillion kisses from them.

I hope Ray's sore throat was nothing.

Thine,
M.

⁷⁶⁹ La rue Galilée est une voie des 8^e et 16^e arrondissements de Paris. Elle commence n° 53, avenue Kléber et se termine n° 115, avenue des Champs-Élysées.



October 1900

no entries in Mary's diary after June 27, 1900 until Oct. 20, 1900

M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

<Florence, Tuesday,> Oct. 2, 1900

Dearest mother,

We are going to our respective consuls today to see how we stand. We think B. B. is an American, but it seems probable that as I am now English we can be married under English law. However, we shall see. These cases constantly come up here. B. B. at first proposed to give me [1.2] everything, but suppose I should die first! He is awfully nice about it, and I think his indignation at the unfairness of the law would satisfy even thee. In any case, whatever his nationality, we shall make a "Separation of Goods" agreement, and if they haven't a convenient printed form here, I will get Mr. Withers to draw it up. I am pretty sure he is an American, [1.3] for his Father was naturalized, and **after he was 21 he went to the American Ambassador in Paris and showed his papers and got an American passport.** As an American, he would be subject to the laws of Massachusetts, which are very favourable to women. But we shall see.

He is awfully nice about things, and says thee will always be most welcome in his and my house. We [1.4] shall put off our wedding a bit, I think, so that I can get everything into perfect working order, with thee and the children, before inviting him to come. He will meanwhile be comfortable enough with the Rosses. It will be nice to have you, and I am rejoiced at the thought of a good long visit from thee, dearest Mother. No one in the world could come who would be half so welcome. I was writing to [2] Saidee only this morning that I look forward to it with a __al glow. Thee certainly has made thyself loved by thy children!

Logan would stay on, if it weren't for his planting which he says ought to be done in December. But possibly he can depute that to some one.

Instead of the room on the first floor I meant to give thee, I [2.2] could give thee a bedroom on the ground floor, turning the library into a temporary bedroom, and giving thee the drawing room next for thy sitting room. Would thee find this more convenient? On the other hand, there aren't many stairs, and the children and I could come and frolic undressed in thy room much more easily if thee were upstairs. But I don't [2.3] want to make the climb unnecessarily. There are perhaps about 24 or 26 steps to go up. O it will be fun having you!

Tell Ray I am glad to hear she is moved up into a higher class. They were wise, however, to put her into an easy one to begin with, for it would have been very mortifying to have to go down!



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My Paris evening dress is a great success. It delighted the [2.4] wandering eyes of Janet Dodge and Lina and the Houghtons last night at dinner, and they all thought it the most becoming thing I ever had. I'm afraid I can't live up to it, though. Dress doesn't *really* interest me.

It is so hot here we can hardly bear it. I have to use that Popoff, in spite of the smell, otherwise I am eaten alive. Will thee ask Mr. Worvel to send me two more bottles (1/) or a large one by post? The address is Carnac Company, Bl____, Didcot,⁷⁷⁰ Berkshire.

With ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁷⁰ Didcot is located 10 miles (16 km) south of Oxford.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

<Florence,> Wednesday,> Oct. 3, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thee will be relieved to hear that there is no possible doubt whatever of B.B.'s being an American Citizen, subject only to the Laws of Massachusetts. The American Consul said he would *guarantee* our having no trouble at all. There are four copies made of the marriage documents, one of which is sent to the Archives at Washington. There [1.2] is no need for a "Separation of Goods" deed, for by Massachusetts Law they are as separate as in England. It is a great comfort to have no fuss about it.

If there is any trouble about bringing the children away (I don't myself believe there will be the slightest), *at the last resort*, we might bring Fräulein and put her in a Florence pension (saying nothing of that however — when she arrived I would merely find the house too full). But Withers may say that on their Mother's own place there is a Chapel where she (me) has a priest come to say Mass [1.3] every Sunday, so that the children will have no hindrance to their religious practices, but rather great encouragement, the more so as their Mother is to be married *en bonne Catholique*!

Tell the children I was awfully pleased that the school doctor enforced my "Vanity" lectures by telling them to stand up straight and brush their teeth at night as well as in the morning. I hope they obey her orders. [1.4]

Poor B. B.! he is so miserable and ill, he looks quite worn, and with a strange look almost of fright. It goes to my heart, and I am awfully glad I shall soon be able to take better care of him. It makes you very fond of a person to become necessary to them (if you like them to start with), and he says he would really give up the bad business of living if it were not for my good health and spirits. What we have to thank thee for in our sound nerves and natural joyousness!!

Thy loving and grateful daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Tuesday, Oct. 9, 1900

Not a minute to write, as Logan and I are off to town to lunch with one of the big London dealers who has just turned up.⁷⁷¹ I am going to take him to see *those pictures* I told you about! Let us hope something will come of it.

Sacra aurae fames (can you translate this? I hope I have it right!) is a terrible disease. It kept me awake all night.

Lovingly,
M.

⁷⁷¹ Dowdeswell? Gutekunst?



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard **to Alys?**

<Florence, Wednesday,> Oct. 10, 1900

I am desolated to have only time for a post-card but I am awfully rushed. Logan and I lunched with that dealer yesterday, and (I hope) sold him £250 (pounds) worth of pictures! I will tell you all about it when I write a real letter tomorrow.

A kiss to Blackie, and my love to your new friend, the Dove.

Affectionately,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter

on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole, crossed out

<Il Frullino, Florence, Thursday,> Oct. 11, 1900⁷⁷²

Dearest Mother and Children,

I have been so rushed about these days that I could not write a proper letter.

Uncle Logan and I had great sport with that dealer. We gave him lunch and then took him round to see a “really quite remarkable little collection of pictures for sale”, i.e., *my* odds and ends! There they were ranged around in a funny little room belonging to my [1.2] picture restorer, who received us with perfect gravity and talked about “the proprietor” as if he were a hundred miles off. The London dealer⁷⁷³ was quite amazed to find such a remarkable collection — “never seen anything like it”, “endless gratitude” to me and so on.

The two pictures he chose were portraits, one a portrait of a lady in a red turban by a Florentine painter named Bacchiacca,⁷⁷⁴ and the other a portrait of a baby Medici prince by a painter called Bronzino.⁷⁷⁵ The lady cost me £100 and I asked £200, the baby £20 and I asked £60. [1.3]

The dealer did not dare to buy without consulting his principal in London, but he took both pictures to be photographed, and will send his answer next week. He offered £40 for the baby on the spot, but little Coppoli⁷⁷⁶ said that he was sure “the proprietor” would not go down a *centime* (which was true).

In the meantime the Baron Chiaramonte Bordonaro⁷⁷⁷ had called and taken copious notes of all the pictures, and said he would let the man know when he returned from Venice; and tomorrow I am going to visit [1.4] this highly interesting collection with the old man, Mr. Butler,⁷⁷⁸ who gave me my famous bracelet.

It is very amusing, but still I prefer selling straight out, without this mystery — only in these three cases, for quite special reasons, I don't want it

⁷⁷² There are no entries in Mary's diary after June 27, 1900 until Oct. 20, 1900.

⁷⁷³ Perhaps Dowdeswell, who is mentioned in an entry in Mary's letter to her mother Hannah, of Nov. 1, 1900: 'Today, I have written to Dowdeswell about three pictures here, and have proposed a kind of partnership.' He is mentioned once in Mary's diary, Nov. 1, 1900: 'Wrote to Dowdeswell proposing a sort of partnership, and to Heinemann proposing a book on the unpublished Italian pictures in England.'

⁷⁷⁴ Bacchiacca

⁷⁷⁵ Bronzino

⁷⁷⁶ The painter and restorer Carlo Coppoli is also mentioned in Mary's letter from London to Bernhard of Jan. 28, 1900; see also Strehlke, *Catalogue*, p. 268, 272, n. 5.

⁷⁷⁷ ? The father of Antonio Chiaramonte Bordonaro (1877-1932) was a diplomat, secretary general of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (1926-1927) and ambassador to the United Kingdom (1927-1932).

⁷⁷⁸ Which collection might this be?



known that the pictures are mine.

Every day, too, I have to go to the new Villa, for they have begun painting the walls, and I have to be on hand for the colours.

Herbert Horne came out the other day, and gave us a great deal of valuable advice. He and Logan planned the [2] most enchanting things in the garden — which is at present nothing but a wilderness of lemon trees and sweet-smelling flowers. Capecchi, the gardener, is very handsome, and he looks splendid there in a peaked hat trimming the lemon trees.

[sketch]

The guinea pigs are most flourishing, and are in a way to present us with a new family soon before [2.2] you arrive. Capecchi gives them away to his friends who — alas! — eat them, when our own family becomes too numerous.

Farewell now I must go and attend to the unpacking of my London things which have just come.

With oceans of love,

Your devoted
M.

no entries in Mary's diary after June 27, 1900 until Oct. 20, 1900



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on plain writing paper

<Florence, Friday,> Oct. 12, 1900

Dearest mother,

Will thee sometime pay the enclosed bill of 6/ for me?

Thanks for Aunt Lill's letters. I will write to her again in a few days.

B.B. sends many thanks for thy kind messages. We feel thee has hoisted him into thy ox cart — poor thing, I fear is a very light weight! — and we are immensely grateful. I think he won't come [1.2] to London, though, for the Faith Healer, and since I was half killed by Russell's anti-fat <medicine> we are mortally afraid of eating or drinking any specific not recommended by "the profession". Yes, his trouble is nervous, and comes on chiefly when he begins to work. As long as he loafes about he is fairly well. But of course the interest of his work is the chief thing in his life. It is an awkward dilemma.

Shan't I write to Father Brown and tell him! Or shall I wait till afterwards! He is so nice that I think we might tell him, and I will say some nice religious (Catholic) things.

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Sunday, Oct. <14>,⁷⁷⁹ 1900

Dearest mother,

We mean to attend to the Papers before the Consul tomorrow. They came yesterday.

Thee will laugh to hear that my figure is *completely changed*. I cannot wear one single dress I used to have. I shall give most of my things to Ray, shortening the skirts a little. That white and that grey flannel coat and skirt (with half a dozen blouses I can't put on any more!) will do very well for her in the Spring. It is too funny. I am at least 6 inches broader in the chest, 3 inches narrower in the back, and about 4 inches longer waisted, and no hips to speak of! Added to this, I was never so comfortable in my life!

It is still warm, though today we have a light rain. Yesterday we visited a most splendid Villa, where I must take thee when thee comes.

Lovingly,
M.

⁷⁷⁹ Mary wrote 'Oct. 13, 1900, Sunday'. The assumption, here as elsewhere, is that Mary wrote the day of the week correctly but not the date.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Monday, <Oct. 15, 1900>

We are just going to the Consul's for those papers.

Tell the children that their old monkey I brought down for the little Triulzi is an unqualified success. He is in love with it, eats, sleeps, plays, works, lives, with it, and makes the whole family kiss it at night. Do bring another, tell them, when they come.

It is somewhat cooler today, with a high wind.

The Mortons have come back, very amusing after a summer of thrilling experiences.

Will write tonight.

Kisses and ever so much love.

How does the Dancing get on?

M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Monday,> Oct. 15, 1900

Dearest mother,

Do please take Karin to the best ear-doctor there is. I am afraid it is *very* important. Thee knows how Helen all her life has suffered from neglect as a child. And then Karin's inheritance. I don't know how to find out a good aurist, but perhaps if thee asked that doctor at the school it would be a good way. Or write to 18 Harley Street and enquire of Dr. Heywood Smith. I don't think it ought to be left a day. Who knows what mischief may be brewing there!

There will be time to get their dresses here.

Lovingly (and very anxiously about Karin),
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

<Florence,> Tuesday, Oct. <16>,⁷⁸⁰ 1900

Dearest mother,

I enclose a cheque for £40, which is all I can spare at the moment, although if thee needs more, I can raise it easily. Let me know please how I stand from July on. I am glad Alban is going to send thee some money.

Logan and I attended to the [1.2] affidavit yesterday and sent it off to thee in a registered envelope. It is sure to arrive safely. Mr. Withers writes me that he thinks there will be no difficulty about thy bringing the children. (He is evidently a great alarmist in speech.) So I think we might speak to them in anticipation now and then, doesn't thee?

The weather has turned simply lovely again today. It is only [1.3] 7.30 in the morning now, and I am sitting with my windows wide open. I imagine the children just being waked up, and having a frolic with Blackie. What merry lives they have, the darlings! I am making enquiries about available children for them to play with in the neighbourhood. I think there are some very nice ones living near by [1.4] on the Settignano road, named Thrupp, boys and girls.

The director of the Turin gallery is coming to lunch today. I wish he were also a picture-buyer!

The house looked rather discouraging yesterday. It seemed as if it would never be ready for us to move into.

Logan sent off a manuscript yesterday to Emily to type. It is an article on Mme de Sévigné. I haven't seen it, but he says I may when it comes back.

Oceans of love to you all!

M.

⁷⁸⁰ Mary wrote 'Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1900'.



M-HS 1900.____
a one-page letter on plain writing paper
<Florence,> day,> Oct. 19, 1900

Dearest mother,

Please tell the piano people to send my piano to Brizzi e Niccolai, Florence, by sea, in that zinc-lined case, etc. they proposed. I wrote to thee at once about it.

My letter must have missed. ____ woman in whose pocket it lies!

I also wrote to Grace a letter she seems [1.2] never to have received, about Mary's extra lessons, the music, and her not coming.

I enclose my letter to Father Brown. If it won't do, I can write another. Thee had better write at the same time, and tell him the children and Fräulein don't know yet. I want them to hear if from me first. Thee might tell Fräulein, as she may hear of it, but tell her not to speak to the children. No, I don't trust her enough.

Withers ought to be getting the permission for you to come. I am *wild* to have you, and I want you to come as soon as you can.

Lovingly,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

Frullino, <Florence, Sunday,> Oct. 21, 1900

Dearest mother,

I hope Karin will think the verses I have cudgelled out of my brains an “adequate” response to her darling little _____ letter! What dears they are.

Grace writes me she is coming on the 2nd of November. I am delighted. I’ve given the poor thing an enormous list of things I want her to bring out. Among them are some bulbs I think she said thee would [1.2] give me. I forget now exactly what they were (if thee hasn’t got them, never mind, for Logan has sent me from Holland *quantities*). Also a “Featherweight Dress supporter and Fastener”. Also, will thee buy at the place in Bond Street another Tea Basket (I think it was 25/ like mine, and give it to her to bring. I promised to get it for an acquaintance. Also a nice warm Jäger travelling rug. I expect that will be another 25/ so I send thee a cheque for £2.10.

Also I should like some car_____, mine gets so thick together. [1.3] But that would perhaps be too much bother, as it is against the law to bring salt into Italy — that being a Government monopoly. However, if her conscience doesn’t protest, she might tuck it in the hold-all somewhere.

Thee “failing” indeed! There isn’t a sign of it except thy stiffness. Fancy. Would I crowd thee with errands as I do if I had suspicion thee wasn’t in perfect condition? I really think thee [1.4] seems younger by a good many years since Father’s death. O Mother! don’t be in a hurry to go away and leave us! To me the world would be an awfully much poorer place if thee weren’t in it. There is nobody like thee. Thee is really our joy and delight, and our “strong rock in tribulation”. There is no one who gives me such a sense of having something to rely on. Please don’t talk of failing, or even of growing old.

Thy lovingly daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence, Monday,> Oct. 22, 1900

Dearest mother,

Will thee tell the children that, as they are coming out in about three or four weeks, it is not worth while to take tickets to the Benson series, but they can go to the ones that come before they leave, at my expense.

Tell Karin she should write to Him and tell Him that she is always waiting for the precious photograph.

It was pouring all yesterday, but I walked to the Rosses in the afternoon and got a lot of practical hints from Mrs. Ross about housekeeping. We are going with Lina today to see another famous Villa from which Logan expects to get some grandiose ideas for the modest Tatti!

Lovingly daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Tuesday,> Oct. 23 , 1900

It is a *great* relief to have Dr. Dundas Grant's verdict about Karin's ears. It has weighed on me awfully. I expect her slight deafness comes from those adenoids, also her sitting so often with her mouth open.

I think it *most* important for Mary, too, to have hers out, and this is an excellent time. So I have written to Grace saying I would gladly pay for the two together. Whatever extra it comes to will be compensated for (from the purely selfish point of view) by the fun Karin will have in securing a companion in distress!

I *am* relieved she has been to see a first-rate doctor! But how does he explain her ear-aches and the discharge?

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

Frullino, <Florence,> Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1900

Dearest mother,

The very end of November is far too late, unless you come to the new Villa and not to the Frullino at all. And I had sort of counted on having you here a little while. I can give thee a comfortable warm bed-room and a sitting-room downstairs, and the children can go backwards and forwards with me and help me move. Otherwise, if you get here on the 1st the moving [1.2] will be all done, for my lease of this house expires on the 1st and I *must* be in the other, workmen or no workmen! (Of course they are *months* behind what they promised!!) But although I should *like* to have you about the 16th or 17th, I will try to be content if you don't get here till the 23rd; and of course if thee has any special reason for coming later, it will be all right. But I should love to have the children's help — they could drive Galatea⁷⁸¹ [1.3] back and forth with loads of things. When shall we know about the Judge?

I meant to return the letter that came with the papers to sign along with the papers. I thought it had no special importance, however, and I do not remember carefully putting it in, as I did the signed papers. And if it did not come back with them, I'm afraid I do not any longer know where it is. I have looked everywhere. I am awfully sorry. But there could not have been anything very [1.4] important in it.

We saw our grand Villa yesterday, a perfectly beautiful place, but far too grand to give us any hints. One would need a million pounds at least to rival such a place. Even then, there wouldn't be the architect of genius to build it!

I am sure I can make thee comfortable, even if thee comes before the moving. Leonie, Lidia's sister, will join you in Paris and pilot you here. She is a nicer girl than Lidia.

Ever so much love.

Thy daughter,

M.

I think of the children just starting for school (8.40) in their gymnasium suits.

⁷⁸¹ Mary's donkey.



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Wednesday,> Oct. 24, 1900

It is clear to me that thee has missed one of my letters, for I replied about the piano the day after thee first asked me —weeks ago. To be packed in a zinc case, etc. as they suggested and sent by Sea to Brizzi & Niccolai, Florence, the bill to me.

Tell Karin her donkey is splendid and has been much admired in the drawing-room and the kitchen. Rosa is all serene again. They all say it actually resembles Galatea, and the hills are “exactly like Fiesole” — so the picture is an immense success.

Perhaps the end of the holidays would be a better time for the adenoid operations. It is a pity to interrupt school more than necessary.

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on plain writing paper

<Florence, Friday,> Oct. 26, 1900

Dearest mother,

Thee needn't think Logan and I persuade, browbeat or hypnotize B. B. into spending money. It is often quite the other way, except that all the money for paying passes through my hands, as he doesn't want to be bothered. But he is even worse than Logan, in some ways, and I'm not a famous brake, where money is concerned. however, I cannot feel worried about it, for we are sure to make a great deal. We have several schemes on hand now. And I can always lend thee money if thee gets hard up. Logan says in regard to that account from Alban that it was Oct. 1st, so no October sales were entered. And also there is always [1.2] that £400 from the Mines unpaid.

I received thy circular about the linen sale. I *do* want some more things, but I thought I would wait till thee comes and go over it with thee and see what I really need. But if thee would bring me two dozen table napkins, I should be awfully glad. I should like them embroidered M.B.

I had a very nice letter from Father Brown, with *Congratulations*. How nice he has been through the whole affair.

I hardly know what to say about the date of your coming. How can I wait till December? I really think the children could go on with their lessons here, and they would be the greatest help moving. Still they are happy at school. We needn't decide at once, need we? *When* do we know about the judge?

B. B. is better now he is really hard at work. He and Logan play picquet every evening. They are at it now. A great comfort to have two men to entertain each other!! They are something like Father and Uncle Horace, for neither of them will ever, by any chance, do an errand!

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.

Daily entries in Mary's diary begin again on **Oct. 28, 1900**



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Monday <Oct. 29, 1900>

I await with the greatest anxiety the result of the notice given to the other side. If any answer is needed to them, please be sure to get Fathers Brown and Scoles to appear on our side, which will, I think, make us perfectly secure — for if *they* approve of the children's coming, nothing can be objected. But I am awfully anxious and can't think of anything else.

I brought up **the enormous picture**⁷⁸² today in the carriage — a sight, for it is about ten feet tall!! But it is a perfect beauty, far finer than I thought.

Thank darling Ray for her note and the pictures of "well-known places".

I will write tonight.

Lovingly,
M.

⁷⁸² 'The Sassetta?



M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence,> Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1900

I am ashamed to send only a post-card again, but I am dreadfully busy, and also it seems as if I *couldn't* write till I know our plans. It is a most dreadful state of suspense, and has made me quite wretched, for all my arrangements and all my anticipations lead up to your visit. It has been such a delightful thought that I have hardly looked beyond. I there is opposition, I hope Withers will fight it out to the end. I am sure the two important guardians, the two Priests, will sign an affidavit saying they wish the children to come and be present — and, if the worst comes to the worst, we must renew our application with this additional strengthening affidavit. We *mustn't* give in here, or they will always be interfering with us. But if they interfere and fail, they will have to pay their own expenses, and that will teach them, I should think.

I cannot think of anything else. I want you so awfully to come!

Tell the children that Galatea runs along very nicely, and that she is devoted to sugar.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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November 1900



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence, Thursday,> Nov. 1, 1900

Dearest mother,

I meant to write a letter to thee, but instead have spent the morning writing to Heinemann to propose a book we want to get out on unpublished pictures in private collections in England. This will be a splendid *business* investment, making one known as an “authority” to all the collectors. It is my idea, and i am very proud of it. I am very keen, now more than ever with the children to provide for, on getting a “solid connection”, as it is called, and I think I can do it.

Today, I have written to Dowdeswell about three pictures here, and have proposed a kind of partnership.⁷⁸³

It is a most beautiful day, warm as summer still. But it is a “Festa” and no work is going on at the Tatti.

I am so anxious. We must fight it out, if necessary. I am sure all the others but those two would sign an affidavit saying they wished the children to come.

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁸³ Mary’s diary, Nov. 1, 1900: ‘Wrote to Dowdeswell proposing a sort of partnership, and to Heinemann proposing a book on the unpublished Italian pictures in England.’



M-HS 1900.____

a two-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

<Florence,> Sunday, Nov. 4, 1900

Darling mother,

I am waiting — as thee can imagine — *most* anxiously for news. I think I am sure to hear tomorrow. In the mean time, I have got rid of one (very minor) bug-bear, that of telling Rosa she must go. It's rather an upset, after so many years. Fortunately, I have a place all ready for her, for the Mortons want her. They brought back an expensive chef from a hotel in Geneva, and [1.2] he turns out a failure — as might have been predicted — is very expensive, won't wash the dishes — in short, far too grand for their modest establishment. Their one idea is simplicity — one servant and no luxuries. They're very silly people, but I hope Rosa will manage to keep them in order. It is very lucky for me to have a place to send her to. For I couldn't bear to keep her, knowing she was making all the others miserable. She [1.3] took it very well — was rather pleased, I think, with the idea of a change! I needn't have worried so over it. Of course I smoothed it off. And perhaps I may bring her to England in the summer, if her father is well enough, as she is certainly very active and laborious and as honest as a saint. She is awfully sorry not to be here when the children come — ah if they come! — so we must go and see here. But the Mortons live (alas) very [1.4] near to the Tatti.

I hope thee will wire me as soon as thee knows the decision. Costelloe, Fiesole, is the address, Frullino is unnecessary. If any reason is given in case it is "No", wire it please. It is so awful not to know.

I wrote to ask Withers whether, in case of this settlement, the Trustees would be bound to this particular investment, because, if they were, it might really end by becoming a terrible burden. Suppose Alban died? We should have to sell it then, for what it would fetch, and invest [2] money some other way enough to bring in the necessary income. But it will be impossible, if they are tied to that particular investment. I expect it will be all right. But I consider that Withers wasn't *half* decided enough with the others, and offered far more than he need have.

After all, they had no practicable alternative to propose. It is this which makes me especially anxious now, for I'm so afraid he'll be all for giving in and smoothing things down and postponing the visit and so forth. I feel *sure* we caught it, if we [2.2] are really in earnest, for no conceivable harm is intended to the children, but only good, and if the Court is there for their good, there must be a way of making it see this. Do strengthen the hands of his arms, and make him act vigorously for once. I have set my heart upon having you as for nothing else that I can remember in all my life!

I can't write or think about anything else.

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Kraus, Fiesole

<Florence, Monday,> Nov. 5, 1900

Dearest mother,

I am a good deal relieved by thy letter today, and by a letter from Mr. Withers, but I shall be more relived when I receive a telegram telling me you are free to come. Then I shall begin to look forward and plan with perfect joy!

I shall expect you then on the 23rd. It is cheaper of course to get return tickets, but on the other hand the Mt. Cenis [1.2] way is such a disagreeable one to travel. I should enquire all about it at Gaze's, but I incline to advise your coming via Dover-Calais-Bâle-Milan (not stopping at Paris), and returning the same way. Going back you can have a sleeper — even coming down, I should think.

Will you travel first or second? Second is really, on that line, almost as comfortable.

Does Fräulein chance to know of anybody at King's College [1.3] who would care to teach Italian to Janet Dodge by going to dine and spend the evening with her once a week? She would, I expect, be willing to pay a little, besides giving the dinner, but she can't pay much for she is very poor. I thought some young Italian might turn up there who would like a nice cosy dinner and a chat with music and perhaps a game of cards one evening a week. If Fräulein doesn't hear of anyone, will thee ask Alys?

Nothing in particular has happened today, except that Gertrude Morton came up and made her arrangements with Rosa. It is a great earthquake to have Rosa go, and I only hope I shan't regret her. But no one else could stay with her, as she gets worse and worse.

Tell the children the little donkey has got so fat and lively with good treatment that the gardener says she "runs like the wind." She knows my voice now. "Galatea" in my voice has a *sugary* sound to her, and she pricks up her ears and comes nosing around the moment I call her.

I am glad Margaret is having a good rest. Is Uncle Horace looking after the baby?

Ever so much love,

Thy daughter,
M.



M-HS 1900.____

a postcard without any date

<Florence, Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1900>

It is impossible to avoid the customs. It is an entire mistake of the London agents that luggage can be checked through and examined at Florence. Everyone this autumn here is *raging*, because, like thee, they were told in London you could do it. Don't believe a word of it. It goes to the Dogana here, and you can't get it for a week, and you have a *most awful* time.

Keep it always with you, on the same train — it is *the only* way. Check it to Paris, if you stay over night, and then recheck it, so as to make sure of having it at Modane. Thee can give the keys to the porter of the sleeping car. Don't listen to anything else. Everyone who has tried it, has suffered indescribably annoyance!

Go to 3, rue de Beaune to sleep.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Tuesday,> Nov. 6, 1900

Second class tickets: To Paris, I advise going by day and spending the night at 3 rue de Beaune, taking Ray to see Dr. Bull the next morning.

But you could cross by night — Dieppe way, when, with a cabin (10/ or so extra) you could have a sleep.

The Turin train starts at 2 Gare de Lyons (takes an hour to get there and get settled). Get sleeper to Turin paying about a pound and £1.3.6 for first class supplement. Give keys to porter, and you don't have to get out at Modane (the frontier).

At Turin you arrive 8.15 a.m. and have time for a very good cup of coffee before taking train to Florence at 8.40 (last carriage goes through to Florence).

Lunch at Genoa (25 minutes).

Reach Florence 7.19 in the evening.

Get circular tickets to go back by Bâle-Calais. Arrange about the first class extra and sleeping car at Gaze's (or Cook's).

Round trip with this extra should be about £15.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence,> Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1900

Dearest mother,

I had a telegram from Mr. Withers last night saying he thought it would be all right. Let us hope! I wish you were here now, it is so warm and beautiful.

I have never heard from Steinway's, but I think they are sure to have sent the piano.

The rug and pillow Janet Dodge brought back are for your journey out. If al haven't enough blankets, the rug may be very useful!

The Villa looks as if it would *never* be ready. I am in despair. The masons are still in, and no sign of their getting out.

I hope the dancing will be more fun here. There is a class of about ten young people, boys and girls, and a "Fancy Dress Ball" is promised at the end if they learn well!

Of course there will be no other 'celebrations'!!

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Friday evening, Nov. 9, 1900

Dearest mother,

I cannot tell thee what I went through (unnecessarily!!) on Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. Withers' telegram on Monday was only an "I think", and I fully expected another on Wednesday. I listened for every footfall, and rushed to the door at every ring. However, I felt sure that at least permission was not refused, and I tried to console myself. But I was horribly nervous.

Thy letter of Tuesday explains all, and we had a hearty laugh over Withers' [1.2] magnificent scale of expenses for a Governess, £150 for an Italian trip and £100 for her missed lessons!! I now hope she *will* be sent, at that scale of profit to all parties concerned. We could afford to give Mr. Withers £200 on account, and I must confess I should rejoice to get that money out of Frank's estate! I am very grateful to him for pulling it all off so well. Before my mind was clouded by anxiety, I saw quite clearly that the Judge would certainly let [1.3] the children come, but one of thy letters made me horribly anxious, and I reflected that after all we are as babes in the hands of the Law.

Well! it seems decided now, and I can begin to *count* on you. I wrote to Lady Amabel on thy grand principle of taking no notice of anything except the important point. My point was to have the children, and to express hatred to Lady Amabel was only a by-play. So I thought if I could get my chief point by politeness to her, I would do it — reserving the hatred for some occasion when it would do no harm. However, Mr. Withers [1.4] was no doubt right in deciding not to send the letter, and as we have gained our point without, of course I am glad.

I am also delighted that thee takes up such a strong attitude towards that beastly bigoted busybody. The only regret is that she has no really vulnerable spot for us; for of course her interest in Ray and Karin is very perfunctory and cool. As to Britten, I don't think he will, or can, do much harm.

Please bring the envelopes thee speaks of, and also a stock of large strong ones of various sized, particularly very large ones such as thee sticks in thy paper-holders.

I wrote thee about the tickets. I think

illegible

Rosa goes to the Mortons tomorrow morning. I shall miss her awfully. Will thee bring her out some nice black stuff, serge, I should think, to make a dress? I promised her a present.



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Frullino, <Florence, Sunday,> Nov. 11, 1900

Dearest mother,

I hope thee made Fräulein promise not to tell the children about my plans. Of course thee did. I should hate them to hear of it from anyone but me.

Berenson will of course not stay with me. He never does. He will go to the Rosses on Dec. 1st, and will stay there till the fatal day arrives. He says he can't consider anything till his chapter on Michelangelo is finished, so [1.2] I can't fix any date for the ceremony. It will be towards Christmas, but the later the better, as a household is much easier to organize without a man in it. (Logan lives in his own rooms and disturbs no one.) I think the best place will be our own Chapel, with the Prior of Settignano to officiate. It looks so well to have a private chapel of one's own!

Thee will be relieved to hear that **B.B. has today made a sale [1.3] that will cover all our improvements and outlays at the new Villa!**⁷⁸⁴ It is a great relief. Logan has taken a fresh lease of life and is planning new embellishments. But I shan't go any further at present.

Rosa has gone! I took her to the Mortons today, and they were very glad to get her. She wept at going, but I had to be firm. The new cook is a real artist, and I do not think he will spend much more than Rosa. He [1.4] is also an antiquity dealer, and is now bargaining to get me a little picture I am very keen to have. The owners want £1500 (lire) and I have offered £500 (at Carlo's suggestion), and he thinks I shall ultimately get it.

Could thee bring me out a nice thermometer! I should like also another of those longer watches in leather cases, an 8-day one. Does thee need a cheque?

I must close now and write to thank Karin for her really very talented picture and poem about Polyphemus and Galatea. It shows real talent!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.

⁷⁸⁴ Mary's diary, Nov. 10, 1900: 'Mrs. Gardner has telegraphed that she would take the little Raphael entombment Bernhard offered her. This considerably relieves the financial strain. My spirits were coming back, and this completed the cure, and I felt very jolly all day.'



M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Villa Rosa, Fiesole

<Florence,> Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1900

Dearest mother,

I have a spirit lamp, but I wish thee would bring one of thy nice cheap kind and leave it with me. Also three or four of those nice un-burnable egg-dishes. Also oat-meal, I don't think you can get "Quaker" oats here — they have some "Catholic" variety.

I am awfully ashamed not to be a better answerer of [1.2] questions!

Will thee send round a note to Father Scoles asking him to get from the Jesuit House in Oxford a certificate of my baptism Sept. 2, 1885, by Father Parkinson? I need it for the religious marriage here. There may be something to pay — there usually is in religious things — well, in everything, in fact! [1.3]

Thee will be glad to hear that we have sent off the Deed duly signed and witness by the Consul. That will be a good thing finished.

I found from Mr. Withers that if Logan and Bertie chose to sell the Offices they could, and reinvest whatever money it might (only a few pounds, I expect_ for the children's benefit, leaving me liable to be called on to pay them [1.4] each £200 a year — which of course I should do anyhow. So I think Withers has managed even that very well!

I am in the very depths of an awful cold, but I am glad to think it will have run its course before you come. I want to enjoy you to the utmost! What fun! Oh what fun, to have you all here!!!

Lovingly thy daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Frullino, <Florence,> Thursday, Nov. 15, 1900

Dearest mother,

There is just time to ask thee to bring Logan's frock coat. Thee will be loaded down with things, but just bring an extra trunk and pay for it, and don't bother. I told thee about Lina Duff Gordon's winter coat, which will be sent to 44.

It has turned pretty cold here, but is still dry enough to be of advantage to the papering and distempering at the Villa.

I am living in a sort of dream, waiting till you come. I have begun the moving, and sent over two cart-loads yesterday. I am now trying to arrange at a moderate rate to have a horse and carriage by the month. It oughtn't to cost more than £7 and is a great convenience. The carriage rug may be useful after all!

Tell the children I am wild to see them.

Lovingly,
M.

Logan's coat is in the bottom drawer outside his room.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence,> Sunday, Nov. 18, 1900

Dearest mother,

This week (I hope) you will be here. It is hard to realize such good news! I have planned where to put you all, and I am going to buy a few more blankets in case of cold weather. The children had better bring their wrappers.

In my list of things to bring, I forgot large envelopes. But never mind, if thee has no time.

Miss Blood came here to a musical party yesterday (a class I have got up for a talented young musician, Miss Cracroft) and was most urgent that the first Sunday after thee comes I should bring thee to the Gamberaia. She wants to see the children too. Uncle Logan thinks he will go off to Viareggio for the few days of actual moving. I want his advice about things, but we shall be freer to camp out if he isn't here.

Lovingly, and with joyful anticipation,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Sunday,> Nov. 18, 1900

Thy efforts deserved to be seconded! By all means lend them the piano. My efforts are bent (the few unselfish ones I make) to assisting the sympathetic hard-up. I have got up a series of Bach recitatives for Miss Cracroft, a glorious pianist (poor as can be!) who is wintering at Settignano. The impecunious members of the audience come for two lire, the richer ones for 3 and 4 and 5 as I think I can squeeze it out of them. We had one here yesterday and she played divinely.

I can "hardly wait", as the children say, till they come. I think the house will be ready about the 28th. I hope so.

Some one has sent a present of what we loathe most, the Bible arranged in paragraphs and chapters and songs with university extensive introductions.

Adieu,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

<Florence, Sunday,> Nov. 18, 1900

That is a bore to be tied to an exact date. It means you must leave here New Year's day. But it is very simple to apply, if we wish, for another week, which will bring you back still in time for Karin's adenoids to be snatched out.

Tell Ray her delightful letter came, and the picture of her Woes in Italy, being taken to look at pictures, brought tears (I won't say of what) to my eyes.

Pack the things they need at once on top. I hope we can move soon after you come. The house is getting on better.

Lovingly,
M.



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M-HS 1900.____

a one-page letter on the stationery of Il Frullino, Florence

<Florence,> day,> Nov. 20, 1900

Dearest mother,

If this reaches thee in time, will thee go to 14 Rue de la Paix (very near Dr. Bull's) and get me 2 five franc jars of their *Pâte Nika*? I shall be awfully grateful. Ray can run in and get it. All she needs to ask [1.2] for is *Pâte Nika* and they will show two sizes of jar. I want two of the 5 franc size.

I am wild to see you, but am very glad you are stopping in Paris to have their eyes seen to.

I won't write more, for fear this may miss thee. Please give my regards to [1.3] Dr. Bull and my congratulations upon the birth of his child.

Lovingly thy daughter,

M.

I suspect you have to have your tickets stamped at the ticket office at Modane. But the porter of the sleeping car will see to this. However, [1.4] it is better to mention it to him, to avoid mistakes. "*Faut les viser*" is enough to say.



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M-HS 1900.____
a postcard

Monday <1901?>

Dearest mother,

No news here, except continued warmth and sunshine. Logan and I went to the Gamberaia yesterday and found Miss Blood in her usual form. She sent special love to thee and congratulations upon thy Autobiography which she longs to see.

Thy loving daughter,
M.



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M-HS 1900. __

the second page of a two-page letter to Ray and Karin

Janet Dodge is staying here for a few days, and we have been talking over a plan about which I want to consult you, so give your best attention, Mary included.

She is going to give Pugsty music lessons, but, as she says, music lessons and practising are only a small part of a good musical education. She proposes to take her once a week, or so, to some good concert and explain to her the different instruments, make her listen for them in the orchestra, which will be splendid training for her ear, point out to her the differences between various styles of music, etc., etc. In short, give her a real education in the appreciation [1.2] of music such as few people, outside of professionals, ever get a chance of having. Now it would please me very much if **you two, Ray and Karin**, would join in this. I think it is useless for you to learn to play, but it is most important for you to learn to enjoy music. It may seem funny to you that one has to learn to enjoy anything but the truth is that a real enjoyment of the arts is the result only of serious work and effort. The result is worthwhile, in the end. I think also you would rather enjoy the learning, at any rate after a few times. Let me know what you think of the plan.

And please show this to Grace, **Grandma**. Of course I shall pay for it all, but it won't be very expensive, as seats are generally about 1/ or 1/6.

Lovingly,
M.



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