Diary 1, 1891-November 22, 1893

[0054] B.B. M.Wh. March 1891

+ +

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

March 3, 1891

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

March 4, 1891

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

Haslemere, May 22, 91

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

June 6, 91

Name on a shop at Hartford. PUDDEPHATT

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

London, June 10, 1891

New proverb: Eat your cake before it gets dry.

Paris, June 30, 1891

[0055] To write

Mr. Gaunoy’s Catechism

Comparative ‘Dinology’

Compose a “Salon” for 1512

“The Impatient Griselde”

“I suppose one’s heart is ticklish just as the soles of one’s feet.”

(a propos of “Grisélides”,

June 30, 91, Paris)

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

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

“O nowhere but on the Texan frontier” was the reply.

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

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

July 18, 91

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

[0058] July 12, 1891

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

“Thank thee” …

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

“That is very kind, father.”

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

“Thank thee.”

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

“Thee has been most kind, father.”

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

“I do not wish to injure them.”

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

“That is quite likely.”

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

“A purely English prejudice.”

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

“No, I would not.”

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

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

He was terribly unhappy all his life, although his was a good, sweet woman.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

[0070] Lettres à Une Inconnue

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

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

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

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

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

—

“Le mal des Grecs c’est que leurs idées de décence et même de moralité était fait différente des nôtres.”

—

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

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

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

[in Bernhard’s hand]

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

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

[in Mary’s hand]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[0075]Diary

[Aug. 7- Oct. 24, 1891:  Mary and Bernhard travel together from Antwerp to Venice]

x 〈Friday,〉 August 7, 1891, Antwerp

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

Read *L’Intruse* by Maeterlingk,

[*sic*] and compared it with Mrs. Augusta Webster’s *Auspicious Day*.

x 〈Saturday,〉 August 8, 1891, The Hague

Read Vol. V of *Journal de J. Goncourt*

at breakfast.

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

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

Read Baedeker in train. *Hist〈ory of〉 Holland*, Rise of Flemish and Dutch art.

Sunday, August 9, 1891, The Hague

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

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

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

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

Saw Italian pictures.

Monday, August 10, 1891, s’Gravenhage

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

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

Bought Motley’s *Dutch Republic*

and read introduction.

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

Took notes and discussed Motley in evening.

Read *La Princesse Maleine* by Maeterlinck of Bruxelles.

[0078] Tuesday, August 11, 1891, s’Gravenhage

Read Motley while dressing, Goncourt at Breakfast.

Went to Museum and sketched Sodoma again.

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

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

Liked the town of the Groote Kerk.

Evening strangely blue and violet.

Read Motley.

[0079] Wednesday, August 12, 1891, Amsterdam

Came from The Hague here. Read Motley.

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

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

Very tired.

Read more Motley.

Walked in Kalverstraat.

Discussed the ways of writing history, epic and documental.

Thursday, August 13, 1891, Amsterdam

Went to Rijks Museum and saw Rembrandt Old Woman, Syndics, Night Watch. Franz <Hals>, Portraits and Regents piece, Van du Meer.

Van du Helst.

Pieter de Hooghe,

Van du Meer. Jan Steen.

[0080] Paul Potter, etc. Scoorel.

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

Lunched at Krasnapolski’s. Good coffee.

Went to the Six gallery (Heerengracht 511)

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

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

Read Motley and de Goncourt.

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

Studied German.

Wrote letters.

Sent *Maleine*

to Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper.

[0082] Friday, August 14, 1891

Read Motley going to Haarlem.

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

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

Went to Fodor Museum,

an absolute fraud, 1 small Meissonier

and a slight sketch by Watteau.

… Walked through Ghetto.

〈Hanover〉 Saturday, August 15, 1891

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

Read Motley all day and studied German.

[0084] Sunday, August 16, 1891, Brunswick

Came from Hanover.

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

Gallery closed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[in Bernhard’s hand]

[0086] Monday, August 17, 1891 〈Berlin〉

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[recto 0087]

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

Mothers …

[verso 0088]

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

Drapery of Venus breasts and sleeves as in Judith.

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

Michael and John Polagologos.

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

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

[from here on in Mary’s hand]

[0092] Tuesday, August 18, 1891, Berlin

Breakfast at Bauer’s restaurant.

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

Walked in Thiergarten.

Read Layard, etc., in the evening.

[0093] Wednesday, August 19, 1891, 〈Berlin〉

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

Thursday, August 20, 1891, Berlin

Florentine School at the gallery.

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

Went to the Nationalgallerei.

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

Friday, August 21, 1891, Berlin

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

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

Came from Berlin to Dresden.

Motley and German.

<Dresden>

Saturday, August 22, 1891, Hotel Rheinischerhof, Dresden

Went to gallery —————— !!

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

Read Motley and de Lisle Adam in the afternoon.

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

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

Sunday, August 23, 1891, Dresden

Gallery in morning with Costa.

Read *Bonhomet Triboulet* by Villiers de Lisle Adam.

x Restaurant Gneist [added in blue ink]

Monday, August 24, 1891, Dresden

Gallery in morning.

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

Went to *Die Walkyrie* in evening.

Tuesday, August 25, 1891, Dresden

Gallery with Costa in morning.

Called on Michael Field in afternoon.

Concert on Terrace in evening.

Motley and Villiers de Lisle Adam *Histoires insolites*.

Wednesday, August 26, 1891, Dresden

Gallery with Costa.

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

Discussed “Botticelli” Madonna. Costa thinks it genuine, B.B. not.

Went to hear *Siegfried* in evening.

[0098] Thursday, August 27, 1891, Dresden

Went to Gallery and read Correggio article and discussed it.

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

M. felt very ill in afternoon.

Both sleepy in evening.

Friday, August 28, 1891, Dresden

Gallery in morning. Took notes of pictures.

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

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

B shaved off his beard!!!!

\* 〈Sunday〉 August 30, 1891, Dresden

Took 9.20 train to Pötscha and walked to the Bastei through fresh, mushroom smelling pine woods.

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

[0100] Monday, August 31, 1891, Dresden

Went to the Gallery in morning and saw all the pictures, including Dutch. My favourites are: Venus, Giorgione;

2 Paul Veroneses, Sistine Madonna, St George, Dosso

Mars and Venus, Garofalo;

Madonna, Lotto;

Two panels, Ercole Roberti;

Adoration, Francia;

Dream, Dosso;

Justice, Dosso;

Portrait of a Man, Titian;

Jacob and Rachel, Palma;

Santa Conv〈ersazione〉, Palma;

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

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

Came back and packed [0101] and read Morelli on Munich and Robertson’s *Charles V*.

Discussed local Christianity.

B. shaved off his moustache!

<Regensberg>

Tuesday, September 1, 1891, Hotel Goldner Kreuz, Regensberg

An old inn. Delightfully large room.

Pleasant journey from Dresden, 8.45 to 5.45.

Finished Goncourt’s Journal, read Pierre Loti’s *Le Livre de Pitié et de la Mort*,

et Villier de Lisle Adam’s *Histoires insolites.*

Studied German.

Read *Charles V*.

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

Sent notes on Frankfort to Michael Fields in evening.

[0102] *Journal des Goncourts*, IIem Série, II Vol.

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

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

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

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

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

[0103b] Wednesday, September 2, 1891, Goldner Kreuz, Ratisbon

Breakfast of grapes and coffee in our sunny bay-window.

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

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

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

<Munich>

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

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

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

We were both secretly dying [*sic*] to get to the exhibition of modern French (and other) pictures, so, after a rest, we went to the Glaspalast and found some of our favourites of the Salon, as well as some new ones. Three Monets there, and four or five Manets, besides a new Besnard

and two new Dagnau-Bouverets [0108] impressed us as wonderful, especially the Monets. Then there was a vast array of Böcklins and Lehnbachs, and any number of Americans, Spanish, Dutch, etc., to which we gave merely a hasty glance.

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

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

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

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

Looked at the Dürer engravings.

After quarrelled slightly and then walked in the Park.

Saturday, September 5, 1891, Hotel Roth, Munich

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

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

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

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

Tried to re-write Correggio article.

Sunday, September 6, 1891, Hotel Roth, Munich

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

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

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

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

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

Looked at photographs at Hanfstaingl’s.

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

Went to the Glyptoteck.

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

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

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

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

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

3 Meissoniers, painted in ‘’55

A Detaille almost as good.

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

5 Manets.

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

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

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

After the Exhibition, we went back to Haufstängl’s and bought some photographs.

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

Tuesday, September 〈8〉 [9], 1891, Munich – Verona

Milanese and Ferrarese Schools in the Gallery in the morning.

B. lunched with Mr. Marshall.

I read *Charles V*

and packed.

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

[115] Took the night train to Verona.

Read Richepin, *Quatre petits Romans*.

<Verona>

Wednesday, September 〈9〉 [10], 1891, Colombe d’Or, Verona

Embankment broken, so we had to change cars at 5.30, walking a long way. The scenery was very fine. At Ala

we found our train had gone on and we had 4 hours, so we went to a hotel in the town and had breakfast and a sleep.

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

Took a stroll after dinner.

Thursday, September 〈10〉 [11], 1891, Verona

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

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

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

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

Read *Charles V*,

studied German.

B. “got up” Verona from Morelli, etc., etc.

[117] Friday, September 〈11〉 [12], 1891, Hotel Colomba d’Oro, Verona

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

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

He wrote to Prof. Bôcher:

“… In Italy the pictures must be looked at in their frames, for as painting merely they are sometimes not worthwhile. At any rate that was my first impression in the gallery yesterday. Most of [118] pictures looked ruined and repainted and a trifle provincial into the bargain. The fact is one wants a pair of fresh eyes for every school of painting, that is one reason why it is so hard to get to know Italian pictures in Transalpine Galleries. There the temptation is overwhelming to study all the school at once, and through spectacles fit for none. In Verona, you are confined to one School. Before you can appreciate the pictures here, you must be penetrated with the feeling that you are in Verona and nowhere else. You must realize the biological necessity for the painters to paint precisely as they have done. Perhaps it may sound strange to speak of biological necessity in connection with anything like the fine arts. But as far as I know [119] all art criticism tries to account for what man does in the arts, just as the zoologists account for beavers building dams, or birds building nests. Only criticism continually contradicts itself. It exists because it claims to be able to reduce the phenomena of the arts to general categories, yet it puts up the dogma that caprice is perhaps all there is in genius.”

\* Sunset in the Giardino Giusti.

Saturday, September 12, 1891, Hotel Colombo [*sic*] d’Oro, Verona

Went to Santa Trinita and saw frescoes by Brusasorci.

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

I read Mrs. Green’s *Henry II*.

B. studied his “bibles” very conscientiously.

[120] Sunday, September 13, 1891, Hotel Colombe d’Or, Verona

Went to the Gallery in the morning, but I was almost too ill to see anything. However, I enjoyed the Cavazzolas

while B. studied his problems.

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

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

I read Prescott’s *Ferdinand and Isabella*

and wrote to Evalyne.

[an x above the a]

Went to see fire-works in the Amphitheatre.

Monday, September 14, 1891, Verona

Went to San Stefano and studied the Brusasorci frescoes.

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

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

Tuesday, September 15, 1891, Verona

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

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

Gallery in afternoon.

[122] Wednesday, September 16, 1891, Verona

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

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

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

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

**Bernhard**

wrote about Giulio Romano in the evening.

Thursday, September 17, 1891, Verona

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

A letter from Gertrude

decided me to go to Florence next week.

Finished notes of San Fermo and Museo in the afternoon.

Wrote to “Michael Field”.

Quarrelled.

[Venice]

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

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

Read *Isabella*

and *Charles V*,

German in the train.

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

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

Saturday, September 19, 1891, Monaco, Venice

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

After went to Layard’s and took notes for 2 1/2 hours.

Revised Correggio article in evening.

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

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

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

Wrote Correggio after dinner.

Monday, September 21, 1891, Venice

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

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

Discussed Jesuitism and Oxford.

Tuesday, September 22, 1891, Venice

San Polo and the Frari in morning.

Scuola and Chiesa di San Rocco in afternoon.

Went to the Lido where I had a swim.

Correggio in evening.

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

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

I arrived from Florence at 11.30 last night.

This morning we met Costa and went to the Correr.

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

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

Monday, September 28, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

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

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

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

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

Tuesday, September 29, 1891, Venice

Met Costa at the Salute at 9. Then to the Redentore. Canon Farrar

was at the Salute reading there to an admiring group.

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

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

Wednesday, September 30, 1891, Venice

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

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

Thursday, October 1, 1891, Hotel Murano, Venice

I was tired, and unhappy.

B. went alone to the Correr, with Costa.

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

We read Villiers de l’Isle Adam, *Nouveaux Contes Cruels*

and *La Révolte*, also a *Russian Priest* by Potapenko.

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

X X X

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

[129] Friday, October 2, 1891, Venice

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

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

In the evening we began our index!!

Saturday, October 3, 1891, Venice

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

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

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

[130] Sunday, October 4, 1891, Venice

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

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

Monday, October 5, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

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

Read *Axël* by Villiers de l’Isle Adam

and Richepin’s *Morts Bizarres*

and Venturi’s paper on the School of Modena.

[0131] Tuesday, October 6, 1891, Venice

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

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

Wednesday, October 7, 1891, Venice

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

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

Thursday, October 8, 1891, Venice

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

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

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

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

Friday, October 9, 1891, Hotel Monaco, Venice

Academy with Costa in the morning.

[marked in blue crayon in the left margin] In the afternoon cleaned the Lotto in the Carmine with water and turpentine and knives. It turned out to be very beautiful, especially the landscape, one of Lotto’s finest. Costa also gave the Carpaccio a washing.

Then we floated about in a gondola.

Saturday, October 10, 1891, Venice

A photo of Ray came in the morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the evening B. went to call on Mlle Jackowska and Mlle Mercier.

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

Monday, October 12, 1891, Venice

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

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

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

Read Gray aloud, and then B. went to call on Mlle Jackowska.

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

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

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

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

We went to Florian’s where B. read Gebhardt’s article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* called “L’état d’une âme a l’an 1000.”

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

Began *L’Ève future*.

B. finished *Dans l’Inde* by Chevrillon.

Wednesday, October 14, 1891, Venice

Academy in the morning, met Costa.

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

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

Began Mrs. Oliphant’s “Makers of Venice”.

[135] Thursday, October 15, 1891, Venice

[in Bernhard’s hand:]

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

[in Mary’s hand:]

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

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

Went out on the Giudecca.

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

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

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

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

Saturday, October 17, 1891, Venice

Went to San Trovaso and San Sebastiano.

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

Then to San Donato Murano.

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

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

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

B. took Mlles Jackowska and Mercier to the Academy. Mlle Mercier told him about a new varnish or rather glaze for pictures which she had invented.

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

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

In the evening we wrote and I began *Dans l’Inde* by André Chevrillon.

B. read Horatio Brown.

Monday, October 19, 1891, Venice

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

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

Finished *Dans l’Inde*.

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

Went to S. Giuseppe di Castello and the Correr.

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

Wrote in the evening.

Read *Venetian Studies* by Horatio Brown.

\* Wednesday, October 21, 1891, Venice

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

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

In the evening took Miss Bliss to the Piazza.

[139] Thursday, October 22, 1891, Venice

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

Came home and read *Venetian Studies*.

Rested in the afternoon and wrote. B. called on Mlle Jackowska.

\* Friday, October 23, 1891, Venice

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

Then I went to the Frari while B. went with Mlle Jackowska to see the paintings of a certain Swiss Baron. He was well bored.

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

Wrote and looked at photos in the evening.

Saturday, October 24, 1891, Venice

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

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

He met Costa and me at S. Cassiano.

In the afternoon we all went to the Frari.

I read Barbey d’Aurevilly’s *Les Diaboliques*.

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

[Padua]

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

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

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

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

[0141] Monday October 26, 1891, Padua

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then to Santa Maria in Vanzo, then Sanmichele.

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

[0145] Wednesday, October 28, 1891, Padua

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B. was awfully sick in the night.

Friday, October 30, 1891, Padua

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We had dinner in the kitchen of a little inn, with the MOST BEAUTIFUL Giorgionesque hostess!!!! [0157] The settee running all round the deep fire-place, and the country yokels who came in and sat there in the shadow of the chimney with the firelight on their faces made an indescribably enjoyable ‘genre’ picture.

Tuesday, November 3, 1891, Italia, Udine

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

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

Wednesday, November 4, 1891, Udine

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

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

[Vienna]

Thursday, November 5, 1891, Hotel Tegetthof, Vienna

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

We read Villiers de l’Isle Adam’s *Nouveau Monde*

and Flaubert’s *Trois Contes*.

Giovanni had sweets, which served to beguile the journey.

[0159] \* Friday, November 6, 1891,  Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna

We found nice rooms here taken for us all.

Then we went to the Museum — !

x x x x x x x x x

“Faster, faster

O Circe goddess,

Let the wild thronging train,

The bright procession

Of eddying forms

Sweep through my soul.”

x x x x x x x x x

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

Saturday, November 7, 1891, Vienna

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

Sunday, November 8, 1891, Vienna

Cold worse. Could not use eyes.

Janet to call.

[0160] Monday, November 9, 1891,  Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna

Cold impossible, but it had to be endured.

Costa and B. studied Titian at the Gallery.

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

Tuesday, November 10, 1891, Vienna

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

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

Tea with Janet.

Wickhoff called.

Read Goncourt’s *Journal*.

[0161] Wednesday, November 11, 1891, Vienna

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

Did not feel well and had horrible dreams.

Read *Macbeth*.

Thursday, November 12, 1891, Pensione Lejeune, Vienna

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

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

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

In the evening we went to hear *Manon*.

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

Gallery. Called on Herr Hofrath von Enghert, Director.

Saturday, November 14, 1891, Vienna

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

Tea with Janet.

Sunday, November 15, 1891, Vienna

Finished notes at Academy.

Went to Richter concert.

[concert programme pasted down]

Went to drive with Giovanni Costa in the Prater.

Janet to tea.

[0163] x Monday, November 16, 1891, Vienna

Gallery. Walked together afternoon.

Finished Goncourt’s *Journal*.

1. reading Crowe and Cavalcaselle’s “Titian”.

Tuesday, November 17, 1891, Vienna

Special entrance to gallery. Herr Prof. Wickhoff joined us and took up much valuable time.

Began (both) *La femme 〈au*〉 [de] *XVIII siècle* (Goncourt).

Began article.

Wednesday, November 18, 1891, Vienna

Gallery. Showed Janet and Mrs. Jägar the pictures.

Wrote article.

Thursday, November 19, 1891, Vienna

Finished and posted article on gallery for *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Went to the gallery from 1-4.

Read a French translation (excellent) of *Hedda Gabler* (Ibsen)

in the evening.

Quarrelled.

x Friday, November 20, 1891, Vienna

Great unhappiness at the prospect of going back to London —————!

Gallery in the morning. Saw the Greek bronze〈s〉. Showed pictures to Miss Cooke.

Walked in the afternoon.

Thought of doing work for the Home Reading Room.

Saturday, November 21, 1891, Vienna

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

In the afternoon we walked, and Janet came to tea.

Finished *La Femme au XVIII siècle*.

Sunday, November 22, 1891,  Pension Lejeune, Maximilianplatz 4, Vienna

I went to the gallery alone while the other〈s〉 went to the Academy.

Met Napier Myles in the crowd coming out.

Read A.L. Burd’s *Machiavelli*

to B. who had a headache. Lord Acton’s Introduction was interesting.

Read Richepin’s *Cauchemars*

and *Les Soeurs Hédouin*,

which is really very good, by Mélandri.

x Monday, November 23, 1891, Vienna

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

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

I took tea with Janet. She is in a curious state of mind. She is naturally an intellectual but she has tried too much to squeeze [0165 ter] herself into a moral mould, and the result is a painful contortion, and she doesn’t know where she is. She is shocking by dependence. She wants some one to tell her what to think, but when they tell her, she grows stiff and angry if the thoughts don’t fit into her perfectly narrow and impossible moral mould. So she is unhappy and undecided, enjoying nothing, useless, except as her husband’s “helpmeet”. Her sister who is here is in love with a man younger than herself, and Janet was in a rage over it. She thought it so “low” and “degrading” and utterly incomprehensible, not “ideal” in it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday, November 26, 1891, Vienna

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. de Goncourt

[0172] Saturday, November 28, 1891, Vienna

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

In the evening we wrote and read.

Sunday, November 29, 1891, Vienna

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

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

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

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

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

[0174] Monday, November 30, 1891, Vienna

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

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

x x x x x x x

[FLORENCE]

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

Sunday, December 13, 1891,  16 viale Principe Amadeo, [*sic*] Florence

We met again at 12.40 at night.

Monday, December 14, 1891, Florence

Unpacked. Called on Gertrude Burton, who is very ill.

First glimpse of Uffizi and Pitti. Bliss.

Catalogue in evening.

Tuesday, December 15, 1891, Florence

Santa Croce and shopping and a glimpse of the Pazzi Chapel in the morning.

Met Costa in the afternoon. Gertrude’s children and mine met.

[0175] \* Wednesday, December 16 1891, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. Gertrude worse. Discussed metaphysics.

Began Burckhardt, *La Civilisation en Italie au temps de la Renaissance*.

\* Thursday, December 17 1891, Florence

Studied the Venetians in the Pitti and Uffizi.

Italian lessons.

Catalogue.

Friday, December 18, 1891, Florence

Breakfast together.

Went to the Ognissanti, Santa Maria Novella and S. Lorenzo.

After lunch I wrote letters for Gertrude and the〈n〉 took tea with B. and Costa.

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

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

[0176] Saturday, December 19, 1891,

16 viale Principe Amedeo, Florence

Read Maurice Barrè’s *Sous l’oeil des Barbares*,

a weakened, very much weakened Pater, an awful bore.

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

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

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

\* Sunday, December 20, 1891, Florence

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

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

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

Monday, December 21, 1891, Florence

Uffizi in the morning and notes on the Venetian pictures.

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

Walked.

Read Mill’s “Subjection [0177] of Women” and enjoyed it keenly.

\* Tuesday, December 22, 1891, Florence

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

Called on Gertrude.

Called on Costa’s aunt, Mlle Miranda, and enjoyed their cordiality surprisingly. I felt rather foolish in going, for I have nothing in common with her.

Costa came back with me and paid a call.

B. finished Voigt and began Ferrari.

At 7 went to Arezzo

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

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

In the evening I read Layard and Guy de Maupassant’s *Yvette*

and other stories, and B. read Burckhardt upon Giotto and his followers. He found it excellent.

Delicious night sleep.

\* Thursday, December 24, 1891, Florence

We went again to the Duomo and several other Churches, especially to see Bart〈olomeo〉 della Gatta.

Took the train at 1 back. It was pretty cold in Arezzo, but we enjoyed ourselves.

Called on Gertrude.

Read Taine on Napoleon’s view of religion in the evening, and Crowe and Ca〈valcaselle〉 on Masolino. Also *The Fountain of Youth* by Vernon Lee’s brother.

Friday, December 25, 1891, Christmas, Florence

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

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

Read Crowe and Cavacaselle 〈on〉 Masaccio in evening.

Saturday, December 26, 1891, Florence

Further notes on the Titians in the Uffizi.

Began type-writing catalogue of Florence Galleries.

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

We read *Candide*

today and some of the new *Revues Bleues*,

and B. read Crove and Cavalcaselle on Giotto.

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

[0182] Sunday, December 27, 1891, Florence

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

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

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

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

Musgrave called on B.

Read Burckhardt.

Monday, December 28, 1891, Florence

Uffizi in the morning.

Walked to San Miniato in the afternoon.

Costa came to dinner and was nice.

I had my first Italian lesson.

[0183] Tuesday, December 29, 1891, Florence

Corsini Gallery in the morning.

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

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

B. had a cold. It depressed him, and he seemed to think we would be only fair weather friends. *Ca, ce n’est pas vrai. Pour moi c’est pour tout de bon*. He said yesterday that in arguing with a man you argued with him – with a woman, you argue with what somebody else has taught her to think.

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

[0184] Wednesday, December 30, 1891, Florence

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

He called on the Ways and I on Gertrude.

Worked on our Titian.

Thursday, December 31, 1891, Florence

Breakfast together.

Called for Mother at 9.30.

Morning shopping.

B. with bad cold.

Unpacked books and pictures.

B. reading Ferrari.

[1892]

Friday, January 1, 1892, Florence

Tree for children in morning. Emma taken ill.

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

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

Saturday, January 2, 1892, Florence

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

Children very trying in afternoon.

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

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

The nurse came at 11!

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

Sunday, January 3, 1892, Florence

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

\* Monday, January 4, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. Made up our quarrel.

Worked in evening.

Tuesday, January 5, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.

Walk. Tea at B.’s.

B. called at Ways.

\* Wednesday, January 6, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.

Work in evening.

Thursday, January 7, 1892, Florence

Uffizi.

Went to Ways to dinner. B. very sleepy. Mrs. Way beautifully dressed and [0186] milder in her flirtatiousness than before. She said she and her husband so thoroughly agreed with Mrs. Besant’s book on Population. I am sure if I had asked her which she recommended, the sponge or the syringe, she would have told me, *sans gêne*! Mr. Way said “It is better to be a pig than a prig,” and B., speaking of the English aristocracy, said it made a great difference whether you belonged to the Peerage or the Beerage. He said the patron Madonna of England is Our Lady of Grundy!

Friday, January 8, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in morning.

Called on Gertrude and found her worse.

B. and I went to the doctor’s in evening.

Loeser arrived.

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

Uffizi.

Saw Loeser. Rainy still.

Tea with B. and Loeser. Unwell. Tired.

Sunday, January 10, 1892, Florence

Received Mr. Pennell’s article on the Vienna Gallery.

Went to the Bargello and afterwards to B.’s rooms, where we semi-quarrelled because he would not answer Mr. Pennell. He was an angel, and promised to write every day.

In the afternoon I helped Gertrude get off to the Home, and we took a little walk together, and then came back and answered Mr. Pennell’s article, and sent it off to the *Nation*.

Monday, January 11, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in morning.

Called on Gertrude.

Tea with B. who went to see Costa, and then dined with Loeser, who was 28.

Tuesday, January 12, 1892, Florence

Uffizi, finished Venetians there.

We called on Costa in the afternoon, and re-wrote our Paris Bordone article in the evening, and wrote to the Michael Fields.

[0188] Wednesday, January 13, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

\* Thursday, January 14, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning.

Miss Farnell and Mr. Mitchell called in afternoon.

B. called on Costa.

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

Friday, January 15, 1892, Florence

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

B. called on Costa.

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

In [0189] the evening we rewrote our Bonifazio.

Saturday, January 16, 1892. Florence

Finished the Venetians in the Pitti.

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

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

B. invented the word “Pruritanic.” He went to hear *Le Barbre de Seville* with Loeser.

Sunday, January 17, 1892, Florence

Bargello in the morning.

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

In the evening I read Layard and Crowe and Cavalcaselle on Lorenzo Monaco, and Prescott’s description of Charles VIII in Italy.

Missed Bernhard.

[0190] Monday, January 18, 1892, Florence

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

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

Read Maupassant’s *Monsieur Parent* volume.

Tuesday, January 19, 1892, Florence

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

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

We tried to write our Bonifacio in the evening.

I read Zeller.

Wednesday, January 20, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

In the evening we finished our Bonifacio.

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

Thursday, January 21, 1892, Florence

San Marco in the morning and Santa Maria Novella.

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

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

Friday, January 22, 1892, Florence

Took the children to school in the morning.

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

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

[0192] 14.I.92

My dear daughter,

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

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

In much sorrow, but also much love

Thy Father

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

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

Saturday, January 23, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

We are reading *À Rebours* by Huysman〈s〉,

*Greek Literature* by Perry

and ever so many German books on Art.

Sunday, January 24, 1892, Florence

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

Tea together.

Monday, January 25, 1892, Florence

Brancacci Chapel.

Read Vasari’s Life of Fra Angelico.

Called on Gertrude.

B. went to call on Ways with Loeser.

Tuesday, January 26, 1892, Florence

Read lives of Masolino and Massaccio in Vasari.

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

B. dined with Loeser.

[0196] Wednesday, January 27, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday, January 28, 1892, Florence

Academy and Churches in the morning.

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

Took tea with B. at Loeser’s.

Friday, January 29, 1892, Florence

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

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

Saturday, January 30, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

“Why do you like caviar?”

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

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

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

Loeser, too, was impossible. He compared Lemaître’s *Mariage blanc* to Ibsen! – !

\* Sunday, January 31, 1892, Florence

Read Vasari’s life of Benozzo Gozzoli.

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

I called on Gertrude, who was better.

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

Quant’è bello giovinezza

Che si fugge tuttavia

Chi vuol esser lieto, sia,

Di doman’ non c’è certezza.

Wrote to Edith 〈Kendall? Carpenter?〉 in the evening and studied Italian.

Monday, February 1, 1892, Florence

A glorious spring day!

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

After my Italian lesson we walked to Certosa.

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

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

\* Tuesday, February 2, 1892, Florence

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

The rain has come on again.

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

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

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

Saw the Alessio Baldovinetti at San Niccolò.

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

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

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

I read *Sense and Sensibility* and Burckhardt.

〈Thurs〉day, February 4, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

[0204] Friday, February 5, 1892, Florence

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

“O, don’t let’s play that”, said Ray promptly.

“Well, couldn’t they pray for the fairy to come and make her good.”

“No, don’t let’s play that. Let’s play she just *came*.”

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday, February 6, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

I began *Les Messieurs Golovleff* by Chtchédrine.

Yes, I must learn to be honest.

[0206] Sunday, February 7, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

B. dined at Loeser’s with Sumner.

\* Monday, February 8, 1892, Florence

We love each other too much to stay quarrelled, and on the whole we are both, especially [0207] B., too reasonable.So we had a nice talk in his rooms and then started to grapple with the Correggio article once more, as he has received a request to contribute something to a new magazine a friend of his in Boston is just starting, *The Knight Errant*.

We worked at it in the afternoon, took a walk and continued at it in the evening. I think we are clever enough to learn to write fairly well. I hope so, and B. at least has plenty to say. So have I, if I dared to utter all the rage that is in me. B. said, “The beginning of activity is the unconsciousness of ignorance.”

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

Tuesday, February 9, 1892, Florence

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

But I try not to think about myself in general terms, lest, like most badly educated [0208] “emancipated” people, so called … If all a victim to the latest fashion in Ideals! Probably I am in part that. Sometimes I have just the feeling which is complementary to what I have felt sleeping in the prairies under the open sky. Then I seemed to feel the great swirl of the revolving earth, bearing me along. And so in my ideas and conduct, at times, I realize that I am caught in the swirl, merely a tiny creature at the top, carried irresistibly on by the inevitable rush of ideas. My discontent, my rebellion, even my mistakes sometimes seem less individual than typical. But, curiously, I care all the more, for my sensations at least are my own, and I begin to know sweet from bitter and happiness from unhappiness. I never had such a consciousness of *Life* as I have now, when I realize how little any actions are “free-willed”.

[a new date cancelled out]

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

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

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

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

[0210] Wednesday, February 10, 1892, Florence

Met Costa and <Carlo> Gamba at the Uffizi.

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

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

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

B. enthusiastic about writing a Life of Vasari.

Thursday, February 11, 1892, Florence

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

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

Called on Gertrude and took tea with B.

Wrote the Correggio in the evening.

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

Uffizi in the morning, studying the Credi and Verocchio.

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

In the evening we worked upon the Correggio.

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

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

Saturday, February 13, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

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

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

I read *Agnes Grey*,

and Baudelaire’s *Poèmes en Prose*.

Monday, February 15, 1892, Florence

Pier di Cosimo at the Uffizi in the morning.

Then we went to Gagliardi’s to see his *Battle of Centaurs and Lapithae*.

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

We continued our grapple with Correggio in the evening.

We discussed writing a “History of Taste in Italian Pictures.”

B. spoke of Henry James’ *American* “ending in a marriage which did not take place”.

Tuesday, February 16, 1892, Florence

Wrote Correggio morning, afternoon and evening.

Took tea with Loeser.

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

[0213] Wednesday, February 17, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

\* Thursday, February 18, 1892, Florence

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

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

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.

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

Finished our Correggio and sent it off to Cram.

I wrote more of my story.

[0214] Friday, February 19, 1892, Florence

Looked at Fra Bartolommeo drawings in the Uffizi and at the Andrea del Sarto’s.

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

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

In the afternoon he went to see Mme Villari, and I went to see Gertrude.

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

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

I am reading an Italian translation of Tourghenieff’s *Assia*

with my teacher, Mme Zucchelli.

x Saturday, February 20, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

Sunday, February 21, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

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

B. had a bad headache in the evening.

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

Monday, Fed. 22, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

Then I wrote my Cedars story till B. came.

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

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

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

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

\* Wednesday, February 24, 1892, Florence

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

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

I read a series of *conférences* by Mme Marie Deraismes called *Éve dans l’Humanité*. It is not very good, though there are some good things in it.

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

[0219] Thursday, February 25, 1892, Florence

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

I paid a short call on Gertrude.

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

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

\* Friday, February 26, 1892, Florence

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

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

After my lesson we walked nearly to the Villa Careggi.

Then came home and had tea.

B. read Creighton’s *History of the Papacy*

and I finished the first part of my *Linden Stories.* B. thought it good.

After he went, I read some of Creighton too.

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

Looked at Pontormo and Bronzino in the Pitti and Uffizi.

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

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

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

Read Maupassant’s *Clair de lune*.

There is no doubt that Huysmans’ simple story “Un Dilemme” makes Maupassant’s seems very “*prepared*”, almost melodramatic.

Sunday, February 28, 1892, Florence

Galleries closed.

Went to see Rossi at San Lorenzo.

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

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

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

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

Monday, February 29, 1891, Florence

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the afternoon we went to Pistoia.

I read Creighton on the way, and B. read Symonds’ *Essays, Speculative and Suggestive*.

After a vermouth we walked about and looked at the town.

We had a delicious evening before a fire, I reading Creighton and B. Huysmans’ *En rade*,

a sort of more realistic, because less romantic and epic *La terre*.

It was delightful.

\* Wednesday, March 2, 1892, Florence

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

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

Thursday, March 3, 1892, Florence

We met in the Strozzi Chapel.

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

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

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

Friday, March 4, 1892, Florence

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

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

I went to see Gertrude.

Read Creighton. B. read Huysmans’ *En ménage*

and Eastlake’s *Literature of the Fine Arts*.

Saturday, March 5, 1892, Florence

I was unwell and felt very ill.

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

Began our Lotto article.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Monday, March 7, 1892, Florence

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

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

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

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

B. said that the cult of the Magdalen came in with the Jesuits, a very fruitful subject for thought.

[0225] \* Tuesday, March 8, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning.

Took tea with B.

We had dinner together at La Toscana. We had to compose an elaborate lie for Loeser’s benefit, but it was rather amusing.

Wednesday, March 9, 1892, Florence

Received news of B.F.C.C.’s election to the County Council.

Worked on photographs all the morning.

Karin’s birthday party in the afternoon.

B. called on Costa.

Loeser came to dinner. He was a solid bore.

B. finished *En ménage* and I began it and read it half through.

Thursday, March 10, 1892, Florence (Karin 8 years old)

As it was raining, we spent the morning over photographs.

After lunch we went to a concert. [0226] Costa and Giovanni were there. Half way through Costa said, “I am boring myself to death,” and went out. We followed his example very shortly.

We discussed the heinousness of various offences rather hotly. I must say that going about with prostitutes seems to me about the worst and hatefullest personal vice a man can have, but B. does not agree with me!

Some things make me boil over with indignation.

Mother wrote in a letter to Alys, which Alys sent me, that if Alys wanted to go to a certain party, she would send Jessie or Lucy to bring her home in a cab —! Alys is a great strapping young woman of 24, bigger than either of the servants, and fully as well able to take care of herself. Moreover, servants are far more likely to be accosted than ladies. But they are poor, so it doesn’t matter. I know society is organized so, but I hate to realize that mother gives it her approval. She would not have before she came to England. Then the utter indignity for a girl like Alys, who calls herself “free,” of being sent for. I would rather be Lucy or Jessie than a helpless [0227] creature of 24 who can’t go about London alone. — But such thoughts are too sickening.

I went to see Gertrude.

B. began Vol. II of Creighton’s *History of the Papacy.*

\* Friday, March 11, 1892, Florence

Uffizi. Shopping.

B. lunched here.

Edith Carpenter’s cousin, Miss Mary Foote, called here. She talked thoroughly New Englandy gossip about Edith’s moral qualities and described Bond as “so just.” It amused me immensely. She thought every man ought to go into business.

We had a rather lazy evening, with music, etc.

I am reading Hawthorne’s *Wonder Book*

to Ray.

I wrote more of my story.

B. read the *Revue de Deux Mondes* upon the recent Rembrandt books.

Saturday, March 12, 1892, Florence

San [*sic*] Spirito, several other Churches and the Uffizi in the morning.

In the afternoon we walked out to a convent school, La Quiete, near Castello to see some Ridolfo Ghirlandaios. It was a beautiful afternoon.

In the evening I wrote my story and read *En ménage*.

B. continued with Creighton. Began *Tanglewood Tales*

with Ray.

[0228] Sunday, March 13, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning, and further arrangement of B.’s photographs.

After lunch B. called on Gertrude while I wrote my story. Then I took Ray to call upon the Footes, while B. went to call upon a disconsolate honeymoon couple named Adams, who have been married a fortnight and are nearly bored to death.

[marginal note: ‘They separated for good a few months later.’]

Why will Americans always talk about oysters and sweet potatoes and things to eat in general? My Americans appeared to travel from *table d’hôte* to *table d’hôte*, chiefly for the purpose of proving that no place is so comfortable as America. Well, they are welcome to go back and welter in it!

Then I went to see Gertrude for a little while.

In the evening we wrote our *Lotto*.

\* Monday, March 14, 1892, The King’s Birthday, Florence

Being a popular holiday, with the Galleries closed, of course it poured. We arranged photos, all the morning.

Loeser came in.

In the afternoon we had a walk. Were too tired in the evening to do much, so I read and finished *My Trivial Life and Misfortune,*

and B. went on with Creighton. He is reading Huysmans’ *La Bas*.

It is strange how little most “serious” people think about *l’art de vivre.* Truly it is a most difficult art. How rare are [0229] the successes. Yet when we grow old, we won’t look back upon our famous books, on the flattery we have had, but to our early loves, to our real*enjoyments*, perhaps after those in which the intellect has had little part. I shall never forget the charm of these days, not only for the awakening of my intellect, delightful as it is to begin to think freely, but because Bernhard looked in such and such a way, and spoke in sweet, deep tones, and because Ray came every evening and laid her selfish little head against my knees, while I read the *Wonder Book* to her. Ah! How happy, happy I am. Truly this is a marvellous year. There is only one cloud, and that is that in spite of our promises, we never seem to work upon our Hampton Court Guide. We planned to do so much this winter, and Bernhard has often promised he would have it ready for me to take back to London when I go, but I doubt it. Alas! it will make everything much, much harder for me. Still I could bear that well enough it I were really convinced that it is not worth spending time over, but I am not convinced of that.

[0230] Tuesday, March 15, 1892, Florence

We went to the Palazzo Vecchio this morning and had a look all round. The Salviatis and Vasaris were awful. But to make up for all, we came at the end upon a wonderful little chapel, the private chapel of Eleanora of Toledo, decorated with marvellous frescoes by Bronzino. One of them, the drowning Pharaoh’s army in the Red Sea, had as wonderful a stretch of sunset coloured water as even Besnard could have painted! It reminded us both of Besnard. The figures, too were drawn with his delicious precision, that gives one such a sense of *completeness*. There is no hesitation, nothing tentative about him. What he undertakes to do, he carries through perfectly.

Then we went to the Badia, and then to the Uffizi, where we met Costa, with whom we walked back.

I had an Italian lesson.

Then the little Foote boy, and Arnold and Harold and Yvonne came, so that there was a merry party of children.

Then I went to B.’s where we had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Mr. Jenkins. Deadly!

In the evening I wrote my story and B. read Creighton.

[0231] It would be hard for me to put into words the unhappiness that comes over me sometimes when I see that, even where he has solemnly promised to do it, and where there is every motive to lead him to work, Bernhard will not take the trouble. We often quarrel over it. If I could make up my mind to it, it would be easier. But he promises me each time that he will do it, and is hurt and discouraged when I cannot believe him. I can’t do the work. I would so gladly. Of course when I see him like this in regard to the Hampton Court Guide, I cannot help foreseeing that it will be equally easy for him all along to find excuses for not doing any work of the kind. It is so easy to think that it will be hard to get things published, or that nobody wants them, about anything he is likely to write. I see that the same thing will happen to the Vasari he sometimes talks of writing next summer. He is unwilling to do work that is disagreeable, and writing is disagreeable to him. I think he is wrong, and it makes me unhappy. I cannot blame myself for having set my heart on doing the Hampton Court Guide, for at one time he was as enthusiastic as I over it, and he has promised me, so many times, to do it this winter. What have we done? We have [0232] perhaps out of all the winter spent a dozen hours over it, re-writing the Savoldo, the Paris Bordone, and the Bonifazio, and going over the Titian. I believe that not once have we begun it without decided protest on his part, and his trying to make me feel that it was stupid of me to urge it *just then,* when he would be so much better occupied with something else. It is unkind of him, for he ought to know how *much* I care, by this time. But it is not only the personal feeling shown about it, as the knowledge that his failure, if he does fail in this, is what I must expect in him all through our lives.

It reminds me, in some ways so horribly, of promises B.F.C.C. kept making me, especially after I had got cross and discouraged over it, really to give up a little time to writing what I hoped for, a ‘primer’ of philosophy. I do not mean the things are at all the same, but they treated it in the same way. If B. would say at once, ‘I won’t do it, I don’t consider it worth wasting my time on’, I would have to give it up. Of course I would be awfully sorry, but it would give me more [0233] hope for the future than his present way of dealing with it, which is to acknowledge that it ought to be done, to promise to do it, and then to put every obstacle in the way when any chance comes. Yet he expects me to believe that he has the capacity for work of this kind! He often talks about the books he means to write, but more and more, as I have to judge him by what he does now in regard to the thing in hand, my heart sinks when he talks of these books. It is not that writing is the one occupation worthwhile. But it is worthwhile not to let momentary laziness and weakness interfere with what you have made up your mind it is best to do. It is so easy to find excuses, a much less clever person than B. could find a hundred reasons why the Hampton Court Guide isn’t worth writing. It would be more than easy for me to find reasons for not writing my child’s story. Indeed, it is hard to find reasons for going on! But I notice he does not encourage me to yield to pleasanter things and put the story by. The excuse is that my story may probably bring in immediate money, whereas all writing is, at any rate at first, unremunerative. He often speaks as if he thought he might make money by it in the end, but you don’t reach [0234] the end without beginning.

Now, we are assured of a certain amount of money, at least we will probably have it, so that I could easily say, “O, why should I bother myself with these stupid children’s stories.” But I want us to be independent. It is horrible to me to take money from Frank. No doubt it is a kind of pride, but I want everyone who knows us to feel that we are able to be independent. And if we are, if one of my books succeeded, I should be sorry to have it all my work. B. had a little while ago a feeling as if he would like to show everyone that he is worth something. Well, I would like it too, and very much. I would not like it, if I thought it would be really bad for him. But alas! I feel that it would be good for him, and that it is the nicest thing for him to do, now that he no longer goes among people to give them his ideas, and especially when he makes a point of *not* giving them.

I feel stupid, as if I could not exactly reach the bottom of the feeling I have about this. Not I have a strong [0235] feeling about it, which makes me at times very unhappy. He cannot blame me for having had hopes that he would stick to this. He is failing to justify my hopes, without convincing me that I am wrong. That is miserable, it is sometimes in my mind when I am happiest, the feeling that our position is so insecure and that he will not help me to make it more secure. Of course it would be thousand times easier for me to demand money to carry out all my schemes with him, if I could point to a finished work which was the result of our being together. But if all I have to show for my winter with him is a child’s story, which I could have written as well at home. I know father, and mother, too, will put more difficulties in my way, than they would if I said, “We have done this”, “we are going to continue working. We need to be together for our work.” People always go by what you can show, not by what you are in yourself. Besides, they know too little to appreciate what I may have learned.

B. knows all this as well as I, and he won’t help me, simply because it involves sacrifice of time on his part. I am quite sick of asking him to do it. Sometimes I think I will throw it all into the fire. But I hate not to leave the chance open to him, [0236] small as it is now, when more than three months have slipped away.

I wonder if all these thoughts make me love him less. Certainly they make me feel as if I could not count upon him to help me practically. Now, particularly in such a situation as ours, somebody must be a little practical, of course the less we are associated in drudgery, the more will it fall upon me alone to do, particularly if my family get any inkling of the fact that I am writing my child’s stories in order to have money to give to him, while he sharpens for his pleasure (and for mine) his eye and his intellect.

Still, the practical side is not all It is the queer feeling you have for a grown up person who promises to do a thing, and then lets every obstacle come in his way, without facing it and saying clearly I was a fool to undertake it. I know he would be disappointed if I let my stories fall through, saying at the same time, ‘O, I mean to write them.’ ‘I ought to do it.’ He would be disappointed practically as I am, because of the advantage we hoped for from them, and [0237] naturally he would feel somewhat more alone, cast on his own resources, without anyone willing to do much to help him. And he would be too clever to hope much from any similar undertaking of mine, altho’ of course a lucky chance might make me hit on something pleasant all the way through. But he would not help drawing inferences as to my future, particularly if I talked much about the writing I was going to do.

I am going to show him this. I think it is clearer than I could *say* it, although not very clear! But I am apt to lose my temper if I try to say things, or else I cannot think of everything at once, and what I say sounds silly.

I do not like to give up altogether the idea of our making use of what we know in writing, neither do I like to think of myself as being the member of the firm to have all the bother of writing.

[in blue ink, written at the bottom of a page left blank]

A Year later

All the same he was right about the Hampton Court Guide being a perfectly unpublishable affair!! But I cannot complain now of his being lazy in writing, the dear!

[0238] Wednesday, March 16, 1892, Florence

Met at the Annunziata, looked at all the pictures in the church, ditto San Marco. Then the Innocenti. Then we found the fresco by Raffaelino di Carli said to be at St. Maddelena [*sic*] dei Pazzi, but in a school-room near by. Then we went through the Museum of Antiquities. All this time we were rather quarrel-y.

B. came to tea.

In the evening we talked over what I had written. He was very nice. He promised to do the Hampton Court Guide for me. He said my feeling so, was about as silly as if he should fall into utter discouragement because I failed to get up much interest in the Florentines. The parallel was too good for me to deny.

Thursday, March 17, 1892, Florence

Met at S. Maria Novella, looked at the Bugiardini. Then went to the Corsini Gallery and then to the Uffizi.

I called on Gertrude.

B. lunched with Jenkins, who offered him his rooms for next winter.

We walked in the Boboli Gardens, and then I went to call on the Footes.

After dinner we worked on our Lotto.

Gertrude is going to send Miss Bliss away.

[0239] \* Friday, March 18, 1892, Siena, Pensione Tognazzi

We came over to Siena. The journey took 5 hours, from 9 till 2!

In the afternoon we walked about the town, and sat in the Cemetery. The first impression of the Piazza is a thing never to be forgotten in any detail. I feel at home with these marvellous views. They remind me of the great stretches of blue mountains and rather bare plain I knew in the West.

In the evening B. read Layard and I read *Là Bas*.

Saturday, March 19, 1892, Siena

S. Francesco, S. Domenico and the Gallery in the morning.

After lunch we strolled out and looked at the Raffaelino di Fiorenza (Croli?) of Santa Maria dei [*sic*] Angeli.

Then we wandered on and on over the hills, entranced with the view. We had a marvelous view from a high hill opposite. The ways were so winding that it took us twice as long to get home as we expected, and I got rather tired. But a Vermouth and some nice cakes freshened us up.

I finished *Là Bas* in the evening, and at half past 8 (!) we dropped asleep from sheer exhaustion. We slept till 6.30.

[0240] Sunday, March 20, 1892, Siena, Pensione Tognazzi

I awoke at 6.30 and saw the glorious hills and mountains in the early morning mist and the brilliant sunshine.

We had breakfast at 8.30 and then went out to the Municipio where we looked at the Sodomas and Lorenzettis and Beccafumis. Then to the Duomo and home for lunch.

In the afternoon we walked out to the Osservanti, where we saw lovely altar-piece by one of the Della Robbia, the Coronation of the Virgin with Saints. It was a lovely walk.

In the evening we wrote our *Lotto* and read. I am reading the second volume of Creighton.

Monday, March 21, 1892, Siena

In the morning we went to San〈to〉 Spirito and the Servi, ending up at the Opera del Duomo. There we quarrelled, because I did not think Duccio’s compositions so beautiful as Bernhard thought them. [marked with an X in the left margin]

In the afternoon we had the most heavenly and delicious drive to Belcaro. What an afternoon, such sunshine, “such shapes of sky and plain!”

In the evening we wrote our introduction to our Hampton Court Guide and I wrote my Linden story.

Read Creighton and Vasari.

Our quarrel was not serious.

Tuesday, March 22, 1892, Siena [marked with an X to the right]

Went to S. Agostino to see Perugino and Sodoma.

Coming back to Perugino has all the charm of [0241] coming back to the prescribed ritual after no matter how great eloquence of Methodists and such. The well-known form, the reserve and dignity, and tested appropriateness more than make up for the originality in the other — e.g., this is *my* comparison, not Bernhard’s! Then we went to the Baptistry and Libraria of the Duomo and saw the Pinturicchios and one of the books by Liberale. It was a delightful morning.

In the afternoon we went to the Poor House (to see a Balducci) and to Fonte Giusta, and then wandered about and ended up in the warm loggia of the cemetery where we watched through a long afternoon the changes of light on the hills and mountains.

I wrote the Linden Story and B. the sketch of the Venetian School for the Hampton Court Guide.

\* Wednesday, March 23, 1892, Siena

Went to the Municipio to see especially the Beccafumis. How surprisingly modern some of them are!

Then to the Poor House to see a fresco of Beccafumi that Signor Frizzoni wrote to Bernhard about, asking if it might be a Peruzzi.

Then to the Gallery, where we delighted in the charming Beccafumi, St. Catherine receiving the stigmata. Also the Paris Bordone. [0242]

At 130 we started out with the horse and little trap and drove to S. Ansano in Dofana about 9 miles away. There we found a very nice Peruzzi in a dear little country church, a Madonna and Child, somehow recalling the decision and *chic* of Bronzino.

We went to see a little octagonal chapel built by Peruzzi close by, said by Baedeker to contain a Pietro Lorenzetti. This, however, was taken to the Belle Arti ten years ago. We did not get back till 6.30. It was a delicious drive!

In the evening we worked and read.

\* Thursday, March 24, 1892, Pensione Tognazzi, Siena

In the morning we went to the house of Catherine of Siena (built by Peruzzi), to the Baptistry and then to the Libraria del Duomo. There we looked over the illuminated Missals of Liberale. Then we looked at the Pinturicchios.

After lunch, we went to have a last look at the Belle Arti, and then bought some photographs, and some little toys. Then we took a walk, ending up with another glimpse at the Sodoma, Balducci and Pacchia in San〈to〉 Spirito.

In the evening worked and read as usual, and so endeth our happy week.

Bernhard said it is as absurd to take our ideas of ordinary Roman thought and conversation from their orations, as to imagine that they always stood in the poses of their sculpture. [0243]

Friday, March 25, 1892, 16 viale Principe Amadeo, Firenze

We left Siena at 7.53, a glorious morning.

B. read *My Trivial Life and Misfortune* and I read Creighton on the train, and finished the 2nd volume.

We reached Empoli about 10, and leaving our baggage we went to explore the town. The result of our search was a Lorenzo Monaco and a possible small Masaccio in the Galleria del Duomo, and a marvellously beautiful St. Sebastian in marble by Rossellino and some pictures (which interested Bernhard) by Botticini’s father.

We walked to Pontormio, 1 kilometer away, and in the church there saw some (hitherto unnoted) Pontormos. We had some light pastry and Vermouth at a pastry cook’s, and then a plate of cold meat and some excellent coffee at the station, and then came on to Florence, arriving here at 2.30.

Ray and Karin were delighted with their presents. Ray had a little headache, so I read her “The Dragon’s Teeth.”

Then I went to see Gertrude, and found her no better. She has been going through various grapples with Miss Bliss and Julia.

Emma tells me that Miss Bliss offered to take the children any afternoon while Emma wanted to go out. “Now’s your chance,” she said, “while Mrs. Costelloe’s away!!” Emma has found a young man, the chemist at the stores. He asked her to go to the Theatre with him on Monday and gave her his card. He is English. He said he had been watching for her to come back again. She is very much elated over her conquest. Julia has ‘fallen in love’ with the linen-draper in the Piazza Cavour. How funny the life of servants is!

[0244] Saturday, March 26, 1892, Florence

Rain beginning again. Met at Pitti.

Wrote and read in afternoon.

Lotto in evening. Story.

Sunday, March 27, 1892, Florence

Took Emma and the children to the Gallery in the morning. Karin was much bored. The only really delightful thing to her was climbing on the seats. Ray liked the picture stories and the two Heads of Medusa. But sculpture interested her much more, and even Karin went so far as to kiss the Boar’s snout.

In the afternoon I wrote and read to Ray and went to see Gertrude.

Bernhard began his Preface to the Hampton Court Guide and wrote 3 hours. What a dear he is! He is getting really interested in it.

In the evening we worked upon our *Lotto*.

Both read Creighton vol. III.

Wrote my story.

Monday, March 28, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning.

B. wrote again for 3 hours, and read Eastlake’s *Fine Arts.*

I finished Creighton Vol. III.

We wrote our *Lotto*.

I called on Miss Britten, who was out.

B. called on Loeser.

\* Tuesday, March 29, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. I tried copying ears, but without much success.

In the afternoon Bernhard again wrote for three hours.

We finished [0245] our *Lotto* in the evening and Bernhard finished Creighton and read Lady Eastlake on Michelangelo.

I called on Gertrude. She bores me nearly to death. She seemed so honest at first, but now I see little but affectation of a peculiarly sickening kind because it calls itself “noble ideas.” Really she is old enough to drop that juvenile rot.

I read *Confessions d’un Amant* by Prévost,

a very poor affair.

Wednesday, March 30, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. I felt rather ill, so Bernhard went on to the Pitti alone. I rested.

After luncheon he wrote for three hours.

I went to see Gertrude and then wrote my story.

I read Lady Eastlake on Michelangelo and Bernhard read Lorenzo di Medici by Reumont.

We worked on and finished ! our Giorgione in the evening.

Bernhard is truly an angel about the Hampton Court Catalogue. When I showed him my mournful outburst of a few pages back, he decided to relieve my woe at any cost, though he didn’t at all believe in the affair. So he began to work. Now he says he really enjoys it. It is nice of him, how nice no one but I can know!

He had a letter this morning from his friend Cram, accepting his article on Correggio, asking for one on the Venetians.

[0246] Thursday, March 31, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning. Bernhard met Mrs. Bywater.

I felt very ill. We read and loafed all the afternoon. I went to bed feeling ill.

In the evening we dined with Loeser and he took us to the Opera to hear Saint-Saëns’ *Sansone e Dalila*, which was really good.

Friday, April 1, 1892, Florence

Uffizi in the morning.

B. came to lunch and wrote his Venetian introduction here, while I slept, again feeling ill. I had an awful headache during the afternoon and evening.

\* Saturday, April 2, 1892, Florence

I took the children to be photographed and then joined Bernhard in the Pitti.

He had a letter from his friend which, after much discussion, turned the scales in favour of his going on to Paris. It made me feel very happy, for I hated to think of his missing the Salon. It doesn’t pay to miss a whole year of the wonderful time in France. The decline is likely to begin at almost any time. O I am very happy to think he is going! We each did our own writing in the afternoon, and then took a short walk together.

In the evening we went over our Mantegna [0247] and actually finished it! We were both pleased to find how good it already was.

[marked with a blue crayon in left margin] Ray assumed a most heavenly and enchanting expression of face when she was sitting on my lap and the subject of cake was introduced. She looked as ecstatic as a little St. John adoring the infant Christ, as she described alternate layers of jam and chocolate and cream and sponge cake in this apotheosis of a *gateau* that her imagination offered to her inner eye.

Sunday, April 3, 1892, Florence

Gertrude sent for me and then began the utterly nauseating and wearisome melodrama of Miss Bliss’ Return Ticket. At first Gertrude gave her 500 francs and said make your way home on that. I don’t care how. Today, Miss B. having sent her a rather heartless letter, Gertrude turned Indian giver. I advised her to let it go. She would worry herself into a fever, but having an utterly vacant mind she began brooding over all Miss Bliss’ misdeeds, which are truly legion, and so at last, on purely ideal principles of ‘“the perfectly Just Thing”, she determined to send Miss Bliss home her way and give the girl no choice as to route or time.

Then I went to Bernhard’s and we went to the Pitti. There [0248] was more Gertrude in the afternoon.

In the evening we read <in manuscript?> Edith Thomas’ stories and her essay on Lorenzo, which she had sent for my criticism. One story, “Faint Heart”, struck me as good. But the printed novel was Trash, and the historical essay poor to the last degree. It was an example of how a person acquires a reputation for learning by making a bad hash of a dozen (in her case it was about 3) good books. I supposed it made an impression on her relative because of the Mesopotamia sound of “Lorenzo” and “the Renaissance”. These words ring sweet in the ears of the semi-cultured, particularly in America. I wrote to her.

Monday, April 4, 1892, Florence

More Gertrude rubbish all day. I must say I take Miss Bliss’ side, bad as she is. Gertrude is certainly responsible for a good deal of her badness.

Karin was feverish, and I had to have Ray. We took her to the Ricardi Palace, but she “didn’t enjoy it very much.” A timely visit to a cake-shop, however, prevented the expedition from being a failure.

I took tea with Bernhard, after a pleasant little chat with Lady Albinia at Vieusseux’s.

Read [0249] his wonderfully clean and logical sketch of Venetian Art.

Then I called on Jenny Cobden, who is now Mrs. Fisher-Unwin. I found her *laced!*, but agreeable. She says she is thoroughly disgusted with Liberal politics.

In the evening we read Edith’s “Lorenzo”

and jotted down a few obvious criticisms. It bored us both nearly to death.

Tuesday, April 〈5〉, 1892, Florence

Gertrude had a hemorrhage as the result of her machinations against Miss Bliss, so the burden of unpleasantness fell on me. If Gertrude were not so ill, I would tell her what I think of her conduct. Since she has drawn me in, I would give myself the pleasure of speaking my mind. But she is too ill to bear it. Miss Bliss showed me a letter from Gertrude which amply justifies me in my belief that it is all Gertrude’s own fault. She completely turned Miss B.’s rather weak head with fulsome flattery and sickening talk. She said, “You have the fine strong spirit that conquers and commands”!!

We went to the Uffizi and Pitti, and wrote as usual.

Karin is worse, threatened with bronchitis.

We worked on our Palma.

Dr. Baldwin came. He says he is very much less hopeful about Gertrude. Her Consumption is growing steadily worse. Poor girl! Poor girl!

[0250] Wednesday, April 6, 1892, Florence

[marked with an X in blue crayon to right]

Uffizi and Bargello. Met Loeser and Parry.

Karin ill, and all the afternoon flew by in doctor and medicine and nursing. Miss Britten called.

In the evening we finished our Palma, and Bernhard finished Creighton.

I told Parry that the Arundel Chromes

are like opera tunes on a barrel organ. I must have taken this from Bernhard, I am sure. He is such a dear! He writes every day for three hours, in spite of the heat and general flabbyness of the weather.

Thursday, April 7, 1892, Florence

Met at 10 at the Uffizi. After a while Mr. Parry joined us, and we looked at many things, chiefly portraits in the Uffizi and in the Pitti.

Bernhard wrote, while I took care of Karin in the afternoon. Then Parry came and we discussed photographs. His great idea is somehow to wake Oxford up to a real study of the Renaissance. He is a nice boy.

In the evening we went over and finished our Tintoretto, and read poetry, chiefly Matthew Arnold.

\* Friday, April 8, 1892, Florence

We went to Prato with Parry, and after luncheon drove over to Poggio a Cajano. We missed our train on the way back and drove home. We all enjoyed it very much, and Bernhard and I liked Parry. He is a very “English”, that is to say Protestant, Catholic – very – he even believes in Divorce! And he hates the [0251] Jesuits almost as much as Bernhard does.

We were pretty tired in the evening.

Today began the thrice accursed Reign of Fleas!

It was a keen delight to see the Pontormo at Poggio a Caiano.

Saturday, April 9, 1892, Florence

Finished our catalogue notes at the Uffizi. Then we quarrelled a little, but not seriously. I called on Edith Kendall.

Nana was dead tired, so I took care of the children in the afternoon, till Mr. Parry came.

We all three went over photographs, etc., and Mr. Parry, English-wise, began to abuse his relatives, particularly his mother, and his younger brother, who is addicted to gambling.

The evening was largely taken up with stupid business notes, but (after a quarrel!) we read what Bernhard had written about Tintoretto and Paolo and the Bassani. I found it excellent.

Gertrude is dreadful. She would be deeply indignant, oh! absolutely outraged, if you said she was not intellectual.

Here is a list of books she marked as the ones she would like to get from Vieusseux’s:

Life of Louisa Alcott

Letters of T. Carlyle and his Wife

Life of Browning

*English Life thro’ Yankee Eyes*

*Florentine Nights*, Heine

*True Stories from Italian History*, Harrison

*Social Diseases and Worse Remedies*, Huxley

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*The Lily of the Arno*, Johnson Kelly

*Louisa of Prussia*

Life of Edmund Kean

*Vittoria Colonna*, Lawley

*Love Letters of Famous Men and Women*

Letters of Mary Shelley

Lives of 12 Good Men

*Mary Queen of Scots and the Casket Letters*

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[0252] Correspondence of Motley

Dante

Mrs. Oliphant

Life of Keats

*Yankee at Arthur’s Court*, Mark Twain

*In God’s Way,* Björnson

*Sidney*, Margaret Deland

*Miss Nobody of Nowhere*, Gunter

*The Aspern Papers*, James

*Sandra Belloni*, G. Meredith

*One of Our Conquerors*

*A teacher of the Violin*, Shorthouse

-

*Russian Peasantry*, Stepniak

*Trials of a Country Parson*, Jessop

*The Massage Case*, C. Burnett

*Romance of a French Parsonage*, Betham-Edwards

*Gallagher and Other Stories*, Davis

*Hotel d’Angleterre,* etc. Falconer

*The World’s Disease*, Haggard Lang

*Hauntings*,

*Amour Dure*

di Vernon Lee

*Story of a Spring Morning*, Molesworth

*Sunny Stories*, J. Payne

3 by Frank Stockton

*Physiologie de l’amour moderne* by Bourget

(in which B. said she would be terribly disappointed as it is not prurient)

*Tar〈tarin de〉 Tarascon*, Daudet

*Middlemarch*

(translated!!)

Several of Tolstoi

-

*Paroles sincères*, Coppée

*La Parisienne au point de vue de l’amour, Zed*

Sarah Jewett

(translated!!)

*Roman d’un Infant*,

Loti

Carmen Sylva,

“Qui Frappe?”

This out of all Modern literature, French and English !!!

Sunday, April 10, 1892, Florence

Pitti in the morning. Bernhard wrote as usual and I gave Emma a rest, as she was quite worn out with Karin’s wakefulness.

Parry came to tea at B.’s.

Edith Kendall and her brother came to dine with me. They insisted on arguing about Women’s Rights. I only said one thing worth remembering, it was a comparison of the present waking up of women to the consciousness of personality to what happened in the Renaissance.

B. called on Loeser.

[0253] Monday, April 11, 1892, Florence

A day of quarrels, alas! over plans and over the general tendency of children to engulf the personality of the mother, at any rate her intellect. I did a good deal of the quarrelling, perhaps all, but I thought better of it in the night. After all it is stupid of us ever to quarrel. [this text marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

We went to the Pitti and I got quite tired out.

Loeser came in completely overcome with a set attack made upon him by Juliet Temple and her chaperon Mrs. Sumner. Juliet is determined to marry him (she told Logan so), but she has too little tact to succeed. He was literally gasping for breath. Mrs. Sumner had evidently played about as creditable part as the “go-between” of a brothel.

\* Tuesday, April 12, 1892, Florence

We worked over Bernhard’s “Venetian School” and then went to the Opera del Duomo, a most enchantingly arranged little museum.

We spent all the afternoon and evening on the Venetian School and even got a few pages type-written.

Of course we made up our quarrel, and vowed never to quarrel again. [this text marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

If I could only learn to be quite straight-forward things would go much more smoothly. I mean to try, at any rate.

Ray’s first metaphor: “Put a marker in your mind, Mary, to remember to tell me that story tomorrow.” [this text marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

[0254] \* Wednesday, April 13, 1892, Florence

After helping Bernhard a little with his packing — over which he is about as nervous as a cat! — I did the polite 〈visit〉 to the Lady Albinia Hobart-Hampton, and got pretty much bored as a reward for my pains. She is talkable to, that is all. Still, that is a great deal when you remember how horribly hard it is to get most people to talk impersonally at all. She thought Bronzino’s pictures ‘very clever, and all that you say,’ but “*so* inartistic”, a curious phrase. I do wonder what “artistic” means. I suppose it is the thing people mean when they say “it is as pretty as a picture.”

Bernhard came to lunch, and we went on with his Venetian School.

Then we took a walk in the rain and had tea with Loeser, who was hiding away, having left Juliet and Mrs. Sumner under the impression that he was going to Perugia today. He said Juliet was much nicer yesterday. She had evidently changed her tactics, but too late!

A few days ago he said Mrs. Way was surrounded by a whirl of society. Now he says she sees no one, and Mr. Way keeps a jealous guard over her and won’t allow her to exercise her natural gifts for flirting. I suppose some catastrophe mild or violent has happened, as was indeed inevitable with such [0255] a reckless woman. It is a comfort to find the explanation of certain things in her conduct, and I think I have found it. She feeds upon “highly spiced” French novels, novels which do nothing but ring the changes upon the ecstacy [*sic*] of the supreme moment of sexual passion. This, I am pretty sure, is a fiction created by men novellists, [*sic*] who no doubt are taken in by the cleverness of the people whom they hire (in one way or another) to give them so much rapture for so much pay. So they believe women feel as men do, and even more. I do not believe it, and I think Mrs. Way is taken in by all this writing, and thinks there is such a thing for women to feel, and that, since she does not feel it with her husband, she might perhaps feel it with another man. Hence her keen interest in the subject, and her evident longing to have a lover.

Huysmans, in *Un Ménage*, describes such a case, and of course the woman felt no otherwise, before she had got her lover. Not loving him at all, of course the experience was dust and ashes to her. This really explains many more things in Mrs. Way’s behaviour than I have written here. It explains why she said several time to B. that although she loved her husband of course, yet he did not really satisfy her, and she felt that she could love some one else, himself for example, more completely and wildly.

In the evening Bernhard had a bad headache.

[0256] Thursday, April 14, 1892, Florence

I helped Bernhard pack for several hours, and then, on the way home, we stopped in to look at the Andrea frescoes in the Santa Annunziata.

Mr. Hezeltine strolled through while we were there, doing his duty by Andrea by spending about thirty seconds before each picture. He went away looking wonderfully virtuous.

Edith Kendall came to luncheon at 1.30, and we talked till 7. She was quite enchanting, a delightful specimen of America at its average best, a girl without much culture, but no prejudices, having been brought up a Unitarian. I really enjoyed her. We took a little drive in the Cascine, where the young budding leaves against the dark stems made an enchanting effect. Edith’s charm is that she forces you to tell almost no lies.

Bernhard walked up to San Miniato with Loeser, who uttered the profound remark that after the disappearance of Christianity the cult of the Family would be the popular religion. It is about like suggesting that after Democracy Feudalism will come back.

In the evening we went on with our “Venetian School.”

Bernhard read Hennequin’s

*Critique scientifique* and found some of his own pet ideas foreshadowed there.

We did not quarrel.

I asked Ray today [0257] if she was glad to be alive. “I can’t tell you,” she replied … “That is the most difficult question in the world.”

O, I am glad to be alive, so glad!!

\* Friday, April 15, 1892, Florence

Met Costa and Richter and Loeser in the Uffizi, and then went to see an interesting picture by Domenico Morone and assistants, which belongs to Dr. Richter.

Mme Zucchelli and her daughter called, and we went to look at a house for next year, unsuitable.

Bernhard called on Miss Britten and Miss Loope.

Left a card on Mrs. Way.

I had a little headache in the evening, but we went on with our work.

No letters to Senda after July 11, 1889 until April 16, 1892:  from here on comparisons can be made

Saturday, April 16, 1892, Florence

A last look at the Uffizi. Afterwards much packing and a little work on the Venetians.

We had tea at Bernhard’s room, and then left cards on Miss Britten (I) and Miss Madeleine Fleury (B.) who were both out.

Worked in the evening.

Sunday, April 17, 1892, Easter Sunday, Florence

We visited various churches in the morning and lunched together at the Toscana.

Then we came back and worked till 5, and Bernhard went to find Miss Fleury. He said she and her mother were thoroughly French and delightfully impersonal in their conversation. They asked him, however, what he was doing. When he replied, “Applying [0258] Darwin to Painting”, they laughed politely in such a way that he felt sure they had never heard of Darwin.

In the meantime I called on Mlle Miranda, and then (by special invitation) on Mrs. Way, who again flirted with me in so utterly bewitching a manner that I quite lost my head. She is adorable for an occasional *tête-à-tête.*

In the evening we worked and Costa called.

Monday, April 18, 1892, Hotel de Russie, Viareggio

I came here with Emma and the children, while Bernhard (very wisely!) remained behind to have a last look at the pictures and to show them to Mme Fleury.

The journey was awful. We had 18 packages, some of them HUGE!! The sea was roaring in the sand when we came, and the wind blew a hurricane. When you forget the discomfort, it was very beautiful.

What a sham it is to think of us richer people as really more refined than poorer people. I never felt it more keenly (though I have often felt it) than tonight. Emma walked out with me to the other hotel where I engaged a room for Bernhard. “Why doesn’t he stay at our hotel?” she asked. “Mr. Smith thinks it better for us to stay in different hotels,” I replied. “Well, I never!” she exclaimed, [0259] quite astonished. “Do you think so too, Madam?” she asked. “No,” I said. “Of course not.” “Neither do I,” she said. “When I went for my holiday to Brighton with my young man, we stayed in longings together and had the same sitting room. It was all right.”

And to think that the advantage we get from being “superior” is that our women can’t be trusted as much as women like Emma.

Bernhard very much enjoyed his visit to the Uffizi with Mlle Fleury. She told him that painters now-a-days have their architecture and perspective all drawn for them by people especially trained to it.

\* Tuesday, April 19, 1892, Viareggio

Bernhard came at 9.30, and I met him at the station. The history of our day is walks interspersed with writing our *Venetians* — or rather the other way about.

It was gloriously sunny in the afternoon, and after a rest, we walked in the pine forest. The children were enchanted with the sand and the waves.

[0260] Wednesday, April 20, 1892, Hotel de Russie, Viareggio

Wrote and walked.

Bernhard finished *Les Soeurs Vatard* by Huysmans

and began *Marthe*.

Thursday, April 21, 1892, Viareggio

Finished our *Venetians* on the beach in the morning.

Walked in the woods in the afternoon.

Type-wrote in evening. I tried to cheat Bernhard, but repented.

\* Friday, April 22, 1892, Albergo di Corona, Lucca

We came over in the 11 o’clock train and lurked about the town all the afternoon, dropping in at all the churches and the gallery, and taking a general view.

Towards sunset we walked all about the lovely town walls.

Saturday, April 23, 1892, Lucca [an X in blue crayon marked above]

Took notes on the pictures in the morning, and after lunch in the gallery. Then we took the steam tram to Ponte a Mariano, and there made a bargain with a reluctant cabby to take us up to La Pieve di Brancoli. After declaring that he would not walk with us there for four francs, he drove us there for three, but it was indeed a climb! At the top we found a quaint 12th century church, with rude [0261] stone figures, like children’s figures of men, carved on the lintels.

[an example sketched in, four lines high]

It had also an interesting font and a pulpit in the Pisan style, and behind the High Altar an excellent terra cotta plaque of St. George and the dragon, of the della Robbia School. The dragon was quite Japanese in colour, and in form too. Our visit aroused wild interest, and we were invited in to the priest’s house where we partook of wine and honey cakes, no doubt such fare as they ate in Homer’s day. They asked us if we came from Lucca, evidently the greatest metropolis they could imagine, and as far away as they could conveniently think of. The elder priest was fat and Boccaccioesque, and took snuff. His favourite was a young chaplain who had a “gran’ingenio” for languages, and was actually learning English. He even said for our benefit, and to astonish the others, “Are you En-gleesh?” and “Good Bye.” The jovial priest explained the crown of priests gathered in his parlour by the fact that it was a festival in his church, and they always visited each other [0262] whenever there was a festival anywhere. They had preserved Signor Frizzoni’s memory from two years before, and no doubt will preserve ours for many years to come before another stranger comes their way. Frizzoni they described a coming from Udine, and being a Professor in Rome!

Sunday, April 24, 1892, Viareggio

We went to the Duomo and to the gallery in the morning, finished our notes and had lunch.

Then I came here and B. went to Pisa. I thought I should enjoy a long afternoon with the children, but no — their life is too much grown-up life in miniature — the pleasure of every moment spoiled by an incipient quarrel or dispute. All the other person is good for is to arrange terms of ‘peace’ and that is very weary.

I finished *Les Soeurs Vatard*. As Bernhard says, Huysmans is “*unmitigated* life.”

\* Monday, April 25, 1892, Hotel Washington, Pisa

Arrived at 11 and went straight to the gallery.

After lunch we went to the Duoma and the Campo Santo. I actually began to get interested in the Lorenzetti!

In the evening we wrote our Bassano.

Bernhard finished and I began and finished Huysmans’ earliest work *Marthe*, and he went on with von Reumont’s *Lorenzo dei Medici*.

I had an awful [0263] attack of pain in the night, attended with that common delusion that the covers were slipping off. I took some brandy which sent me to sleep. It was the severest pain I have ever had except child birth, or when the dentist is actually touching a nerve in a tooth.

Tuesday, April 26, 1892, Albergo Nazionale, Volterra

We visited several churches, etc., 〈in Pisa〉 in the morning.

At Santa Cat〈e〉rina, in the seminary attached to it, we found a wonderful altar piece in many compartments by Simone Martini. It was half hidden, and dreadfully neglected. Bernhard roused the head of the Seminary, an unassuming young priest, to great interest in it, and he promised to clean it and set it up together in the form of an altar. We saw, too, some wonderful Ghirlandaios, best of all a St. Rock, of whom no one makes mention.

Then we came here, a 3 hours railway journey, with 2 hours staging at the end.

I read a stupid American novel, finished my Creighton and began his *Cardinal Wolsey*.

Bernhard read von Reumont.

When we reached here, we loitered about the town for a while, and dropped in at the Duomo, and saw some most interesting pictures, among them a fine Signorelli.

We had a nice dinner, seasoned with hunger, and in the evening we polished up the Bassano and read.

[0264] \* April 27, 1892, Albergo Nazionale, Volterra

We spent the morning sight-seeing and taking notes on pictures. In the afternoon we began to write our “Correggio” for Hampton Court, and quarrelled atrociously over it!

However, after a Vermouth we were in a better temper, and it went like magic! Bernhard discovered Correggio’s “Law.” After that the interest of working it out became absorbing. We finished writing it. [marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

Thursday, April 28, 1892, Volterra

Finished our notes in the Duomo, and walked out in the rain to San Giusto, but found no picture. Crowds of little boys gathered silently about us, like cherubs or putti winging about a Madonna. [marked in the left margin in blue crayon]

In the afternoon we walked to S. Girolamo, a lovely walk through lanes all fragrant with the heavy rain. We found some interesting pictures and della Robbia altar-pieces.

In the evening we printed the Bassani and Correggio.

I read *Charles V*

and Bernhard *Lorenzo de’ Medici.*

Friday, April 29, 1892, Albergo Leon[e] Bianco, San Gimignano

Our friend, Vittorio Caparini, came to drive us over here, 30 kilometers, up and down hills. Such a nice man, a “firio unico” of “Volterra” as [0265] he called these words, changing the l’s to r’s.

On the way Bernhard gave him one of his cigarettes. He did not like it much, and said, “È lo stesso di dar confetti al bove.” The Volterra hotel was one of the best I ever was in (see Bourget’s *Sensations d’Italie*).

Arrived here. I felt much below par, but we wandered about a little in the Municipio, San Agostino, and the Duomo.

Bernhard is beginning to be eaten up with an absorbing interest in the XIV Century Siena painters!

\* Saturday, April 30, 1892, San Gimignano

We took notes in the Duomo in the morning, and in the afternoon walked out to a little Church about 3 miles out, called S. Andrea. There we found a fine Benozzo Gozzoli. The whole population of the village came in to the Church to watch us, silently but with determined curiosity. The little priest was too shy to invite us to have any refreshment. The walk was enchanting beyond words.

We nearly finished our Titian in the afternoon and evening.

[0266] \* Sunday, May 1, 1892, Albergo dell’Aquila, Poggibonsi

We walked out to Mont’Oliveto and found several interesting *quadri* there, and then on to Santa Lucia, where we found a Benozzo and a Fra Paolino. Again the village came to watch us with polite but raging curiosity. We got caught in a thunder storm walking back.

Finished our Municipio notes, and S. Agostino, had a glimpse of two other churches, and of the enchanting wash-place outside the old gate, and then drove here through the rain. What an enchanting country, and now full of “living odours.”

We walked up, still in the rain, to San Lucchese, and found a truly astonishing Gerino in the Church. The “Signore” who owned the old monastery would not let us see Gerino’s fresco in the Refectory, but with the aid of a sympathetic priest and of his young brother, we managed to peep at it through a hole in a sort of barn door.

Coming back, we heard nightingales singing near an operatic grotto, arches and ivy and clear water and all complete, and tried to experience the proper emotions. We were not successful, but probably the scene will arrange itself suitably, emotions and all, in our memories.

[0267] Monday, May 2, 1892, Hotel Pellegrino, Bologna [an \* deleted]

Arrived at Florence 10.30.

Bank, etc., etc.

Said goodbye to Gertrude. It was hard to listen to her vapourings about Julia’s “sympathy with childhood,” etc., etc., when all the women of the Pension had besieged me on the stairs to tell me that Julia was very cruel and kept the children crying all day long!

We came on at 2.30 to Bologna, with some nice Americans, and had a little look around the splendid town.

\* Tuesday, May 3, 1892, Bologna

Churches in the morning and the gallery in the afternoon. Then a little rest (for I was dead tired) and another stroll. Saw Palazzo Bevilacqua.

Bernhard is reading Michelet’s *History of France*,

the volume on the Renaissance. I am reading Symonds’ *Catholic Reaction.*

Finished our Titian in the evening.

\* Wednesday, May 4, 1892, Bologna

Went to Ferrara for the day to see the gallery and an exhibition of pictures from private collections. This was all worth seeing as it made us acquainted with Coltellini, and there was a splendid Tura among them.

Bernhard went [0268] on with his Michelet, and I read *La Fille Eliza* by Edmond de Goncourt, a depressing psychological study, which tastes too much of the note-book to be a really great novel.

\* Thursday, May 5, 1892, Hotel Pellegrino, Bologna

Went to many Churches in the morning and to the Gallery in the afternoon. Afterwards we walked out to S. Michele in Bosco, and then along woody paths where the nightingales were singing their bravest. A lovely day.

Wrote our Bissolo in the evening.

Talked to some Boston ladies at dinner, who adored Guido Reni.

Friday, May 6, 1892, Hotel d’Italia, Modena

Came at 10.35 to Modena and saw the Duomo.

After lunch we went to the Gallery, still unhung after ten years of storage! and reviled in the Dossos. We discovered a Licinio.

Saturday, May 7, 1892, Hotel de Roma, Cremona

A good hotel. [crossed out, ‘No’ written above]

It was pouring in the morning, but we conscientiously “did” Piacenza, enjoying particularly the architecture of the little church of San Sisto.

Then we came to Cremona and had a peep at the Duomo before dark.

Wrote our “Dosso”.

[0269] \* Sunday, May 8, 1892, Hotel Cambria, Brescia

We saw the churches in the morning, and then nearly killed each other quarrelling. But we made it up in the cathedral where we studied the frescoes.

Then 〈from Cremona〉 we came to Brescia.

I finished Symonds’ *Catholic Reaction*, and began Michelet’s *Renaissance*. B. is going the other way.

Monday, May 9, 1892, Albergo Concordia, Bergamo

After a dozen churches and two important galleries there wasn’t much left of us, but what there was, came here in the evening.

> Tuesday, May 10, 1892, Bergamo

We tried to go to Alsano in the morning, but were deceived as to the train, so, after wasting an hour (reading, however) and much temper, we came back and worked on **our book**.

In the afternoon we did get there, but it was too wet and dark to see the Lotto. Bernhard wasted much vital energy upon a vain quarrel with the Railway Company.

In the evening we wrote.

All this was Wednesday. ☜

[0270] x Wednesday, May 11, 1892, Albergo Discordia, Bergamo

☞ (This is really *Tuesday’s* record) ☜

San Bartolomeo, San〈to〉 Spirito and San Giovanni, with *culminatingly* beautiful Lottos. We were adorably happy over them. We saw other churches, including the wonderful Tiepolos in the Colleoni Chapel, and the Lotto intarsias.

In the afternoon we saw the gallery, and had an enchanting walk up to the Castello.

Worked in the evening.

\* Thursday, May 12, 1892, Bergamo

After various churches we went to the Gallery.

After lunch we wrote till 4 when we went to Trescorre to see the Lottos, and then to the Suardi’s other villa to see another Lotto.

Passed Costa and Frizzoni in the train coming back.

Finished our 〈Hampton Court〉 Guide in the evening.

> Friday, May 13, 1892, Milano

Brera, Poldi-Pezzoli, Borromeo Collection, Tiepolo’s and a Church.

I was tired but happy.

We talked to Jens Thiis, Conservateur de la Musée de sculture à Christiana in [0271] the Brera. He hardly knew whether he were on his head or his feet when Bernhard said the Florentines were not Painters. He has a private *cult* for Botticelli.

The children arrived at 7.30 and I came away with them at 10.20, leaving Bernhard at the Bella Venezia.

Saturday, May 14, 1892, Milan, Train to Paris

An awful day of heat and dust for me. The children enjoyed it.

I reached Paris at 6.30 and went to Logan’s apartment, 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière.

At the bottom of a page partially left blank  and marked in blue crayon in the left margin:

I could not continue a separate journal. It was too dreary being away from Bernhard.

[no entries from May 15 to June 9]

[FRANCE]

[0272] \* Friday, June 10, 1892, Écu de France, Amiens

We met at 4 o’clock and were very happy.

x Saturday, June 11, 1892, 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

We saw the cathedral and several churches 〈in Amiens〉 and then the delightful decorations of the Musée by Puvis de Chavannes. These we enjoyed beyond words. We took the afternoon train for Paris.

Bernhard brought his friend Maude

to see me in the evening. She was very sweet and sympathetic and we loved each other at once.

x Sunday, June 12, 1892, Paris

Went with Maude to the collection Petit, where we saw many works of the Barbizon school, a Manet, a Moroni, a Guardi, some Rubens, 2 Frans Hals, a Terburgh,

etc.

Went to the Salon after lunch, and especially enjoyed Richemond and Collin.

In the evening we dined with Maude and her sisters. American-wise, the conversation was broken into interrupted [0273] tête-à-tête.

\* Monday, June 13, 1892, Paris

I went to see Carey Thomas, and then we met at the New Salon.

In the afternoon we met Maude and went through Durand-Ruel’s astonishing private collection of pictures by Manet, Monet, Pissaro, [*sic*] Sisley, etc. The Manet dancing scene was especially wonderful.

Maude came to spend the night.

x Tuesday, June 14, 1892, Paris

Went early to the New Salon, and shamelessly “got it up.” Carey and Mamie Gwinn came at 10 and I took them round.

Maude in the evening.

\* Wednesday, June 15, 1892, Paris

Louvre. New Salon.

Maude to dine, and the *Troyens* in the evening. What beautiful music.

Thursday, June 16, 1892, Paris

Pictures, I forget what.

Dined with Carey who read and liked the manuscript of “The Venetian School.”

Mr. Burke arrived.

[entries for June 17-18 omitted]

<June 19, 1892>

[0274] For a few days I forgot to keep a record, but the programme was nearly always the same: pictures, lunch, a rest, and Burke and Maude in the evening.

Burke took us again to *Les Troyens*

which we enjoyed even more than before. Bernhard developed his “Law of Schock.”

Monday, June <20> [19], 1892, Paris

We spent the day with Mr. Burke and his friend Mr. Irwick, first at the New Salon and then at the two Duran〈d〉-Ruel’s collections. Bôcher was with us.

The “Mikes” arrived in the evening, to stay with me, and after dinner came a dreadful letter from mother, urging me to go home and work for Frank’s election — !! It nearly broke my heart.

x Tuesday, June <21> [20], 1892, Paris

Answered mother in the morning, [0275] while Bernhard took Burke to the Luxembourg.

Took Michael Field (Miss Cooper and Miss Bradley) to the new Salon after lunch, and then came home and rested. They were overcome with joy.

In the evening they went with Mr. Burke and Mr. Irwick to *Les Troyens*.

Wednesday, June <22> [21], 1892, Paris

We studied the Sienese and Florentine pictures in the Gallerie [*sic*] de Sept Mètres with Burke in the morning, and after lunch took the Mikes to the New Salon.

Burke came to tea, and after dinner Maude came and played to us on her violin and told us any quantity of funny stories. One was of a man who exaggerated fearfully. A friend remonstrated with him. He said he was very sorry, he did not mean to, he was carried away by excitement, but he would be grateful if the friend would give him gentle reminders, a poke or kick, if he [0276] caught him at it. So his friend promised to remind him. Soon after the man began to describe a wonderful building he had seen when he was “abroad”. “It was 2,000 feet broad and 5,000 feet long”. Here his friend gave him a violent kick, “and two feet high!” But I cannot remember all the stories.

We said goodbye to Maude, who was going to Brittany.

I wrote to mother and B.F.C.C., full and honest letters.

Thursday, June 23, 1892, Paris

More work in the Louvre with Burke all morning.

After lunch we went to see the Puvis de Chavannes at the Nouvelle Sorbonne. It left me cold this time.

Then I came home and Bernhard took Burke to the Old Salon.

Florence Ayling called on me.

Burke came to tea.

At luncheon Bernhard said that “Michael” wrote of love as Lionardo painted rocks, the rocky idealization of a dweller in the plain.

[0277] \* Friday, June 24, 1892, Paris

“Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper, the quaint English poets who have a sort of hope that two female poets ought to be worth one male. So they call themselves “Michael Field”, and believe that nobody would know from their verses that they are unmarried women.” B.B. (letter to his mother).

We went to the Louvre, after showing the Michaels through the Luxembourg. B. described the Manet as “la Prostitution Eternelle”.

We worked in the Louvre, and after lunch came home.

After tea we read Lionardo and after dinner Bernhard gave some capital criticisms on *Sight and Song* which they took in very good part. He said that the rhythm in verse is like the orchestra in music, and that the single word has to be of the most distinct and direct kind to produce an impression not entirely overborne by the rhythm.

Saturday, June 25, 1892, Paris

Studied drawings in Louvre. Bernhard discovered a Cariani. The Wateaus were enchanting.

After lunch we joined Michael at the New Salon, and enjoyed Zorn and Besnard.

After tea Bernhard went to call on Mlle Madeleine Fleury, and came [0278] back saddened, because she was so ill. She has to leave Paris for two years.

After dinner we talked and read Browning, while Edith Cooper “killed adjectives” in her notes, “The Doctrine”, as they call Bernhard, having declared that they ought not to be used in poetry, except when they were so vivid as to be alive.

Letters from home all these days which sadden me. They have no right to be unhappy over me. It is a horrible, unjustifiable tyranny. But I cannot help feeling it a little. I suppose I should not feel it at all, if it were not for my dull ache for Ray’s sweet [‘sweet’ deleted] presence.

Sunday, June 26, 1892, Paris

Bernhard’s 27th Birthday

\* \* \* \*

[no entries after June 26 until July 13]

[0279] Wednesday, July 13, 1892, Paris

“Michael Field” went this morning. We have all enjoyed each other very much, and all of us have especially enjoyed “The Doctrine”, as we united in calling Bernhard.

But it has been a curious three weeks. I have been ill, and so miserable I thought of killing myself, and if I could I would have killed Bernhard. I suppose, I know, I was crazy. I am getting better now, but I am rather feeble. I was at one time threatened with peritonitis and I had a good deal of pain. But that was nothing compared to the depression.

Bernhard has been most fascinating all the time. We have all been hanging on his words.

A youth named Norman Hapgood has turned up from Harvard (a Law Student) and he, too, is of the faith.

Meanwhile, my family affairs have been going forward, by the Vale of Tears. I wonder if there ever was a family that did not bring more pain than [0280] pleasure to the members thereof? No, of course the family was the best thing for its time, but now it is obsolete and so a terrible chain. We all tried to think last night of a single case in which the family experiment had turned out happily. We could not think of one. Miss Bradley said that if she were young she would not dare to marry, that she could not take it upon her conscience to found a thing she so thoroughly disapproved of. Edith we called “Liberanda”, because she is going to try to throw off her father’s yoke a little.

Hapgood is as much oppressed as any woman. He has plenty of money, but his parents insist upon his going into a lawyer’s office in Chicago. He has grown apathetic from living too long in Cambridge. He says he knows it isn’t life, but he prefers Cambridge. Silly child!!

Well, I have had many letters from poor mother. I will copy extracts from some when I feel a little stronger.

Bôcher has been here, and I have seen Marion Lawrence once or twice, and Jens Th〈i〉is,

the Norwegian youth who is trying to understand all the Arts in one year.

[0281] Thursday, July 14, 1892, Paris

We are reading aloud Creighton’s clear little book on “The Elizabethan Age”.

The Mikes went yesterday.

. . .

… “The one element thee seems to leave out is thy duty to other people. I mean the fact that in marrying thee took upon thyself certain duties towards thy husband and children that it seems to me ought to be fulfilled at whatever sacrifice to thyself. (!!!) Of course these may be old-fashioned ideas of mine, but such as they are, I cannot get rid of them. It seems to me thee ought as a wife to help Frank forward in his plans of life as far as thee possibly can and the〈e〉 ought to make things as easy for him as possible.”

… and now for myself. I recognize all thee says, and have no doubt it is all true. But the fact is I was brought up to believe that it was a wife’s *duty* to love her husband, and if she could not really love him, it was her *duty* to pretend she did. All the trend of my whole religious experience until within the last few years was to make me believe that as a wife the first [0282] and foremost duty of my life was to make my husband happy and to minister to his peculiarities and yield to his demands. I can see now that this was a very exaggerated view, but at the time it seemed to be the only Divine view —— (!!) and my life has been one long struggle to conform to it. I was taught that if I pretended to love, the love would come, and every rising of independence in my nature seemed to me a direct and wilful [*sic*] sin. *It was my very desire to do right* that led me into the things that seem to thee so wrong. I have always deplored it unspeakably, but have thought it was innate wickedness in me that made things what they were. I cannot expect thee to understand me, but this may perhaps account to thee for two things: (I) my own life of submission to shams; and (II) my determination never to give you any false consciences if I could help it. In both I have been extreme no doubt, and had I lived in this generation, things would have been clearer to me. But this is my excuse, such as it is …

There is one difficulty I have always had to contend with that thee is spared, and that is father’s nerves. At the least opposition he has always become so nervous that one’s pity was at once excited, and it seemed worthwhile to do anything to save him from such suffering. Many a night in the past I have been waked up by hearing him leave the house half dressed in the middle of the night and walking up and down the garden, or, in the country, up and down in the roads for hours together. And I never knew whether he would not [0283] be brought home from these wanderings dead. Sometimes he would get wild and dash his head against the wall and groan and cry out in apparent agonies of distress. And finding that opposition of any kind, even difference of opinion would produce these spells, I gradually became convinced that he was not to be treated as a reasonable being. I do not feel as if our cases were at all similar. I sold myself, as thee calls it, as much out of pity as out of a desire to keep a home for my children. Some day, if I can ever tell thee the story, I think thee will thyself say I could hardly have done differently. But for my sticking to him, I believe he would to-day have been in an insane asylum; and, with my views of duty, I *could* *not* have forsaken him on account of his health, apart from every other consideration. My life has not had only simple issues, but many complications arising from my ideas (in some respects mistaken) of duty, and from father’s health.”

. . .

[ENGLAND]

Friday, July 15, 1892

We crossed, via Dieppe, from Paris to London.

Bernhard went to join his sister at 16 North Street.

Saturday, July 16, 1892, London

Bernhard’s first lecture, to a fairly large and very much interested class. He did well.

I came to Friday’s Hill.

[0284] Sunday, July 17, 1892

Bernhard in London, I at Friday’s Hill.

x Monday, July 18, 1892

I met B.F.C.C. at 44 Grosvenor Road. He said he had made the children Wards of Chancery. He said he had *proofs* of my adultery with Bernhard. I said that it was impossible, although I knew he might easily have what would suffice before a British Jury. He could not show me the proofs, but he said he had laid them before Sir Charles Russell.

I went away to think it over. I saw Frank in the evening, and told him that I found I had not the courage, considering my parents and the children and my own poverty — dependent as I am at present upon father — to insist upon a divorce. It is [corrected from ‘was’] his interest, too, to keep it quiet, so we decided to make a deed of Separation.

I think it very likely that some day I will insist upon his producing all those proofs he speaks of, and, if they are really sufficient to give me a divorce, getting it.

Tuesday, July 19, 1892

He [corrected from ‘we’] made our deed of Separation and took it to read to mother and father and Logan, who had come up for the purpose. Poor mother was in genuine anguish, tempered by the feeling [0285] that, since it was so, it was God’s Will. Father had a pompously solemn face, but secretly he enjoyed playing the part of the Parent in a Tragedy. It was a real interest. But I am sure he *thinks* he is miserable. Logan realized that it wasn’t his business, after all, and thanked his stars he wasn’t married. Afterwards he said it was ridiculous not to make marriages “on approval”. I said Frank was acting “nobly” from the point of view of old-fashioned literature, but abominably from the real point of view, I mean the contemporary point of view. He had absolutely no right to make my children Wards of Chancery without consulting me. It makes me indignant to think of it. And that anything I might choose to do, or he might think I had deliberately chosen to do, could justify him, I cannot see. However, it may really be all right for them, because I realize that a young person like myself, in the throes of emancipation, is not a good education for very little children. Something settled is, I believe, better for them. At any rate, I am never to be denied access to them. But I am really too ill to think.

Afterwards, I came down to Friday’s Hill. The “Mikes” spent the night. They were simple angels to me.

[no entries from July 20 to August 8]

[0286] 〈Tuesday,〉 August 9, 1892, Birch Hall, Windlesham

I was ill with inflammation of the bowels and worry combined. In fact, when I signed the Deed I was ill, too ill not to be a coward.

Afterwards I spent a long time in bed at Haslemere, suffering a great deal of pain. Ray was very sweet.

Bernhard stayed with his sister and Miss Jordan in London, and then with the Burkes here. Then, on Mr. Burke’s invitation, I came here. What a pleasure it has been to see Bernhard. He is more dear to me that ever.

His sister is here also, and she hates me, as Alys and Logan hate Berenson.

[no entries from Aug. 10 to Aug. 15]

[FRANCE]

x Tuesday, August 16 [15], 1892, Hotel Dauphin, Rouen

Crossed from Newhaven.

How good it was to get away. It has been a horrible month in England, but it is over.

\* Wednesday, August 17 [16], 1892, Hotel du Grand Cerf, Nantes

I was surprisingly well, and we went about to see the sights, the Cathedral and St. Ouen, the back of which outside we particularly enjoyed, 〈and〉 the Musée, where we found a Longhi [0287] and 3 pradelle by Gerino da Pistoia and a picture by Balducci (called Botticelli), and the Puvis decorative paintings which are not to be compared with those at Amiens.

Then we came here. Read *Liaisons Dangereuses*.

x Thursday, August 18 [17], 1892,  14, rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

Saw the cathedral of Nantes and came here.

x Friday, August 19 [18], 1892, Paris

Went to the Louvre and began our notes.

I was not very well, and I felt very cross at meeting Bôcher unexpectedly. Bernhard lunched with him. I decided not to bear malice against him for his garrulity, so I wrote him a peace-making note.

Saturday, August 20, 1892, Paris

Notes in the Louvre. Bôcher came to tea.

Sunday, August 21, 1892, Paris

Notes in the Louvre. I began to feel ill.

Finished Creighton’s *Simon de Montfort*.

Monday, August 22, 1892, Paris

I was much worse. But we went to Durand-Ruel’s with Bôcher and saw a new Besnard, Degas, etc.

Went to the Exposition des Arts de la Femme, and amused ourselves over the old fashions.

[0288] 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris,  Tuesday, August 23, 1892,

I felt much worse and did not go out. Read *Adolfe*.

Went to Dr Laudonzy at 4. He said I had inflammation of the womb and ovaries, besides my stomach. He prescribed a very strict diet and absolute rest. I had a great deal of pain.

Bernhard dined with Bôcher.

\* Wednesday, August 24, 1892, Paris

A dreadful day. I could not read, but bored myself all day and tormented both of us. I felt very unhappy.

Thursday, August 25, 1892, Paris

Still on my back. Burke came in while we were at breakfast. Bernhard took him to Durand-Ruel’s to see the pictures he wants to buy.

After lunch they went to the Hotel de Ville. They liked the Lerolles.

I read *La Bête Humaine*.

I have read a great many of Zola’s novels. Let me see how many: *L’Oeuvre*,

*La Curée*, *Germinal*, *Nana*, *La Faute de l’Abbé Mouret*, *La Rêve*, *Pot-Bouille*, *La Joie de Vivre*, *Au Bonheur des Dames*, *Les Contes à Ninon*.

I do not remember any others.

Bernhard is reading *Germinie Lacerteux*,

and we are reading aloud, for the second time, Creighton’s *History of the Papacy*.

Burke came to tea.

[0289] Friday, August 26, 1892, Paris

Bernhard went with Burke to the Louvre.

I read Diderot’s *La Religieuse*

and *Le Neveau de Rameau*.

Had a nice letter from Michael.

Burke came to tea and he and Bernhard went off to the Mairie 1re Arrondissement to see the Besnards.

I read Paul Margueritte’s *Maison Ouverte*,

a miserable book. Quite as bad, although not so lang as Trollope’s *The Life We Live*.

*J’ai assez de Margueritte. Il est très faible.*

Read Creighton aloud in evening.

\* Saturday, August 27, 1892, Paris

Not so well.

Read *The Red Spider*

by Baring Gould, awfully poor.

Burke sent me the Degas, the corn-cutter, pedicure, and the Besnard he bought. What delicious pictures! I have enjoyed them so much.

He came to tea and said goodbye, as he went off to Vienna. We gave him notes on the Vienna pictures.

In the evening we began Mrs. Creighton’s *Black Prince*.

It is curious that Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Green,

and Mrs. Gardiner all write histories on their own hook.

Miss Bradley wrote that some one had sent her a packet of cigarettes. She sat down to smoke amid the consternation of her spinster household. The little maid said, “Is it for your health, Miss Bradley?” “No, Alice for my pleasure!” was her immortal reply. But I wonder if it was?!

Bernhard seemed very ill, but it turned out to be nothing but a cold inside.

[0290] x Sunday, August 28, 1892, Paris

**Finished** the *Black Prince.*

Read Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art.*

Read Morelli.

Bernhard went to the Louvre.

Monday, August 29, 1892, Paris

Read a story of Potapenko in *La Revue Bleu*. Also much more of Creighton and Mrs. Jameson.

Enjoyed the pictures to the full.

Began *La débâcle*.

Bernhard finished *Germinie Lacerteux*.

Tuesday, August 30, 1892, Paris

Read *La débâcle.*

Went to doctor and received a most discouraging report which made me very blue.

Read Creighton.

Hapgood came to tea.

Wednesday, August 31, 1892, Paris

Louvre in the morning.

Met Hapgood and his friend <Janet> Dodge, a Ruskinite.

Lunched with Hapgood and then went to the Hotel de Ville and saw the Besnards, Le Rolle

and Carnières.

Saw Dr Remet.

Read Creighton and *La débâcle*.

(No, this was Thursday; see Thursday for Wednesday.)

Thursday, September 1, 1892, Paris

Feeling very ill, did not go out.

Marion Lawrence

came and bored me nearly to death.

Hapgood came in the afternoon and we went to the Pont d’Austerlitz and dined together.

[0291] Friday, September 2, 1892, Paris

Louvre. Met two American school-teachers who were trying, without success, to enjoy a false Raphael. They had travelled a good deal with the feeling that they just missed the enjoyment they *might* have if they knew a little more.

After lunch we went with Hapgood to St. Denis, which we enjoyed thoroughly, along with Bernhard’s clear explanation of what “Gothic” means.

Saturday, September 3, 1892, Paris

I was unwell, but still we went to the Louvre about noon, and took notes on the remaining Florentines in the Gallerie de Sept Mètres.

In the afternoon I read *La débâcle*,

and Bernhard read Monk Lewis, *Rosario*.

Burke returned from Vienna and we dined with him.

Read Creighton.

Sunday, September 4, 1892, Paris

Went to the Louvre, and Bernhard’s flock of myself, Burke, Hapgood and Jens Thiis

gathered round him.

We lunched together (all but Thiis) and then went to the Exposition des Arts de la Femme. We were interested in the fashions and coiffures, also some lovely Tanagras and Japanese things. Outamaro is as elegant as Parmigianino.

[0292] \* Monday, September 5, 1892,  14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

Went to Durand-Ruel’s with Burke and Hapgood in the morning and saw a marvellous Whistler. It beggared everything. Saw the “Indépendants” who might be called the Imitators.

Went to the Chapel of St Vincent de Paul and were much impressed with the Flandrins.

They evidently inspired Puvis.

After lunch I shopped and wrote an article on the Women’s Exposition, and Burke came in after dinner.

x Tuesday, September 6, 1892, Paris

Louvre. Bernhard lectured on Milanese to Thiis, Burke, Hapgood and myself.

I went to the doctor’s, who gave a favourable verdict and made us happy.

Bernhard read and swore at Freeman’s *History of Italy*

in the evening, while I wrote. It is edited by Freeman, written by one Hunt.

Wednesday, September 7, 1892, Paris

Went with Burke and Hapgood to Fontainebleau 9.15. We enjoyed the architecture of the Chateau immensely, but were disappointed to find no real Rossos, as Signor Frizzoni had said there were 6 fine ones. Found a Fra Paolina in the Chapelle de la Trinité, a Pietà.

After lunch we wandered about in the Park and enjoyed ourselves, and then came home at 5.

Burke went to London 8.35.

I read Poggio’s letter from Baden

in the train, and enraged myself with George Moore’s article on Monet and School in the *Speaker*.

[0293] Thursday, September 8, 1892, Paris

Went to Louvre and met Hapgood and Thiis. Later Florentines and drawings.

Bernhard took Prof. Bôcher to the Luxembourg and I took Frank Whitall and Will Nicholson (first cousins whose births I can remember, now tall young men with incipient moustaches!) to the Pharmacie, New Sorbonne, Hotel de Ville, etc. Frank, like so many intellectual Americans, knew about twice as much of what Art *ought* to be as people who have studied it for years!

In the evening we went for the third time to hear *Les Troyens* at the Opéra Comique. Marie Delna

sang, more gloriously than ever, and we were simply enraptured with the music.

x Friday, September 9, 1892, Paris

Louvre in the morning, Hapgood and Thiis. Umbrian School.

Lunched with Hapgood who came here and looked over the Lionardo book and talked.

Then we drove with him in the Bois and Bernhard talked “doctrine” which Hapgood drank in. He is astonishingly honest and free from vanity.

We dined together. We discussed *genre* and came to the conclusion that the term has no meaning now.

Bernhard compared the growth of Art to *hair*. It depends on the general state of the body (Society), yet has an independent growth from itself. It is a capital idea. I mean it clears up a great deal for me that had been confused.

I read *Rosario*

in the evening, and Bernhard *Charles Demailly.*

[0294] \* Saturday, September 10, 1892, Paris

Louvre in morning, Hapgood and Thiis. Raphael and School.

Met Giovanni Costa.

Wrote to Rukhmabai.

Giovanni came to tea. He told us about the original of des Esseintes in Huysmans’ *À Rebours*, Le Marquis de Montesquieu, who has just published Vol. II of his verses called *Chauve-Souris,*

the first volume never having appeared!

Dined with Hapgood who came and spent the evening.

Bernhard felt ill from an ice.

\* Sunday, September 11, 1892, Paris

Louvre. Thiis and Hapgood. Chiefly Titians.

Wrote to Maude and Michael Field, and finished article on l’Exposition des Arts de la Femme and sent it off.

Monday, September 12, 1892, Paris

Met Hapgood at lunch and went out to St. Cloud. Enjoyed ourselves immensely. He tried to defend George Meredith’s poetry.

Very tired at night.

Tuesday, September 13, 1892, Paris

Packed in the morning and quarrelled like two geese.

Met Hapgood and Thiis at the Louvre at 2 and went to see the Spitzer [0295] collection (33 rue Villejuste). We were simply overwhelmed with the Tanagras, particularly the marvellous groups, a youth and maiden and a man in a boat (Charon?), a Nymphe and Satyr dancing, etc., etc.

Afterwards we had an ice-cream with Hapgood and a drive in the Bois.

Then the train at 9. I took sulfonal

and slept like a top, till:

[ITALY]

x Wednesday, September 14, 1892,  Hotel Centrale, Turin

We arrived here at 2. We were both dead tired. After washing up, we went to the Gallery, but it was too late to get it. We strolled down to the Po, dead, dead tired!

Read Goncourt’s *Soeur Philomène*.

Bernhard read *La religieuse*.

Thursday, September 15, 1892, Turin

Gallery from 10-1. Took notes. After lunch the Accademia. Then we went to the Superga and walked down.

Sent **the Deed of Separation** to Mr. Arford, the Solicitor, with a letter.

\* Friday, September 16, 1892, Turin

Finished Gallery notes in the morning.

After lunch went to the Museo Civico and [0296] saw the Missal of Cardinal della Rovere with miniatures by some painter extraordinarily close to the author of Lady Eastlake’s little pictures. Found an Antonio Vivarini

there too.

After a rest, we went to the Cathedral.

Wrote to Lady Eastlake after dinner.

Saturday, September 17, 1892,  Hotel della Croce Bianca, Varallo

Left Turin 8.30 and reached Novara at 10.30. Saw the Gaudenzio

in San Gaudenzio, and in the Duomo, also the Lavinis.

Came on to Varallo at 1.10 reaching here about 4. Took a peep at the Gaudenzios.

Bernhard was not so much enchanted by them as he was two years ago.

I was rather disconsolate with sore-throat and general dilapidation.

Bernhard read 〈Diderot’s〉 *Le neveau de Rameau*

and I read 〈Diderot’s〉 *Jacques le Fataliste et son Maître.*

xSunday, September 18, 1892, Varallo

Finished *Jacques le fataliste* after enjoying it almost as much as Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey*.

Bernhard read 〈Potapenko’s〉 *Le Roman d’un homme raisonnable.*

He finds in the author, Potapen[c]ko, the influence of Ibsen.

We went in the morning to San Francesco and studied the frescoes. Then we took a walk up the mountain stream, and I had a delicious swim in a deep green pool, and a sun-bath on a secluded beach.

In the afternoon we walked out to San Marco in the hope of finding my opera glasses which I had left on a seat outside [0297] the Church. Not finding them, we walked in to the house of the Sacristan, and knocked up the woman who had let us into the Church. She and her husband and her children and a horde of friends came out with a candle. When we got to the seat, she began a long and animated description of having seen a boy go by and snatch up something which she thought was a purse, and which, when she came up he “fut’ in tasca.” At this word her husband gave her a nudge, and the whole party burst into laughter. Fresh from Diderot, I understood the joke, and could not help laughing too!

A railway man joined the group, and he took my card and said he knew the boy and would get it and send it on. Then we all parted with hand-shakings and compliments, and we came back while the party with their candle remained a long time on the spot acting the scene over again and studying my card. The dialect is hard to understand. Bernhard says it is like trying to read fine print with very dusty glasses.

I read *Oliver Cromwell* by F. W. Cornish,

B. *Liaisons dangereuses.*

Monday, September 19, 1892, Albergo Concordia, Bergamo

Left Varallo at 9 and Novara at 11.35, reaching Milan at 1.10.

After lunch we spent a very short hour and a half in the Brera and then came on at 4.30 to Bergamo.

Here, letters from London started us talking over our difficulties, which made us both very unhappy, or rather, stirred up the unhappiness there was in us.

[0298] x Tuesday, September 20, 1892, Albergo Italia, Bergamo

Moved here for quiet.

Spent an hour in San Bartolommeo looking at the Lotto.

After lunch read our article on Lotto, rested, and went to Gallery.

Finished *Oliver Cromwell* and *Liaisons Dangereuses.*

Wrote letters in evening.

Wednesday, September 21, 1892, Bergamo

Saw the Picinelli collection in the morning. Madame Picinelli was charmingly affable, such a lovely house, such pictures, her children, her own two nice daughters, money, respectability. I was tempted to envy her, but was saved by that spirit in us which makes us reason things about till we become equal to anyone.

Then we went to San Spirito, and after lunch to the Gallery where we wrote a good deal of our article on the Morelli Collection.

In the evening we wrote and Bernhard finished *Liaisons dangereuses* and I read Mrs. Creighton’s *Sir Walter Rale〈i〉gh*.

Thursday, September 22, 1892, Bergamo

A very black day on account of our worries. But we did enjoy writing in the Gallery [0299] both in the morning and afternoon, and working over it in the evening. The Secretary of the Academy took us to see some further pictures at Signor Picinelli’s (copies of Titian and Savoldo), and to see a very fine Moroni at Signor Locatelli’s.

Finished *Sir Walter Raleigh*. Bernhard read Creighton’s *Papacy*.

Friday, September 23, 1892, Bergamo

Another black day. I felt very ill.

We went to the Gallery and wrote, and in the afternoon to Signor Baglioni’s, where we saw some interesting pictures.

In the evening we wrote.

I read Mrs. Creighton’s *Duke of Marlborough.*

Saturday, September 24, 1892, Bergamo

Very tired after an almost sleepless night.

Went to the Duomo, the Colleone Chapel and to see Lotto’s fascinating intarsias in Santa Maria Maggiore.

Wrote home about my affairs and went out to Alzano and saw the Palmesque Lotto there.

Packed.

Finished the *Duke of Marlborough* and read some of Diderot’s *Contes.* Bernhard read *Jacques le fataliste,* and the time-table!

— O Ray, how can I give thee up!

[0300] Sunday, September 25, 1892, Hotel Metropole, Genoa

Last look at Gallery.

Bernhard found “Vernon Lee’s” card. We must have seen her in the Gallery, a fright, but seeming rather intelligent about the pictures.

I found a letter from Lady Eastlake.

We came to Genoa, hoping to find an Esposizione di Quadri Antichi to repay us.

Monday, September 26, 1892, Genoa

Went to the Brignole-Sale Gallery and found some Paris Bordones. Saw the Municipio.

Met Signor Barozzi of Venice at the Esposizione. We found very few things there to reward our journey, perhaps a portrait by Bartolommeo Veneto was the only other thing we would not naturally have seen whenever we came here.

In the afternoon I wrote to Mr. Arford, my solicitor, sending him some questions for Counsel’s opinion.

Then we went to the Palazzo Marcelli-Durazzo, and found nothing, but a fine stair-case and Guidos and Reubens, etc.

Then to the Balbi-Senegara and found an overwhelming Titian, marvellously beautiful, worth any journey!

Afterwards we saw the sunset from the town of S. Maria di Carignano.

Wrote in evening. Read *Charles V*.

[0301] x Tuesday, September 27, 1892, Genoa

Went to S. Ambrogio and the Cathedral in the morning. I felt too tired to go on, but Bernhard went to the other churches and wandered all about the town. We went to the Doria Palace in the afternoon, and then came home and began to type-write our article on the Morelli Gallery.

Went to bed early. Read *Charles V.*

\* Wednesday, September 28, 1892, Albergo Roma, Vicenza

Left Genoa at 6.30, reaching Milan at 9.30.

After a caviar sandwich and a beer, we went to the Ambrosiana. I liked the Bassano best, and I discovered a Bartolomeo Veneto, only to find that Loeser had discovered it before.

Then I went to the Museo Civico, while Bernhard went for photos to Marcozzi. I identified a Correggio, a Foppa, a Sodoma, a Beccaruzzi, a Brusasorci, an Antonello, a Licinio, a Cariani, a Morone, but made several mistakes, taking a Cariani portrait for a Cicinio, two Crivellis for false Crivellis, and a false Moroni for a real one. I know the general features of each school, but I am not a *fine* connoisseur yet.

Saw the Davises at lunch.

Vernon Lee and her friendwere in the train. Bernhard had 5 minutes talk with her in which she mentioned staying with two countesses, and their possessions, and said Mrs. Zilleri was “only the daughter of a maid”.

Arrived here 5.30.

[VENICE]

[0302] Thursday, September 29, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Saw the Loschi Giorgione, Christ bearing Cross, repainted but unmistakable.

Then we drove up the Monte Berico and saw the Montagnas and the made-over Paolo, which is not so much made over as to have lost his characteristics.

Then we went to the Villa Valmarana and saw the Tiepolos. This is the plan of the small villa:

[insert plan]

a Palladian building of one story and attics, a summer villa, with its small rooms decorated in fresco by Tiepolo, with the nearest approach to *genre* he could get. Louis XV, minuette *genre*, deliciously human and sympathetic even if fashionable. In some scenes he was very close to Longhi.

The other villa at the end of the garden was filled with his frescoes too, the story of Dido, gods and goddesses, etc. The brush work in places was not unlike Besnard.

[0303] After lunch we went to the Gallery and then to the Duomo and took the 5.14 train to Venice. An American mother and daughter were in our carriage. We exchanged a few words with them. Their only idea of travelling was evidently scenery, and they compared Italy unfavourably with America and Switzerland.

x Friday, September 30, 1892, Venice

Spent the morning in San Marco and the Doge’s Palace.

I was tired in the afternoon and stayed in but Bernhard went to the Gallery.

Read *Charles V.*

Bernhard is reading Balbo’s *History of Italy*,

and finds it good, though absurdly old-fashioned.

> Saturday, October 1, 1892, Venice

San Marco, San Giorgio in Bragora, the Scuola di San Giorgio Schiavoni, San Francesco della Vigna, San Giovanni e Paolo, and Santa Maria Formosa in the morning.

San Giorgio Maggiore and San Giuseppe in Castello in the afternoon, and a gondola ride.

Met the Americans being hurried about by a courier.

Wrote our Morelli article.

[0304] Sunday, October 2, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Went to the Accademia, and I re-discovered Bernhard’s Cariani,

a puzzling picture called Martino da Udine.

Wrote the Morelli article at intervals all through the day and in the evening.

In the afternoon we went to San Rocco with the two Americans, a Mrs. Sperry and her daughter, millionaires from San Francisco.

They were not wildly intelligent.

Then we went to the Frari and afterwards saw the sunset from the Giudecca.

Monday, October 3, 1892, Venice

I was unwell.

We met the Sperrys at San Marco and took them to the Redentore, the Scuola di San Giorgio and Santa Maria dei Miracoli. Then, after lunch, we went with them to the Academy.

Signor Barozzi drew Bernhard into his den and had a chat with him, telling him all about Robert Browning’s Boston friend, Mrs. Bronson, who collected all the newspaper, etc., notices of him after his death, a pile many feet high. She also has the chair he sat [0305] in with a gold chain fastened across it, that no one else may profane the holy resting place!

After the Academy we went, still with Mrs. and Miss Sperry, to Murano and saw S. Pietro, Santa Maria dei Angeli, and the Duomo.

I am still on *Charles V*, and Bernhard is reading Eastlake’s *History of Oil Painting*.

x Tuesday, October 4, 1892, Venice

San Giuliano, San Salvador, and Santa Maria Mater Domini, in the morning.

In the afternoon we went back to San Salvador and the sacristan actually took down the horrible affair on the High Altar and we saw the glorious Titian Resurrection.

Then we went to San Zaccaria and came home and finished the Morelli article.

In the evening we called for Mrs. Sperry and her daughter and went out on the lagoon in the moonlight. They are a pathetic pair: the old mother fancying she is living for her daughter, dragging her old bones about the Continent to please her, while the daughter feels, “O, if I were only free to go my own way and be with people of my own age, how happy I should be!”

[0306] Wednesday, October 5, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Met Sperrys at 10, and went with them to San Salvador, San Giovanni Grisostomo, Santi Apostoli, San Felice, Santa Maria del Orto, and the Gesuiti. They are rather desolating; they want to get out of a church the instant they have looked about once, particularly the mother, who does not revere Bernhard’s opinion as the daughter does.

After lunch we went to the Palazzo Grassi and saw the incomparable Longhis.

They are such kindly comments on his own day, full of genial sympathy with all its amusements and foibles. There is no trace of haughtiness or sternness. He is in a way Hogarth’s double, but with sympathy instead of satire. His figures are all loveable, sweet, gracious, really aristocratic. As painting, it is really superb, and I know nowhere finer decoration. The harmony of colour is delicious, all kept in as perfect tone as a modern master.

After seeing them, we went to the Carmine and the Scuola, and then home by the Lagoon.

In the evening we all went out to hear the singing under the Rialto. It was full moon.

Thursday, October 6, 1892, Venice

A rainy day.

We met the Sperrys in San Marco and went to the Palazzo Reale and the Correr, but it was really too dark to see anything [0307] to advantage. The Sperrys were absolutely desolating. They grow more so every time one sees them. Immensely rich, and travelling without taking the least pleasure in anything, they are simply the prey of all the human sharks in the shape of waiters and people with things to sell who cross their paths. Aesthetic enjoyment is utterly unknown to them. All they want to know is the subject of a picture. Their curiosity is insatiable, because it comes from absolute ennui and lack of interest. The girl is not so bad, because she is young. But the mother weights on her young life like the Old Man of the Sea. She won’t let her read anything but the things she read when she was young: Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Scott, etc. In short, the poor young creature is absolutely starving in the midst of intellectual plenty. Alas! How many mothers are like that!

After lunch we went to the Accademia, as happy as larks to be away from people whom pictures bore. We never enjoyed the pictures so much.

Then we came back and had tea, and Bernhard finished reading aloud Vol. II of Creighton, while I did some sewing.

Miss Jordan sent him some American poems, *The Old Swimmin’ Hole and ’leven More Poems* by James Whitcomb Riley,

scarcely distinguishable from tame prose but for (so-called) dialect spelling and halting rhymes. There is no life in them.

Called on Sperry in the evening and said goodbye to them.

[0308] > Friday, October 7, 1892, Albergo Monaco, Venice

Salute, Gesuati, San Sebastiano and 〈Santa Maria dei〉 Carmini in morning. Doge’s Palace and Lido (where I had a swim).

In evening I began my “Salons of the XIV and XV Centuries”, and Bernhard read Eastlake’s *Oil-Painting*.

Letter from Michael Field.

xx Saturday, October 8, 1892, Venice

Santa Maria Zobenigo, San Stefano, San Fantino, S. Leo, S. Bartolomeo in Rialto, S. Giovanni Crisostomo, S. Cassiano, S. Giacomo in Orio in the morning.

In the afternoon we went out to the Lido and I had a swim while Bernhard remained shivering on the shore, to my disgust. I quarrelled with him, but as it is no use being on bad terms with each other, we made it up.

He read Balfour’s *Essay in Progress*, and found it destitute of ideas and very dull.

In the evening I went on with my “Salons” and Bernhard read Eastlake.

Sunday, October 9, 1892, Venice

Went to Correr, S. Marcuolo and S. Giobbe in the morning, and the Querini-Stampalia and Lido in the afternoon. I had a splendid swim.

I read Balfour’s “Progress” and found it dreadfully insipid.

Classified my notes in evening.

At meals I read *Charles V* and Bernhard reads Eastlake.

\* Monday, October 10, 1892, Venice

S. Vitale, S. Pantaleone, S. Polo, Frari in the morning. S. Catarina and S. Maria del Orto in the afternoon.

Worked and read in the evening.

[0309] Tuesday, October 11, 1892, Venice

My money came, but less than half of what I expected, which cast a gloom over our plans and over us.

We went to S. Zaccaria to negociate [*sic*] about an old picture frame we went to get for Burke.

Then we went to the Seminario, and I being tired came in, while Bernhard went to the Doge’s Palace.

After lunch we went to the Academy.

Then Bernhard concluded his purchase of the frame and I added to my book, which I shall call “The Book”.

Read Robertson and Eastlake.

Bernhard wrote to Maude.

Wednesday, October 12, 1892, Venice

Gallery in morning and Doge’s Palace in the afternoon.

Bernhard sent off the frame to Burke after much trouble.

I finished *Charles V*.

Packed and wrote in the evening.

[ROMAGNA, LE MARCHE, TUSCANY, UMBRIA]

Thursday, October 13, 1892, Hotel San Marco, Ravenna

Arrived in Padua at 10. Saw Santa Giustina and the splendid Paolo,

the Santo, and the Gallery. Then Bernhard discovered an Alvise Vivarini, and I a Licinio. He also found that Speranza’s pictures (last year’s attributions) were done by Filippo da Verona, a sad discovery!

Then we went to the Arena and saw the Giottos and came in by the 3 o’clock train, arriving at 7.30.

I read Morley’s *Diderot*,

written in a vulgar newspaper style, but very interesting.

[0309a] \* Friday, October 14, 1892, Hotel San Marco, Ravenna

Went to the Duomo and the Pinacoteca and the Museo Byzantino in the morning. Discovered an unfinished Ercole Roberti.

In the afternoon we drove to S. Maria di Porto Fuori, S. Apollinare in Classe, and the Rotunda [*sic*] (Tomb of Theodora), and went to San Vitale. Bernhard then strolled around looking at palaces while I rested.

In the evening I worked and Bernhard read Burckhardt on Romanesque architecture. I finished Vol. I of Morley’s *Diderot*.

It gives me a curious despair about the improvement in the lot of women, since I, who am (presumably) in the van, find it such a struggle to choose definitely between being a person and being a mother. I know that all that is personal in me, all that means self-development, real education, knowledge, enjoyment, is with Bernhard. With Ray I could not help sinking to mere instinctive motherhood, that is, with Ray and without Bernhard, the only possible present condition. Yet even knowing this with certainty, the struggle against the chains of womanhood, the *inside* chains, is a terribly hard one. Still, if laws were just to women, there need not be a quarter 〈of〉 the struggle.

[0309b] Saturday, October 15, 1892, Hotel Masini, Forlì

Went to S. Giovanni Evangelista, S. Ap〈ollinare〉 Nuovo, S. Maria in Porto (beautiful Renaissance architecture), S. Agatha, S. Francesco, Dante’s Tomb and Santo Spirito in the morning.

In the afternoon went to S. Domenico, S. Vitale, and the Tomb of Galla Placidia in the afternoon. What wonderful mosaics in her tomb, what decoration, what sense of colour, what drawing, what appropriateness! We were enchanted.

Then at 4.40 we came to Forlì by steam tram reaching here at 6.30. Found in my dressing table a paper written in English, “Look out for yourself tonight, Sherlock Holmes”, but after enquiry of the hotel people decided that it must be a “drummer’s” practical joke. Perhaps, however, it meant the fleas, which are hopping about the beds. I caught two on me when I undressed. I am literally eaten alive, and nothing does any good. I am saturated with the camphor which is sewed all over my clothes, and the fleas seem to like me the more, even though I bathe in camphorated water every day!!

[0310] Sunday, October 16, 1892, Aquila d’Oro, Rimini

Started out at 8.15 (after breakfasting for 2d each), saw S. Mercuriale, the Duomo, S. Biagio and the Pinacoteca.

Took the 12.59 train to Faenza, where we saw first La Magione with frescoes by Girolamo da Treviso, the Duomo, and at last, after infinite trouble and sending 2 men out into the country for the custode, the Pinacoteca. The most beautiful thing was Donatello’s head of the young Baptist. Palmezzano shines among these local painters! The architecture of the Duomo was rejoicing. I sat and enjoyed it while Bernhard went to S. Francesco to hunt up a mythical Crowe & Cavalcaselle Crivelli. It was XV century, something like S. Lorenzo, but with a different roof and the columns varied.

In the evening we came to Rimini, pretty tired.

x Monday, October 17, 1892, Albergo Zongo, Pesaro

We saw Sigismondo Malatesta’s marvellous Temple in the morning, and the no less marvellous Gate of Augustus, which vies in every way with the most perfect building of the Renaissance. We saw the Pinacoteca, and after lunch the Roman Bridge and a picture in S. Giustiniano which seems to be, in part at least, really by Paolo.

After dinner I began to [0311] write an article for *The* *Woman’s Herald* on “Pictures in Venice as documents about Venetian Women.” I enjoyed writing it.

Tuesday, October 18, 1892, Albergo Italia, URBINO!

We started out at 8 and reached here at 12.30, a delightful drive. We lunched with an interesting party of Italian engineers who are building the railroad here. All of them had such intelligent faces, which showed the modelling of intellect when it is exercised.

After lunch we went to the Palace of Federigo di Montefeltre. I feel as if no one could know anything really about the Renaissance unless they had seen it. But I cannot describe it.

After dinner I continued writing my article, and Bernhard wrote to “Michael” to explain why women never wrote poetry and why they are beginning now. It is because poetry and wooing go together in the human creature just a song and wooing go together in birds. I believe this is the explanation, or part of it.

*Sono mangiata da pucci*!!

[0312] x Wednesday, October 19, 1892, Albergo Zongo, Pesaro

We went to the Ducal Palace at Urbino again, and to the Duomo and S. Francesco, St. Spirito and Raphael’s House, and the Casa Albani, where we found, in the midst of rooms of rubbish a genuine and most interesting Savoldo.

Bernhard went to S. Giovanni, too, to see some frescoes dating from 1416.

It rained hard after lunch, but cleared up, and we started back at 2.30 in sunshine, but were overtaken by rain again.

Pretty tired and lazy in the evening.

Thursday, October 20, 1892, Albergo Roma, Ancona

Had a splendid light on the Bellini in Pesaro, and discovered two Bellinis in the Pinacoteca —— !!

At 12.30 went to Fano where we had lunch. In the piazza, looking for the entrance to the Teatro where there were said to be pictures, we asked the way of a well-dressed man. He took us to a youth and commanded him to show us “nostra camera nel Municipio”, from which we inferred that he was no less a personage than Il Sindaco himself. Our guide confirmed this and told us he was the Duca di Montevecchio. We found nothing [0313] either in the Theatre or Municipio, but in the Churches we saw two Giovanni Santis and two Peruginos, one with charming predelle.

We reached Ancona at 7.

Friday, October 21, 1892, Ancona

The heavens were opened, but we swam up to S. Domenico and had an hour and a half over the glorious Titian there. Then we had an hour in the Pinacoteca.

After lunch I finished my article for *The* *Women’s Herald*.

Bernhard went to the Duomo. I went later, when I had finished my writing, thinking I might join him there, but we missed. Hence a dreadful quarrel, which made us both unhappy.

Saturday, October 22, 1892, Ancona

Spent the day at Jesi, where we saw a great many wonderful Lottos.

Sunday, October 23, 1892, Ancona

Loreto 9-12.30.

Saw the Melozzos, Signorellis and Lottos.

Drove to Recanati. We found the librarian (a priest) away for the day, and so we could not see the Lottos! Great rage and useless indignation. [0314]

Monday, October 24, 1892, \*\* Albergo Milano, Macerata  diretto da Cesare Fratini

Drove again to Recanati. On the way we bought some grapes of several intelligent contadine. They asked where we came from. “Inghilterra”. They looked blank “Non avete sentito mai dell’Inghilterra?” “No, Signore, mai, mai!”

We succeeded in seeing the Lottos this time and found them very interesting.

We walked out to look at a wonderful view of snow mountains. A young woman with a baby followed us. We told her we were from America and asked her if she had ever heard of America. “Chi lo sa!” was her answer.

We drove on here, reaching here about 6. The cooking is simply marvellous here! …

Flea powder, applied lavishly, banishes fleas, but it is horribly dirty. Still I prefer dirt to fleas!

Tuesday, October 25, 1892, Macerata

Drove to Monte San Giusto and saw a Crucifixion by Lotto which is perhaps his masterpiece.

They had no coffee in the town! As it was a *festa*, the whole population followed us everywhere and cheered us when we drove off. I suppose they had never seen a female “forestiere” before. On our way back we took in Pansula, where we discovered a Crivelli!

We both seem rather cross these days, and I am unhappy except when I am at work. Each little thing I see keeps reminding me of [0315] Ray, and it seems as if I *could* not give her up. I know so clearly in my mind all that is to be said, and I realize how clinging to her will make me unhappy and worse still Bernhard, and won’t do her much (if any) good. Yes, I see it all as clearly as a mathematical problem, I fear. Yet I cannot — ! This struggle going on from day to day is very painful. Yet after I cut it, I know it will be far more painful. Bernhard’s patience is giving out, too, I can see so well. He finds almost everything I do amiss, and shows at every moment his contempt for the feeling I have for Ray which he thinks is mere brute instinct, simply killing my personality. He said if I gave her up he would be prepared for my being unhappy a long time, but eventually getting over it. Alas! I am sure he would not have the patience to bear with me during that time. It is very natural he should feel so. He has no family ties, life is full of all sorts of marvellous possibilities for him, and a great deal is spoiled because of my mistake, because of my child, whom he thinks a rather detestable specimen of humanity in herself.

Thus are we entered upon that stormy era which in matrimony usually precedes shipwreck, where one wishes and natural inclinations pull different ways, and where we begin to “get on each other’s nerves”.

Alas, I do love him so!

[0316] \* Wednesday, October 26, 1892, Albergo Milano, Macerata

Drove to Cingoli, missing our way and passing through Arpignano and Arulane. A fearfully steep climb to Cingoli, which is on one of the highest spurs of the Appenines. From the town wall we saw about a fourth of the whole Adriatic coast, a superb panorama. It makes it so enchanting too, to have each hill crowned with an old fortified town, and to be sure that each one holds beautiful palaces, interesting historical relics of all kinds, and perhaps marvellous pictures.

Cingoli, a deserted, inaccessible place, has a magnificent Palace, Egidio of Viterbo (1531) on the Piazza, and in the Church a Lotto!! We spent an hour and a half in rapture before it. It was hard to come away.

The little Albergo there (Via Cavour) seemed nice. We had a good lunch of eggs and sausages and veal and fruit and a glass of Marsala and coffee for 85 centimes each!!

Thursday, October 27, 1892, Macerata

A cloudy day, but we drove to San Severino and saw the Pintoricchio, the Bern〈ardino di〉 Mariotto and the Nic〈ola〉 da Foligno.

On the way back we took in Tolentino, and found a magnificent Tomb of S. Niccolo in the Church, also fine cloisters.

The “Triumphal Arch” guide books are so loud in praise of, does not exist, nor has ever existed! It is the portal of the church, put up by Nic〈ola〉 Piccinino. Now having come to such an out-of-the-way spot to verify the original mis-translation from XV century Latin, the legend of the Triumphal [0317] Arch has been handed finally down.

On the road coming back we passed a perfectly preserved Castle with turrets and battlements and towers complete, a most picturesque building. Not mentioned in the guides!

I was very ill in the night, in horrible pain.

\* Friday, October 28, 1892, Aquila d’Oro, Matelica  (Giuseppe Amici, albergatore)

“Did” Macerata with the assistance of the Canonico Bettucci whom we met in his Church of San Giovanni. He took us to a little Church, S. Maria della Misericordia, where there is a mysterious alter-piece ascribed indiscriminately to Crivelli and to Perugino! It was almost hidden by a wooden case, but we climbed up and saw what we could, and that little looked like Melozzo. This disconcerted him, as he has prepared a history of the Church which is all ready to be printed, except for the author of the picture. He came to see us off at the Station and presented us with a book he wrote to refute somebody who dared to deny that Tasso ever submitted his *Gerusalemme Liberata* to the Macerata Academy.

We arrived here in a perfect evening, with bright moonlight.

Unfortunately we both have colds.

[0318] Saturday, October 29, 1892, Albergo Campana, Fabriano

“Did” Matelica. Quarrelled.

Drove to Albacina and came by train to Fabriano. There was little to see here, but we found some Filippo da Veronas in the Pinacoteca.

I began to write my article on “The March of Ancona” for the *Woman’s Herald*.

Bernhard is reading Diderot’s short stories, and I am finishing Vol. IV of Creighton.

Was unwell.

x Sunday, October 30, 1892, Fabriano

Drove through the mist to Arcevia and saw two Signorellis. It was about 20 miles and took all day.

On the way back we “did” Sassoferrato.

Tired and sleepy; slept 12 hours.

x Monday, October 31, 1892, Albergo Can〈n〉oniera, Città di Castello

Went to Gubbio and had three delightful hours there.

Letters from Burke and Maude.

Came here and wandered about the town enjoying the architecture, particularly of the Duomo and of the Palaces.

I read *The General’s Daughter* by Potapen[c]ko

and Morley’s second volume of Diderot.

x Tuesday, November 1, 1892, Città di Castello

Saw Churches and the Pinacoteca. Discovered a Pier dei Franceschi.

Rain came on.

Bernhard finished *The General’s Daughter*, and walked out to S. Maria di Belvedere, after we had seen a charming little palazzino in the [0319] garden of the Vitelli palace near the station, now belonging to Principe Boncampagna. Fish-pond and all were quite like a Roman Villa.

I wrote my article. A splendid inn, but not cheap.

x Wednesday, November 2, 1892, Albergo Inghilterra, Arezzo

Left Città at 9.45 for Sansepolcro.

We were so absorbed in our books (Burckhardt) and Morley’s *Diderot* that we passed the station without noticing, and had to walk back two km., not much and it was deliciously warm, like a spring day.

We saw a Genio da Pistoia in San Agostino, and another and a Perugino in the Duomo.

After lunch we saw the Pier dei Franceschi and a Rosso, and discovered a Pontormo to our delight.

It rained in the afternoon and we reached here at 7 in a heavy pour.

Bernhard is reading Creighton and I have begun Greene’s *Thirty Years’ War*.

x Thursday, November 3, 1892, Arezzo

Wandered about in Arezzo and saw the Churches and pictures.

In the afternoon we drove (for six hours) to Monte Sansevino, where we saw in a narrow street a marvellous palace facing an open loggia, both by Antonio di Sangallo the elder, both wonderfully [0320] beautiful, and suggesting what a Roman street may have looked like. The Loggia 〈dei Mercanti〉 was the finest reconstruction of Roman architecture Bernhard had seen. We saw too some fine terra-cottas modelled by Andrea Sansovino.

Very tired, went early to bed.

Friday, November 4, 1892, Nazionale, Cortona

Took the 8.25 train and arrived here about 9.

Found a B. della Gatta

and enjoyed the pictures and architecture as much as is possible when followed by an army of dirty, sniffing, shuffling, curious, greedy (and needy) hangers on.

In the afternoon we drove to Castiglione (Castel Fiorentino) to see B. della Gatta. I wrote this too soon, we did not go, but spent several hours instead enjoying the marvellous Signorellis in S. Niccolo.

Then I sat on the town wall and saw the sunset while Bernhard explored two of the Renaissance Churches.

We had a nice dinner at the Garibaldi.

Saturday, November 5, 1892, Belle Arti, Perugia

We got up early and I managed to get to both the marvellous churches Bernhard had seen the day before, Santa Maria Nuova and Santa Maria [0321] del Calcinaoio. Even a short glimpse was a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

We reached Perugia at 11 and after lunch I had my first glimpse of the Gallery. Then I came back and finished and sent of〈f〉 my *Woman’s Herald* article on The March of Ancona, while Bernhard stayed for further study.

We went to the piazza and saw the sunset, and then went into the Duomo.

Afterwards we hunted all over the town for a bookshop, and found only one and a very poor one. The Library moreover is open only in the morning!!

x Sunday, November 6, 1892, Perugia

Went to the Duomo and then to the Gallery.

After lunch we walked to S. Maria del Monte Luce and came back round the town.

Monday, November 7, 1892, Perugia

Bernhard wants me to write what I have just said, that I will always love him as much as I do now, and always want as much to be with him.

We went to San Pietro in the morning, and the Gallery, San Severo, S. Bernardino, etc., in the afternoon. Enjoyed the Oratory of La Chiesa Nuova.

[0322] x Tuesday, November 8, 1892, Todi

Bernhard’s long desire is accomplished: we have seen the Church at Todi. To our surprise, Todi itself turns out to be a more important town, with a fine gothic cathedral, Renaissance palaces, a well-preserved side of a Roman Basilica, etc.

The hotel is impossible, but the Restaurant (del Teatro) is good, and they found us sleeping places in a palace close by S. Fortunato.

We drove here, starting on 8 and reaching here at 1.30. We “did” Diruta on the way, finding a Fiorenzo and an Eusebio. We spent all the afternoon in and around the glorious Church.

x x x x x

! ! ! !

It was one of the Great Experiences of our lives. Drive 25 francs.

Wednesday, November 9, 1892, Belle Arti, Perugia

We saw Todi in the morning, all too hurriedly, and started at 12.

Stopped at S. M. di Consolazione again of course, and also saw another fine church, from 1591 outside another gate.

Reached here about 5.30 and dined at the Progresso, which seems rather nicer than this place. Wrote letters, but were rather tired and sleepy.

[0323] “The Italians took *space* for a language just as the musician takes sound. The Italians wanted harmonious symphonies. They strove so to work upon you that the moment you entered a church you should feel the existence of space as a *positive*, instead of as a merely negative fact, as a *material* instead of as a void, and as a [1.3] material capable of being shaped in the subtlest fashion. … Of course no architectural form can make you feel space so much as a dome resting on grand arches. These arches must be of such a depth that the moment you enter you are struck by the effect of space. If the arches were less deep, the dome would not look imposing enough, just because it might seem to〈o〉 heavy for its supports. … To make the arches on which the dome rests so long that you do not at once seize the complete effect of the dome and the arches, is absurd; for all the extra depth is then useless, considering always that the aim is this effect of perfect space. Having the arches of more than the necessary depth is not only useless, but a positive evil. It came about in this way. The moment you enter a building you can’t help seizing the effect of what seems the whole. Now when the arches supporting a dome are so deep that your first impression on entering does not include the dome, as soon as you discover that the dome is the real point, and not the arches, there is a fight in your head between the two [0324] impressions. It will end in the triumph of the second impression, but one’s feeling of harmony has meanwhile been very much disturbed, and the effect should have been perfectly harmonious.

… Size beyond a certain point seems of as little importance in giving us a perfect effect of spaciousness as length is necessary to the beauty of a symphony …

If you seize the meaning of these few pages, you will see at a glance why it was that the great problem of the Renaissance was the *cruciform dome church*. It had to be domed, because, as I have tried to show, the perfection of space is attainable only the meeting of four arms under a dome. The arms are the arches I have been speaking of all the time. It had to be cruciform, that is to say, the arms had to be of equal [2.3] length, so that from whatever arm you entered you at once got the complete effect of the interior. No arm could be longer; in other words, no arch deeper.

… I have copied the rest of this elsewhere so I will not go on. I hope it has in it the germ of a very fruitful idea of Bernhard’s upon Renaissance architecture.

[0325] \* Thursday, November 10, 1892, 〈Hotel〉 Subasio, Assisi

We saw the Cambio and finished our notes on the Gallery in the morning, and then drove here (12 francs), stopping at La Bastia and Santa Maria degli Angeli on the way.

A lovely sunset, and such a beautiful view from the windows!

But the dinner has been so awful that we cannot stay long here.

Friday, November 11, 1892, \* Albergo della Posta, Foligno

The dinner was worse than poor, it was poisonous, and Bernhard was horribly ill in the night.

We saw the town and the church of San Francesco in the morning, particularly the Martinis and Lorenzettis. Neither of 〈us〉 could eat any lunch, so we had some coffee and drove on to Spello, where we saw the Pintoricchios and Peruginos, etc., and then here (8 francs for the drive).

We found this a splendid hotel, cooking almost as good as “Julia’s” of Macerata.

Saturday, November 12, 1892, Albergo della Posta, Foligno

“Did” Foligno and in the afternoon drove to Montefalco and hurriedly saw the Benozzos there. We must some day study this school to the bottom.

A young doctor came in the carriage coming back, and was very interesting in conversation. He said the people here live on 50 centimes a day, Municipal and Professional salaries vary from 2000 to 3000 francs. How temperate the Italians must be!

[0326] Sunday, November 13, 1892, Albergo Lucini, Spoleto

Saw the Pinacoteca at Foligno and the Ottaviano Nelli frescoes in the Municipio and came by the 10.30 train to Trevi, a desolate town in a sharp conical hill. There were Lo Spagnas to be seen, a fine altar by Rocco da Vicenza, and a good modern church.

Lunch at a little trattoria was charged 3 francs. “Credo che due cinquanta è basta,” Bernhard said, and there was no opposition. The Italian way of doing business!

It rained as we left Trevi in a carriage (8 francs), but cleared up and we saw the charming little Temple on the Clitannus, and the Springs, and some Lo Spagnas in S. Giacomo, these by candle-light.

Arrived here to a hotel starred by Baedeker, which alas! has changed hands and is now fearfully poor.

Monday, November 14, 1892, Europa, Terni

Saw the Duomo with its splendid porch.

A Canonico escorted us to the ruins, etc., and then sent us his two books, one against Darwinism and the other against cremation, with wishes for a “vita lunga e piena di felicità.”

Saw S. Agostino and S. Pietro in the afternoon and came here.

Quarrelled, or rather were cross. The door of S. Pietro is *splendid*.

[0327] Tuesday, November 15, 1892, Grandori, Viterbo

Left Terni at 8, reaching Orte at 9.

Drove here, a very wonderful drive on the edge of the Cinimian forest, in a Claude-Poussin landscape.

On the way we stopped to see the \* Villa Lante at Bagnaia (4 kilometres from Viterbo) The architecture was most interesting, being a cross between the Farnesina and the Palazzo del Tè, perhaps Raphael, or Giulio Romano young, or could it have been Vignola? Whoever it was, it was very fine. Hundreds of fountains and running streams splashed about. The basins and urns and terraces, etc., were all fine and strong, evidently the work of a great artist.

Then we stopped to see the Madonna della Quercia (of 1538, Paul III) with its fine Bramante tower, and early Renaissance interior, and two most interesting cloisters.

In the afternoon looked at the Sebastiano del Piombo in the Pinacoteca and saw the Duomo, etc.

Found a really good restaurant, the Schenardi.

Quarrelled.

Wednesday, November 16, 1892, Grandori, Viterbo

Quarrelled.

I was ill and stayed in bed all the morning.

Bernhard went to see [0328] various things. We went together after lunch to see the Lorenzo da Viterbos, an astonishing and utterly unknown painter almost equal to Melozzo!

Drove out at sunset to Santa Maria della Quercia and saw the cloisters again.

Thursday, November 17, 1892, Aquila Bianca, Orvieto

Drove here from Viterbo, lunching at Bolsena.

There is a beautiful Church façade put up by Leo X while he was Cardinal, and other interesting things. We stopped at Montefiascone by the way and saw the Romanesque church, S. Flaviano, and the domes Church by Sanmichele.

Found this a nice hotel. The day was as warm as summer, and the drive was enchanting.

x Friday, November 18, 1892, Orvieto

Saw the Duomo and enjoyed the façade, although it is Gothic!, to the utmost. The interior is splendid, in spite of the inadequate choir and the horrible mistake of slitting in windows between the side chapels. The Signorellis disappointed me. I expected to be *carried away,* and instead, the faults of composition and the lack of decorative effect bothered me, in spite of the wonderful [0329] strength of it all, and the beauty of some of the episodes.

Wrote my article on Assisi.

Bernhard still reading Burckhardt on Architecture.

Bernhard had a splendid walk.

\* Saturday, November 19, 1892, Orvieto

Cathedral in the morning.

I was tired and rested and wrote all the afternoon, finishing my article, while Bernhard had another beautiful walk.

The town rests like the Ark on the top of huge rocks. The Signorellis please me more.

Sunday, November 20, 1892, Orvieto

I managed to walk around the town a little to see the views and some churches and palaces, etc. Then we went to the Duomo.

In the afternoon I sat in the sun on the wall, while Bernhard walked to the Campo Santo, etc.

I finished Gardiner’s *Thirty Years’ War*,

and Bernhard finished Burckhardt.

I enjoyed the Signorellis most of all today.

[FLORENCE]

Monday, November 21, 1892, Florence

Had a last look at the Cathedral before coming away. Mass was being gorgeously sung, with a a congregation of three or four old women and men. What a contrast to a Protestant service, where everything depends on the audience and the newspapers’ report, so to speak. The Mass carries on the real tradition of sacrifice and worship. [0330] As it is offered to God, it taken no account of the congregation. From this side Catholicism is delightful; even I, who hate it inexpressibly because it is ruining, or nearly ruining my life, feel a tenderness and delight in it from this point of view. I have been so busy hating it, however, and dreading it for Ray, that, until this morning, I have not been able to enjoy anything about it.

We came in the 11 o’clock train here, reaching here 2.30.

After much grappling I found nice rooms, 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, for 75 francs a month, “tutto compreso”.

Began Thomas Adolphus Hare, *Lenten Journey*.

Tuesday, November 22, 1892, 14 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

**Settled in our separate appartments**, unpacking, etc., all the morning.

Worked on our *Quadri* and I finished the *Lenten Journey.*

\* Wednesday, November 23, 1892, Florence

Costa came in the morning and told us about his trip with Frizzoni to Spain.

We went to the Uffizi and ‘glimped’ about.

Worked a little more on our *Quadri*. I felt rather ill.

Thursday, November 24, 1892, Florence

I read Ibsen’s *Emperor and Galilean*

and had a [0331] German lesson.

Unwell.

Bernhard went to the Pitti and discovered a Lo Spagna, and went to Fiesole with Costa in the afternoon. They both came in to tea.

*Quadri* in the evening.

Friday, November 25, 1892, Florence

Another lesson.

Read De Brosses’ *Lettres sur l’Italie*.

Bernhard went to see churches and we worked on our *Quadri*.

Saturday, November 26, 1892, Florence

De Brosses and *Quadri.*

Costa 〈and〉 his brother came to tea.

A propos of England becoming Catholic B. said, “They will never put their whole literature on the Index — nor their history!”

Sunday, November 27, 1892, Florence

Worked on photographs and then went out to the Pitti, where I re-discovered the Lo Spagna.

Met Jenkins at lunch.

Bernhard spent part of the afternoon at Costa’s, looking over books, and came here to tea with Jenkins.

Afterwards we continued our *Quadri* and began Geymüller’s book on St. Peter’s.

Tired.

x Monday, November 28, 1892, Florence

I was not feeling well, so I scarcely went out, except to lunch and dinner.

Bernhard went to [0332] the Opera del Duomo.

We worked on our *Quadri* and nearly brought it up to date.

I began Geymüller’s book on *Bramante and St. Peter’s.*

Bernhard is reading Machiavelli’s *Storia Fiorentina* and also the *Sacco di Roma,* both of which he says are simply fascinating.

Tuesday, November 29, 1892, 14 Lungarno Accaij〈u〉oli, Florence

B. read an article on “The Next Conclave” to me while I arranged photographs.

We finished our work on the *Quadri* and read until lunch time.

In the afternoon Bernhard took a long walk with Mr. Jenkins, and they both came back to tea. **Jenkins said a man could live very comfortably here in Florence on £50 a year.**

I finished Geymüller, and Bernhard lost himself in Burd’s edition of *Il Principe*.

\* Wednesday, November 30, 1892, Florence

I read a play of Ibsen’s *Lady Inger of Ostrat*,

but did not see anything in it.

Went to the Duomo and the Sacristy.

Costa came in the afternoon, and was very nice.

[0333] Thursday, December 1, 1892, Florence

I read *The Pretenders*

and saw a good deal in it.

Met Costa and saw the Ghiberti, Donatellos, and Lucca della Robbias of the Duomo and then went to the Riccardi Palace to see the Benozzos.

In the afternoon and evening, lunched over my article on Potapen[c]ko, while Bernhard enjoy〈ed〉 himself reading magazines.

x Friday, December 2, 1892, Florence

Wrote, and Bernhard lunched with me. The ideas of the darned article are “stupendo”, but they aren’t said clearly or nicely.

We went to the Bargello and enjoyed ourselves.

Bernhard walked in the Cascine, and Costa came to call, and again was very nice.

Type-wrote the article, such as it is.

Bernhard gave birth to several ideas, such as the Law of Popularity for books, and the law of their *living*. The former is a book that describes the contemporary phase of the struggle for existence, the latter book that *adds to the world’s capital*. Of course they may go together.

[0334] Saturday, December 3, 1892, Florence

Alas! Alas! I must go away today. Please, sweet Bernhard, be happy while I am gone. I *hate* to leave here.

We corrected the article on Potapenko in the morning and began another. Bernhard was mean enough to have an idea deeper than any we had put into my article, explaining in fact half of what I said! So he began to work that out.

After lunch we looked over the Lottos and Crivellis and read and packed and entered the dates of Vienna and the National Gallery into our *Quadri*.

O happy, peaceful intellectual life! How I hate to go away. But I must go at 9.30 and it is now 9.

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[no entries from December 2 to December 30, 1892]

x Saturday, December 31, 1892, Florence

Four weeks of London fog, but Ray was enchanting.

Home was like Hell, father tormenting everybody and everybody deceiving him.

Burke came to spend 10 days with Bernhard and was delightful. He bought [0335] Gagliardi’s Pier di Cosimo. Bernhard says he is one of the profoundest thinkers of our generation.

I saw the Mikes and they were so comforting and sympathetic.

I spent Thursday in Paris with Maude, and reached here at 6.40 this evening.

I went to the Brera in the morning, between trains.

We were so glad to see each other that is it no use speaking of it!

[1893]

\* Sunday, January 1, 1893, Florence

Read and walked up to San Miniato and enjoyed ourselves.

We have both read Ranke’s *History of the Popes,*

and Bernhard has read Philippson’s *History of the Counter Reformation.*

I am hurrying up to learn German so that I can read it, and fill up the intellectual gulf that my ignorance of German creates between us. He has also read Merimée’s novel about Charles IX.

\* Monday, January 2, 1893, Florence

Read Ibsen’s new play, *Master Builder Solness*,

but did not quite see through it.

Walked and talked and were happy.

[0336] Tuesday, January 3, 1893, Florence

Bernhard discovered he had earned £200 by getting Burke’s picture for him for 600 instead of 800. Burke is going to invest it for him. We feel rich, and for once kindness and gratitude have met. We sang Burke’s praises to each other all day long.

I had a German lesson while Bernhard shopped for me. Then we walked in the Cascine. After tea, I made up an account while he wrote to Burke, and after dinner we looked at photographs and read.

He has just finished and I am just beginning Ranke’s *Histoire de France.*

Wednesday, January 4, 1893, Florence

I began Perry’s *Greek Literature.*

It is one of the most fascinating books I ever read.

Studied German and wrote to Lady Eastlake, while Bernhard went to the Panciatichi Gallery.

After lunch we walked through the Uffici and Pitti and over Bellosguardo, meeting Mr. Way who was walking there alone looking sad.

After tea Bernhard called on William James, whom he found as charming as ever, but full of vain talk [0337] about A - A - A - A - Art!! Yet he is ready to massacre anybody who speaks of Doubt. Bernhard had said the spread of common sense over the various departments of human intelligence is like the spread of civilization over the world. Most people in the region of Art are still fetish-worshipping savages. How well Perry brings that out in regard to the once prevalent view of Literature!

In the evening we read Bridges’

poetry, but did not find much life in it.

\* Thursday, January 5, 1893, Florence

Read Perry, studied German.

I went to the Pitti to speak to Prof. James, and then to the Panciatichi collection with Bernhard. We saw the most lovely of all Crivelli’s, a smallish Pietà, of perfect, compact composition. There were fine Japanese things too, and a couple of delicious small Tura’s. Then we went to the Museo Etrusco.

After lunch Bernhard went to call on “Vernon Lee” and I to the James’. He enjoyed himself more than I, for Vernon was wonderfully intelligent and talked in a most comprehending way about the scientific study of Art. As for my call, it was absolutely [0338] sickening, all the old, uneducated rot about Art being a Gift, and having nothing to do with life, and art criticism being impossible. Where, to divert the conversation into channels where I thought we might be sympathetic, we asked him which of the Florentine pictures he had most enjoyed, it turned out that he had scarcely been to the Galleries at all! What fatal necessity compels such people to talk of Art?

A Mr. Loring was there who was far worse than Prof. James, but as he seemed to be originally a being without intelligence, he was less blameworthy.

Friday, January 6, 1893, Florence

I read a good deal of Perry and of Ranke and had a German lesson. Bernhard read Vol. II of Ranke’s *Histoire de la France*

and “*Balaustion’s Adventure*” (Browning).

He delighted to find Browning using such words as “banalities” and “mollify”.

We both wrote to Hapgood in answer to a letter from him. As it was a holiday, all the [0339] Galleries were closed.

Cesare, our waiter at the Toscana, says none of the country people who come in to market on Fridays give a single thought to abstaining from meat on that day. So much for the “religious Italian peasantry” we hear talk of in England!

My heart was filled all day long with hatred and bitterness on account of James and his twaddle about Art.

Saturday, January 7, 1893, Florence

Wrote to mother, read and talked in the morning and went to the Casa Buonarotti.

After lunch to Alinari’s to choose photos for the Mikes, and then a walk to Bellosguardo.

Mr. and Mrs. James called when we got back. Mrs. James is bovine.

Bernhard had a call from Costa, and himself called on the Miss Forbes in the evening, while I studied German.

\* Sunday, January 8, 1893, Florence

Began to write an article on “Building Master Solness,” Ibsen’s last play.

Walked on Fiesole hills.

[0340] Monday, January 9, 1893, Florence

Wrote, went to Uffizi, studied, walked over Bellosguardo, read.

Dined with Loeser and met a painter named Prudnik.

Tuesday, January 10, 1893, Florence

German lesson.

Wednesday, January 11, 1893, Florence

German lesson.

Despair. It is so hard to do anything which points towards giving up Ray, yet my position becomes worse each day. I live on in semi-concealment.

\* Thursday, January 12, 1893, Florence

At last Bernhard gave me the choice between retaining Ray at all costs or sticking honourably to him. It is true, it would be absurd to pay for a more than doubtful share in Ray, our whole happiness. Yet the thought of really giving her up, cut my brain literally like a knife. I never suffered such sharp pain. Of course I decided for Bernhard, and now I mean to do all I can to improve our position.

Friday, January 13, 1893, Florence

I wrote to mother to let everyone know about [0341] my separation from B.F.C.C. so that it may come from my side, and not be concealed as if we were ashamed of it.

Read Ranke and Perry and Huysmans’ *Sac au Dos*.

Lunched with Loeser and walked over Bellosguardo.

x Saturday, January 14, 1893, Florence

Went over sculpture, etc., photographs in the morning.

Walked in the Cascine in the afternoon.

Read poetry of Charles d’Orleans, Perry, Ranke.

Bernhard has just finished Morley’s *Diderot*,

and is reading Voltaire

and *Tristram Shandy*.

Mrs. James, Loeser told us, had kept his dinner party waiting half an hour because the dressmaker had not sent home her “body” in time. The “body” turned out to be a red cashmere blouse. She told me that she longed to get back to Cambridge to set up a small chicken farm.

Walking in the Cascine we composed this [0342] rondeau:

Mrs. James

How she flames

In a “body”

Red and shoddy

She hates Florence

In abhorrence

For her chickens

Her heart sickens

In a “body”

Red and shoddy

How she flames

Mrs. James!

x Sunday, January 15, 1893, Florence

We rather wasted the morning doing odds and ends, at least I did. Bernhard read Voltaire.

We walked to the Indian after lunch.

I finished Vol. I of Ranke’s *History of France*

and read Merimée’s *Chronique de Charles IX*,

and studied German.

Bernhard went to the Forbes in the evening, but was bored.

Monday, January 16, 1893, Florence

Read. Went to Uffizi.

Walked in Cascine.

[343] Tuesday, January 17, 1893, Florence

Uffizi. Opera del Duomo. Looked at photos.

B. reading Voltaire and *Tristram Shandy*,

I at Vol. II of Ranke and my German lesson.

Wednesday, January 18, 1893, Florence

Began our paper on Lotto, studied chronologically.

Bernhard went to see Vernon Lee, and I went to see Mrs. James, who was so nice and sympathetic, as soon as she found out that I was not a Catholic.

Sent “Solness” to *Evening Post* and *Women’s Herald*.

\* Thursday, January 19, 1893, Florence

Still at work on our Lotto. It becomes very interesting.

Bernhard walked alone, as I felt tired.

Read Ranke, etc.

Friday, January 20, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto. Bernhard called on Loeser, I on Miss Britten.

Prof. James called, and was most amusing. He said he thought Vernon Lee’s *Bellerophon*

was so “full of genius”. He hadn’t the faintest idea what *Euphorion*

meant, and as to studying Italian [0344] history “historically”, that is to say, in connection with contemporary European history, he seemed quite electrified at the suggestion!

We were quite excited over a letter of Stillman’s in the last *Nation*, replying to one of Bernhard’s which we had sent from Venice in the autumn, correcting one of his many mis-statements.

Bernhard had a headache in the evening.

Saturday, January 21, 1893, Florence

My rugs arrived. They look very nice.

I was unwell, so we dined at home.

We worked upon our Lotto all day long except while Bernhard walked from the Bagni di Ripoli along the river.

I had a letter from mother in which she said that Ray believes I do not love her because “Nana says so”, but that she loves me. How cruel it is! Frank *cannot* love her half, *half* so much as I do, though *why* I scarcely know. It is an [0345] instinct almost as imperative as hunger, except that I *can* control it.

But I do love her so. If she could only know how I prize every hair of her head and ever〈y〉 inch of her skin, particularly where her dear little bones peep all through the thinness! But perhaps she would not, if she knew, care much for that kind of love, and she would be right, for it is not personal. Still, it would lead me to do anything I could for her, except give up my own personality and my own chances, or to harm Bernhard in any way. But I do love her so! My heart aches so for the sight of her, and the feel of her.

I was wrong when I said we worked on Lotto all day. We spent the morning answering Stillman, and I think our answer was really crushing. We said that the error confusing Domenico and Jacopo Tintoretto showed that a man was about as fit for writing of Italian art as a man who mixed up Julian and Nathaniel Hawthorne would be for writing about American literature!!

[0346] x Sunday, January 22, 1893, Florence

We spent all our day over Lotto, doing practically nothing else, except a little reading.

Bernhard walked to Santa Margherita.

Monday, January 23, 1893, Florence

Again Lotto absorbed us — completely!

It was snowing, so we dined at home. I felt unhappy about Ray, but Bernhard did all he could to console me.

Tuesday, January 24, 1893, Florence

Bernhard went to the Uffizi with Miss Head, and I wrote necessary home letters.

Had a German lesson, and afterwards walked over Bellosguardo. Coming home we saw about a hundred people leaning on the wall of the embankment, cheering a dozen ragamuffins who were sliding on the ice on the Arno. The crowd seemed to be there for the afternoon,showing that plenty of people had time to loaf, and that ice was a rarity.

Costa called. It turns out that he is in agreement with Bernhard about that portrait of a young man in the Pitti. They both think it a Timoteo Viti.

In the evening we worked on Lotto.

[0347] \* Wednesday, January 25, 1893, Florence

Worked on our Lotto all day long.

Thursday, January 26, 1893, Florence

Prof. James called on Bernhard and we all went to the Uffizi together. James is the greatest bore to show pictures to. He seems to think they are to be taken in by any sense except the sense of sight, “particularly by the ears”, as Bernhard says, and he particularly and persistently admires all the very worst daubs. For instance, in the room of the Giorgiones he liked most that horrid Salviati affair (called Paolo) of a woman washing her feet!

After lunch Bernhard took a walk with Loeser, who came back to tea and took us to dine with him.

I felt rather ill, with a cold coming on.

Friday, January 27, 1893, Florence

Mr. and Mrs. James came to go to the Gallery. James was as scatter-brained and inappropriate as ever, but Mrs. [0348] James really looked at things, and was very nice. Such an amusing discussion arose between them before the Botticelli Venus. One of us said how dreadful Vernon Lee’s criticism of it was, how could she find it indecent?

“Well,” said James, “a Mother of a Family would *have* to think it indecent, not that it is, but it is perfectly right and proper that she should think so.”

“If you mean me, my dear,” said Mrs. James, “I do not find it indecent, but I do find Vernon Lee so.”

To hear their “my dears” and “my darlings” is, as Bernhard says, like finding shells on the tops of mountains!

Then we lunched with Loeser, and I had a German lesson while Bernhard called on senator Comparetti, a friend of Mrs. Bywater.

In the afternoon and evening we worked on our Lotto.

x Saturday, January 28, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto and went to Uffizi.

In the afternoon walked by the Arno [0349] from the Bagni di Ripoli, a lovely walk.

Sunday, January 29, 1893, Florence

Lotto in the morning, and Bargello.

I had an attack of pleurisy, so I rested while Bernhard walked over Bello Sguardo.

After tea we finished correcting our Lotto.

Had dinner sent in, and read Pater’s “School of Giorgione”

and talked about it in the evening. As Bernhard says, he writes as if he had a cold in his head — ‘molto costipato’ — He is never clear, but is just on the point of clearing himself out.

Read Ben Jonson.

Monday, January 30, 1893, Florence

Began to type-write the Lotto.

Bernhard went to the Bargello.

After lunch we went to the Academy and S. Annunziata and the Duomo.

Worked in the evening.

Read Drummond of Hawthornden.

[No entries from January 30 to February 6]

[0350] Monday, February 6, 1893, Florence

All the rest of the week was spent, by me at least, in sickening for a slight attack of rheumatic fever, trying to walk it off, succumbing to it, and beginning to convalesce.

We read a good deal of Pater together and went on with the post-Elizabethan poets, a pretty dreary lot between Beaumont and Fletcher and Herrick.

I read Balzac’s *La* [*sic*] *Lys dans la Vallée*

and was *enchanted* by it. After making allowance for his somewhat creaky stage machinery, it is one of the most spontaneous lyric outbursts conceivable. It is awfully true to human nature, too, except that clumsy device of the English horse-woman who contrasts with La Lys in every respect. How touching is the scene where she tries to live and regrets her lost happiness.

I read Hawthorne’s *Italian Notebooks*

and his *Marble Faun,*

which [0351] is a mere re-hash of them. Here, set down for once in unblushing print, is The American Traveller, as you still see him, climbing to the top of St Peter’s, pacing halls to find their length, bored to death in the Galleries, yet haunting them, and getting ready to pine without them in America, tyrannized over by his servants, vastly more interested in chance American acquaintances than in all antiquity, discussing ART with everyone — in short, William James!

During these days of crossness and illness, Bernhard has been studying Botticelli and Perugino, taking long walks.

Costa and William James came to see me and Loeser sent me flowers.

Today I read Symonds’ *Essays Speculative and Suggestive*,

Vol. I, and some of Eastlake’s *Literature of the Fine Arts.*

Symonds has a [0352] fatal fluency. Nothing he says sticks, it is all so glib, so easy, like a “leader” in the daily paper, as easy to read as it is to forget. Eastlake has a fatal common-sense, which accounts for his failure as a writer. People like their art served up with mystery. This common sense will be Bernhard’s ruin, unless the public has more of it than it had in Sir Charles Eastlake’s day.

I had such a nice letter from dear old Lady Eastlake, really the most delightful old person alive. How she loves Italy. She said, “How glad I am there is a lady who can take up where *I* left off and pursue the absorbingly interesting road much further and much abler!”

\* Tuesday, February 7, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto and then met Costa at the Academy and pursued a lively Botticelli argument, Costa wishing to exclude as not [0353] genuine the “Fortezza”, “Judith” and “Adoration” in the Uffizi, and the St. Sebastian of Berlin, and Bernhard claiming, and I think proving, that these are early works. Costa seemed half convinced.

We had a glorious drive round by Carreggi [*sic*], Terzollino, Trespiano and the Via Bolognese. Then Bernhard left a card on Sen. Comparetti.

Mrs. James called on me, and Costa and Bernhard came in before she went.

Bernhard invented the word “magazining” for hasty reading.

Prof. Wickhoff

of Vienna has published two articles in the *Journal des Beaux Arts* about the Vienna Gallery which are simply the notes he took down of what Bernhard said, even to the aesthetic criticism! The worst of it is he has never mentioned his name.

Wednesday, February 8, 1893, Florence

Work on Lotto and Botticellis in the Uffizi in the morning. After more work, we went out for a walk and picked up Loeser, who seemed to be in poor health. He took us in to have tea at Giacosa’s. He is nice when he doesn’t tell lies, and his ill-health makes him pathetic.

In the evening Bernhard’s head ached, so I read aloud the Life of Sir Charles Eastlake.

Born 100 years go, and I know his wife!

[0354] \* Thursday, February 9, 1893, Florence

A most “pendulumistic” letter from Hapgood, who says I mustn’t criticize James for talking rot about art, because he has done good work in physiological psychology, and that one thing is the same as another, and Harvard as good as Florence, and Hegel as good as Science, etc., etc., quite in the spirit of those first depressing talks we had in Paris, which he ceased from when he opened his eyes a little. O Americans!

We worked on our Lotto, and then went to see Perugino’s *Last Supper.*

After lunch we did some more work and then walked over the hills after seeing the Calzi Perugino.

At lunch we met Jenkins who has been suffering horribly for a month with neuralgia. His description of his tortures made your flesh creep. He declares that a spirit, in the shape of a monk, comes to him and tells him the winning numbers in the National Lottery. So I asked him to make two hundred pounds for me, and he promised to do so. But my conscience need not begin to prick me for ill-gotten gains!

[0355] Friday, February 10, 1893, Florence

A completely Loeserized day. He lunched with us, and spent the afternoon — it was raining — and we dined with him and spent the evening.

We read Mallarmé — a goose.

Bernhard discovered that a puzzling picture in the National Gallery is by Balducci.

He is reading Rabelais,

and I *Tristram Shandy*.

I had a sweet little letter from Ray, written all of her own accord when she heard I was ill, and some pictures from her. I sent her the Donatello San Giovannino of Faenza to give Miss Irene as a Valentine. Ray’s letter said “Dearest Mary, We are going to the pantomime and the Zoo. Do you love me very truly? I love you a hundred dollars. That would buy a nice castle. Thy loving Ray.”

Saturday, February 11, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto, went to the Pitti, walked to San Domenico, came home and worked on Lotto.

Costa called, and I went to dine with the James. They had a dinner party, to my horror. It was curious that a sculptor named ‘Oberyst’ (?),

whom I had refused to meet at Loeser’s, and who had equally refused to meet me, should have been there. Mrs. James insisted on our talking together, and finally the rest of the company sat silent to listen as we discussed Ekkehardt and Potapen[c]ko and Huysmans and Besnard. I laid down pure “Doctrine” to his flabergastment.

Bernhard spent the evening with Costa.

[0356] Sunday, February 12, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto, went to Bargello.

Walked in Cascine with Loeser in the afternoon and got caught in the rain.

I was locked out all day, but went to Bernhard’s and while he read Bosanquet

I read a dozen 18th Century essays.

Then I wrote to Lady Eastlake and he wrote to Went.

*The Women’s Herald* with the Ibsen article came.

Monday, February 13, 1893, Florence

Lotto, went to Uffizi and San Martino. Walked.

Read Symonds and Eastlake and Ranke.

Quarrelled out of mere silliness.

\* Tuesday, February 14, 1893, My 29th birthday, Florence

Bernhard brought me a bunch of daffodils as a token of reconciliation.

Mr. Jenkins, whom we met at lunch, sent me an endless quantity of lovely violets.

Ray sent me Valentines she had painted herself, and Alys sent me a book called *French Art* by one Brownell,

which Bernhard and I both read the same day, with mixed emotions, mostly disgust.

Wednesday, February 15, 1893, Florence

Loeser called to offer posthumous congratulations, [0357] as it were, on my birthday, and invite us to dinner.

We finished and sent off a review of Brownell’s book, which, at the moment, in the first glow of composition, I think was a pretty good review. I hope Alys can get it in somewhere.

We dined with Loeser. Looked over his fine collection of Michelangelo drawings.

He says that Mrs. James wept the other day when her husband brought home some of his pictures in which he had been spending the money they need for other things, and that James, in irritation, ran his knife through them then and there.

The Ways went to the Corsini Ball, Mrs. Way getting a new dress for 400 francs. They met pension acquaintances and no one else there, and were ill the next day, Mrs. Way in fact being again seriously ill in bed. And they have no money to pay for the dress. Yet they are upborne by the feeling that she was “the best dressed woman there.” Loeser thinks, however, that Mrs. Way would have been something splendid if she had married a man of more character.

[0358] \* Thursday, February 16, 1893, Florence

We worked on our Lotto.

After lunch we walked around by Carreggi [*sic*] to San Domenico across the fields. It was very hot.

Mr. Jenkins came to tea. He told us of his experience as his father’s election agent in Cornwall, which gave him such a horror of politics that he would not say a word about Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill. Talk of the electorate being pure!! On the whole I think it was purer to b〈u〉y votes by playing on people’s avarice than upon their snobbishness.

Friday, February 17, 1893, Florence

Bernhard called on Senator Comparetti whom he found editing the earliest Code, a Cretan tablet dating from about 600 B.C.

After lunch we walked over the Bellosguardo hills and then came back and grappled with our Introduction to Lotto.

Bernhard was rather cast down at discovering what a treacherous friend Loeser is. It came out in this way. The picture-dealer [0359] here, from whom Bernhard bought the Pier di Cosimo for Burke, has a picture by Filippo Lippi. Hearing that Crespi of Milan was here, Bernhard, out of friendliness to Gagliardi and because he preferred Crespi to have the picture, instead of having it go out of Italy, went to him on Signor Frizzoni’s recommendation and spoke to him about the picture. Crespi was very rude to him, and Bernhard could not imagine the reason. However, it came out today when Bernhard happened to stop in at Gagliardi’s. Gagliardi told him that Crespi had been there with Loeser (who sets up to say the picture is not genuine), and afterwards by himself. When he came alone he told Gagliardi that Loeser had warned him to have nothing to do with Berenson, who was of “una cattiva disposizione”, knew nothing of pictures, and was generally not to be trusted.

How strange it seems that Loeser could say this when he knows it is not true, and when common decency ought to make him feel gratitude to Bernhard without whom he would have known nothing of Italian pictures (not that he knows much now!), nor had any of his present acquaintances, such as Costa or Frizzoni—or even Crespi himself!

[0360] Saturday, February 18, 1893, Florence

A letter from mother this morning unwell says that Marion Lawrence

has gone crazy in Paris and that Logan brought her off to London. She proposed to a young man and declares she is engaged to him, and talks constantly of him, and of herself, saying that she is a genius, a Princess, that she is going to be a very brilliant woman, etc., etc. Mother says it is most pitiful.

Ray sent me a birthday letter.

Bernhard went to lunch at “Vernon Lee’s” to meet Miss Sellers.

He enjoyed himself very much, and was especially interested to find Miss Sellars [*sic*] employing exactly the same scientific methods in her study of Greek sculpture that we use in our work.

We finished the Lotto Introduction.

\* Sunday, February 19, 1893, Florence

Wrote out notes on the March of Ancona for Mrs. Bywater.

After lunch Bernhard met Vernon Lee & Co. at the Bargello. Vernon Lee was ready to *kill* him for his anti-genius notions of art. Miss Sellars [*sic*] said that it struck her that, as compared with the Greeks, Renaissance sculptors did not know what to do with the legs. He said they were so [0361] shy of mentioning the different parts of the body by name that discussion was difficult.

We walked in the Boboli Gardens together, and then continued the Lotto catalogue, the typo-paper having come.

I finished *Tristram Shandy* and Bernhard entered upon Vol. II of Rabelais.

Monday, February 20, 1893, Florence

Finished Mrs. Bywater’s notes, and went to Santa Trinità and the Uffizi in the morning. We both discovered a drawing by Amico Aspertini.

After lunch we continued the Lotto and then took a walk in the Cascine.

I called on Miss Britten while Bernhard wrote to Fields.

Then we did some more Lotto.

In the evening Bernhard called on the Forbes and I studied German.

He made me angry — though it would puzzle me to explain why! — by maintaining that humanity had to push up just so many “geniuses” in each direction and that if one died another would come inevitably to take exactly his place. Charles V, for example, was bound to have a Titian, Julius II a Michelangelo.

[0362] x Tuesday, February 21, 1893, Florence

Lotto, Bargello, German, while Bernhard called on Costa.

He found at the National Library that *The Nation* had printed his Stillman letter, with the information that it closed the controversy — as indeed it did. Loeser came to Costa’s and congratulated Bernhard upon it, but with a manner and look which betrayed that he felt very sick over it, and would give anything if Stillman had only had the best of it.

After some more Lotto, I called on Lady Carly〈s〉le, who kept me a long time. I enjoyed it, as she asked me many questions about my studies. On the whole, in spite of her belief that I have a strong natural vocation for politics, I think I convinced her that I was not idle, nor likely to be a mere dead weight in the world.

In the evening we did some more Lotto and read Pater’s *Winckelman*〈*n*〉,

a rather disconnected affair — full of good things however.

[0363] Wednesday, February 22, 1893, Florence

Aunty Lill writes one of her killing letters: after describing a boring lunch party of her own with a number of “swell” guests, she modestly adds, “I know the occasion will be inelegant but the people will be nice.” Then she goes on, “I was to have dined tomorrow with Messrs. Moody and Tankey, at Hilton, but have given out. I try to embrace every opportunity to be with the spiritually minded, as it is Christ for whom I hunger and thirst, not wishing ‘the lower life’ as S. Emlen said last 1st Day, but the Higher Life. He said, “Are you conscious you wish the “ ”, but live often in the lower life”, which was a new way of expressing my own walk.”

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 Carlysle. After a walk and some more Lotto, I went and enjoyed myself very much trying to explain to her that there really is such a thing as scientific and reasonable art criticism. She regaled me with W. L. F.

gossip, and grand talk about humanity.

[0364] \* Thursday, February 23, 1893, Florence

Rain. Lotto.

Finished Ranke.

Walked in Cascine.

Bernhard reading essays of de Vogüé.

Discovered some drawings in Uffizi.

Friday, February 24, 1893, Florence

Lotto. German lesson. Walk.

Bernhard called on Forbes. I wrote my Hawthorne.

Saturday, February 25, 1893, Florence

Creighton’s *History of the Papacy*,

a birthday present from Mother, arrived, and Horatio Browne’s [*sic*] History of Venice.

The latter we began to read at once.

We went to see the Pontormos in the Collegio Militare.

I dined with the Carlisles. Lord Carlisle and Lady Mary’s husband, Mr. Murray, were particularly nice, although Lord Carlisle said that France had never produced a great man and that there was no such thing as painting now in Paris! It seemed awful to me to be living in such a rabble. Lady Carlisle ordering them all about, and fighting with her husband. O the joys of solitude!!

Mr. Murray came back with me and came in to look at Perry’s *History of Greek Literature.*

[0365] Sunday, February 26, 1893, Florence

I felt ill and feared another rheumatic attack. We worked on Lotto in the morning and the Academy.

I was ill all the afternoon. Bernhard walked.

In the evening we read Ibsen’s *Vikings*,

which Mr. Murray pronounced Ibsen’s finest play.

Monday, February 27, 1893, Florence

Went to the Uffizi, wrote Hawthorne and Lotto, walked.

Bernhard called on the Forbes and arranged for a class.

Mother writes that Marion has two aunts who have been 30 years and an uncle 10 years in an asylum. What a terrible outlook for her!

Costa called.

x Tuesday, February 28, 1893, Florence

Spent an hour and a half 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 [0366

] 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.

> Wednesday, March 1, 1893, Florence

Wrote my Hawthorne.

Went to Santo Spirito and the Brancacci Chapel.

Took the tram to Settignano and walked over the hills, a most delicious walk!

Read in the evening.

x Thursday, March 2, 1893, Florence

Took Lady Mary and Mr. Murray to the Uffizi. They were nice. They said the others were still discussing the Zorn!

Bernhard went to Santa Croce and the Bargello.

Walked over the hills from the Bagno di Ripoli.

Wrote.

Friday, March 3, 1893, Florence

Hawthorne still!

Walked over behind Bellosguardo and enjoyed it.

Read, wrote.

x Saturday, March 4, 1893, Florence

Went to S. Maria Novella. There Bernhard studied the [0367] Orcagnas and discovered that Orcagna was a pupil of Lorenzetti. I guided Mr. Roberts and Lief [*sic*] Jones about.

At lunch we talked about writing an article to explain why the study of the Renaissance leads to culture; it takes you both backwards and forwards from itself. Founded on Latin and Greek civilization, it is nevertheless the beginning of *our* era.

Bernhard felt low all day because he has not yet appeared in print, under his own name!

While I continued <writing> my Hawthorne, he finished a splendid article of Wickhoff’s

upon Guido da Siena, a really fine piece of scholarship.

We walked by San Miniato, and Bernhard darkened the air with complaints.

He called on Mr. Sinclair, and after tea we corrected my Hawthorne, which I began to type-write in the evening.

Sunday, March 5, 1893, Florence

Wrote stories for Karin’s birthday book in the morning.

Went to the Medici Tombs. It is quite true, as Miss Sellars [*sic*] [0368] said that, compared to the Greeks, Renaissance sculptors do not know what to do with the legs. Most of the Michelangelo legs there were awful, and so all the Donatello’s, usually.

Then we went to San Marco and were charmed with Fra Angelico.

After lunch we took the tram to Settignano and walked to Fiesole by Poggio — a most invigorating, enchanting walk.

In the evening we read some more of the English Poets, and began Milton.

Bernhard is grappling with Frey’s Malabecchiani.

Monday, March 6, 1893, Florence

We finished our Lotto notes!

Bernhard took Mrs. Scott and her two daughters to the Uffizi, for 25 francs. He said they were bored, he certainly was.

I called on Mrs. James while he walked in the Cascine. She made my hair stand on end by all she told me of Irish servants in America. From that point of view alone, she said that Bryce,

when he was in [0369] America, prophesied a war between the Protestants and the Catholics, the two grades of society whose interest are not only diverse but directly opposed. If I had time, I should write an article on all she told me, but alas! time is so short, and I am too busy.

In the evening I went on with my translation of Bode’s handbook of Italian sculpture,

and Bernhard worked himself into a rage of Frey.

“Michael” writes about the *Building Master Solness*, which they are now playing with great success in England:

“O to be in England,

Now that Ibsen’s there!

And whoever wakes in England

Feels some morning unaware

That a Breath is stirring through mere belief,

For the old world’s notions have come to grief

And the Modern pierces, one knows not how,

Through England now!”

Tuesday, March 7, 1893, Florence

Went to the Pitti, but it was cold and the staring colours of the Florentines hurt my eyes.

While I had my German lesson, [0370] Bernhard began an article on Karl Frey’s book.

We walked from the Bagno di Ripoli over the hills, a lovely walk, finding violets by the path.

After tea, we wrote the tail to our Lotto, about his followers, etc., and after dinner I went on printing my Hawthorne, while Bernhard read Symonds on Italian Literature.

x Wednesday, March 8, 1893, Florence

Finished and sent off the Hawthorne.

Went to the Uffizi and studied particularly the engravings in the corridor.

After lunch we finished the Lotto “Following”.

Then Bernhard took a walk in the Cascine, while I looked at a little appartment. [*sic*] A poor old New Zealand school mistress art critic was living in them, her third winter, studying art from Ruskin and Hare and Rio and Hermann Grimm! Let us hope they will seem more appropriate in New Zealand than they do on the spot!

Then I called on Prof. James and found [0371] him furiously raging over Vernon Lee’s *Vanitas*

which contains a complete microscopic dissection of his brother the novelist, “the most incomprehensible, indelicate, indecent thing conceivable.” All this sounded odd from the brother of the man whose “Miss Birdseye” was such a patent caricature of his father’s old friend, Miss Peabody.

In the evening we read 〈Ibsen’s〉 *Rosmershold*

and I read *Hedda Gabler*.

Thursday, March 9, 1893, Florence

Went to the Uffizi and studied Florentine drawings.

Worked on the Lotto.

Finished *Rosmersholm* and compared it with Solness.

Bernhard called on the Scotts and I went to San Miniato.

After tea we grappled with the Lotto, and quarrelled, as usual when we write together!

And in the evening read *Vanitas*,

which didn’t strike us as very bad. I also read the other two stories, one at night, and the other in morning.

[0372] Friday, March 10, 1893, Florence

Began by quarrelling over the Lotto!

Went to Santa Maria Novella, still quarrelling.

After lunch Bernhard wrote his Carl Frey article, while I had a German lesson.

We worked over the article, and then walked to Santa Margarita, gathering pink anemones by the way.

Worked in evening.

\* Saturday, March 11, 1893, Florence

We spent nearly the whole day finishing the Carl Frey article, which was finally posted to the *New York Nation* at 8.30.

We had a walk over the fields behind Bellosguardo, and picked handfuls of daffodils, and anemones of many strange colours.

Talked about going to Lucca, but decided that Florence is altogether too enchanting!

We were pretty quarrelsome over our work, I am sorry to say!

Sunday, March 12, 1893, Florence

I wrote my children’s story.

When Bernhard came, we answered Frizzoni’s letter and [0373] then went to the Bargello.

After lunch I read *Pillars of Society*

aloud, and then we walked on the hills by the Bagno di Ripoli, but unfortunately quarrelled over flower-picking.

In the evening Bernhard read Symonds on Renaissance Literature and I studied my German and read Michelet on Richelieu.

Monday, March 13, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto.

Walked in Cascine and “jumped”, worked on Lotto.

I studied German in the evening and Bernhard read Symonds’ *Literature*.

Tuesday, March 14, 1893, Florence

The Galleries being closed, we spent the whole day over Lotto, except for a walk on Bellosguardo.

Bernhard wrote to Hapgood while I had my German lesson.

German and Symonds in the evening.

Recovered from my grumpiness.

\* Wednesday, March 15, 1893, Florence

We got on well with the Lotto.

Unfortunately, [0374] we quarrelled at lunch-time, over nothing. I simply have an abominable temper, but now I mean to stop it. It has grown up merely within the last two years.

The rest of the day we still worked upon Lotto, with some success, I think.

Thursday, March 16, 1893, Florence

Lotto most of the day.

Read *An Enemy of the People* (Ibsen).

Friday, March 17, 1893, Florence

Lotto.

I took a walk in the afternoon with Prof. James, who said art had no connection with life, and that, as it was almost impossible to arrive at exact historical truth, it was useless to study history.

Christina Bremner

arrived at 6.30.

Bernhard called on the Forbes.

Saturday, March 18, 1893, Florence (unwell)

We took Christina to Santa Croce.

In the [0375] afternoon I took her for a walk from the Bagni di Ripoli.

Sunday, March 19, 1893, Florence

Went to the Academy and San Marco. Bernhard and Christina went to the Pazzi frescoes while I came home.

In the afternoon they walked over Bellosguardo and I read *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Talked all evening.

Monday, March 20, 1893, Florence

Santa Maria Novella.

Worked over Lotto. Christina explored for herself. We read her our “Lotto”, and she confessed to having thought of Titian as a “sort of Dutchman.” Lionardo only suggested “a long kind of a Madonna and angel”; of Tintoretto and Botticelli she had never heard.

Bernhard uses it to prove that art, particularly art criticism, is so remote from life that it is not worth bothering about. He is discouraged.

[0376] Tuesday, March 21, 1893, Florence

Took Christina to the Uffizi. The Florentines left her cold.

We took a long walk in the afternoon in the Fiesole hills.

Read *The Wild Duck* in the evening, which depressed Bernhard still more, as he compared himself and his Great Work *in futuro* to Hialmar and his “Invention”.

\* Wednesday, March 22, 1893, Florence

Took Christina to the Pitti, and here, before the Venetians, especially Tintoretto, she waked up. Her criticism was delightful. “How it sticks out”, which put into the Art Critics’ pompoferous language means “How solidly it is modelled, how well the values are given, what ‘atmosphere’.” The great Art Critic of the future will be the one who dares to say “stick out” (and who has money to publish his own books!!) [0377]

In the afternoon I went with Mrs. James to Bardini’s, while the others took a walk in the Cascine.

We worked for a couple of hours on Lotto and after dinner read Pater on Botticelli.

Thursday, March 23, 1893, Florence

Took Christina to Santo Spirito, Carmine, and San Lorenzo, while Bernhard went to the Carmine and Pitti.

After lunch worked on Lotto for 2 hours, then walked with Christina in the Boboli and to San Miniato.

After dinner we read Browning’s various Italian poems.

Friday, March 24, 1893, Florence

Went to the Palazzo Vecchio and the Uffizi.

After lunch and my German lesson we walked from Fiesole round by Poggio to Settignano, a most fascinating walk.

I had very disquieting news from mother, but the air and sunshine made me happy in spite of the pain at my heart.

Saturday, March 25, 1893, Florence

San Lorenzo and the Opera del Duomo in the morning.

Worked on Lotto till tea and after tea walked over the San Miniato hill, talking [0378] about Christina’s newspaper experiences, and rather despairingly about Bernhard’s books.

After dinner Bernhard called on the Forbes and Christina and I chatted about her trip, etc.

Sunday, March 26, 1893, Florence

Went to the Bargello, which Christina enjoyed.

Wrote home.

Bernhard called on Mr. Benson and talked about Signorelli, and wrote to his sister.

After tea we walked on Bellosguardo and after dinner read Browning.

\* Monday, March 27, 1893, Florence

Duomo and Annunziata and Innocenti in the morning. Saw a Luca della Robbia in the Innocenti we had never studied before, a great beauty!

Worked on Lotto.

Walked to San Miniato, and worked on Lotto again.

Read aloud *Ghosts* (Ibsen) in the evening, while Bernhard looked at photographs.

Christina calls him “The Law” or else “The Eternal Light”. He has been deliciously entertaining ever since she has been here. A third person often wakes up conversation. Two people alone tend to become quiet.

[0379] Tuesday, March 28, 1893, Florence

Christina and I went to the Uffizi, and Bernhard took old Miss Forbes there.

After my German lesson we went out to the Certosa, and walked home. On the way I said (one of my rare and infrequent thoughtful remarks!) that methodism is Protestant Jesuitism.

In the evening we finished *Ghosts*.

Wednesday, March 29, 1893, Florence

Worked on Lotto in the morning.

Then Bernhard went to “Vernon Lee’s” to lunch, and met Mr. Benn,

whom he liked. Mr. Benn said that ‘Americans took a merely feminine interest in ideas’, and he enjoyed Bernhard’s description of Michelet as a person ‘who had only loafer ideas’.

I met Christina in the Medici Tombs and after lunch we went up to Fiesole where we met Bernhard. We walked again to Settignano. We met a man who had literally fallen on the road with hunger, and helped him to a farm-house and bought him wine and bread, which he devoured greedily, forgetting to thank us, which showed he was not a professional beggar, at least.

In the evening I read aloud *Hedda Gabler*.

[0380] Thursday, March 30, 1893, Florence

Lotto and the Pitti in the morning. After lunch Lotto again.

Mr. Benson called on Berenson and I took a walk with Christina.

More Lotto.

In the evening finished *Hedda Gabler.*

x Friday, March 31, 1893, Good Friday, Florence

Worked on Lotto all the morning.

After my German lesson we walked from Settignano over the hills, a marvellous walk.

In the evening I read *The* *Lady from the Sea.*

Saturday, April 1, 1893, Florence

Worked over Lotto. Began the type-writing.

Went to the Academy.

More Lotto after lunch, and then Christina and I drove by the Via Bolognese, Treppiano, [*sic*] Canonica, and the Villa Carreggi, [*sic*] the last part in sunset and moonrise.

In the evening I finished *The Lady from the Sea.*

Miss Willard sent me such kind letters of introduction to magazine editors.

\* Easter Sunday, April 2, 1893, Florence

Lotto nearly all day, but for a lovely walk by the river from the Bagno di Ripoli.

[0381] Monday, April 3, 1893, Florence

Lotto again — all three of us!

Took Christina to see the Ruccellai [*sic*] Palace and Ognissanti.

Walked in the Cascine.

Costa came in the evening, was really charming.

Tuesday, April 4, 1893, Florence

Prato in the morning.

Drove to Poggio a Caiano and walked across to Signa. A beautiful day.

Wednesday, April 5, 1893, Florence

Lotto — finished printing!

Met Mr. Jenkins at lunch and went out to Signa for afternoon tea.

Christina went over the Lotto in the evening.

Thursday, April 6, 1893, Florence

Christina’s last look at the Galleries.

Called on Costa’s friend Signor Fabbri (a follower of Pissaro), [*sic*] also on the James, and on Loeser to see his Alvise Vivarina

which he has just bought.

Heard *Carmen* in the evening. Very badly given.

[0382] Friday, April 7, 1893, Florence

Christina’s packing and guide-books. Saw her off to Bologna. The ticket office man, as usual, tried to cheat us in the change.

I wrote to the Florentine Paper, *Il Fieramosca.*

Frizzoni is staying in Florence and Bernhard went to meet him and Loeser at Santa Croce.

I called on Mme Zucchelli and then on Miss Lohse.

In the evening Bernhard went to call on the Youngs.

Saturday, April 8, 1893, Florence

I “magazined” the Lotto, both morning and afternoon, paying a visit to the Corsini Gallery between whiles.

Bernhard met Loeser and Frizzoni, and called on Mr. Benn, whom he found full of ideas.

In the evening Costa and his friend Fabbri came, and were very pleasant. They are both extraordinarily handsome

x Sunday, April 9, 1893, Florence

Still Lotto.

We went to the Pitti, and late in the afternoon took a walk in the [0383] Cascine.

Bernhard met Frizzoni and Loeser and went about with them a little. Costa and Fabbri came in the evening. A nice talk.

Monday, April 10, 1893, Florence

I continued printing the Lotto, while Bernhard went on making out his lists of Venetian paintings. Hard work!

Bernhard called on Forbes.

Tuesday, April 11, 1893, Florence

I met Miss Lohse in the Uffizi, while Bernhard worked. She dosed me well with Hermann Grimm, and I came away feeling very sick. Connoisseurship is not the end but oh! it is the ‘beginning of wisdom”, and Hermann Grimm and his disciples have it not.

In the afternoon Bernhard walked from Fiesole to Settignano with Mr. Benn who was more brimming over with ideas than ever. He said Ruskin’s “Law” is the Oxford revival of Mediaeval Catholicism. He was the first Englishman to rediscover the Renaissance, but he rediscovered it by hating it, and thus proved very clearly that he knew what it was, how [0384] totally opposed to mediaeval Christianity. How well this explains Ruskin!! He also said Browning was not one of the *great* poets, for he wrote only of Love, and of no other part of the “struggle for life”.

While Bernhard was enjoying this delightful talk, I looked for lodgings for “Michael Field” and called on Mrs. James, who was interesting. She said that some doctors in America refused to undertake confinements unless they were allowed to give ether freely. How uncivilized England seems, where ether is the exception. I remember when Ray was born, I had to have a special ether administrator, who charged an extra £10.

Wednesday, April 12, 1893, Florence

I began my packing, while Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Academy. He said the pictures, particularly the *Primavera*, never seemed to him so marvellous before.

After my German <lesson>, we worked and sketched out his course of lectures, and then took a walk over [0385] Bellosguardo. The sun has been shining for nearly a month, and the crops are perishing for want of rain. There is something terrible in this brilliant, cloudless sky.

After dinner Bernhard called on the Forbes to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bywater.

Thursday, April 13, 1893, Florence

Worked upon the Catalogue of Pictures.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Pitti.

He called on Miss Burke

while I went up to the Villa Montauto

and sat on the wall enjoying the sunset until he joined me.

Costa and Fabbri came and were delightful.

x Friday, April 14, 1893, Florence

Catalogue still.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Uffizi (I think).

He called on Fabbri and I upon Miss Lohse, who told me her story, which interested me so that I am trying to write a tale of it.

Saturday, April 15, 1893, Florence

Still the Catalogue.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to Santa Maria Novella. At twelve she said, “O, I must hurry back and find him (her husband). You can’t think how it [0386] takes all my time and energy to keep him in a good humour. Men are all like that, I suppose”, a gentle sigh.

We walked in the Cascine.

I worked in the evening, while Bernhard called on the Forbes.

*Corso dei Fiori.*

Sunday, April 16, 1893, Florence

Catalogue.

Bernhard took Mrs. Bywater to the Uffizi, but he surprised me first by a very early visit to announce that his article on Carl Frey had been accepted by the Editor of the *Nation* and pronounced “very acceptable”.

Also a certain Mr. Theodore Davis

has written to him asking him to come at once to Rome and advise him about buying certain pictures, for a payment, of course. It may be an opening.

We worked and worked and took a little walk in the Cascine.

Bernhard dined with the Bywaters and Senator Comparetti.

I dined alone at Doney’s. Their five franc dinner is a fraud!

I read *La Maison Tellier.*

Bernhard is reading Symonds’ Vol. on *The Fine Arts* and I Vol. II of his *Italian Literature.*

Costa came in the evening, stayed till midnight. He starts for Paris tomorrow.

[0387] Monday, April 17, 1893, Florence

Bernhard started for Rome at 6.35 in the morning.

I “magazined” his Carl Frey in the morning.

After lunch I took Miss Lohse to the Pitti and gave her tea here.

Then finished my “magazining”, had dinner, and worked on the Catalogue.

Tuesday, April 18, 1893, Florence

Unwell.

Worked all day, on catalogue, story “Crabbed Age”, and other things.

Bernhard still in Rome.

Wednesday, April 19, 1893, Florence

Still at work.

Bernhard returned at 9, and had great stories to tell of his millionaire Americans. Mr. Davis was going to pay £12,000 (!) for four utterly worthless pictures, which Bernhard saved him from. They were very amusing, and very American.

Thursday, April 20, 1893, Florence

We worked all day till 5, going over the Catalogue, sorting photographs, etc., etc.

Then Bernhard went to call on “Vernon Lee” [0388] and I met “the Mikes” at their trains.

He went to see his American friends

in the evening, as they have come up to Florence, and the Mikes came here.

He came in later, and spoke against rhyme in English poetry, and of how blank verse so dominates our literary expression that prose is its mere bastard.

I made two analogies, quite in the spirit of “the Master”.

We were speaking of the mistake of looking for other things in painting in place of the primary *delight of the eye*. Bernhard said that all art was only valuable as *human expression*.

“Yes”, I said, “but in painting it expresses itself *to the eye*, and not to the other senses. Everybody would think it absurd to *kick* a picture.”

Then, when he was reporting to me Mr. Feilding’s

criticisms of the Signorelli of the Uffizi, that such a scale of colour was never seen in nature, I said “You ought to have reminded him that he, who is a musician, produces harmonics of sound that are never heard in nature.” I repeat these to remind myself on dull days, that I *can* be witty!

[0389] x Friday, April 21, 1893, Florence

I took Michael Field to the Pitti in the morning, while Bernhard took his American party about to Churches, etc. He had a very wonderful time “expounding” the Orcagna frescoes to them.

In the afternoon I took Edward Clifford and Bernhard took the Mikes to the Uffizi.

He met Frizzoni, who told him of an unpublished journal of Lotto belonging to a priest in Rome! and so Bernhard went to dine with him to hear about it, calling on the Americans afterwards.

Saturday, April 22, 1893,

“Silver Wedding of King and Queen”, Florence

I took the Michaels to Prato, where we had a beautiful day.

Bernhard took his Americans to see churches.

Sunday, April 23, 1893, Florence

I took Michael to the Academy and Annunziata in the morning, and Bernhard took them to the Uffizi and S. Maria Novella in the afternoon, having ciceroned his Americans in the morning. Michael’s eye is so well educated on modern French painting that she cannot endure most Florentine pictures on account of their lack of tone.

[0390] Monday, April 24, 1893, Florence

I had a rather threatening letter from B.F.C.C. and Bernhard a discouraged one from his sister, about his father’s failing health. As this means great distress for them, we determined to send them £100, part of the money which Burke gave Bernhard on the Pier di Cosimo picture, Bernhard having saved him £200 on it. We had laid this by, meaning to use it to print one of our books this summer, but it seemed impossible to be happy while they were in want.

I took Michael Field to the Medici Tomb, the Baptistery, the Opera del Duomo and the Bargello, all of which we enjoyed exceedingly.

I forgot, by the way, to note a little incident which happened when Christina and I were in the Bargello, looking at the Donatello “Amor”, the little boy with wings and a tail. A peasant woman with a shawl over her head was gazing at it curiously, and at last turned to me and asked “È un santo?” “Si, si,” I answered, “Sant’Amore,” and she walked away quite satisfied!

In the afternoon I joined the Mikes in the Uffizi, while Bernhard went to see Dr Baldwin, who said there was nothing the matter with him.

At tea [0391] time, we all had a nice, cosy talk. The Mikes are so very, very nice. I love anybody who appreciates “The Doctrine”, as they call Bernhard, and love them for their own sakes as well.

[on the way to Rome]

\* Tuesday, April 25, 1893, Hotel Inghilterra, Arezzo

A terrible day of packing, entwined by a call from Mrs. Way and one from Mr. Jenkins.

Got off at last in the 6.40 train.

Wednesday, April 26, 1893, Garibaldi, Cortona

Saw Arezzo and discovered 3 Signorelli *predelle* in the Sacristy of the Duomo. The Pier dei Franceschi’s looked simply overwhelming in the bright light.

Came to Cortona and went everywhere. On the Castello a goat-herd woman told us that the bodies of the Saints had been uncovered, to induce them to bring rain to the parched land. But the appeal was unsuccessful.

Thursday, April 27, 1893, Canoniera, Città di Castello

Drove to Fojano and saw the Signorelli and the Andrea della Robbia’s there, then [0392] to Castiglione Fiorentino, then to Arezzo, and then steam tram here.

I read *Renée Mauperin*,

and did not care for it much.

\* Friday, April 28, 1893, Città di Castello

Saw the pictures. Walked to the Belvedere.

Saw Mancini’s pictures, but could not find or hear of his Signorelli *Nativity*.

Saturday, April 29, 1893, Belle Arti, Perugia

Train to Umbertide.

Saw the Signorelli.

A “camora” was made to prevent our getting anything but a miserable two wheeled, rope-bottomed trap to take us to Perugia, but Bernhard saw through it, and in the end we got a nice phaeton, and came here in 3 hours, paying 15 francs.

The Mikes were already here, and we dined together at the “Progresso”.

Sunday, April 30, 1893, Perugia

Duomo. Belle Arti with Mikes.

Perugian school failed to rouse us.

A lovely walk after lunch. Wrote in evening.

[0393] \* Monday, 〈May 1〉 [April 31], 1893, Perugia

A heavenly day, after all the rains.

We revisited the Signorelli, saw the Cambio

and saw Bernardino and scrambled about the walls.

After lunch Bernhard wrote his “Architecture”, being inspired by the fact that the “*Nation*” has just printed his article on Vasari,

paying him £6.2/5 for it.

I finished *Manette Salomon*.

Then we walked with the Mikes to S. Pietro,

and round about in the country, getting endless enchanting views.

After dinner wrote.

Tuesday, May 2, 1893, Albergo della Posta, Foligno

We had a wonderful morning at Assisi.

Then Bernhard and I went to Foligno by train while “M.F.”

drove to Spello. We met at Spello, and walked out to S. Girolamo, where a nightingale was singing in the wood. Never has there been a more beautiful day.

[ROME]

Wednesday, May 3, 1893, Hotel Suisse, Rome

We got up at 4.30 and took the 5.30 train to Spoleto, where we had 4 hours of rapturous enjoyment.

Then we came here, a hot dusty journey.

[0394] Thursday, May 4, 1893, Rome

Ara Coeli, S. Marco, S. Maria del Popolo, the Sixtine Chapel in the morning, Barberini Collection and the Pincian in the afternoon. In the Barberini is a lovely ‘Galatea’ by Pontormo, which *no one* ever looks at!

Bad news from home, ah me!

Friday, May 5, 1893, Rome

Santa Maria Maggiore, S. John Lateran, and the Lateran Gallery in the morning.

The “Mikes” drove along the Appian Way.

Mr. Bliss called.

Bernhard wrote his “Architecture”.

Saturday, May 6, 1893, Rome

St. Peter’s and the Vatican Sculptures, where Michael Field mourned over his lost illusions.

The Borghese in the afternoon (2.50 there and walk home).

We are always deadly tired in the evening. Sleep shuts down on us all like the iron blinds which roll slowly down on fashionable shop windows at “closing up” time.

Sunday, May 7, 1893, Rome

S. Maria sopra Minerva, the Pantheon, and the Capitoline in the morning.

We met Miss Sellars [*sic*] there, who showed us Roman and Greek things. She studies archeology exactly as we [0395] study Renaissance art. How interesting it is to trace, as one can do here, Renaissance architecture and decoration straight back to Roman models.

In the afternoon we went out to the Baths of Caracalla and talked.

In the evening we read Robert Bridges,

and “Michael” was the only one left to say a word in his defence, and that a feeble one. “Field” she calls “The Walls of Jericho”, for she crumbles to ruins when she tries “new” doctrine. That is so brave and sincere of her, she does not stand up for her old opinions. She groaned and said it made her fear that their volume which is just being issued, *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough*, will receive but a Lenten welcome. But why should one tolerate Elizabethan copies nowadays anymore than we should tolerate say ante *plein air* painting in France? Then Bridges has *nothing to say.*

I have had such disquieting news from London, my heart sinks within me. B.F.C.C. keeps on Emma, when she is proud to be a bad nurse for the children, and now he threatens to sue for a divorce. I feel as if it would kill me to leave Ray entirely to such a brute, poor innocent creature! Yet I cannot live without Bernhard. B.F.C.C. is very cruel and brutal. I could not have thought he would make the *children* suffer, at any rate.

[0396] Monday, May 8, 1893, Rome

We saw the Borgia appartments [*sic*], but did not care much for the Pintoricchios. [*sic*] Few of them were executed by him, evidently.

Then, while Bernhard went to call on a Monsignore, who offered to sell him his private collection, which would make him, if he presented it to America, ‘more famous than Washington’.

Michael Field and I went to the Stanze and the Vatican Gallery. The Raphaels gave us little but pain and disgust.

In the afternoon, Bernhard went with Miss Sellers and a party of Germans to the Villa Albani, and we went to S. Paolo, and to the graves of Keats and Shelley.

We discussed Raphael in the evening.

Tuesday, May 9, 1893, Rome

Field was ill with stomach-ache, and Michael nursed her all day.

We met Miss Sellers and her friend and a German Professor (who is absurdly in love with Miss Sellers) at the Doria. The Velasquez is simply overwhelming. It knocks all the moderns flat.

Then Prof. Klein took us to see some wonderful decoration from Augustus’ Altar to Peace, all the Mediaeval and Renaissance motives.

In the afternoon Bernhard called on the Vedders

and Mond,

and Michael and I took a walk and bought photos.

[0397] \* Wednesday, May 10, 1893, Rome

Field better, and we all went to the Rospigliosi

and enjoyed the Lotto.

Then Bernhard and I finished the architecture article. I typed it in the afternoon while Bernhard called on Wickhoff.

Then we took tea with Miss Sellers and her friend

and they took us to the Villa Medici. We were sitting in the ilex grove and just going to smoke, when M. Guillaume the Director, a precise, polite, neat old man, joined us and insisted on trailing us all over “the grounds”.

In the evening we read the “Architecture” to Michael Field.

Thursday, May 11, 1893, Rome

Went to the Colosseum, where Bernhard compared Christianity to the solar system. Wandered about among Churches.

Went to the Doria Gallery and Torlonia.

In the afternoon Bernhard and I took Miss Sellers and her friend to the Masseretti collection

and then to S. Peter’s.

Dead tired at night.

Friday, May 12, 1893, Rome

Santa Maria del Popolo.

Saw Mr. Mond’s collection and met Miss Hertz.

In the afternoon drove along the Appian way.

[0398] \* Saturday, May 13, 1893, Rome

Rospigliosi and Colonna

in the morning and Borghese in the afternoon.

Dead tired again!

Sunday, May 14, 1893, Rome

Spent the day at Tivoli with Miss Bliss, and came home pretty tired.

Monday, May 15, 1893, Rome

Unwell. Went to the Farnesina and Corsini.

After lunch Bernhard took me to see Donna Laura Minghetti’s wonderful Leonardo (1493) — on the whole, the loveliest picture I have ever seen.

Then Michael and Field and I went to S. Pietro in Vincoli. The “Moses” overwhelmed us, that horrible “Thou Shalt Not”.

Then to S. Clemente, S. Stefano Rotondo, S. Pietro Montorio, S. Onofrio and so home.

Their last volume, *A Book of Verses underneath the Bough*, came, and we read it and talked much about it. Bernhard advised them to give up Drama and stick to impressions.

Tuesday, May 16, 1893, Rome

We finished the “Word for Renaissance Churches”.

Field was most helpful. She has a splendid “thinker” and an equally good “feeler”.

Went [0399] to the Colonna, while Bernhard called on various people about Lotto.

In the afternoon we went to the Borghese, and in the evening read Browning.

Wednesday, May 17, 1893, Rome

Mother writes that Ray is “sure we could find a buried city if we dug under Friday’s Hill.”

Bernhard suggested that “Michael Field” should call the second edition of his poems “Revised and decreased”.

We went to the Sistine, the Stanze, and the Vatican.

In the afternoon we bought photos and walked in the Villa Medici and the ‘bosco’, while Bernhard paid calls. He called on the Countess Suardi

in the evening while we packed.

Thursday, May 18, 1893, Rome

Went to Albano with Mr. Bliss and a friend of his, Mr. Ryan. We enjoyed every moment, particularly as we sat on the cliff overlooking the Lake of Nemi. Mr. Ryan seemed nice, but when he told me that all he read was Marion Crawford I felt to hate him!

[LORETO, BERGAMO]

[0400] Friday, May 19, 1893, San Benedetto del Tronto

Left Rome at 7 o’clock. The journey across the mountains, from crater to crater, was wonderful. We found this quiet little place by the sea and settled here for the night instead of going on to Ascoli.

Saturday, May 20, 1893, Albergo Vittoria, Fermo

Saw Ascoli and the Crivelli in the Duomo there.

Came here, a fascinating evening drive from the station. Wonderful white wine.

Sunday, May 21, 1893, Fermo

Drove, 7.30-11, to Massa Fermana and found a Crivelli. A wonderful drive.

Fermo a tiny quiet place without even a Caffé or a Trattoria! But some people took us in and gave us eggs and curds and brown bread, and we got on very well.

Monday, May 22, 1893, Albergo Pellegrino, Loreto

Saw Fermo and made the acquaintance of the Bibliotecario “Marchese Filippo Cav. Raffaelli”.

Discovered a Rondinelli in a Church, and 2 Bartolomeo Vivarinis and a Savoldo in the Palazzo Bernetti.

Then we drove to Torre di Palma, but found the so-called Crivelli a fraud, that is to say, a Vittorio Crivelli.

Then we came [0401] here and wandered about the town and saw a picturesque Church service.

At dinner one of those awful hidden, unconscious tragedies was half uncovered. Field so clever, so sensitive, so young, tied to a perfect goose like Michael, who can’t get a single idea through her head, and resents it a little when Field gets on, and at once takes to abusing poor Field, reminding her of all her past mistakes and faults. It made me feel very ill, the more so, as I was being violently eaten by fleas!

Tuesday, May 23, 1893, Loreto

Saw Loreto.

Bernhard made the acquaintance of Signor Gianuzzi and got a good deal of information about Lotto from him. He came with us to Recanati. The keys of the Municipio picture room had to be found, and then of the Chiesa dei Mercanti. All the town rose up in turmoil to find the ‘Canonico’ who had them in his pocket. At last they came, but it was dark. We saw however a splendid Annunciation by candlelight, and then drove back to Loreto by lightning and fire-fly light. White oxen pulled us up the hill.

[0402] Wednesday, May 24, 1893, Albergo della Pace, Ancona

Went to Jesi.

Returned to Ancona at 5 and Bernhard and I walked up to the Cathedral and saw a wonderful sunset. It suddenly came out under a heavy line of clouds and lighted up the town like a strange calcium light. Our rooms had fine views of the harbour, and were clean.

Thursday, May 25, 1893, Albergo del Sole, Bergamo

From Ancona here, 5.30 - 5.30 with an hour’s stop at Milan.

“Michael Field” stayed behind to see Ancona and Rimini.

Friday, May 26, 1893, Bergamo

Started for Sedrina at 8. Our horse jumped over a bridge and had a horrible fall into the stream below. Fortunately, he was not killed, nor we either!

Another carriage was found and went to Sedrina and saw a Lotto, then to Ponte Ranica

for the same.

After lunch we revised the Lotto chronology, and went to S. Bernardino, Santo Spirito and the photographers!

Michael Field telegraphed from Forlì that they would not come till tomorrow. So much the better.

[0403] \* Saturday, May 27, 1893, Bergamo

Started in the train at 6.10 for Celana, and after a delightful walk through country more exhilarating and dewy than Switzerland itself, found our Lotto. We spent three hours enjoying it.

Wrote and Bernhard called on Signor Piccinelli while I met the Mikes in the afternoon.

Sunday, May 28, 1893, Bergamo

Took the Mikes to the Gallery in the morning and to the Piccinelli’s in the afternoon. Wrote.

Monday, May 29, 1893, Bergamo

Lotto intarsias. Churches.

Went with Signor Piccinelli to see the Roncagli picture, where I discovered a Bartolomeo Veneto!

And to the Moroni collection.

The Bergamo bells are excruciating. We all feel as if the grey matter of our brains was being beaten to a froth like white of egg.

Tuesday, May 30, 1893, Bella Venezia, Milan

The Church Bells drove us away from Bergamo this evening as if we had been the veritable devils which they were delighted to drive away!

In the morning Bernhard and I went to Grumello

and drove along vine-scented lanes to three little towns near. We enjoyed every moment. We saw, besides the ruined Lotto we came in quest of, a splendid Romanino fresco.

We saw the Intarsias before starting.

Bernhard said one of his best things, that old people take new ideas like medicine, young people take them like food.

[0404] \* Wednesday, May 30, 1893, Bella Venezia, Milan

Brera in morning.

Met Frizzoni and Vittadini at the Poldi in the afternoon and went with them to see the Sormani

Canalettos and Cavanaglia’s pictures.

Wrote our Lotto.

Thursday, June 1, 1893, Milan

Churches in the morning.

Museo Civico, Ambrosiana, writing and Frizzoni’s pictures in the afternoon.

Started for Paris after taking a dose (35 gr.) of Sulfonal. It worked excellently.

[PARIS]

Friday, June 2, 1893, 14 rue de la Grande Chaumière, Paris

A day of travel but not very hot.

Saturday, June 3, 1893, Paris

Saw the Champ de Mars, and were disappointed. It must be Chicago that has taken the heart out of this exposition.

Called for Maude Mosher and brought her to lunch. She is thinking of marrying a dissipated Southerner, but we tried to persuade her not. We went back and had tea with her and called on her enchanting musical friend, Helen Hopekirk.

Sunday, June 4, 1893, Paris – Ray’s 6th birthday

Louvre, Luxembourg.

Lunched with Maude. Saw the old Salon and were sick at heart.

Monday, June 5, 1893, Paris

Revised our Lotto all morning and it made us quite sick and we quarrelled. But when we read it to the Mikes in the evening it did not seem so bad.

Met Maude at the Champs de Mars.

[0405] Tuesday, June 6, 1893, Paris

Mr. Burke arrived at 6. We went with him to the Louvre and to Durand-Ruel’s. There we saw pictures that made up for the poor Salon! Pissaro [*sic*] had made real advances, Degas is doing delightful landscapes, and we saw our first Forain

picture, which Bernhard christened “l’Art et l’Artiste”. Burke bought it for 1800 francs.

Then we went to the Champ de Mars and afterwards to Maude’s and had tea with Helen Hopekirk and some others.

Read *Underneath the Bough*

in the evening and arranged their “revised and decreased” edition.

Wednesday, June 7, 1893, Paris

Champ de Mars and Durand-Ruel’s.

Enjoyed Islach’s wooden sculpture, *La Reclame*. It ought to stand in the lobby of the House of Commons!

Michael made a more than usual goose of herself discussing Rossetti in the evening.

Thursday, June 8, 1893, Paris

Read our Venetian article in the morning.

Went to Durand-Ruel’s private collection in the afternoon, and there, while Bernhard looked at a picture by Culpp

at their business house, which his rich American

wants to buy, I bought toys for the children.

We dined with Burke and Maude at the Alcazar,

and spent the evening at Helen Hopekirk’s, who played divinely for us. Her husband told me that, taken all the year round, she only practises 3/4 of an hour a day. That is what it is to have brains and a good method.

[0406] Friday, June 9, 1893

Alas! we part today in London. I cannot bear to think of it, much as I want to see the children. Bernhard is so infinitely dearer to me, and I feel he needs me almost as much as I need him. He has been so enchanting these days. I feel as if we all ought to combine and take care of him, warding off every disagreeable thing, while he repays us, and more than repays us, by his enchanting conversation. The dear!!

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[no entries from June 10 to August 13]

\* Monday, August 14, 1893, Hotel de la Paix, Amiens

We left London at 11, reaching here at 4. I had a terrible headache, but went out to see the Cathedral.

On the whole, our stay in England has been pleasant. Bernhard made interesting friends, and I enjoyed the children and succeeded in getting a first-rate governess for them.

But it *is* nice to be together again!

[0407] Tuesday, August 15, 1893, Hotel de la Hure, Laon

We came here by the morning train, saw the Cathedral, etc., and were eating our dinner when, most untowardly, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell and their sister turned up.

Bernhard went away by the evening train, and I stayed on and chatted with them on the Boulevard.

Reading Ranke’s *Popes* and *History of England*, Corrager’s *Gothic Architecture.*

\* Wednesday, August 16, 1893, Lion d’Or, Reims

Came here by the 7.28 train. Bernhard had merely stayed in the lower town.

This Cathedral surpasses almost anything we have ever seen. The sculpture is most fascinating; it would be delightful to study it *au fond.* Some of the figures were thoroughly Roman in build and drapery. Where did they get it?

Our rooms open straight upon the façade, so in the heat of the day we sat at the windows and studied it through glasses.

\* Thursday, August 17, 1893, Hotel de Paris, Nancy

Left at 7. Saw Chalons-sur-Marne in a couple of hours. Discovered a (doubtful) [0408] Bernardino da Mariotto.

Came on to Nancy, and saw the Musée, etc. The director, a head guardian, was such a nice man, with lovely eyes. We discovered a Lotto! and a B. Veneto.

Read *Docteur Pascal*.

In England we read 3 volumes of Ranke’s *History of England*. I read Philippson’s *Contro-Revolution* and Rudyard Kipling. Bernhard 〈read〉 Philippson’s *Louis XIV* and the *Apocrypha*.

\* Friday, August 18, 1893, Pfeiffer, Strassburg

Reached here about 1.30. Went to Museum and discovered 2 Carianis

and a Beccafumi. Saw the Cathedral. It made an immense impression at first, and then we were disappointed. It is so barbarous compared to those we have been seeing. The Romanesque choir with the cupola, however, we enjoyed. We did not like the façade.

*Hot*!

Saturday, August 19, 1893, Oberpollinger, Stuttgart

Reached here 12.45. Awfully hot.

Saw Gallery and were overcome with the badness of the Italian [409] pictures. Did a lot of renaming.

Wandered about the town. Read Ranke. Wrote letters.

[MUNICH]

Sunday, August 20, 1893, Hotel Roth, Munich

Gallery again, still rather depressing. Discovered a Cariani

and 2 Giulio Campis, etc.

Wandered in the lovely parks.

Left for Munich at 1.54. Went out at Ulm to see the Cathedral and missed the train. Stopped our luggage by telegram at one of the stations, and had a couple of hours to see the town, before taking a train to rejoin it.

Reached Munich 10.30.

Monday, August 21, 1893, Munich

Changed rooms. They have no blinds in this hotel and the light enters at 4!

Went to the Gallery, and to hear “*Die Walküre*” in the evening. Decided that it needs condensing, except the last act. I noticed a “digestion motif” which I think no one has pointed out. It occurs when Sigmund drinks, and represents the bier [*sic*] gurgling down his throat and rumbling about in his stomach and intestines!

[0410] Tuesday, August 22, 1893, Hotel Roth, Munich

Went to Art Exhibition. Nothing here except Senbach and Böchlin.

Changed rooms twice!

Wednesday, August 23, 1893, Munich

Gallery, discovered a Filippo da Verona and a Polidoro Lanziani. Heard *Siegfried* in evening and enjoyed it. Cross.

Thursday, August 24, 1893, Munich

Hunted for type-writer place.

Went to Bavarian Museum. Wrote, read, walked.

Friday, August 25, 1893, Munich

The date to pass the Home Rule Bill!

Norman Hapgood’s brother, Hutchins Hapgood, suddenly turned up. The first we heard of him was that he was sound asleep in the room next to mine. We met him at the Glyptothek.

In the evening we went to the *Götterdämmerung* and enjoyed it best of all. Still, Wagner does need condensing. Five hours *is* too long.

x Saturday, August 26, 1893, Munich

[0411] Went with Hapgood to the Gallery and to the “Secession Ausstellung”, where we found most of our Champ de Mars friends.

Wrote home. “Giant” for the children.

Went to the New Pinacothek and were disgusted.

> Sunday, August 27, 1893, Munich

I wrote my Hampton Court Guide while the others went to the Bavarian Museum.

We went to the Schack Gallery after lunch. Really, Lenbach’s copies of Titian are marvellous!

Hapgood and I went to “Die Feen”

in the evening. We found it poor, not Wagnerian, and not anything else except spectacular. Fancy fairies without harps!

Monday, August 28, 1893, Munich

Spent the morning over the Italian drawings. After writing a little, we took a lovely walk by the river and back through the park.

Then, in honour of Goethe, we went to see *Iphegenie in Tauris*, which was well acted, according to German traditions!

x Tuesday, August 29, 1893, Munich

Drawing again. Wrote “Giant” and Hampton Court Guide.

Went to hear *Tristan and Isolde,* my first time, and Bernhard’s sixth. Frau Sucher sang. It surpasses all his other works.

[0412] Wednesday, August 30 [29], 1893, Hotel Roth, Munich

Gallery in the morning.

Wrote and walked in the afternoon.

Thursday, August 31, 1893, Munich

Somehow I have skipped a date and it is the 31st. I don’t understand it! The programme of the day was as usual.

Friday, September 1, 1893, Munich

Stayed in and wrote “Giant” and Hampton Court Guide.

Went to hear *Tannhäuser* which we enjoyed immensely, rather to our surprise. It is a very generous young work. He didn’t economize themes and situations.

Saturday, September 2, 1893, Munich

Gallery, walked, and wrote as usual.

Sunday, September 3, 1893, Munich

Eight years ago was my marriage-day, alas!

We tried to go to Schleis〈s〉heim,

but the train stopped running Sept. 1. So we went to the Gallery.

After writing and a walk we heard *Das Rheingold* [0413] the shortest and most crowded full of music of all the *Ring*. It was well given and we enjoyed it.

\* Monday, September 4, 1893, Munich

Gallery and writing.

Berenson said that Hapgood differed from most Americans in being willing to accept a truth when he saw it, without regard to God, the American Eagle, or any other abstractions.

\* Tuesday, September 5, 1893, Munich

Gallery, writing and reading. A long walk.

Wednesday, September 6, 1893, Munich

The New Gallery.

Called on Mr. Bush.

Writing, etc.

Thursday, September 7, 1893, Munich

Maude Mosher’s and John Robertson’s wedding day. I wonder how soon they will be separated or divorced?

We carried out our usual programme.

x Friday, September 8, 1893, Munich

Went to the Panorama of Rome.

Heard “*Götterdämmerung*” in the evening. I was perfectly delighted with it, and felt that I would gladly hear all the *Ring* over again.

Saturday, September 9, 1893, Café Central, Innsbruck

Came here by the 11.28. Read Ranke.

We had a [0414] dreadful time finding rooms, for the town is crowded, and has been since June 4, with a Fair. One hotel keeper said he could not give us 3 single rooms, but he could give us one room with 3 beds! That man deserves to succeed in his business!!!

Sunday, September 10, 1893, \* Hotel d’Ampezzo, Toblach

Saw the Gallery, etc. Came here.

[TRENTINO - ALTO ADIGE - VENETO]

Monday, September 11, 1893, \* Aquila Nera, Cortina

Diligence to Schluderbach. Then we walked through the Dolomites here, about 15/16 miles. We enjoyed every step of the way, all three of us. It was a thoroughly delightful day.

Tuesday, September 12, 1893, Hotel Venezia, Pieve di Cadore

Diligence to Barca, walked to Venas. There I took the post here, but Hapgood and Berenson walked. I went to another hotel from the one arranged, and failed to catch them on the way, so they had a tiresome hunt. Bernhard was very cross.

Saw the Church, etc.

[0415] Wednesday, September 13, 1893, Hotel delle Adiarylpi, Belluno

Discussing Catulle Mendès

over our coffee, Bernhard said his French was about as much like real French as patchoulì

is like oxygen.

At night he described a pichiri

as giving you a slice of a man’s world, like a sausage.

I came by post, 5 hours (4 francs) here, to this enchanting town. They walked to Lengarene, then took a carriage. We found a splendid municipio of 1511 (Tullio Lombardi?) and a fine pre-Palladian church, and doorways, windows, shields, etc., salon.

Yes, we are really in Italy once more!

Thursday, September 14, 1893, xx Hotel Belle Vedere [*sic*], Feltre

A magnificent hotel here, with a grape arbour of Concord grapes from which we may eat *à toute heure.*

We are on the track of that mysterious painter “Mat. da Feltre”, but have not got much further.

I had a chat with some insane women in the Mayhem, through the window of a Sacristy that opened on their garden. The hotel-keeper says most of the patients [0416] have what is called “Polenta madness” coming from a monstrous and not sufficiently nourishing diet of polenta. He said “Their flesh begins to creep away from the skin into their bones, and their brains shrink, and water gathers in the hollow.”

Friday, September 15, 1893, Albergo, Asolo

I finished Moriarty’s *Dean Swift*.

We came to Cornuda and saw the Villa Maser, then on here.

I have Browning’s room, with a marvelous view.

Saturday, September 16, 1893, Sant’Antonio, Bassano

Saw Asolo and discovered a late Lotto!

Saw Possagno with Canova’s temple, and Crespano, with nothing, and came here. The town strikes us as very squalid.

Got some flea-powder at last.

Hapgood is equally tormented with me.

Sunday, September 17, 1893, Tre Garofani, Vicenza

Horrid hotel but good restaurant.

Saw the Bassano galleries, reached here at sunset.

Horrible festa on, and [0417] people shouting all night.

Monday, September 18, 1893, Roma, Cittadella

We have enjoyed Vicenza to the full!

Walked out to the Villa Valmarana, Rotonda, and Monte Berico.

Came here in the evening train.

Tuesday, September 19, 1893, Stella d’Oro, Treviso

Saw Cittadella, Campo San Pierro and Castelfranco.

Came here and strolled about.

x Wednesday, September 20, 1893, Europa, Conegliano

“Did” Treviso and came here.

Saw the Cima collection (documents and manuscripts) in the Municipio and made the acquaintance of the priest who got up the Cima festival.

[VENICE]

Thursday, September 21, 1893, 〈Albergo〉 Monaco, Venice

Went to Serravalle and Ceneda, Susegana and Colalto. Such a golden day, none of us had ever seen the like!

Came here.

Friday, September 22, 1893, Venice

St. Mark’s, S. Giovanni in Gragora.

Train. I met Mr. and Mrs. Massingham.

Saw the Layards in the afternoon.

Bernhard called on Mlle Jakowski <Jackowska> and Hapgood and I “gondoled”.

[0418] Saturday, September 23, 1893, Venice

I called on Marion Lawrence and her mother, and met Bernhard and “Fafnir” (as we call Hapgood) at the Carmini at noon.

In the afternoon they went to the Lido and I took the Massinghams to Sir Henry Layard’s, the Sina Palace, and Santa Maria dei Miracoli. They were enchanted, and I think I got them a little de-Ruskinized.

Ray on reaching Haslemere whispered to mother, “Is Mary here?”

Sunday, September 24, 1893, Venice

Took the Massinghams around the Academy. I dined with them in the evening and Bernhard dined with Ruth Mercier and her friend.

Monday, September 25, 1893, Venice

Doge’s Palace in the morning.

Swim in the Lido with Marion and her mother in the afternoon.

Bernhard took Hapgood to San Rocco.

Tuesday, September 26, 1893, Venice

S. Maria Formosa, S. Maria dei Miracoli, and S. Giovanni e Paolo in the morning.

Murano in the afternoon.

Bernhard is writing a review of the Conegliano monograph on Cima.

Finished Vol. I of Ranke’s *History of Reformation.*

[0419] Wednesday, September 27, 1893, Venice

Went to S. Cassiano and the Correr in the morning and to S. Giorgio Maggiore and the Redentore in the afternoon.

Read Ranke.

Thursday, September 28, 1893, Venice

Spent the morning at the Academy and San Giorgio degli Schiavone. [*sic*]

In the afternoon went to the Salute and the Seminary and San Giobbe.

Met Willy Peel and Vaughan Williams.

Friday, September 29, 1893, Venice

Churches (I forget what) and Torcello in the afternoon.

I went with Marion to see the “Serva Amorosa” by Goldoni, and enjoyed it immensely. What is natural acting in Italy is the humble stage convention in England. Here it is the very life, but adapted; there it is the very thing Hamlet lectured the players against.

Saturday, September 30, 1893, Venice

Academy, Santa Catarina, Madonna dell’Orto.

Bernhard’s proof came and we corrected them. Great fun seeing first book in print.

[0420] Sunday, October 1, 1893, Albergo Monaco, Venice

A howling rain storm, water filling the piazza and the ground floor of this hotel.

Corrected proofs all the morning and went to the Lido to see the waves, when the sun came out in the afternoon. “Fafnir”

went in to swim.

Bernhard called on Miss Mercier in the evening.

Fafnir and I wrote letters.

Monday, October 2, 1893, Venice

Morning in the Academy.

Afternoon S. Caterina, S. Mari dell’Orto, S. Alvise.

In the evening I went with Marion and Bernhard and ‘Fafnir’ went together to see Goldoni’s *La Famiglia dell’Antiquario*.

\* Tuesday, October 3, 1893, Venice

Doge’s Palace.

Fafnir went at 2.

Began to read and write furiously after such a long time of talking.

Put in all our notes. etc.

Theatre to see *Ultima Sera della Carnivale*.

\* Wednesday, October 4, 1893, Venice

Writing, Doge’s Palace, more writing and reading.

Bernhard is reading Molmenti’s *Carpaccio*,

I Horatio Brown’s *History of Venice.*

Mother writes me that Miss Sellers has [0421] become so weary of her selfish life that she has decided to give it up and establish a baby-farm for poor children, with Miss Lowndes and other friends to help her, the “sisters” to wear a uniform, etc.! It is an awful blow, I cannot deny. The only answer we have to make to men who say that they are the only ones who carry on the world’s intellectual life is “O wait till women have a fair chance!” Miss Sellers’ chance has been splendid, but an intellectual life evidently bored her. For the one woman of her generation who perhaps might have become a scholar to give it up and take to an occupation any other woman could perform is a great loss. But who knows how much of it is due to her early Catholic training? A good deal, I suspect. Also it may be in part a diversion of the sexual instinct which seeks satisfaction in a sort of delegated maternity.

Thursday, October 5, 1893, Venice

Writing and Academy. Visit to Marion.

Bernhard called on Miss Jackowska.

Wrote and read.

Friday, October 6, 1893, Venice

Visited Churches, S. Giovanni in Gragora, S. Francesco della Vigna, and San Zanipolo.

Read and saw at Theatre Goldoni’s “Barufe delle chiozzote”.

[0422] x Saturday, October 7, 1893, Albergo Monaco, Venice

S. Stefano, S. Polo, S. Silvestro.

Lido in the afternoon, and I had a glorious swim.

I finished Horatio Brown’s *History of Venice*

and began Goldoni’s *Memoirs*. Wrote, etc.

Sunday, October 8, 1893, Venice

Went to the Correr and Querini-Stampalia.

Bernhard went to the Lido in the afternoon and I called on Marion.

In the evening I wrote and sent off to the *Evening Post* a little article called “At a Venetian Theatre”.

Read two of Balzac’s Plays.

Monday, October 9, 1893, Venice

Corrected proofs of Renaissance Architecture article for the *Free Review*.

Went to Doge’s Palace.

In the afternoon Bernhard went with Guarizzo (sacristan of Madonna dell’Orto) to see hideous nothings in private galleries and I wrote my Bassano for the Hampton Court Guide.

Made lists of Savoldo and Licinio in the evening.

Read Goldoni, etc.

\* Tuesday, October 10, 1893, Venice

Correr, S. Simeon Profeta, Scalzi, S. Giacomo dell’Orio in the morning.

S. Zaccaria, Carmine, S. Barnabà in the afternoon.

Read and saw Goldoni’s *Bona Madre*.

[0423] Wednesday, October 11, 1893, Venice

Salute, Santo Spirito, Gesuati, S. Trovaso and S. Sebastiano in the morning.

Met Miss Mercier and Miss Jackowska.

Called on Marion.

Read and saw Goldoni’s *Burbero Benefico*.

Did not sleep for fleas.

Thursday, October 12, 1893, Venice

Academy with Miss Ruth Mercier in the morning.

Visited the antiquary shops.

Called on Miss Mercier and Mlle Jackowska in the evening.

Friday, October 13, 1893, Venice

Correr. No trace of Morelli’s Lotto document.

Wrote Hampton Court <Guide>.

Called on Marion and her mother in the evening.

Saturday, October 14, 1893, Venice

S. Maria Mater Domini, S. Marziale, Gesuiti, S. Giovanni e Paolo in the morning.

Writing. Very miserable letters from home. Wired to B.F.C.C. in Paris.

Bernhard sent to *Nation* an article on “Isochromatic Photography and Venetian Art”.

Sunday, October 15, 1893, Venice

Hampton Court <Guide>.

Went to San Rocco.

Walked all over Venice for exercise!

Bernhard called on Mlle Mercier while I wrote.

Monday, October 〈16〉 [15], 1893, Venice

Wrote my Hampton Court <Guide> while Bernhard went to S. Pietro, S. Giuseppe, etc.

Went to Mestre and Spinea in the afternoon.

Packed.

(3.50 francs drive Mestre to Spinea).

[VENETO]

[0424] Tuesday, October 17, 1893, Croce d’Oro, Padua

Horrors of packing all the morning. Reached here 3.30. Strolled about the town.

I discovered a Fil. da Verona

in the Duomo!

I wrote my Hampton Court <Guide>, and Bernhard read Crowe & Cavalcaselle on Padua in the evening.

I was not very well.

Wednesday, October 18, 1893, Croce d’Oro, Padua

Gallery in the morning.

We went to Pieve

in the afternoon to see a (ruined) Alvise.

Found a Tiepolo and a curious Palma-Romanino alter-piece by a certain “Venetus” whose name we could not make out: “Giov. Pen- or Per- silinus”.

Read Ranke and *Mantova e Urbino* by Luzio and Renier.

Thursday, October 19, 1893, Croce d’Oro, Padua

Bernhard with a cold and diarrhoea and I still unwell from some cause to me incomprehensible.

We saw the Bishop’s Palace, Duomo, Baptistry and Eremitani in the morning, and drove to Stra in the afternoon (5.50) only to find the reported Tiepolo false. Still the Palace is magnificent.

I wrote on my Hampton Court <Guide> and Bernhard, lying on the sofa, read all the evening.

The first day of autumn.

Friday, October 20, 1893, Croce d’Oro, Padua

Bernhard was taken awfully ill in the night with pains, etc., and a cold sweat that made us think [0425] of cholera. I sent for the doctor, who came and found it nothing but a severe cold in the bowels. After his medicine, the pain passed away.

In spite of his weakness we went to the Santa, the Capella of S. Giorgio, and the Scuole del Santo and Carmine, and after lunch to the Arena Chapel. I am afraid we did not find the “sweep of the brush” so enchanting as we did two years ago, considering that it is mostly very obvious re-paint! What could have got into our eyes?!

Then we drove (5 francs but we gave him 6) to Praglia,

an abandoned monastery of the greatest grandeur and beauty. There was cloister upon cloister, with arches supported on beautiful pillars, a dainty little church from Tullio Lombardi’s designs. Magnificent last century stair cases and wood-work, a fresco by Mantegna; in short, a place we would not have missed for anything.

In the evening, after a pleasant little call from the doctor, I finished Vol. II of Ranke’s *Reformation*, and did some writing, while Bernhard read his *Mantova e Urbino.*

[0426] Saturday, October 21, 1893, Colomba d’Oro, Verona

Reached here 11.15 and saw Sant’Anastasia before lunch.

My home letters were as usual very distressing, father threatening not to leave me any of his money.

After lunch we went to the Gallery. Again the pictures looked crude and provincial, little enjoyable after Venice. But the town is divine!

I read Spaventi’s *Pisanello*

in the evening, and Bernhard Ranke.

Sunday, October 22, 1893, Verona

I was still unwell, but struggled out to the Duomo, S. Eufemia and Sant’Anastasia.

Remained in and rested and wrote in the afternoon while Bernhard went to S. Bernardino, S. Zeno, and S. Fermo. When he came in he defined genius as a “vortex of thought and feeling.”

Wrote and read.

Monday, October 23, 1893, Verona

I was ill, and when I struggled out to S. Naz〈areno〉 e Celso I found it was too much for me, and I had to come back.

Bernhard went to S. Maria in Organo and the Gallery.

I read Ranke and an awful Italian book on the Veronese artists by Zannandreis,

which Bernhard spent the evening cursing.

At dinner we talked with some adherents of Murray’s Guide.

One of them said, “Well, I like him because I know he is an Englishman, and I don’t like foreigners.”

[0427] Tuesday, October 24, 1893, Verona

I did not go out all day, but wrote my Hampton Court <Guide>.

Bernhard went to S. Giorgio.

Wednesday, October 25, 1893, Verona

Went to San Giorgio. Wrote.

Thursday, October 26, 1893, Verona

Went to S. Fermo and the Palazzo Ridolfi.

Wrote.

\* Friday, October 27, 1893, Verona

S. Zeno, and Bernardino. Gallery.

Much better. Read and wrote.

Made acquaintance with some English people named Boord at table d’hôte.

Saturday, October 28, 1893, Verona

S. Maria in Organo, S. Paolo, S. Tommaso.

x Sunday, October 29, 1893, Verona

Both finished Vol. III of Ranke’s *Reformation*.

S. Anastasia, Scaliger Tombs, etc.

Wrote.

Saw a balloon go off from the Arena Gallery.

Monday, October 30, 1893, Verona

S. Siro e Libera, S. Chiara, etc. Gallery.

Wrote.

Tuesday, October 31, 1893, Albergo Capello,

Brescia

Raining. Saw S. Toscana.

Wrote, read.

Came here.

\* Wednesday, November 1, 1893, Brescia

Raining.

Archbishop’s Palace, all the museums, and two seminaries. Found interesting medals. “Victory” less impressive than five years ago!

Bernhard finished the *Mantova e Urbino*.

[0428] Thursday, November 2, 1893, Brescia, Capello

Missed the train to Medole, so spent a delightful day seeing the churches.

At S. Clemente we got into a quarrel with the custode and the parroco, and at the end came to mutual vituperation. “Senza Creanza” was the last word hurled at us as we disappeared round the corner.

Bernhard read *Il Cortigiano*

and I wrote in the evening.

Found *bianca riviera* an *excellent* white wine.

Friday, November 3, 1893, Brescia

Spent 2 1/4 hours going to Medole,

five minutes look at the fine Titian there, and 2 1/4 hours coming back!

I read *Modern Painters*

and Bernhard *the Cortigiano*.

Found the Café Centrale a good place to eat at, after having been driven from all the other places by overcharges or bad service. This place very cheap, clean, and quiet.

Went to Paitone

in the afternoon, and rushed up to the Santuario to see the wonderful Moretto.

Bernhard had a sort of heart attack from hurrying.

Dined at cafe. *Sussago rosso* (*vecchio*) a splendid red wine.

Wrote an article in the evening about the day’s adventure.

\* Saturday, November 4, 1893, 〈Albergo〉 Roma, Cremona

Saw all the rest of the Churches.

Came here. Found many letters and the proofs. As usual disquieting news from London, not about the children, but about B.F.C.C.’s hostility.

“Michael Field’s” play *A Question of Memory* seems to have been a failure. Logan saw it. Wrote that they revilled [*sic*] in scenes and incidents which he was [0429] sure Reigate

could not afford. That is what kills them to be so far from life.

Sent off my article.

Sunday, \* Monday, Tuesday, November 5-7, 1893,  Cremona, Roma (a continuous fog)

Saw the Churches and pictures as best we could. Felt somewhat depressed.

Bernhard’s article on Architecture in the *Free Review* arrived.

Wednesday, November 8, 1893, Croce Bianca, Parma

Came here in a pour. Trailed about and saw things.

Thursday, November 9, 1893, Parma

Still pouring.

Saw the Correggios and the Gallery.

Finished my Hampton Court Guide.

Bernhard finished *Il Cortigiano.*

Friday, November 10, 1893, 〈Albergo〉 Pellegrino, Bologna

You are old, Father William, the young man said,

For your hair has become very thin

And when anything new is presented to view,

You only say ‘Well, I’m agin’ ”

We saw the wonderful Convent Parlour at Parma and came on here in a pouring rain.

Saturday, November 11, 1893, Bologna

St. Petronio and Giovanni in Monte, in the morning.

Gallery in the afternoon.

I wrote a review of Luzio and Renier’s *Mantova e Urbino* and sent it to the *Chronicle*.

Bernhard reading Diderot’s *Pensées philosophiques*,

etc.

Sunday, November 12, 1893, Bologna

Saw the medals, etc., in the Museo Civico, also several churches.

In the afternoon Bernhard walked to S. Lucca [*sic*]

and I wrote my “Assisi” of last year for the *Outlook*.

Talked with a girl in the evening named May Jeffrey.

At the bottom of the page, written upside down:

Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight

The Stars before him on the Field of Night.

[0430] x Monday, November 13, 1893, Pellegrino, Bologna

Churches in the morning and Gallery in the afternoon.

Sent off my article on Assisi.

Bernhard read *The League of Youth*.

[FLORENCE]

\* Tuesday, November 14, 1893, 12

Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Robertson’s analysis of Gladstone in the *Free Review* seems to resolve itself into the conclusion that he *honestly* believed dishonesty to be the best policy.

We saw some more churches in Bologna and came here.

It was quite a *festa* when our old waiters and the oysterman at the Toscana saw us.

My rooms have been changed and they want a great increase of rent. I liked them in some ways better as they were.

Wednesday, November 14, 1893, 12 Lungarno Acciajuoli, Florence

Hunted for other rooms, but could find none.

Went to Santa Croce.

Came back, took these rooms, and installed myself.

Thursday, November 16, 1893, Florence

Bernhard has gone away very cross and highly disgusted, because I refuse to make peace with him after a perfectly unwarrantable outburst of temper at me because I waited a moment to arrange my papers before getting another lamp when the first grew dim. I do not feel particularly angry, but I *must* find a way of preventing his using that brutal tone towards me without regret. He said he did not know what it was to apologize, and that being so, he must learn not to indulge in outbreaks of temper which require apology. Of course I know a momentary fit of temper isn’t the worst thing in the world, but it is only too easy for men to excuse themselves for such brutalities, and Bernhard is no exception. [0431] What he does in private he very s〈eld〉om does in public, as both the Michaels and Maude noticed last summer. There is absolutely no use in letting it go on. Of course if after such an outbreak he should say, “Forgive me for being so rough. I did not notice you were busy,” I could not hold out. But instead he blames me for being silent, calls me unsociable, complains of my beastly temper and goes off in a huff. Naturally, all this makes it more than easy for me to hold to my plan of showing displeasure when he is brutally rude!

Today has been spent in getting settled.

Bernhard read *Guy Mannering*.

If he will suggest to me some method of curing him of this bad habit of anger, something less painful (for I am going to bed very unhappy), I shall gladly try it.

Friday and Saturday, November 17-18, 1893, Florence

Quite rainy days of reading and writing.

Went to Uffizi.

Reading Dante, Graf’s *Attraverso il Cinquecento*,

and Ruskin.

Bernhard reading Dante and Vasari.

I began an article on the new Morelli translation.

Sunday, November 19, 1893, Florence

Ray said she got mixed up with all the people she had to name. “There’s father, that’s one; Miss Clare, two; Mary, 3; Grandma Smith, 4; Grandma Costelloe, 5; Karin, 6.” “But which does thee love the best?” Without a moment’s hesitation she said, “The one that begins with M.” Then turning to Karin, “That’s Mother, you know.” The darling!

Received [0432] Michael Field’s “revised and decreased” “Book of Tears”,

also letters saying no poet had been so abused since Shelley, and that she could only compare herself to St. John on Patmos when she saw her Play acted. She seems to think it was a great success! The only person who does.

Sent off my review of Morelli to the *Chronicle*.

Bernhard met Vernon Lee at the Academy. I called on Miss Jeffrey.

Finished Vol. IV of *Modern Painters*,

a horrid mixture of Theology and Geology. Bernhard is reading Scott’s *Old Mortality*.

Monday, November 20, 1893, Florence

Not well, alas! Did nothing, saw nothing, read nothing.

Tuesday, November 21, 1893, Florence

Miss Jeffrey came to lunch, and I took her to S. Lorenzo. She is engaged to a Norwegian writer named Landsem. She was *furious* when she learned that she would lose her nationality upon being married!

Michael wrote that she had “black drops at the heart” and congratulated me on being “Our Lady of Prose — for a poet’s heart at best is a healthy wound” — a vain poeticule, that is!

Bernhard lunched at Vernon Lee’s. She “lies in his hand as tame as a pear hung basking over the wall,” but he liked her much more when she disputed his opinions instead of swallowing them wholesale.

[0432] Wednesday, November 22, 1893, Florence

Ill again.

Bernhard walked with Fletcher and they had tea here. He, Fletcher, seems very nice, sane and modest.

[No entries after Nov. 22, 1893, until the 1894-1895 diary,  which starts on February 14, 1894, Mary’s 30th birthday]

[0433]

[at the end of the notebook, a list of addresses (4 pages),  most struck through with a blue crayon — by Mary?]

Prof. Frans Wickhoff, Anerspergerstrasse 2 III, Vienna

John M. Robertson, 157 Broadhurst Gardens, W. Hampstead N.W.

Mrs. H. W. Massingham, Pleasant View, Nightingale Lane, S.W.

W. P. Garrison, *New York Nation*, 208 Broadway, New York

Mrs. <Emma> Andrews, The Reef, Newport, R.I. <his mistress>

Leoni Dott. Giulio, Medico Chirurgo, Padova

H. Hapgood, Gr. Hamburger Strasse 18/19I

F. A. F. C. Went, Proeptation voor Suikerriet in West Java, Kagok Te Tegal

Miss Amanda Head, 91 Onslow Square, S.W.

Cosmo Monkhouse, 11 St. George’s Terrace, N.W.

Arthur S. Strong,

7 St. John’s Road, Putney Hill, S.W.

[0434]

Signor Giovanni Piccinelli, Via Masone 9, Bergamo

Dora Anderson, Via Momenta 9, Rome

Sig. Raffaele Vadi, Jesi

Fabio Guzzini, Recanati

Alfred Benn, Esq., Via Cavour, Florence

Miss Forbes, Via San Niccolò,

Florence

Miss Violet Paget, Il Palmerino, Maiano

Signor Egisto Fabbri, 82 Via Ruota,

Firenze

Miss Christina S. Bremner, 1 Clyde Terrace, Aulaby Road, Hull.

Miss Lohse, c/o Union Bank of Australia, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London E.C.

[0435]

Lady Eastlake, 7, Fitzroy Square, London W. Dead, October 1893

Jens Thiis, Conservateur du Musée de Sculpture à Christiania, Norwège

Norman Hapgood, 18 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

c/o Williams Holt and Wheeler, Tacoma Building, Chicago.

John Burke, Birch Hall, Windelsham, Surrey

Mrs. Kemp-Welsh, The Red House, Campden Hill, W.

Miss Christina Bremner, *Woman’s Herald*, 47 Victoria Street, S.W.

Mrs. and Miss Sperry, 1150 California St., San Francisco

Miss Crombe, The Studio, Southampton

27 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, London W.

[0436]

Mrs. Ingram Bywater, 93 Onslow Square, London S.W.

Mrs. J. H. Pollen, 11 Pembridge Crescent, Notting Hill, London W.

Mrs. Dunbar (lodgings), 16 North Street, Westminster, London S.W.

M. Sidney Parry, Newman House, 105 Kensington Road, London S.E.

Miss Cooper, Miss Bradley, Durdans, Reigate, Surrey

Signor Enrico Costa, 4 Via Micheli, Firenze

chez M. Estère, 154 Bd. Haussmann 〈Paris〉

Gustavo Frizzoni, Pontaccio 14, Milano

Hermann Klinsman<n>, 127 Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin

[0437]

Eau distillée 300 gr

Hydrate de chloral 20 gr