Diary 1, 1891-November 22, 1893

[0073]Diary

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* vat 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 [0074] 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. [0075] 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.

[0076] 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.

[0077] 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.

[0078] 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, [0079] 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.

[0080] 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 [0081] 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.

[0082] 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 [0083] 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.

[0084] [in Bernhard’s hand]

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

[0087]

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

[0088]

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

[0089]

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

[0090]

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.

[from here on in Mary’s hand]

Tuesday, August 18, 1891, Berlin

Breakfast at Bauer’s restaurant.

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

Walked in Thiergarten.

Read Layard, etc., in the evening.

[0091] 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 [0092] 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 [0093] 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 [0094] 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 [0095] 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.

[0096] 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 [0097] 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.

[0098] 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 [0099] 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.

[0100] *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* [0101] *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*.

[0102] 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*.

[0103] 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; [0104] 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>

[0107] 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, 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.

[0115] Took the night train to Verona.

Read Richepin, *Quatre petits Romans*.

<Verona>

Wednesday, September 9, 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, 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.

[0117] Friday, September 11 , 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 [0118] 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 [0119] 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.

[0120] 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 Cavazzolaswhile 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 [0121] 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.

[0122] 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 [0123] went to Gallery, where we worked till 6.

Bernhardwrote 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.

[0125] 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]

[0126] 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 [0127] 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 [0128] 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?]

[0129] 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.

[0130] 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 Adamand 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.

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.

[0134] 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 [0135] 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.

[0136] 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”.

[0137] 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.

[0138] 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*.

[0139] \* 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*.

[0140] \* 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.

[0141] 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. [0142] 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.

[0143] 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 [0144] 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 [0145] 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.

[0146] 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.

[0147] 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 [0148] 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 [0149] 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 [0150] 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 [0151] 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 [0152]

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 [0153] 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 [0154] 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.

[0155] 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 [0156] 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 [0157] 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.

[0158] 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!!!! [0159] 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 [0160] 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.

[0161] \* 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.

[0162] 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*.

[0163] 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*.

[0164] 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.

[0165] 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 [0166] 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 [0167] 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 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 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*.

[0168] 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.

[0169] 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.

[0170] 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, [0171] 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 [0172] 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 [0173] 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

[0174] 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 [0175] 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!

[0176] 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.