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A BOOK OF TRUTH

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November 1895-

Return to Mary Logan,

Villa Rosa, Fiesole, Italy

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**November 8, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

In this book I mean to write nothing except the truth. I want to have done with posing, and I have posed, even to myself.

Beginning a new Journal, let me make mention of our friends, and then see whom we have by the end.

Our common friends are:

“The Michaels” [Dec. 5. 95]

The Robertsons kept growing less

Christina Bremner

Janet Dodge kept growing less

Fafner Hapgood kept growing less

Miss Sellers

Miss Paget kept growing less

Miss Cruttwell Mar. 96 renewed

Emily Dawson

Carlo Placci (increased)

M. Reinach

Loeser ended Nov. 26. 95

Herbert Cook

John Burke (ended Feb. 2. 96)

Miss Anstruther Thomson kept growing less

Alys & Bertie

Logan

Mr. Hamilton

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Bernhard’s are:

Obrist

Mr. Benn

Miss Rea (less)

Miss Puffer

Miss Buttles

The Perrys (ended)

Henry Farrer

Mr. Davis (less)

George Carpenter

Klinsmann

Mr. Bywater

Frizzoni

Sir Charles Turner (less)

The names of Miss Puffer, The Perrys and Sir Charles Turner   
are crossed out

Mine are:

Evelyne Nordhoff (best of all)

Mr. Burke [ended Feb. 1 96]

Eva McLaren

“Puck” (died out)

Mr. Britten

Gertrude Burton (died Jan. 26)

Edith Thomas

Mr. Zangwill (stayed too long)

Isabel Fry

Saidie Nordhoff

Mrs. Mosher

Dr. Bucke

Rukhmabai

Florence Dike

[The names of Mr. Burke, “Puck”, Gertrude Burton,   
Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Mosher and Dr. Bucke are crossed out]

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Today a man sent by Norman Hapgood came to lunch, a cultivated, semi-consumptive named Hobson, one of those nice Englishmen with whom one can talk about anything.

a clipping from The Nation about decorations in public libraries in the United States pasted in

At lunch, talking of Zola’s longing to get into the French Academy, Bernhard said he “wanted to make an honest woman” of his literary work.

Afterwards Miss Paget came, and we talked at length about Nietzsche, she defending Christianity against his attack,

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She was particularly interesting and suggestive.

Bernhard dined at the Contessa Rasponi’s, and although he enjoyed it, he wondered at time why he had gone.

At dinner Maud Cruttwell told me she would not be able to come back next year, partly finances, partly other reasons. And as I sat looking at her, I realized that if she went away and I never saw her again, I should probably never think of her again. I admire and respect her so much, but she does not interest me the least little bit in the world.

I copied some “Thinking Lessons” in the evening.

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**Saturday, Nov. 9, 1895, Fiesole**

Finished copying, and sent off to the Atlantic, the series of “Thinking Lessons”.

Bernhard worked on Lo Spagna, and got a feeling of utter nausea for the whole business of the connoisseur. He declared he was going out of the trade, but when the question came up of Maud Cruttwell’s taking and making use of his discoveries in that line, he said he wasn’t going out quite so soon as all that!

The “bald-headed butterfly”, Mr. Hamilton, came to lunch. He was full of indignation at the English law that prevents the use of naphtha tricycles, on the ground that they are “traction engines”, and must be ridden only at a walking pace, with some one in front carrying a red flag - literally! He is thinking of writing a Tragedy on Ezzelino.

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‘Vernon’

After a season of woe and general cursing, we went down to town, and Bernhard called on Mr. Benn and discussed Greek Philosophy, while I called on the Buttles and chatted with the mother. I scent another “mother and daughter” tragedy there.

We read Man and Woman in the evening.

Bernhard said that last night at the Rasponis, Miss Paget burst out into praise of - Leightonand Alma Tadema- ! as real artists!

**Sunday, Nov. 10, 1895**

I really worked on my Louvre <Guide> in the morning, and enjoyed it. A hundred ideas danced before me, and I felt if only I could summon resolution to work a couple of hours every day, I might really find my brain of use.

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Loeser and Miss Farnham came to lunch, the latter the victim of an invalid mother who drags her about from “Cure” to “Cure”. But the type is poor and feeble anyhow, hard and superficial, and given to platitudes. Maud, however, finds “something in her”, but I think Maud is lonely and welcomes friends at almost any cost. She sang unpleasantly but played her accompaniments pretty well. But for several hours it was a decided bore.

In the evening Bernhard and I dined at the Palmerino. Vernon was truly charming. She spoke of Placci’s descriptions of “high life” as “the magnificence of a Toynbee Hall Traveller”, and said the clothes seemed to have been turned once. She told us

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about William Sharpe’sphenomenal cheek. Coming a blatant young journalist from Australia, he went straight to the hermit-like Rossetti with never a doubt but that Rossetti would be delighted with his acquaintance, and simply got on his back and stayed there. He met Mr. Pater, who regarded him with horror. And then he announced he was invited to Oxford to stay with Pater. To the surprise of Pater and his sisters, he descended upon them, and stayed, and had the cheek to read and correct Pater’s proofs for him.

He was the man who, priding himself on his French, presented a book of his to Count Boutourlier,

wherein was written, on the page opposite the photograph of the author “Avec le regard de William Sharpe”.

I must not forget to record M.

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Hamilton’s account of Dr. Karl Frey,whose one remark on hearing the name of any colleagues - or almost of any contemporary - is “Noch ein Feind”.

I take back what I said about Maud. I really like her. She has such good points.

**Monday, November 11, 1895, Fiesole**

Worked again.

Logan described the young Englishman who shares his palace and garden at Venice: “Morison, the undergraduate, is the regular type of amiable futile young aristocrat, very polished and very ugly — “a monkey who has been to Eton” he looks like. He has nice amiable feelings for art and literature, and a perfect passion for pushing himself everywhere in a boat.

We had splendid fireworks last night, and one great shower of golden fire, he described in his enthusiasting,

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as “a sort of Danaë business” — isn’t that a perfect Public School phrase?”

Of Ruskin he says, “Frederick Harrison is right, Ruskin can write, but his ideas! They remind me of Alban and Aunty Lill.”

Mrs. Buttles and her daughter Nettie came up after lunch. Bernhard took a walk with the daughter, and I endured the mother for a weary disgusted hour. She is a vain, grossly selfish, disgustingly material woman. Was she studying Italian with her daughters? No, she didn’t want to learn anything! As to her daughters, they think, she told me, of her first in everything - much as one thinks of a mad dog before crossing a street he is running along, Bernhard said! They promised to give her a ring if she didn’t get in a funk on the

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steamer. And the first thing they did on arriving was to go out and buy her two diamond rings. All the same, she detests Florence, and longs to be at home again where she can have waffles and pancakes for breakfast. And she will drag them home, too, and what is worse, to California. It is perhaps the worst case of mother tyranny I have come across.

In the evening Bernhard read Padmore’sbook on Thought Transference and I read Goldwin Smith’s Jane Austen,delightful chiefly for its quotations from the sprightly Jane.

We are both “under the weather”, in spite of glorious sunshine and warmth. Bernhard feels his liver, I my “insides”.

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**Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

Worked in the morning, I on “Pattern” in pictures, Bernhard on the Caen Lo Spagna.

Miss Buttles and Placci came to lunch, and we discussed Marion Crawford, who is, Placci said, a great reader of character by means of hand-writing. Placci said this indicated a great knowledge of psychology, why then is he not a great novel-writer? But we pointed out that a knowledge of psychology is to a novel-writer no more than anatomy to an artist - it does not make him an artist. And here came in a most interesting comparison between Degas’ picture of a girl ironing, and a photograph of Evelynin somewhat the same position at her book-press. The photograph from the picture was immensely energetic and life-communicating. The photograph from real life, though more correct anatomically, was trivial, insignificant and feeble.

After lunch Miss Buttles sang some Hungarian songs, and then Placci played

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and she sang the best of the Valkyrie. What a pleasure it was! It lasted two hours, and we were in ecstasy. Her voice is divine, and, as Placci said, she is a great artist as well. His playing seemed to us quite perfect for Wagner.

**Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1895, Fiesole**

I was not well at all. Still I worked a little.

Bernhard made out a list of drawings photographed by Braun which we want.

Fabbri came to lunch, and even Bernhard admitted he was “life-diminishing”. But he said one good thing. He and Puliga met Loeser at Giacosa’s. Fabbri was keen to keep Loeser from talking of Velasquez, “but I could not prevent”, he said, “Loeser’s saying that there was something strikingly Mauresque in Velasquez’ sense of decoration.”

Bernhard and Fabbri took a walk.

I am not

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at all well and scarcely dare to stir from the house, so I stayed in and read The Spectator and picked out Wagner from the music Placci left.

We discussed Mrs. Burke at dinner, a propos of her unexplained idea of going to Munich or coming here — alone. The poor thing has not succeeded in really making a single friend. Maud positively dislikes her, as did all those who knew her at Munich.

In the evening we read in Man and Woman about women and hypnotic phenomena.

Saidie Nordhoff wrote me of her eldest son Charley (8 years old): “Charley slept in my room last night (owing to walls being coloured), and went to sleep happily with a mouth-organ and a bag of marbles disposed conveniently under his pillow. On waking, he rolled his eyes over toward me and remarked shrewdly before they were fairly opened, “I wouldn’t give you for marbles or mouth-organs, or anything in the world. I know a boy who would give his Mother for three cows and a bull, but I wouldn’t even for that!”

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**Thursday, Nov. 14, 1895, Fiesole**

A day of days! And we wasted the sunshine and caressing air by going to lunch with Loeser and talking stupid gossip.

Afterwards Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and I went to Dr. Baldwin to get some medicine to stop an undue loss of blood which is taking away my spirits, and making my wickedness and my woes seem too great to be borne.

In the evening I began Voigt again, and got on better.

We talked of the desirable subordination of painting to architecture from melody to the harmony of a symphony. Still, there are songs!

A story about Vernon Lee and Walter Pater, whether true or false, should not be lost. They were staying in a country house together. Pater got hungry in the very early grey of the morning, and put on his dressing-gown and descended to “break a little bread”. But the very same

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thought to Miss Paget occurred — she had fixed on the very same place. So as Pater was sitting breaking his bread, the door softly opened, and in came Vernonia in her dressing gown. After a second of embarrassed silence each fled by different doors, and during the day confided the tale separately to their friends, saying “Wasn’t it terribly untoward for me!”

The only trouble about the story is, as Miss Cruttwell pointed out, the bread is not usually kept in the dining-room!’

**Friday, Nov. 15, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

I worse in health and spirit. Bernhard still studying Lo Spagna photographs.

The younger Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling came to lunch, and nothing of the least importance was said.

Maud and I had an Italian lesson, and in the evening we read Attila, my Attila, which Michael had just sent. Bernhard said it was like a bad smell he wanted to run away from as fast as possible. Yet

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Michael, in her letter this morning, evidently thinks it is quite on a level with Shakspere [sic] and Browning - she says as much!

Maud lunched with Miss Paget and Mr. Hamilton who both said that Mary A. F. Robinson has written by far the best poetry of these days -!! They think there is nothing better anywhere, at any time, than her “Sestria” to the Stars.

**Saturday, Nov. 16, 1895, Fiesole**

The morning was so heavenly that we went out for a while into the podere. Then we came back and each one stolidly worked until lunch.

Afterwards Bernhard went to the Uffizi to look for drawings bearing on the Caen Sposalizio. and I took Mr. Hamilton to see the Pazzi Chapel and Santa Croce. Of course he saw chiefly the faults - he is not in

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the habit of enjoying aesthetic impressions. Santa Croce simply overwhelmed me when I first entered with the effect of space. But all sorts of things pained me, too, the comparison with the best Roman things, which made the Pazzi Chapel look at the same time heavy and flimsy, the recollection of German decorative sculpture, which made the Desiderio tomb seem etwa weiches, and the full realization of the horrible bad taste of using frescoes like Giotto’s to decorate (!!) <the> Chapel. These things, however, I hid in my heart.

In the evening we had a raging discussion over Swinburne, to whom Bernhard denied the title of poet at all. So we read him - things that Maud chose as his best -Sapphics, An Interlude, etc. - and agreed with Bernhard! We also read some A. Mary F. [sic] Robinson.

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**Sunday, Nov. 17, 1895, Fiesole**

Another day of white sunshine and pale blue mists. We spent most of the morning in the podere, enjoying the well-earned fruits of aesthetic training in an exquisite appreciation of the beauty of the light and forms. We came in with the firm intention of reading some poetry, but found the post, and got absorbed in letters and journals.

Frizzoni gave a long review of the Hampton Court Guide in the Archivio Storico, and Miss Ffoulkes,

in the same journal, cribs a lot of Bernhard’s ideas and facts, with grudging and insufficient acknowledgment.

Mr. Hobson came to lunch and afterwards came Miss Buttles and Placci who gave us Tristan and Isolde. Placci played

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for nearly three hours, almost inspired, and Miss Buttles sang the Liebestod. We were quite worn out with excitement.

Placci told us some amusing stories of Von Bülow: how he showed him photographs of all his daughters and explained which were his and which weren’t! His wife married Wagner, and after Wagner died, Von Bülow met one of the daughters in the street and said, “Tell your mother that Brahms is the greatest musician in the world, now that Wagner is dead, and she had better marry him.”

Also Bernhard told us of Herr Wesendonck, who is so proud of having been König Marke to his wife’s Isolde and Wagner’s Tristan, that he never loses the occasion to say, “Ich bin der König Marke”, and he has a big bust of Wagner in his study.

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**x Monday, Nov. 18, 1895, Fiesole**

Still this marvellous weather, with the best elements of Spring, Summer and Autumn combined.

Miss Paget came to call, and was especially nice, talking about music, and how it was all movement, and should stimulate rhythms in the physiological system.

**\* Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1895**

We started out at 930 and walked for three hours, almost reaching Monte Senario, a glorious walk. Then we ate our lunch on the hillside and lay down in the grass and smoked, “overlooking the valley.” It was a landscape painted on a huge Chinese screen, the valleys all in pale mist, with only the hill tops emerging, simple and monochrome, a simplicity and beauty European artists

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have never reached.

We walked down to Santa Madallena

and took the diligence to help us on our way home, as I was footsore. Italian lesson and reading. I defended state-paid motherhood at dinner.

**Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1895, Fiesole**

Miss Farnham came to lunch, and we talked a good deal about the Church of England, Bernhard defending it.

We walked across the Mugnone and up to the Bolognese road, and home by S. Domenico - an enchanting walk in this divine weather.

At dinner we talked of Loeser, with whom Maud had gone to look at the drawings, returning quite furious with his ignorance and conceit and inappropriateness. She agreed that he always finds, as Bernhard says, “le mot injuste”. He called Pisanello “monumental and solemn” - !! Their final split came over the Mantegna Judith,

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which he thinks is not genuine. He said she ought to consider it such a privilege to go with a man of such vast knowledge and experience as he had, that she ought to accept everything he said!

Bernhard is reading Karl Pearson’s Grammar of Science, and finds it a splendid piece of clear thinking, and the most destructive to Catholicism that there has yet been. I must remember this for Ray and Karin.

A letter from Miss Sellers says: “Let us all get very rich, and hire a yacht and go to places. I will not say where the vulgar have not penetrated, for they penetrate everywhere, but only when the vulgar are not there.”

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**Thursday, Nov. 21, 1895, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

I lunched with the Buttles, and Miss B. sang me many songs of Schumann - divinely!

Maud entertained Bernhard with her rage against Loeser for denying the genuineness of Mantegna’s finest drawing, the Judith.

We read a sentimental, heavily padded discourse by William James, originally delivered to a Y.M.C.A., but printed, goodness knows why, in the Journal of Education. It is called “Is Life Worth Living?”

We dined with Miss Paget, and had a little desultory talk, chiefly on music, ending up with few remarks from her on Science - her present, dimly understood, but all the more adored God. “Ah”, said Bernhard “I fancy most of us go to Science about as we should go to Whiteley’s.”

Coming home he lectured me about trying to express my own ideas in an argument instead of trying to pull out the other person’s.

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**Friday, Nov. 22, 1895**

Today, we began to work over the drawings, raking out old notes, etc.

We had a jolly walk in the cold north wind around the Caves, and then I had an Italian lesson.

A wildly absurd letter from Michael came, and at the same time a very good criticism of Attila in the Chronicle. Like a child Michael protests that they do not feel that “All is lost, even though Fiesole condemns.” It is quite silly and undignified, but I have written her a sensible answer. Probably our friendship cannot go on, but at any rate I want it to die easy, as I am really fond of them.

**\* Saturday, Nov. 23, 1895**

The first snow of the season.

Bernhard wrote to Lippmann about the book of drawings, and I had a good idea for my

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Louvre Guide. “I wish I could make it a masterpiece!” I said. “Well, why not?” Bernhard replied. “At any rate you can make it a scandale!”

We worked on the lists of drawings a little and read.

A really nice quiet day.

**Sunday, Nov. 24, 1895, Fiesole**

Worked and read (Perry’s Greek Literature, Cantos XXIX and XXX of Inferno, chapter of Man and Woman, chapter of Grammar of Science, chapter of Galton’s Scientific Man, ten pages of Voigt on Petrarch).

Two unhappy letters from Mrs. Burke explaining why she did not study or go to the Louvre. Poor thing! But the fact remains, she does not.

Placci and Signor Buonamici came and played us a symphony by Dvorak and the Buonamici played alone some Scarlatti and other XVIII century things — delicious! — and some marvelously complicated but to me less enjoyable

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Lizst and Henschell. He was good humour itself and very pleasant.

It rained hard all day.

**Monday, Nov. 25, 1895**

Worked, went in to Library, called and heard Miss Buttles sing, read in the evening.

A quiet, pleasant enough day.

**Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1895**

Maud and I lunched with Mr. Hobson, and then I called for Loeser, who had written that he wished to talk to me “on a very delicate matter.” This turned out to be nothing more nor less than that, as he considered himself in every way a superior connoisseur to Bernhard, and was not only not interested in his work but distinctly distrusted him, thought him capable of any amount

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of dis-honourable dealings and direct lying, he wished to see no more of him.

Of course all this did not come out at once. He began by saying he felt their relations strained, and accused Bernhard of coming to his house and looking over his photographs without saying by your leave, and getting information from them for which he, Loeser, got no thanks. (The cause of this being that when last we lunched there, being bored, Bernhard carelessly turned over a portfolio that happened to be lying open on his table.) Then when I told him how fond Bernhard really was of him, he went on about a lot of minor attributions he “cannot accept”.

“Well”, I said, about one, “if one has studied the subject as thoroughly and travelled as much” - never dreaming he would pretend to this.

“And have I not studied at least as much, and more, and travelled at

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least as much and more than Berenson?” he said in a tone of rage that came from his boots.

Then he went on to say that Bernhard ought never to touch the subject of art, that he knew nothing about it in comparison to himself, Loeser, that whenever they differed Bernhard always came around to his opinion. ‘And so he will,” he said, “when I publish my article on Strassburg, and he sees my reasons why the Crivelli he was so enthusiastic about, is not a Crivelli. He will be thoroughly humiliated.” Then he went on to say that “When I tell him who painted the Poldi-Pezzoli profile, he will be ashamed of publishing it as “Verocchio”, and added that Bernhard was always getting enthusiastic over pictures which he knew to be only copies, and so on and so on.

He said that the Lotto, and in fact all Bernhard’s writings, “when

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he leaves the knowledge we all have from Morelli, or what is common property in the set, is always wrong and makes a fool of himself.

“But, Loeser,” I said, “You must remember his Alvise theory, which was perfectly original, has been accepted everywhere.”

“But who is there whose opinion counts?” he said with infinite scorn, implying here, as he did everywhere else throughout the whole talk, that he was the one and only source of knowledge in the matter. His conceit seemed measureless, his arrogance without limits.

After a great deal more of this than I have the stomach to repeat, I said, “Well, granted the utmost possible difference of opinion on Italian art, still that is not the whole of life.”

Then he said I was a woman and could not understand how dear a Man’s Profession became to him - this to me,

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who have published books and countless articles, from an amateur who has never published a line!

“Furthermore,” he said, “I have no confidence in him. I have caught him in any quantity of lies to me.”

“This is a serious charge,” I said, “You must give me an instance.”

“Well,” said he, “when I charged him with saying that Alvise and Giovanni Bellini worked in the Scuola di S. Girolamo together on the bare authority of Crowe & Cavalcaselle, he said he got it out of Molmenti.

I have followed that matter up, and Molmenti does not mention it.”

“Well, but Loeser”, I said, “it is easy enough when you’ve been reading half a hundred books, to mistake from which one you got a certain piece of information”

“No”, he persisted, “it was an intentional lie, meant to blind

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me, and he has told me quantities of the same kind.”

As he persisted in this, I got angry and said, “Well, in other days, you would have been challenged to a duel for trying in this sneaking way to take away a man’s honour. I shall tell Berenson to have nothing more to do with you.”

“Well, his behaviour about my photographs was the last straw.” Loeser began again, but I cut him short, “Your accusation of lying is enough to make us refuse ever to have anything more to do with you”, and I left him to chew on that.

Poor devil! We both feel the greatest pity for him. Such stupendous, unfounded conceit approaches madness, I fear, and indeed he seemed in a very nervous state. The fact is that his

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jealousy of Bernhard has become absolutely pathological, and his vanity too, is almost a disease. For from not being interested in Bernhard’s attributions, his whole career is nothing but imitation of Bernhard, à rebours.

What an idiot he is - the loss is his, not ours, and yet we kind of loved him. But as what he wanted was not affection but recognition of equality in a line in which we and everyone else think him absolutely incompetent, there is nothing for it but to part - just as we shall have to part from the Michaels if they insist upon admiration for their dramas as a condition of friendly intercourse. At the same time the pitiful spectacle of such diseased vanity, and such folly makes me feel a pity for the poor fellow, I cannot express.

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**Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1895**

Worked, went in to town and saw the magazines, read.

Bernhard had very bad news from his brother, who is attacked by consumption in one lung, and has to go to Colorado to spend the winter, an expense he can ill afford. Bernhard sent him $100 at once. He was very much cut up about it.

**Thursday, Nov. 28, 1895**

We went to the Pitti and enjoyed the Gran’ Duca more than ever.

Miss Paget said to Maud that birds are the most aesthetic creatures there are, as, having more spare energy (the condition of aesthetic or artistic pleasure) the delight in each other’s bright colours and swell voices — !!’

**Friday, Nov. 29, 1895**

We sat and talked a long time at lunch about “Aesthetics”, starting from Miss Paget’s remark that her remarkable system

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was “pure Metaphysics” and Psychology, evidently confusing, as most people do, the two points of view. Bernhard said Metaphysics skimmed off the intellectual bubble of the thing, got at the abstract intellectualized law, strove to define Beauty an sich, but never could tell us how or why we enjoy it. He said the popularity of Metaphysical Aesthetics (in so far as it can be called popular!!) lies in the secret hope cherished by most people, feeling ill at ease in their own sensations, that they can find some brand of beauty, ‘a warranted, genuine mark, by which they may know, wherever they go’, the thing that is beautiful. Most people hop from the Metaphysical into the Psychological without realizing the difference, hence all the confusion.

Bernhard himself is the first person to be fully aware of the difference and to determine to keep unwaveringly to the psychological.

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We dined at Miss Paget’s and discussed sculpture, a propos of Hildebrand’s “Problem der Form”. Miss Paget violently protested that a statue should be not composed like a bas-relief, or a series of bas-reliefs, and said that to her the great artistic quality of a statue was that it compelled you to walk around it … that she, who was “one of the few people to really appreciate sculpture”, never found the point of view from which she was not anxious to “move on”. (Of course the explanation is that she has not genuinely artistic sensations, and curiosity impells her to rush on to a new point of view, just as it impells her to rush through a collection of photographs when you undertake to show them to her.) When we opposed our different way of looking at sculpture, she took refuge in her fortress of “different temperaments”. Some, she says, care overwhelmingly for movement — like music,

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architecture, sculpture; others are static, hate movement and care only for painting and poetry.

**Saturday, Nov. 30, 1895**

Bernhard lunched with Placci and greatly enjoyed both him and his sister, while Maud was being bored to death by Mr. Hobson (who seemed to enchant Miss Farnham, to Maud’s intense disgust!), and I was being driven to my grave with ennui by the Buttles family. For two hours did I sit there, and never once, except when I pulled it up with obviously creaking machinery, did the conversation rise above things to eat, to wear, and to warm one’s self with. What made me rage most furiously of all within, was the certainty that grew on me, that they are unaware of the existence of

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people who don’t care to spend their whole time over these things. I felt quite despairing. Unfortunately the mother, a perfectly terrible specimen of brainless, frivolous, selfish old woman (yet with something nice in the fact that she has borne two daughters whom she loves in her foolish way) seems to have taken a fancy to me, and so she went with us to the gallery, and to Santa Annunziata. In the latter, she did have, I must confess, a moment’s thrill of emotion, gazing up into the cupola. But what can that mean in her stupid, sordid life? It did not last more than four seconds.

Then they took me to Giacosa’s ! — !

The youngest daughter reminds me of Emily Dawson, sympathetic, impressionable.

However, the day was not lost, for I caught on to Fra Bartolommeo Vision of St. Bernard, and enjoyed the church

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**Sunday, Dec. 1, 1895, Fiesole**

I forgot to say that dining with Miss Paget, Bernhard compared the Henry James sentence to an Irishman who said he would be frightened if something happened, he would walk a corpse all the rest of his life. They begin with animation, but peter out.

Miss Farnham came to lunch.

Bernhard and I walked on the hills in the afternoon, fighting down our worries, for he had a most troubling letter from his brother, who<se> lung is attacked, and who says the family really have not enough to live on, now the father is ill, when he (the brother) gives up work and goes to Colorado.

Bernhard sent them some more money, but he has not yet enough to support them. I am of course under the screw of daily hearing how bad the children’s school is. We dream of

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a really un-sordid life, and almost we feel we might attain it. And then these troubles come tugging at our heart-strings and pulling us back.

A letter from Loeser says a great many petty and disagreeable things, showing he has been cherishing envy and malice for years, regularly storing up venom.

The one funny thing is that he says he regards Bernhard’s “self-blinding conceit” as pathological, and at times feels more pity than contempt — precisely our attitude to him! He says the Lotto is a “treatment of an Italian master that would disgrace even an Ullmann or a Venturi!” Ma.

Non ragioniam’ di lui.

A letter from Janet <Dodge> asks me what to read in French, and I have sent her the following reply: “We are not sorry for the mass of modern French literature we have waded through, but to plunge you into that

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wilderness — that is another thing!

All I can do is to tell you the things we, in our present state of culture and in the fulness of our years, consider great works, and about the others to give you reminiscing notes.

Our great works are few! What we like now are all Flaubert, comme chef d’oeuvre Madame Bovary. Bouvard et Pécuchet is a horrible warning not to be a philistine.

There remain also two short stories by Huysmans, À Vau-l’Eau and Un Dilemma.

We can’t read the de Goncourts now, but once we thought Manette Salomon a great book.

Zola I suppose you must read a little, but limit yourself to the Contes à Ninon, and his epic Germinal. Ça suffit.

Bourget is of course beneath contempt.

Read Guy de Maupassant’s Boule de Suif; it is really a masterpiece, and he has never done anything else to equal it.

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Pierre Loti is sentimental, and yet his Au Maroc, and Aziyadé with its continuation Fantôme d’Orient were fascinating to us not many years ago, and I remember with pleasure his South Sea Idyll, Le Mariage de Loti.

If you must read Daudet, be satisfied with Lettres de mon moulin (Numa Roumestan, Contes choisis).

You might read a little of Renan,

the Pierre Loti of philosophy, his Souvenirs d’Enfance et de Jeunesse, and his translations of Job, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Soloman. His French is exquisite, almost equal to Voltaire’s.

Now let us turn to a more congenial field, some of the literature that has been tested by time.

Voltaire’s Contes are delicious reading, and if you can get his Histoire de Moeurs,

do read that.

Then Manon Lescaut remains a great masterpiece,

even though it is long <and> drawn out.

Bernhard says “all or any of Stendhal”, but when I remember the length of La Chartreuse de Parme or Rouge et Noir, I

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feel you could employ your time better reading French translations of good Russian novels.

Balzac too; try Le Lys de la Vallée and Eugènie Grandet and see how you get on with him.

Victor Hugo you need not read now.

Théophile Gautier has a charming little thing, Ménagerie intime, which I remember enjoying.

Read Prosper Mérimée’s Carmen and other short stories.

Diderot not just yet, nor Rousseau.

It is important not to neglect Russian novels which are very much greater than French. These you can have in any language, you know. Tourgenieff’sare especially well translated into French by Halpérnie: Eaux printanières, Sur la Veille, Terres Vierges, Fumée, Une Nichee de Gentilshommes, and perhaps best of all Pères et Fils.

Then there is Tolstoi and his great, great novel, Anna Karénine, and also his masterpiece,

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La Morte d’Ivan Ilitch.

Anything of Potapencko, General’s Daughter, Russian Priest, Jeune Homme Raisonable, Tschedrine, Les Messieurs Golovliev, or Oblanoff (I think this is the name) Simple Histoire.

If you can get hold of it, read My Trivial Life and Misfortunes by “A Plain Woman”, and read Meredith’s Egoist. Jane Austen I suppose you know well.”

**Monday, Dec. 2, 1895, Fiesole**

This morning came a letter from Michael Field, “closing our friendship”, because she considers our criticisms of her drama to be the “inhuman cries of journalistic jeering”.

I have preserved all the letters, and I am quite sure that I have done nothing that was unkind, and that anything except thin-skinned vanity could take exception to, especially as these criticisms

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were literally dragged from me by repeated letters from Michael to us both, insisting that we should give our opinion of Attila. The fact that it made us laugh was not because we were hostile to Michael, but because the work, viewed objectively, was ridiculous.

I am considerably cut up at the end of a friendship that has been so pleasant. But Bernhard draws a great sigh of relief, for he cannot endure any friendship that imposes concealment and pretense, and, although he has often enough said pretty frankly what he thought of their work, yet they always fell back into posing before us as Poets, which we don’t for an instant think they are, but only agreeable human beings. God keep us from poses, or from

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subordinating our human sides to the little work we may be able to do!

This rupture is final, for Bernhard says that even if they try to make it up he will tell them what he really thinks, how he regards Michael as a foolish, uneducated, provincial fussy old maid, whose physical presence gets horribly on his nerves, and how he has only kept on so long on Field’s account, not because she is a poet, for she is not, but because she is a thinker. However, seeing that no wife could be more cowardly and acquiescent than Field before Michael’s superior physical energy, and that therefore she is to be counted nul in any human relationship, he cannot see that there is the least inducement to resume relations.

I am not so severe, because I really love them both, and find it hard to break if off like this.

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Miss Paget came in the afternoon, bringing her new book, Renaissance Studies and Fancies, which we read in the evening. She makes a graceful acknowledgement to both of us, as well as to Miss Sellers. She talked in a most interesting way about Time and Space, a slightly topsy-turvy way, as usual, but at any rate intellectualizing all the time, and making us think hard both to understand and to answer her. She still has the habit of talking a great deal about “Cause and Effect”, and upon this vicious metaphysical confusion a good deal of the structure of her thought seems to rest. Her idea of Architecture is as funny as her idea of sculpture, that its excellence lies in movement, which she interprets à rebours, as making the spectator more, that is to say, walk around it or in it.

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**Tuesday, Dec. 3, 1895**

From mother’s letter: “Ray said the other day in a puzzled little tone, “Isn’t it funny, grandma, that all our life is made up of just the little things we are saying and doing all the time? I always think it is going to be some great thing, but it never is — only just the every minute little things.”

Bernhard lunched with the Buttles and took them to the Pazzi Chapel.

Miss Priestley called here.

In the evening we corrected the proofs of the Florentines and read Ribot’s Heredity.

**Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1895**

A nice little batch of letters: from Lippmann setting terms for the big work on Italian drawings; from Reinach arranging for a series of articles, ultimately to go into

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a book on the Uffizi drawings and congratulating me on my article in the Chronique; from Ephrussi to me saying he would reserve for me the compte rendu of Ricci’sbook on Correggio, and from Loeser making more of a fool of himself than ever, and thereby destroying the last little spark of regret we had left at the final ending of the friendship.

In the afternoon we drove with Miss Paget and Mr. Hamilton to see the Casa Beccari,near Bagno a Ripoli, a wonderful old half fortress. In the courtyard a most astonishing eucalyptus pushing up to the top of the battlements a long bare trunk like the lazy coils of a snake. The leaves were exquisitely decorative.

We had tea at the Palmerino, and in the evening read Ribot and some Germinal.

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**\* Thursday, Dec. 5, 1895, Fiesole**

I took Miss Buttles and her sister to see Miss Paget, but it was not a great success, as Miss Paget was rather dictatorial about the kind of thing Miss Buttles ought to sing, and Miss B. was decidedly huffy.

Bernhard stay at home and wrote to Obrist and Lippmann.

**Friday, Dec. 6, 1895**

Placci came to lunch, and we gave him a “seeing lesson”. It was hard for him to accept “tactile values”.

Then his friend Lord Balcarres came to call, and presently Mr. Morgan.

In the evening Bernhard lectured me for shallowness, for being contented with formulae, for not being serious enough. All sadly true, and I feel thoroughly discouraged. I snap up ideas like a doe a piece of meat, without chewing. Unlike the dog, I scarcely digest them. I have no initiative, no perseverance. Alas!

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**Saturday, Dec. 7, 1895**

Black discouragement. I feel almost as low as Mrs. Burke.

I type-wrote Bernhard’s “Caen Sposalizio” in the morning.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, and afterwards Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling. Miss Buttles was absolutely charming. Bernhard gave her a marvelous “seeing lesson”, and she caught on to it at once. It explained her sensations - and she had really had sensations! It was enchanting.

And then we came here and she sang and sang in the most heavenly way, putting me into ecstasy, so that I forgot all about my discouragement and my stupidity and my aches and pains and swam along with a swift, delicious, free, strong motions, into a region where all was easy of attainment. What a divine voice she has!

Bernhard went to dine with the Baroness French.

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**Sunday, Dec. 8, 1895**

I finished copying the “Caen Sposalizio” and we sent it off to Reinach.

We dined with Vernon Lee for the express purpose of hearing her solemn criticism of Bernhard’s book, which we did. She posed as priestess of Isis, and would not lift the Veil - her “secret of aesthetics” - but we shrewdly suspected that there was nothing there.

It turned out that she did not distinguish movement from motion, and by form meant nothing but shape. In fact, I grieve to say, she was really rather stupid, though very charming and polite. Her grand central idea was that the “Art” came in at the point where, having made his thing thing “real” - that she granted as a great concession - the artist began to exercise his marvellous selection power and choose only “beauty”.

But it was “stale and unprofitable”, and we didn’t get a single helpful idea from it.

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**Monday, Dec. 9, 1895**

The aesthetic capacity arose from the desire to have more life than you naturally have. The dominant law is the struggle for existence, but arises from the desire to pretend you have succeeded (have been a glorified actor in life) when the sense of fact was less (as in savages and children), the pretence was almost equal to reality. The savage, desiring success, acts success in his war dance, and thus gains a more confident temperament. People needed to rest, but on rest days had to have something to occupy their time with. Those who occupied their spare time in representing triumphs, would.

The above are cryptic sentences quoted from Bernhard’s delightful dinner conversation, consequent upon my asking a question which had occurred to me in the middle of the night: “How do we come to have an organism adapted to take

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pleasure in a voice like that of Miss Buttles, which is so rare that it could never have been an appreciable fact in the struggle for existence?”

Curiously enough Gurney asks practically the same question in the first chapter of his Power of Sound,

which we have begun to read together.

Lord Balcarrescame to lunch, and he and Bernhard walked up to call on the Morgans. Mr. Morgan is radiant about having a call from a Lord!!

But the news that has given the strange half-sad, half-curious colouring to all my day is the news that Gertrude Burton is dying. I have written offering to go to her. Poor thing, she was so passionately attached to Life. And yet, in a way, I feel a secret envy of her — no more petty worries and anxieties —

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“He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,

And that unrest, which men miscall delight,

Shall touch him not, nor torture him again.”

I wrote to Gertrude of my belief in continued life, life freer and fuller, beyond death, and I have been thinking of it all day. Yes, I really believe it, and it makes me think that she has “chosen the better part.”

O if I could be where I no longer torture myself about the children, am no longer miserable because I am not a fit companion for Bernhard, [written over ‘Gertrude’, which is crossed out] am no more heart-wring because of mother’s worries in her old age. My very first feeling on hearing that Gertrude could not get any better was “Fortunata Lei!”

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**Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1895, Fiesole**

In the afternoon we met together at Placci’s with Lord Balcarres, Signor Piccolelli, Signor Peruzzi and Buonamici to hear Miss Buttles sing. She first sang a thing of Summer’s which none of us liked. But the bad effect was taken away by some Schumann she sang divinely afterwards, and then, after we had gone to catch the tram, by some Hungarian airs.

At dinner Maud who had been reading the first 60 of Shakspeare’s [sic] Sonnets compared them unfavourably with such a poem as Browning’s envoi at the head of Asolando.

This I read aloud, and Bernhard and I found it not poetry at all, but inspiriting exhortation. He compared it to a man who should go to a hospital and tell the sick people what a fine thing it was to be well, and inspire them with hope and determination. Shakspeare, [sic] on the other hand, quietly takes the invalids, put them in a house in the country where they breathe the fresh air and look out on green fields and flowers and hear the birds.

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**Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1895**

Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling came up and we have a “seeing lesson” on Duccio and Simone Martini.

Then Miss Buttles sang to us, Mozart and Weber.

Here are some of the things Bernhard said apropos of Duccio: The artist evidently did not realize the figures with his own nerves, but contented himself with giving mere symbols or diagrams of movement. His grave is an abstract mathematical figure which gives no convincing muscular sensations. In spite of his feeling for beauty (i.e., thing we should call beautiful in life), and for expression, he never convinces. The lines which were originally invented to give tactile values, are fallen to mere symbolic scrawls. The enchantment comes if you translate the scenes into life and imagine yourself there — there is none of that impressiveness of genuine bodily presence Giotto give us. Now

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how is it that a picture “convinces us of reality?” Real things arouse those muscular and internal sensations which are the continuous accompaniment of our lives. “Real” pictures must therefore make an appeal to our muscles and our vital functions. But Duccio’s appeal only to the intellect and to the sense of pathos. His figures are as flat as a Burne Jones, a very lovely kind of postage stamp. He illustrates in a lovely fashion, as far as psychological interpretation is concerned. He succeeds in making his faces expressive. But, as a matter of fact, faces are the least important in the essential muscular appeal. For that, those articulations in which force is particularly expressed, shoulder, hip, wrist and ankle, must be accentuated. Duccio, however, concentrates all his strength on facial expression. In the Deposition, the man who ought to be pulling out the nails is too busy showing his grief to attend to the action. The hands are sometimes held up so as to prevent your believing in the reality of it.

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Our lessons this year are to be pure seeing lessons, explanative of why we find the great artists great and the mediocre artists mediocre. “I think I have already nauseated you sufficiently with historical connections”, he said.

**Thursday, Dec. 12, 1895, Fiesole**

Lord Belcarres came to lunch and was very nice, in the full English sense. We talked a good deal about East London. Bernhard walked with him.

I went down to Florence and called on Mrs. Dibblee

and the Buttles.

Mrs. D., an Anglo-Indian, told me a lot about scorpions and centipedes, fleas, sand flies and eye flies in India. Otherwise deadly.

**x Friday, Dec. 13, 1895, Fiesole**

I was suffering a good deal of internal pain — neuralgia, I suppose, and scarcely felt up to any work, so I just

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“fooled around”.

In the afternoon we looked at photos and in the evening gathered notes to crush that viper Karl Karoly, who gets out such sickening handbooks on art that you feel like never looking at a picture again.

**Saturday, Dec. 14, 1895, Fiesole**

I went down to town in the morning to get a copy of Bell’s letter against Karoly’s Guide Books. When I came up, I found a letter from home that knocked me over, B.F.C.C. threatening to separate the children from me more and more. But how write of it? “The heart knoweth its own bitterness.”

To keep my head above water I type-wrote vigorously most of the day. Miss Paget came to call, and was very charming. She talked a good deal about Gluck.

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**Sunday, Dec. 15, 1895**

Miss Buttles came and sang most divinely, harmonizing what would have otherwise been a most deadly “afternoon tea”, composed of our household, Miss Farnham, Miss Whaling, Mrs. Dibblee and her two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. The latter, talking to Maud, said in reply to Maud’s remark that she thought she had met her at Miss Paget’s — “O no! Miss Paget has never called on us.”

Yes, Miss Buttles sang like an angel, divinamente.

I sent off a letter against Karoly to The Nation.

**x Monday, Dec. 16, 1895**

We finished our reviews of Ricci’s Correggio, Bernhard’s for The Nation, mine for the Chronique des Arts.

Maud and I called on the Buttles in the afternoon.

In the evening we read Gurney’s Power of Sound.

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**Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1895, Fiesole**

A quiet day of work. I am trying not to worry over the children, since I have thought it all out so clearly and decided that there is nothing I can do. Alas, why do I love them so much? I should be so happy otherwise.

Bernhard is feeling rather sick about HO, who promised us we should be the first to publish in the Gazette des Beaux Arts some of his lovely designs. He seems to have completely lost his head because the director of the Pan took him up, and he offered them all his designs, and now writes expecting us to get an article into the Gazette tamely reproducing in April the very same designs which Pan has brought out in March. The thing is of course impossible, except in the case of a well-known man, and a thing

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that has already attracted attention. To discover an unknown artist a month late would be too flat. Then, Bernhard thinks, he ought to have remembered that it was he, Bernhard, who really put him on the track of discriminating among his own productions. When we went to Munich last summer, Obrist was inclined to value all his things equally, perhaps the ones with what he called “Stimmung” above the others, if anything. He did not realize the splendid presentation possibilities of his art, and delighted in representation. As to his rug, he was overcome with delight when Bernhard suggested his not finishing it. And he promised again and again we should have the first choice of pieces to reproduce.

But when the great official people

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came, he was evidently (from the tone of his letter) quite out of his senses with delight, and pressed upon them those very designs which we had taught him to see were his best, leaving nothing for us. Consequently, with the beset will in the world, we cannot help him.

No doubt he will be angry and quarrel with Bernhard. I hope not, but it does seem hard for men to keep friends. They expect too much reasonableness from each other, and each is too intent upon his own “struggle for life”.

However, in this instance I must say I think Obrist has acted very foolishly and thrown away a chance. It does not matter to us, for it is not in our line anyhow.

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**Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1895, Fiesole**

I must not forget some of Aunty Lill’s sayings in her recent letters. Her criticism of Logan’s book was unique: “It is indeed the production of a gentleman.” Of Ray and Karin she wrote, “I feel they are holy little tendrils, capable of being very delicately moulded.” Again, to Logan, “Thy book shows talent and great good taste. Be very reverential in yours books of the dear Lord God Almighty’s name, Glory to Him in all we say, do, and think.” and to me “I trust thy books will be a great success. The only way to be sure they will be is to add prayer to research and originality.”

We passed the day working and reading.

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At dinner we discussed what it is that happens when we “get tired” of a picture, which we nevertheless continue to admit as a great work of art. What happens is that it ceases to stimulate in us any more those physical movements which produce the “pleasure”. But why?

**Thursday, Dec. 19, 1895, Fiesole**

We went to look at the Uffizi drawings, and quite enjoyed them! Took tea with the Buttles, but were bored.

Bernhard has finished L’education sentimentale and finds it the least good of all Flaubert’s. He is reading Vernon Lee’s Hauntings!

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**Friday, Dec. 20, 1895**

Rainy. We worked and talked and read.

**x Saturday, Dec. 21, 1895**

The same. Bernhard read my “Louvre”.

**Sunday, Dec. 22, 1895**

Bothering news about the Guardi.

Reinach writes saying the “tactile values” theory can’t be true, for, if it were, panoramas would be the highest art.

Fabbri came to lunch bringing a Degas (Horsemen)

which he will leave with me while he is in Paris.

Miss Buttles came and sang Lohengrin.

I went in to meet Logan, and we had some pleasant talk in the evening, especially about books.

Here is Bernhard’s answer

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to Reinach: “Please read me again about ‘tactile values’, as if perchance I am right, then I have done what has never yet been accomplished, given a reason for our enjoyment of form in the plastic arts. But right or wrong, my theory ought to make clear this much at least, that a panorama is not a work of art. My formula is that artistic form skims off the material significance of things, presenting them to us in such a way that we must attend to them as form, and not as in actuality as so many object<s> appealing at haphazard to one of a million needs. But the round figures in a panorama are, at the best, but as objects in actuality itself, not the plastic essence of them. There is another reason why a panorama is not a work of art. It is this. A panorama aims at illusion, and produces its effects by using tri- and bi-dimensional things in such wise that we shall not know which is which. Well, to begin with, Art

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never aims at illusion, but at the extracting of the plastic as kinetic significance of objects. This extraction, presenting the object to us with greater poignancy, gives us the feeling of unexpected ease of functioning and as consequent happiness. But the panorama does not even attempt to extract: its aim is illusion, and it accomplishes its purpose in two ways that positively leave us with a feeling of poor functioning and consequently of diminished life. The two ways are the following: We never get even a perplexed feeling of being bamboozled. With the feeling there comes to any sensitive eye acute malaise, occasioned by the endless number of retinal readjustments.

2. In the picture, on the contrary, the retinal readjustments are reduced to the fewest possible — infinitely

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fewer than in actuality, of course. In the panorama there are more than in actuality. Not only have you, as in actuality, the liberty to wander about aimlessly instead of being chained down by the composition, but the mixture of real with fictitious dimensions entails an endless number of retinal adjustments over and above what we have in actuality, thus fatiguing us endlessly.

I dare say all this bores you, but dear friend, reflect that if ever we are to get beyond ipse dixit, it will be by finding out the how and the why of art. I believe we can find out, and I mean to try.”

**Monday, Dec. 23, 1895, Fiesole**

I took Logan in to see the Duomo and the Bargello. I never enjoyed the Leucas so much. I felt them down to the marrow of my bones. In fact, it was the

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first time I had seen them since I became fully conscious of the specific pleasure of form.

We then called on Miss Paget and talked about Venice and the strange, suspicious Anglo-American colony there. Logan and I kept on a “soft undercurrent of hope that she would offer us tea (which she did not!), and Logan was afflicted with a new pair of boots which looked too yellow, and, he feared, smelt new. But none of the p<reoccupa>tions were apparent in our speech!

Coming home, Logan gave me a good expression, that almost every person has a self and an anti-self. Bernhard is the one person I know who really and truly has no anti-self.

In the evening Miss Farnham read us a good deal of Flaubert’s Tentation de Saint Antoine and we read Matthew Arnold and some ballads. I am reading Marius the Epicurean.

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**Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1895, Fiesole**

Went with Logan to the Academy, and then to see the Buttles, and Miss Buttles sang to us wonderful Hungarian folk songs.

In the evening we read Milton’s Nativity and greatly enjoyed it.

I am glad to see that Bernhard and Logan get on fairly well together. I believe Bernhard would like anyone who had a serious impersonal interest.

A nice letter from Miss Sellers offering to come and live with me next winter and teach me Greek. I think it would make me very happy, although in Obrist’s last letter to Bernhard he says “Beware of Miss Sellers. She is unreliable, squinting and hidden.”

Obrist also says he will not come here while I am here, nor is he willing that I should have the least hand in anything that concerns him. I am not surprised, although I do not think

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it is the part of “sweet reasonableness”. But he is utterly indignant and disgusted with me, as he has every reason to be. I suppose I seem to him like some disgusting reptile. And although he has good grounds for this, I am not all a reptile. I thought about it last night, and felt that although what I had done was perhaps as loathesome as anything anyone ever did, yet all the same, it did not cover the whole ground of my character, and if I can shake off, as I mean to, and in part have, such peculiar tenderness, I am not the sort of person anyone needs mind having for a friend. Not that I expect Obrist to see it, ever, and indeed I don’t much care. I shall have thought I would care more, but he is no longer “in my world” as Ray and Karin say.

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**Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1895**

First with honours

Giotto, Leonardo, Velasquez

First with half honours

Dürer

First

Masaccio, Botticelli, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Titian, Raphael, Van Eyck, Puvis de Chavannes, Degas, Fouquet, Dirck Bouts, Holbein

Second with honours

Giovanni Bellini, Melozzo, Crivelli, Rubens, Watteau, Manet, Tintoretto

Second

Antonio Pollaiuolo, Pier dei Franceschi, Correggio, Memling, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Turner, Moret,

Frans Hals, Gainsborough

Third with honours

Claude, Ver Meer, Van der Wegden, Gerard David, Moroni, Guardi, Borgognone, Longhi

Third

Poussin, David, Millet, Corot, Perugino, Ingres, Whistler, Cima, Pordenone, Adrea, Gainsborough, Constable, Canaletto, Luca Van Leyden, Carpaccio, Castagna, Van Dyck, Terborg, Cuyp,

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Sculptors

Donatello

Giovanni Pisano, Michelangelo, Luca della Robbia, Sluytens, Rheims sculptors

———

Jacopo della Quercia, Ghiberti, Verrocchio, Pallaiuolo, Desiderio, Master of Goge’s Palace, Antonio Rizzo, Vecchietta, Pietro Lombardi, Ver Viescher, Andrea della Robia, Master of Tomb of Philippe Pot, Albi screen, Rodin, Hildebrand

———

Bernardino and Antonio Rossellino [Mino da Fiesole], Master of Pellegrino Chapel, Caradorsa, Oruodeo, Michelozzo, Tullio Lombardi, Andrea Riccio, Riemerischneider, Bernini ‘Jean Goujore], [Dabris, … tomb at Nantes], Riemerischneider

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**Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1895**

Most apply the word “decorativi” to something they like without knowing why, to cover obvious academic faults.

It rained, but, after a morning of work, Logan and Bernhard and I walked via Maiano to call on Miss Paget.

**\* Thursday, Dec. 26, 1895**

Miss May Jeffrey,

now Mrs. Landsem, came with her husband Olaf to lunch. We had besides Miss Mary Buttles and Logan, and the combination proved rather a strain.

Miss Buttles and Miss Whaling came in the afternoon, and Miss Buttles sang for us, deliciously as usual.

In the evening we read some more Gurney, and Bernhard imparted to me the suggestion that the specific effect of music is the effect on the circulation of the blood.

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**Friday, Dec. 27, 1895**

I went with Logan to the Uffizi, where we met Bryson Burroughs.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch. He said when he was little, he always thought that apples were the husbands of pears, and Monday, Wednesday and Friday the husbands of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Bernhard lunched with Placci, who read him a psychological study of convalescence, purely scientific and not at all artistic, and they argued it out for three hours.

Logan and I walked up to call on the Morgans.

We read more Gurney in the evening.

**Saturday, Dec. 28, 1895**

Placci came in the morning, and was sympathetic and genial as usual.

Edith Woodman and her husband came

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to lunch, and Edith told us of a “lady” they met at the pension when they first came here. As she had a frizzed front and sat up very straight they thought she was a great swell, and were delighted when she offered to help them find an apartment, and overjoyed when she came to live with them. But when she began to live on them, they were in despair, and did not know how to get her to go. They pretended Bryson’s mother was coming sooner than she had said, but they could not lie successfully, and she stayed, until the mother actually arrived.

We took a walk. Vernon Lee and Miss Thomson came to call.

In the evening we made out the list of great writers which I append.

Maud was furious at our not putting Browning in the first rank. ☞ p. 79-80

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**Sunday, Dec. 29, 1895**

Worked and read and walked.

Mr. Morgan called, and revealed a very well hidden side of his decorous, apparently conservative self. He said he could not bear order, that he was au fond an anarchist, and loved change and upsetting, and wild, terrible cataclysms.

I said, “Would you like different people every day?” for he said he hated to do the same thing today he had done yesterday.

“Well,” he said, with a gleam in his eye, as if he saw himself the head of a harem, “I really should!”

In the evening we chatted over Pater and Oxford and books and novels, and I did a little packing, as I am to leave for England tomorrow.

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**Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1896, Fiesole**

I reached Florence at 11, and Bernhard met me. He meant to come to Pisa to meet me, but there was a confusion in my telegrams.

I had been with Gertrude, at Leysin, and she died early Sunday morning, her father and I sitting by her, holding her hands. She was unconscious, and death was very easy.

We had talked much about it the day before, and she said it seemed to her a quite simple, natural phase of life — and one in which she was intensely interested. She was not sure it led anywhere, but if it did, so much the better.

Her old father, a Swedenborgian, really triumphed in her release, though the tears were dropping

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out of his eyes and hanging on his long white beard at the loss of her whom he described to me as his “dearest idol.” Dawn was flushing the mountains as she died, but the stars were still bright, and the air that came in the open window was fresh and still. It was very noble and poetic. I quoted our dear Walt to her (she first made me read him), “No array of words can say how much I am at peace about life and about death”, and she smiled at me to say that was her own attitude.

Well, I came home again, after happy, happy days with the children, but days in …

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All the same, Fiesole seemed to me a real Paradise — for “grown-ups.”

Bernhard looked so well and beautiful I was quite startled.

We had our “rampart walk,” and read Charles Lamb and Montaigne in the evening.

Bernhard is beginning to care more for English prose style. I need no longer mention here all the books we read, as I put them now in a separate volume.

What joy to be in sunshine again!

**Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1896, Fiesole**

Miss Hay

came to lunch, and Bernhard took a walk with her.

Later we walked down to the Palmerino and I got Mr. Hamilton to supervise the translation of Bernhard’s article on the Caen Sposalizio for the Gazette.

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In the evening we read Lamb and Ribot.

**Thursday, Jan. 30, 1896**

Read the proofs of Bernhard’s article on Italian painters in the United States, which is to come out in the March Gazette des Baux Arts.

Wrote endless letters.

Began to walk to Morgans’, but I felt too ill to go on.

Read an essay of Lamb.

Then Edith and Bryson came to dinner, and after we took a walk in the most glorious moonlight ever seen. Edith said once she had peeped over a rock to see Bryson painting, when he did not know she was there. He was talking to a bunny who was hiding hear him, “Yes, the horrid hunter is looking out for you, but

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you just stay quiet where you are till I tell you it’s safe. No! Not yet. The dogs will be after you. Wait a minute! I’ll tell you all right. There now! They’re turning away. Now then, scoot!!” a little story like the Fioretti.

They are two lovely children, such dears! They kiss the \_\_\_\_ when they love them.

Bryson’s mother insists on living with them, and it fairly clouds their lives, particularly Edith’s. She is thoroughly unsympathetic, idle, selfish, useless, silly.

Bernhard said à propos of style, “il y a une style qui se fait lire - c’est déjà bien, mail il y a le style qui se fait re-lire.” Pater is the latter kind.

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**Friday, Jan. 31, 1896, Fiesole**

As I was very much below par in health, I spent the day quietly. But I managed to write up all my letters.

Bernhard went to walk with Benn, and paid a short call on the Buttles.

We read Lamb and Ribot in the evening. Bernhard described Margoulioth of Oxford as “one of those kobold sort of students.”

**Saturday, Feb. 1, 1896**

Bernhard worked on Mantegna, I on the Louvre Guide.

He took the Scotts and Miss Hay to the Bargello, and then called on Miss Priestley who flirted with and at him very prettily.

I put all my books in order.

Miss Buttles came and sang a little, and Mr. Morgan called. The latter, when I quoted to him, à propos of the change the new psychology is making in all

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our ways of thinking, the remark of Kant, now become impossible, that “die Affecte sind Krankheiten des Gemüths,” he actually defended it! At last he said “well, the intellect is certainly higher than the emotions.”

“As a Christian, you ought to put the emotion of love higher.”

The dear Englishman was quite puzzled. He does not know what “psychology” in our sense means.

In the evening we began Darwin on the Emotions.

I also began Barrett Wendell’s Shakspere [sic]

**Sunday, Feb. 2, 1896, Fiesole**

Miss Buttles came up and sang divinely: Schubert, Rubinstein, Glück, Beethoven, Weber. Above all, “Hark! Hark! The Lark”, without accompaniment.

It was so warm and sunny, we had tea in the ‘cupola’.

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In the evening Bernhard and I dined at the Palmerino, pleasant but uneventful. Miss Wimbush was there, assiduously playing upon her “chapeau chinois.”

Walking home we met two carabinieri in the moonlight fleeing down hill in search of a man who had been stabbed in a fray, and who was lying in a house at the top of the hill (as they very well knew!). We said we had not seen or heard any disturbance our way, whereupon they turned and fled up hill in their huge three-cornered hats and flapping black cloaks. It looked very weird. In a moment we came to where the ground was spattered with blood, and presently to the house where the wounded man lay,

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with the “chorus” hanging round the steps, the shrill choked voices of women inside. It was a case of two rival bands. A giovane in one taunted another in the rival band with having too small a mouth to blow his horn. The insulted youth took to his knife by way of answer and stabbed the offender, and then escaped, the carabinieri consenting. The man was taken, apparently dying, to the hospital.

**Monday, Feb. 3, 1896, Fiesole**

Word came in the morning of the successful sale of some pictures, by which many hundred<s> of pounds fall to Bernhard’s share.

Miss Farnham came to lunch,

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and changed my feeling of indifference to one of active dislike. However, Bernhard liked her, taking a long walk with her afterwards.

It was so warm, I lay on the balcony reading Ian Maclaren’s Bonnie Briar Bush,

and watching the hills. I needed no wrap even.

We began Emma.

**Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1896, Fiesole**

Again a heavenly day. Bernhard spent a large part of it writing to Reinach a tome upon a certain Jacopo di Barbari drawing denied by Müntz and Ravaisson (!!) to be such.

In the evening we wrote an unfavourable review of Chaude Phillips’ Collection of Charles I.

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**Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1896, Fiesole**

I shopped vigorously all the morning, while Bernhard took Miss Hay and Miss Thomson to San Lorenzo.

Mr. Hamilton lunched here, but Bernhard lunched with Miss Placci and took her to the Academy afterwards. We had a lovely walk when he came back, in an air like late spring.

I have had to give up the Burkes at last, that is, to recognize that I have lent them most of the characteristics which have given me sympathy with them. Mrs. B writes me tonight — after all she has written and said about the “cruelty of tearing her child from her”!! — that she never loved it, and would have parted with it anyhow, quite independent of Jack. I fancy he has driven her into a nasty

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corner, but I shall rather die fighting than creep out in such an ignoble way.

<partially cut away>

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**Thursday, Feb. 6, 1896, Fiesole**

A unparticularized day, but lovely golden weather.

We had a little … to dinner …

<partially cut away>

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… Bianchi, which he insisted was a Francia. Terrible man and terrible family.

I began Rob Roy.

**Sunday, Feb. 9, 1896, Bologna**

We revisited old scenes in Bologna, saw the famous “Bologna head”, which seemed to us rather that of a youth than a woman’s, enjoyed Niccolo dell’Arca, etc., etc.

**\* Monday, Feb. 10, 1896, Bologna**

We went to Ferrara, and besides seeing and enjoying a wonderful Pietà by Mazzoni, we saw Sr. Vendeghini’s collection, etc., etc.

**Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

We spent the morning at Imola, pleasantly enough, though there is little to see there. It was very hot!

Then we came home, delighted to get into the country again, with a real view from our windows.

We finished Lowes’ Development of Parliament in the XIX Century.

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**Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1896, Fiesole**

Papers, letters, photographs in the morning.

In the afternoon we went to town and upset our tempers at the dilatory Florentine shop-keepers.

In the evening we read Tintern Abbey, Lamb, Emma and the papers.

A good name for a (bad) painter would be ‘Colpevole da Imola’.

**Thursday, Feb. 13, 1896**

Ill again d—— it! Arranged photos in the morning.

Moped the rest of the day.

Bryson and Edith Burroughs came to dinner and to spend the night. Edith told us her early experiences trying to get money, how she painted sachets at two cents apiece, made models for inkstands for $2.00 (which cost her $1.90), painted on “bolting cloth” at 10 cents, carried her models all over New York, etc., etc. But with youth and health, such experiences are light!

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**Friday, Feb. 14, 1896, Fiesole**

32 years old today.

I drove to Monte Senario, meeting Bernhard and Edith and Bryson there, and we lay under the pines in the sun and smelt the ground.

In the evening Zangwill arrived.

**Saturday, Feb. 15, 1896**

I was not well, and spent a quiet day, chatting with Bernhard and Zangwill, who turns out to be a believer in the future and the mission of the Jews. Also, he does not understand the elements of the historical method. And he admires Rudyard Kipling’s poetry!

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**Sunday, Feb. 16, 1896**

Walked with Bernard and Zangwill.

The Miss Dibblees, Miss Halsey, Beatrice Horne and Mr. and Mrs. Morgan came to tea, a gathering of people “not my kind”, that made me quite nervous and miserable. I believe everyone of them, except Miss Horne, - including Zangwill ! - takes Tennyson for a poet!

Before they came it was nicer, for Bernhard, Zangwill and I lay on the grass in the podere discussing the “essence of poetry”. Zangwill has no more idea of the existence of a world of culture from which he is excluded than — but I am too sleepy to find a comparison.

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**Monday, Feb. 17, 1896**

Miss Buttles came to sing in the afternoon, and sang “Comfort ye my people” in a most inspired way. The silent Beatrice Horne was here, and the much too talkative, endlessly boring Mrs. Buttles, who made the sky leaden for me.

Bernhard dined with the Hildebrands and greatly enjoyed them. As he and Herr Hildebrand not only seemed to think alike on all subjects, but had actually struck out the same phrases, he said it was almost embarrassing.

Maud took advantage of his being away to have what Ray and Karin call a “free conversation”. She confessed that having gained her ideas of men chiefly from French literature, she could only regard them as “love machines”.

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**\* Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1896, Fiesole**

Still the weather of paradise!

Zangwill introduced the serpent by discovering Longfellow as a Poet.

A lovely afternoon, sun, sweet air, blue distances.

Mr. Morgan called, and I had an Italian lesson.

Read Lamb, Jane Austen, Wendell, the accounts of the new photographic discovery, etc.

Helped Zangwill a little (chiefly by being dictated to) in his “Without Prejudice”.

**Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1896**

Worked over photos of Jacopo Belllini’s drawings in the morning.

Shopped and called on Miss Halsey in the afternoon.

Dined with Zangwill at the Palmerino.

**Thursday, Feb. 20, 1896**

The Burroughs came up to lunch, and we had a walk over to Poggio.

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**Friday, Feb. 21, 1896**

Walked too far yesterday, and was not well all today.

Bernhard took Zangwill in to see some churches, etc., and I stayed at home and read and studied.

We invented a new painter “Nommisecca Fiesolano”

I had a letter from Mrs. Burke, asking me to find her a nurse-maid, and mentioning incidentally that she and Jack were married last Saturday.

We composed a norm for her letter:

“My dear Mary, I am feeling depressed and out of spirits today, as I have a bad headache, and was not able to drink my morning coffee.

By the way, I have murdered my husband and I want you to get a coffin for him (oak if possible), and kindly see to all the necessary arrangements. I am anxious that my name should not appear in the matter.

I have no more time to write, as I am just going out.

Yours affectionately, Mollie”

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**Saturday, Feb. 22, 1896, Fiesole**

Zangwill and I lunched with the Morgans, a splendid walk up, over our first, lightly fallen snow.

We came back to find Bernhard entertaining Mrs. Hague and her two fresh and pretty daughters, who came here to tea.

In the evening Zangwill read us his third act to The Doll’s House, bring it into harmony with good English feeling. He told us also of Clement Scott’s criticism of Ibsen, where he says “Ibsen is one of those writers who call a spade a spade, but in a roundabout, circuitous way.”

Bernhard spoke of William Sharp’s translation of Maeterlinck as the play “flattened by Sharp”.

We decided on Omen (absit omen) as our anti-Amen, à propos of the idiotic Nietzsche circular.

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**Sunday, Feb. 23, 1896**

I took Zangwill down to see the Primavera, the Medici tombs and San Lorenzo. In the midst of the discussions upon art and art criticism into which he plunged in front of the works of art, I managed to steal several glances at them, and thus enjoyed myself. He still labours under the delusion that artists are the best critics, and that everything except the “specific quality” — that is to say, the art — in a work of art ought to be taken into consideration. Thus, he said in the Medici chapel, that a psychological, biological novel, dealing with real life, ought to be ranked higher because it was so much harder to do than a work of imagination, dealing with a world that never existed.

I advised him to toss off a few librettos like Wagner’s “Ring”.

We called on the Buttles.

In the evening we began to read Mill’s Nature.

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**Monday, Feb. 24, 1896, Fiesole**

Letter to Miss Sellers

… “As to the disapproval your friends may feel for the Villa Rosa, you know from their point of view they are probably right. Our ambition is really not to know about things, but to enjoy them.

Of course that means a good deal of knowing about, and I am sure Mr. Berenson, on his own line, has as much accurate information and as many personal scientific observations as anyone engages in the same studies. But he holds this as very secondary to the capacity to enjoy all forms of art, and values very slightly those lines of study which do not lead to a greater capacity for pleasurable art-sensations.

It is true we have both travelled many weary

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miles in search of Becanizzi

and Capriolis [sic]

and other worse than insignificant painters, and that he has written a long book upon a painter not of the supremest excellence. These experiences we do not regard as ends in themselves though they may have their use.

But the point of our being here is to have leisure and opportunity to cultivate our taste so that we may appreciate all the achievements of European art.

Mr. Berenson has made up his mind to read (for pleasure) all the Greek that is considered good literature, and he is urging me to take up my Greek again for the same purpose. In the same way, we are reading a good deal of English literature,

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poetry and prose, along with occasional French and German things. Mr. Berenson, I believe, reads Hebrew and Arabic, but I do not pretend to follow there!

Also we are getting as much music as we can in this music-forsaken place, and, as you know, we often travel for the sake of seeing architecture. I hope all this doesn’t sound priggish!

There is another side, but that, too, would not appeal to the German Gelehrte, I fear. It is our interest in the psychology of art enjoyment. Mr. Berenson always has on hand some work on psychology which he is poring over, and trying to fit in with his own experiences, and I read a little in a more scattered way.

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The idea that we have money and social position, or are surrounded by geistreich acquaintances is strangely remote from the facts! You know the most geistreich of our acquaintances, I think - Vernon Lee, Carlo Placci, Mr. Reinach, and Mr. Obrist.

It is true that we are happy here, but I must confess it is not merely the work, it is the sympathetic companionship. To say anything else would be to take up an unreal pose.”

a letter about their relationship? or about their work and theories?

We had a quiet day, in the snow, which fell at last, reading, talking and discussing poetry. Zangwill discovers a new “poet” every day, to whom we invariably refuse laurels!

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**Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1896, Fiesole**

Still snow bound, and still discussing poetry.

However, Miss Buttles came up and sang - she sings Handel very well - and Mr. Baring

came to lunch, which was a diversion.

The poetry warfare is still raging.

**Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1896**

The sun shone fitfully, but I was ill and did not go out.

Bernhard finished his Mantegna.

**Thursday, Feb. 27, 1896**

I am worse. Bernhard and Zangwill had a long walk.

When they came in, I told Bernhard how much I liked his Mantegna, and then gave him a few criticisms. These made him furious, so the day ended in gloom.

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**Friday, Feb. 28, 1896**

Made up our quarrel and worked on the Mantegna.

Bernhard lunched with the Hagues, and I took Zangwill down to town, where he saw sights and I shopped with the Signora Triulzi.

We called on Miss Paget.

Zangwill really got on my nerves with his inability to see the difference between bad and good poetry.

**Saturday, Feb. 29, 1896**

Finished the Mantegna. Miss Horne called in the afternoon.

Bernhard dined with Carlo Placci.

**Sunday, Mar. 1, 1896**

Placci came up to lunch, and we spent the afternoon lying in the podere.

Father came about 5, and Bernhard and Zangwill, to escape him, dined at the Aurora.

I took father on a walk in the podere, and he told me once again,

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for the twentieth time, the story of his grievances against Alban. However, as he used one delicious word, ‘honeyfogle’,

I forgave him.

But it was hard to forgive him at dinner, when he made out to Maud that he had been enjoying the scenery and drinking in the calm beauty of the landscape. Why? His face was almost purple with wrath the whole walk.

In the evening he regaled me with an account of his grievances against Aunty Lill and Uncle James.

I “went to bed” early, but really stole over to Bernhard’s to let off my feelings.

**Monday, Mar. 2, 1896, Fiesole**

Maud turns out to have the influenza, and this frightened father, so that he went off at 11 — to our great relief!

Bernhard went to town and got me my medicine, and I am really ill.

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**Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1896**

Maud and I both ill, but the day so lovely that, as I lay on the long chair

in the balcony all the afternoon, I thought nothing had ever been more enchanting.

Bernhard and Zangwill had a long walk.

I had letters from Evalyne,

Janet and Miss Sellers. Janet <Dodge> says she is not in love with Dr. Singer, but I greatly fear she is.

Bernhard, writing to Lippmann about his Mantegna, begs him to see that it is well translated: “I do not want my phrases, many of which have cost me hours each, spoilt by the pitiless Charon who may ferry me over into German.”

**x Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1896**

I was not well all day, and did not do much beyond reading, and writing to Ephrussi about Obrist.

Mr. Morgan called in the afternoon.

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Zangwill thus described Mrs. Sharp’s book which she sent Bernhard (Lyra Celtica),

“On the second instant at Edinburgh, the wife of William Sharp, of a Celtic Renascence still-born”.

**Thursday, Mar. 5, 1896, Fiesole**

A letter from Placci to Bernhard, “Dear Friend, I am reading slowly your book over again. I have taken 3 mornings to get to page 65. I am enthusiastic and felt I must tell you so. They are my moments of serenity. Otherwise, I am all alive with alive things, terribly excited, living, suffering, burying and reading papers — all full of the deplorable African news.

Were my mother well I would be off to Rome so as to be able to swim in the midst of news and life and pain and rage.

You strange people, inhabiting hills and abstract ideas, how do you

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manage to exist outside actualities à large base? I will be with you on Saturday, as arranged. Ever yours, Carlo Placci.”

Nothing particular happened all day. I was rather ill, though I tried to take a walk.

**Friday, Mar. 6, 1896**

Still ill. Finished La Peur. Selected photographs to send to Jaccaci of Scribner’s who wants Bernhard to write some articles.

Miss Cruttwell appears furious. We think the Buttles have repeated to her the things Bernhard said about her to them before they made such friends.

**Saturday, Mar. 7, 1896**

Edith and Bryson came to lunch, dear things, and they had a long walk with Bernhard.

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**Sunday, Mar. 8, 1896, Fiesole**

Mr. Baring, and Beatrice and Herbert Horne came to call. The latter was less appalling than I had been led to expect.

Bernhard and Zangwill had much talk and argument about the psychology of art, especially at dinner, where we talked at a great pace to cover Miss Cruttwell’s fury at the news that Miss Dodge was expected soon. A letter from the latter confesses practically to being in love with Dr. Singer, and I have wired to her to come at once. He is au fond a Philistine, and she would be unhappy with him.

Zangwill said that the Celtic Spirit is made up of Gloom and Doom, but Mr. Sharp’s book about it of Boom!

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**Monday, Mar. 9, 1896**

Placci came to lunch, full of all manner of political hopes and fears, longing to be off to Rome. However, he played us the “Rhine”, “Fire” and “Love” music out of Wagner, and then came with us to see the Villa Gamberaia — or rather, took us, for his friend, the Princess Ghika, has bought it, and he is the only person with a permesso to get in. Edith and Bryson came too, and Edith running and skipping over the hills like a dryad, her hair down and a wreath of olive on her head. We were all thrilled with enjoyment at the villa, all but poor Zangwill, who wandered about bored and preoccupied with his Without Prejudice.

In the evening Bernhard took Edith to the concert, as I was too ill to go. The drive had hurt me.

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**Tuesday, Mar. 10, 1896**

Karin’s seventh birthday. I was very ill, and Bernhard sent for Dr. Poggi, who came in the afternoon. He found my internal arrangements gone wrong, alas!

Maud has decided to go and live in Florence, which will indeed be a great relief for us. It is too complicated to explain. We have not “considered” her enough, perhaps — but then that always happens with uncongenial people. She feels that Bernhard is too “materialistic”, and that she cannot talk about the things dearest to her soul — the spiritual side of poetry and such like. His explanation of our pleasure in form in art seems to her “degrading”.

**Wednesday, Mar. 11, 1896**

Still ill and good for nothing.

Lay in the podere in the afternoon, chatting with Zangwill. Sometimes I dislike him so,

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I feel as if I could not bear to see him or hear his voice again - his slipshod, unscholarly habits of mind, his gross physical habits, his way of regarding all talk as mere words - and then something nice and kindly comes out in him, and I like the person who is so ethical on the human, if not on the intellectual side.

Bernhard went in to town and did some errands for me and called on Benn who is writing his Greek Philosophy. He found him in a rage with Pater’s Plato.

Mrs. William Sharp called, but I did not see her.

**Thursday, Mar. 12, 1896**

Still ill.

We corrected in the morning the proofs of Bernhard’s article on the Caen Sposalizio, which is to be the first in next month’s Gazette des Beaux-Arts.

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After lunch I read Mrs. Burnett’s Lady of Quality, which she had sent to Zangwill. Romantic rot. Zangwill made these verses:

The Aesthete’s Damnation

God said: “Heap high the coal!”

The flames began to swirl.

Cried out the burning soul,

“How beautiful they curl —

What decorative grace

These lines that twist and turn!

How they light the Devil’s face

And make it all divine!”

What life-enhancing zest

On every living curve!

O cauldrons of the blest,

I thrill in every nerve!”

Cried God: “His nerves pluck out!”

T’was done by Räntgren rays

And Hell was one vast shout

Of hypocritic praise

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But now the burning soul,

He smiled a heavenly smile

And ceased to writhe and roll

Sure sentience and guile.

God, baffed, stormed and swore,

And sent him straight to heaven,

Where life is one long bore

And each day is as long as seven.

Where the souls sit round and purr

O’er each soporific blessing,

Where the music is amateur

And the Art is life-depressing

I.Z.

**Friday, Mar. 13, 1896**

I began my review of the Florentine Painters for the Atlantic, but did not feel well enough to go very far.

Bernhard called on Robert Herrick,

and liked him better than before.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, brimming over with his own affairs. None of us

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pretended that he wasn’t delighted to be set free by his mother’s death. On Mr. Paget’s monument they have put “Neminem tristem fecit”, and on their mother’s they will put “Senescens semper dulcior”.

Miss Buttles called on me, and chatted and laughed about a lot of trivial things.

Zangwill is driving me wild! I feel as if he were half dead, he neither sees nor hears nor feels nor enjoys, except in about the proportion of 1:10 compared to ordinary people. And he talks about himself continually as being a “creative genius” — as if his creations counted for a second with people of taste. His whole life is given up to this miserable writing — what he called “creation”. It is as bad as the Michael Fields.

In the evening Maud read us two stanzas of one of the “lascicious poems” she composed when she was about 17. They are as follows:

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Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart —

’Tis woman’s whole existence. You have known

What love is, sown

Your oats in meadows of which I am one,

And loving, lightly passed, and so, forgot.

Men may forget — A woman, I can not,

Nor would, my own.

And so the pain of knowing you forget

Mingles with all the joy I feel, when I,

With downcast eye,

Think of the days wherein my pleasures lie —

The dear, dead days. — I feel my eyes grow wet

Remembering them. I do not yet regret

Virginity.

The title of this poem, which was 24 stanzas long, she took from an old exercise book of her brothers’, not knowing Latin, but liking the sentiment as translated: Aut amat aut odit mulier.

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**Saturday, Mar. 14, 1896, Fiesole**

Mrs. Hague and her two pretty daughters came to lunch. While Zangwill and Bernhard went out for a walk with them, the mother stayed and told me all about her daughters’ infant diseases, and other such subjects supposed to be dear to the hearts of mothers.

I was amused to see the look of horror veiled by politeness that came on her face when I happened to mention the name of Walt Whitman. She had never heard a “nice” person speak of him before.

Mr. Morgan came in and paid a long call, and I got thoroughly exhausted with so much talking.

I finished Sidonia.

**Sunday, Mar. 15, 1896**

Beatrice and Herbert Horne came to lunch, and we spent the afternoon lying in the podere. It was actually too hot.

Herbert Horne turned out to be much nicer than we feared, and Bernhard actually made friends with him! They fraternized over Tudor literature.

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**Monday, Mar. 16, 1896**

Miss Priestley came to lunch, vivacious and attractive as usual.

I read The Amazing Marriage, and Bernhard embogged himself in Pilgrims’ Progress, having finished Robinson Crusoe, in which he took great delight.

**Tuesday, Mar. 17, 1896**

Bernhard called to see Bryson Burroughs’ design for a competition to decorate the Town Hall of Philadelphia. He found it a mere imitation of Puvis de Chavannes, but with a decided sense of space and composition.

Zangwill is absorbed in his story, “Uriel Dacosta”, which I am sure is going to be quite as “impossible” as “Joseph the Dreamer”. But he thinks of it as a Creation, and on that ground justifies himself from turning into an insensitive, tactless, unenjoying, life-diminishing — and, in all physical ways — piggish human creature. I simply long for him to go, but cannot turn him away until his confinement

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is over. But I shall never never have him stay with me again. He is too dirty, and slovenly, and awkward and tactless, and he enjoys too little.

**Wednesday, Mar. 18, 1896, Fiesole**

Wrote a review of the “Florentines” for the Chronique.

Mrs. Sharp came to lunch and stayed on to tea, in spite of her horror of Zangwill, who attacked her poor little “Celtic Renaissance” in a most ill-bred way. I believe he meant well by it — he wanted to show her that the slashing review he is going to give her in his Without Prejudice is his own, not ours. She appeared to me pleasant, affectionate, nice and energetic physically.

After she had gone, Miss Paget, Miss Thompson, Mr. Baring and Miss Buttles came in.

Finished La Fatigue intellectuelle.

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**Thursday, Mar. 19, 1896**

Mr. Benn came to lunch, and Bernhard had a long walk with him. While they were gone, Mrs. Morgan called on me.

Herbert Horne came to dinner, and we spent the evening connoisseuring. He is re-constructing Botticini, in connection with his book on Botticelli, and it was most interesting to go into the whole question. He was really astonishingly nice and simple.

Zangwill gets more and more on my nerves. He is literally unfit for human society during his preoccupation with his “creations”. If one could only believe in them, at least!

**Friday, Mar. 20, 1896**

Worked on my Atlantic Monthly article.

Mr. Morgan called.

**Saturday, Mar. 21, 1896**

A quiet day, feeling rather ill.

Maud went away to live in

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Florence, and the house seemed very peaceful, with no secretly “grunching” person in it.

Edith and Bryson came to lunch.

Bernhard dined with the Placcis.

**Sunday, Mar. 22, 1896**

Zangwill “did” Florence, all in one day. He came back with a list from the Pitti, missing the Gran Duca and including Artemisia Gentileschi!

I read a novel by Zangwill’s brother called The World and a Man.

**Monday, Mar. 23, 1896**

Zangwill went just after lunch, having delivered himself of the opinion that art didn’t count in the general scheme of things, and given us to understand that if he thought it worth while to bother himself about so unimportant a thing, he could do the art business as well as anybody!

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**Tuesday, Mar. 24, 1896**

Mr. Robert Herrick came to lunch. He said French writers were too lazy to construct plots, and objected to Meredith because he wasn’t “like life”.

Mr. Morgan and the Dibblees called.

Read Measure for Measure.

**Wednesday, Mar. 25, 1896**

Mrs. Sharp came to lunch. She is good-natured, but not exhilarating.

Janet Dodge arrived from Munich at 6.25, pretty tired.

Read Troilus and Cressida.

**Thursday, Mar. 26, 1896**

Bernhard lunched and walked with Mr. Benn.

Janet and I had much talk. I find her young, unsettled, self-absorbed, rather flabby, but not without charm. I feel rather despairing over her; she seems to have no “stay”, physical or mental or emotional.

**Friday, Mar. 27, 1896**

Finished my article for the Atlantic. Felt very ill.

Bernhard and Janet both went to town.

Read Othello.

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**Saturday, Mar. 28, 1896, Fiesole**

Pretty ill all day.

Mr. Bla<y>des came to lunch. He leaves me indifferent.

Beatrice Horne called and Mr. Hamilton came bringing a young Frenchman named Halévy.

Catalogued Gazette of 1882.

**Sunday, Mar. 29, 1896**

Read Cymbeline and Pericles and finished Wendell’s interesting chronological study of Shakspere. [sic]

**Monday, Mar. 30, 1896**

Rather ill. Did not do anything but read.

Janet and Bernhard walked. The Buttles called.

**Tuesday, Mar. 31, 1896**

Miss Sellers arrived in the evening, awfully tired, but still fascinating. She had much to say of Obrist.

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**Wednesday, Apr. 1, 1896**

Had a great many Schimpfen

with Miss Sellers about all our acquaintances.

Edith and Bryson came to spend a week, dear things!

Mr. Morgan called, and we all walked in the podere.

Read Tempest.

**Thursday, Apr. 2, 1896**

Still Schimpfing! Miss Sellers talks delightfully, and about everything she says is sympathetic to us in tone and idea.

Monsieur Halévy called, and then Vernon, who said that Literature was not Art. Othello, she said, could not possibly be called art!

Music and schimpfing in the evening.

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**Friday, Apr. 3, 1896**

W. C. F. Anderson, of Sheffield, turned up in the morning and stayed to lunch, boring poor Miss Sellers nearly to death. My telling him that she was very busy, and expressly planning that he should walk up with the others to Monte Fiano, produced no impression on his stolidly self-absorbed mind. “It is so long since I have seen Miss Sellers, I must stay and have a good long talk with her.” So he stayed from 11 to 6!!

Miss Sellers got grey and black with fatigue, and we schimpfed England all the evening.

**Saturday, Apr. 4, 1896**

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Campbell (Sophokles)

called and caused us again to curse England.

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**Sunday, Apr. 5, 1896**

But England is not the only deadlifeyer. Enrico Costa came to see us, and in the course of a couple of hours we had completely dried up every one of the arts as subject of conversation or enjoyment.

**Monday, Apr. 6, 1896**

Mrs. Sharp came to lunch, and was very boring. Good nature and energy and affection for her dreadful husband appear to be her leading characteristics.

The doctor came and examined me, and found chronic inflammation, relaxation, and displacement of the womb, coming from travail at the time of Karin’s birth, but - thank heavens! - no tumour.

In the evening Miss Sellers talked, most entertainingly, of what at Girton are called “G. P.’s” (grandes passions) which, according

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to her, are absurdly common among “educated” single women. They appear to be afflicted with that, or, like Miss Shedlock, with the insane belief that every man they know is madly in love with them.

Mrs. Green makes herself a laughing-stock by telling men that she cannot grant their unspoken, and if she only knew, unfelt desires for “the impossible”.

Miss Sellers has only known two women who confessed to no amorous experiences - Marie von Bunsen

and Ethel Arnold.

Miss Paget, to be sure, made the same statement in a solemn voice, as if she were a solitary, strange, unique specimen, and was much taken aback when Miss Sellers said, “My dear Vernon, I know scores of women, who, if they told the truth, would say the same thing. It’s

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not at all unusual.”

We schimpfed Miss Shedlock a good deal apropos of that disgusting list of French novels she gave Janet.

**Tuesday, Apr. 7, 1896**

Bernhard lunched at Mr. Fiske’s

with the Poet Laureate

and others, and quite enjoyed himself.

Miss Sellers and I made Edith pose nude as various Greek statues. She is really exquisite.

**Wednesday, Apr. 8, 1896**

Edith posed for all of us, including Bernhard, with the most delicious simplicity. We were in raptures over her beauty. I had a little walk with her, and she told me some more of the horrors of

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her mother-in-law, who never would accept their marriage as a fact, but kept attributing every fault in Bryson to “his unfortunate marriage”. Even his admiration for olive trees she set down as a “morbid, unnatural taste” - “such ugly, gnarled things!” - due to the degeneration caused by Edith’s baleful influence.

Edith said that much as she loved Bryson, and thoroughly congenial as they were, if he brought his mother to live with them, she would just leave.

Bernhard dined with the Eyres.

**Thursday, Apr. 9, 1896, Fiesole**

Edith and Bryson went off to Siena.

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch, and we had the usual struggle with sleepiness afterwards, keeping

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up a spasmodic, unnatural flow of talk, when we all longed to rest.

Mr. Morgan called. I think he is a little épris de moi, but he is next door to unconscious of it, and is as sky and awkward as a rhinoceros.

Miss Sellers and I had a little talk explaining how she had misunderstood Bernhard. She is beautifully frank, and seems anxious to have nothing standing between us.

**Friday, Apr. 10, 1896**

Miss Cruttwell came to lunch and we looked at Crivelli photographs.

Robert Herrick called.

I took a long walk with Miss Sellers after seeing the doctor. I like her ever more after each talk.

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**Saturday, Apr. 11, 1896, Fiesole**

Janet Dodge seemed very low and depressed, but I could not get at her, and after tea I left her in the skillful hands of Bernhard, and went out for a long walk with Miss Sellers.

He gave her much fatherly advice, and cheered her up a good deal. But I have a feeling she is too delicate in health and too unenterprising in mind ever to repay much trouble spent on her. She will marry somebody, and be as he makes her. “This thought is as a death …” to any profound interest in her, although of course I wish her well and am prepared to do all I can to make her happy.

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Hamilton.

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**Sunday, Apr. 12, 1896**

Alys and Bertie arrived in the morning, looking well and jolly.

Miss Horne came in the afternoon, and a friend (by correspondence) of Bernhard’s, a Mr. Rankin, who is something of a connoisseur, a very shy, quiet, but not bad-looking man.

We had a little music, and then took a most enchanting walk to the “Caves”.

In the evening we talked about girls’ colleges, Miss Sellers denouncing them bitterly, from intimate experience.

We also reviled the Custs and Mr. Tatton.

**Monday, Apr. 13, 1896**

Mr. Rankin came to stay with Bernhard. He appeared more at his ease and more talkative.

Mr. Hensler came and sang, but we found his voice horribly unsympathetic.

We went into the Badia, which looked to me strangely formal and dead.

In the evening Miss Sellers, looking very beautiful, read to us from the Tentation de St. Antoine.

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**Tuesday, Apr. 14, 1896, Fiesole**

I read Miss Sellers’ proofs of the Pliny and was most keenly interested in the method.

“Sister Lion”

and Bobby Phillimore came in the afternoon. They seemed delicate in health, and in fact they both are afraid of dying.

Alys and Bertie dined with them at Fiesole, and Bobby showed them the journal of his honeymoon, written indeed with surprising frankness and naiveté. Owing to his heart-disease, the marriage so far has been — on doctor’s advice — purely platonic, and in fact even “kissing point” was only reached a very few times. They suffered a good deal from boredom, but Bobby consoled himself with writing everything in the journal, down to the diarrhea and constipation from which they suffered! In a burst of English confidence he informed Alys that his sister and her husband had had diarrhea during the whole of their honeymoon!

One entry in the journal is worth recording. Lion was ill, and Bobby went out for a walk. He enjoyed the

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sun and the flowers, and lay down in the grass by the river, forgetting all about his wife. Suddenly the thought struck him, “Poor girl! Ill at home! I must hurry back and comfort her.” Se he picked some flowers, and started to run back. Half way along, a complete indifference seized him, and he checked the flowers away and lay down in the grass again, and thought no more of her.

Miss Sellers met Mr. Strong by chance in the Uffizi, and had one of those interminable, trailing argumentations about first principles that sometimes come as a boring, sordid ending to a romance, the man grinding on, trying to prove to the woman that anyhow his way of life and his Weltanschauung is the finest.

**Wednesday, Apr. 15, 1896**

When Bernhard went home last night, he found Mr. Rankin,

who had retired early on the plea of illness, sitting up in bed reading Browning and drinking whiskey — in fact, drunk. It seems he must be pretty well in the habit of it, poor man! poor man! He went away this morning.

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We all lunched in town. Bernhard at the Scotts, Janet and I with the Herricks (Mrs. Herrick is charming) and the others at Gilli e Letta’s.

Lion and Bobby stayed to dinner. The doctor came and pronounced me much better.

**Thursday, Apr. 16, 1896, Fiesole**

Bernhard showed Lion and Bobby some photos in the morning, and I worked on Pliny proofs with Miss Sellers.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, and dear Carlo Placci afterwards, who played “Tristan” to us

Bernhard and Bertie came in to tea from a long climb with Mr. Benn.

Miss Sellers was most amusing about how Anatole France, or any snobbish writer might describe the scene. “Madame Costelloe, étendue sur sa chaise longue avec de fourreurs, etc., des groupes des jeunes gens se détachaient, discutant la politique italienne. Un jeune homme de la haute noblesse, que avait laissait d’Ambassade anglaise à Paris pour se

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marier à une politicienne américaine et étudie la socialisme en Allemagne, discutait violemment les théories de Karl Marx avec un autre qui venait de conclure un mariage romantique etc. etc., tandis que, dans l’autre salle des archéologues s’échauffaient sur la question des dates des métopes des etc. par ici, par là, en voyait des gens qui s’amusaient en feuilletant des albums de photographies choisies avec gout par le célèbre connaisseur M. Berenson — et une groupe de jeunes filles adorables se penchaient sur le balcon, admirant le Val d’Arno et Florence qui s’étendait a leurs pieds, etc. etc. De temps en temps tout parler cessait tandis qu’un musicien d’une talent rare évoquait les mélodies de Tristan, sur le grand piano, etc. etc.”

On the other hand, describing us with equal veracity, as verging towards middle age, all badly dressed, and none famous, etc., etc., would convey a quite different effect!

Placci was full of his trip to Sicily, and the beautiful “horizontality” of the lines of landscape and classic architecture.

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**Friday, Apr. 17, 1896**

I forgot to say that we were confessing our ambitions last night. Bertie owned to the modest desire to write “a dialectic logic of all the sciences, and an ethic that should apply to politics.

Alys followed with the hope that she might bring the woman’s movement and socialism into closer rapport.

Bernhard seemed to be bent on writing a psychological aesthetic of the Fine Arts.

My wishes soared no higher than writing “a classic Guide to the Italian Pictures in the Louvre.”

Janet wisely said, “I am too young to know”, and Miss Sellers did not quite seem to know, though she said she was terribly ambitious.

Maurice Baring came to lunch, and Herbert Horne, with his friend Lawrence Binyon (minor poet and assistant in the British Museum Print Room) came to diner. The latter was most amusing about the earth-shaking quarrels of Mr. Budge and Mr. Pinches,

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both Egyptologists.

Horne and Bernhard had a real gorge of connoisseuring.

**Saturday, Apr. 18, 1896**

Bernhard started at 7 for Forlì, where there is a reputed Titian for sale.

I was really ill with a cold, and stayed in bed all day, although many people came in the afternoon: Miss Buttles to sing, bringing her mother and sister, Edith and Bryson, Lion and Bobby, and Miss Horne to listen.

Mr. Morgan called, but Alys sent word I was ill, for she felt she really could not stand him along with Ma Buttles, who was in fine trim, retailing the prices, material and makes of all the dresses Miss Whaling has bought in Florence, and the amount of material used in Hasseurs’ drawers.

Poor Miss Sellers was much cut up by a bitter letter from Mr. Strong, who said he had spent his last day wandering about Fiesole in the hope of meeting her. She allows herself to be depressed by his bitterness. But, if he knew, it does not advance his cause!

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**Sunday, Apr. 19, 1896, Fiesole**

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Perry came to lunch. She was more amiable than we had feared, but he was too facetious to be really interesting. I liked his face.

Bernhard came home from Forlì with a rather perturbed liver, to find a nasty letter from Mr. Davis, saying that the dealers were up in arms, and suggesting that Bernhard was taking to tricky picture-dealers’ ways.

I read Lord Acton’s Inaugural Address at Cambridge on the study of modern history, and Henry IV Part II.

**Monday, Apr. 20, 1896**

I read over with Miss Sellers her Preface to the Pliny, and read Henry V. I am getting an absorbing taste for Shakspere! [sic]

We read part of Acton’s address aloud in the evening, and discussed it until 11.

Janet <Dodge> rather weighs on my mind. I feel that I took her up too hastily, under the impression left upon me by what must have been an abnormal state of nervous excitement when she was in Paris. There, she seemed so interested and

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eager, so alive at every pore, so reaching-out, so, in brief, the ideal young person who longs to learn and can learn. But since she came here all that has faded. She sits at the table utterly silent, with a bored, distressed, sad look. She never asks questions or seems to care. Of course I understand she is ill all the time, and probably really has no energy except for her music. But it is “life-diminishing” for the rest of us, all the same. We all feel it. If she would only look interested it would be something.

Alys and I have both made strong efforts to talk with her, going up to her room and sitting with her, but she does not seem to care to talk about anything except her illnesses and her little personal affairs. I suppose when Bernhard walks with her, he talks and she listens, but really when either of us try doing that she listens so listlessly that it is discouraging. I think of mother’s favourite injunction, “Lay hands suddenly on no man.”

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**Tuesday, Apr. 21, 1896, Fiesole**

Miss Priestley and Egisto Fabbri came to call, Fabbri blacker and gloomier than ever, bringing a photo of a most life-diminishing picture he has sent to the Champ de Mars.

Miss Sellers’ friend, a Miss Anderson, who enclosed all her remarks in brackets of mirthless giggles, also called.

Miss Buttles was to have come to sing, but was kept away by a cold.

Placci, however, came early, thinking she would be here, and bringing his friend Prince Borghese (Scipione).

He showed his marvelous social tact by replying to my tactless lamentations over Miss Buttles’ absence. “O! I am so glad she hasn’t come, for I wanted most of all to have a good long talk.” Well, we had it, from 5.30 to 11.30!

Before dinner, Bertie talked very well on German socialism, a subject that interested Prince Borghese intensely.

After dinner we chatted rather vaguely, all dropping with fatigue, and wondering why Placci, who was literally asleep, did not go.

I forgot to say that Bernhard lunched

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with Mr. Lestrange and a young painter named Graham<e>,

took Miss Lyman to the Uffizi, and called on Mr. Denman Ross.

Gronau came to stay with Bernhard.

**Wednesday, Apr. 22, 1896**

Rainy and cold. Bernhard lunched with Placi, who had Gabriele D’Annunzio, whose real name turns out to be Anafeto Cipollone!!

After lunch they had a splendid talk, and D’Annunzio Cipollone was marvellous. He dropped his pose, and became serious, impersonal and modest, besides being astonishingly eloquent. Dear Placci was enchanted with the success of the interview.

Beatrice Horne came to lunch, and we read aloud Creighton’s “Renaissance in England”.

Gronau was rather dull in the evening, but we were all tired, and most of us had colds in the head, so we retired early.

**Thursday, Apr. 23, 1896**

Bernhard and Bertie walked to Monte Senario, and enjoyed the walk and each other very much.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, and she and I

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looked over the Botticellis. I must confess I was amazed anew at her stupidity, her lack of memory, and the little training of her eye, in all this time.

Miss Anstruther Thomson and Mrs. Kemp-Welsh called, the latter to see her “dearest Eugénie”, who was ill in bed with a feverish cold and headache. A funny little woman, looking like a child though 38, one of those women, Miss Sellers tells me, who without passion themselves, fancy themselves perfectly irresistible to men, and revel in playing at danger.

Poor Miss Sellers was really ill, and I sent the cocchino [sic] for the doctor, who came at 11 and cheered her up. She thought she was going to die. She is frightfully nervous.

**\* Friday, Apr. 24, 1896**

Mrs. Kemp-Welsh came to see Miss Sellers in the morning, and sat by Bernhard at lunch, causing him to curse at people whose conversation consists of the “higher commonplaces”.

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But Miss Sellers and I found her amusing enough in the subtly ironical way in which she conveyed to us the snobbery that now reigns at the Palmerino while the “Ranee

Brook” is staying there.

We had terrible struggles with the paperers all day. Italian-like they were using a pink paper for the ceiling, instead of the brown Bernhard swore, and they maintained “che questa color rosa fu la preferita dal Signore”.

Bernhard dined with the Hildebrands and saw some really beautiful bronzes, marbles, and iron-work that H. has been making. Hildebrand has asked him to go over the translation of his book, Problem der Form, and Bernhard brought it back with him. I walked down in the moonlight to San Domenico to meet him.

Miss Sellers was better in the evening, and Janet, Mr. Gronau and I sat with her awhile. Then I took a little stroll in the moonlight with

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Gronau, who spent the time lamenting his ill health and poverty, and the necessity that weighs on him, now he is going to be married, of finding some post that will give him a few hundred marks a month.

The problem of Janet Dodge continues to weigh upon me. She has been seeking out poor Miss Sellers to burden her with the tale of her woes and uncertainties, how she must live in Germany in the winter, yet cannot endure it, how she can’t bear people, yet is miserable in solitude, how music is the one thing she cares about, yet she is too nervous to practise, etc. etc.

Bernhard and I are coming to the conclusion that, as she won’t be well or happy anywhere, she had better go home and bore her family with her woes, for they are bound to endure her, and she will not find friends who can continue to bear the strain.

Poor girl! It is sad to be so very, very delicate.

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**Saturday, Apr. 25, 1896, Fiesole**

Placci came to lunch, but without D’Annunzio, who failed for the second time. Placci was most amusing describing the empressement of the Palmerino people towards the Ranee.

We sat in the arbour nearly all the afternoon.

Miss Placcci called and Mr. Denman Ross with his young artist protégé, Gerling. Mr. Ross was pleasant, with a quaint touch of Boston sententiousness, quoting Emerson, Schopenhauer, Lessing, etc., and choosing his words carefully. He spoke of the monotony of people, worn down to the same image by “incessant, inane intercourse.”

Miss Sellers is better, but not well. She charmed poor Gronau by talking a long time to him.

Janet - with a headache, poor thing! - wandered about like a restless ghost. She came into my room just as I was getting into bed, and poured forth the same rate of uncertainty and discontent. she probably needs some other young person to waste endless time talking to on personal matters — the very young people do I told her that, as I watch her, it

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seemed to me that she was not of the stuff to live happily alone, in her own way. She lacks the will to make light of difficulties in her path towards a chosen end. But I felt unable to say much, because the bottom truth is she is anaemic, and hasn’t energy to rise above physical and nervous worries. Unless she marries - and I can conceive no sensible man marrying such an invalid - I can predict nothing but a worried, unhappy, always undecided life her her. Still, she may settle into more regular tracks as she grows older. The fact is that it is exceedingly hard to associate profitably with so young a girl, unless you are either her mother, or a person of her own age. Her moods, which seem all important to her, seem to me very trivial and silly! They bore me. If she really had promise, one would be encouraged

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to put up with them, but they seem to me fatally weak and meaningless.

**Sunday, Apr. 26, 1896, Fiesole**

Miss Sellers had a sort of nervous relapse, felt very low and miserable. Janet was in the depths, and Bernhard, too, was depressed. I was unwell, but I managed to keep up, partly by a sense of humour, all these people, well off, intelligent, really enviable in their situations, making themselves miserable, because circumstances refuse to perform that office for them!

Egisto Fabbri came to lunch, and he and I started an argument about Raphael’s Bella Jardinière, to which he refused all claim to being a work of art. The discussion was carried on all the afternoon by Bernhard and Fabbri as they went for a walk.

In what way does the representation of space enhance life?

Miss Godkin and Mr. Morgan called.

In the evening the moonlight was so wonderful, that we spent the whole time out of doors. Miss Sellers cheered up.

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**Monday, Apr. 27, 1896**

I finished the first draft of my Studio book-reviews.

Placci came to lunch and we talked politics chiefly, boring Miss Sellers nearly to death. She dislikes Placci, and the bitterness of her comments upon him infected me, so that he seemed to me rather commonplace and unimportant and a little too fond of mentioning grand names. She told her feelings to Bernhard, but I hope it will not cause his affection to wane, for he really loves Placci.

Mr. Perry came soon after lunch, and told us, but in rather a dry way, about his experiences with the medium, Mrs. Piper, the one with whom the American Society for Psychical Research has had such extraordinary results.

After this I went for a drive with Miss Sellers to Castel del Poggio. I am afraid she really is too variable in spirits to get on with easily. She torments herself about all sorts of unnecessary things, and takes little enjoyment in

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the things that give more simple people pleasure. But she is so vivid and charming, and really has worked so solidly and well that one likes and admires her, in spite of all her variations of mood.

**Tuesday, Apr. 28, 1896**

Finished my book reviews. Bernhard lunched with Herbert Horne and they had a long connoisseuring gorge. He likes Horne, for he finds him so tenacious, so unpretentious, so serious, so hard-working.

Janet had a commonplace little California girl to call, and later Miss Paget and Miss Anstruther Thomson came. Miss Paget was in one of her charming moods.

Here are Miss Sellers’ present plans for the summer and autumn:

Summer Summer Summer

Munich working on Rome and Switzerland England

Furtwängler trans. or Italian mountains

Autumn Autumn Autumn

Preparing Doktorat Munich Doktorat Munich flat

or living in Rome or travelling with us

in North

She will probably do something quite different in the end.

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**Wednesday, Apr. 29, 1896**

Neither Miss Sellers nor I felt well, and Bernhard was low and cross.

Mr. Gronau went away after lunch. Like “Les Amis” waving their handkerchiefs to their visitors departing on the train, we said to each other: “Enfin, nous sommes seuls!” But Gronau amused me in his absolute, almost unconscious imitation of Bernhard. He cannot think of doing anything except on Bernhard’s model, particularly the Lotto.

Mr. Denman Ross, resplendent in a white waistcoat, called, and a little later, Mr. George Grahame, a wandering English painter with the swell manner, who talked English gossip with Miss Sellers.

We were all tired in the evening, but we hung sleepily together till half past ten, chatting. Miss Sellers very sensibly reproved Bernhard for getting angry at inferior writers on art. It is undignified.

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**Thursday, Apr. 30, 1896**

Fabbri and Miss Buttles came to call, and Fabbri took away the Degas which he lent me last December, and which had grown to be really a part of my everyday life, always cheering and health-giving, so that I miss it terribly.

Miss Buttles sang, but nothing really supremely except “Hark, hark, the lark”.

Bernhard dined with the Hildebrands, who, he said, were very nice.

I talked with Miss Sellers till late. She is really very “womanish” and silly. She is unhappy and thinks her present life so aimless and asinine and miserable, that she is actually tempted by the idea of making some wretched man happier and more effective. She thinks that would perhaps be “worthwhile”. Although she dislikes Mr. Strong, to whom she was once engaged, she says she may, in some freak of nervous despair, consent to marry him, thinking she can cure him of his faults. She says it is “fate”, that she is fated to be miserable, even more miserable than now, and as this would make her perfectly unhappy, she says she is sure to do it. It is too silly.

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**Friday, May 1, 1896, Fiesole**

Bernhard went to the Uffizi with Denman Ross, while I, glad to have him out of the confusion, superintended his moving into his new apartment.

I got very tired. I fear I am really ill, but I daren’t give in, as everyone else is so miserable.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and the two dear boys — like apples made children, Bernhard says — came to lunch, and I played with them.

Then Miss Sellers and I drove to town and shopped, and when I came home I was excruciatingly tired.

However, as Placci came to dinner, I had to get up and appear alive.

He began to play to us, the Walkyrie, and was really in vein. He went on for hours, to our intense enjoyment, and then we talked, quite waked up and most keenly interested. He has digested Bernhard’s book, and is making new applications of it to music. He compares the individual tempo of the player to the touch of

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the artist, a most suggestive comparison. He is really thinking about the whole thing, and coming to understand it seriously.

**Saturday, May 2, 1896**

Raining hard.

Bernhard called on Mr. Denman Ross and the Benns, and then went with Placci to dine with the Baroness French.

Hildebrand came in after dinner, and declared that shocking Venus by Lorenzo di Credi (in the Uffizi) to be one of the finest works of art in Florence!!!! Pare impossibile.

Mr. Rankin called here. He had already become thoroughly Berensonized, and declared that his chief interest in art was aesthetic enjoyment, a thing he had scarcely thought of until he came here. Poor man, he looked frightfully ill, and his breath was loaded with spirits. He looked as if he had been drunk for a week.

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**Sunday, May 3, 1896**

Still raining. Bernhard called on Miss Julia Robins and brought her back to dinner.

Miss Sellers called on Lady Ponsonby, and fell in love with Miss Paget again, who managed to “honeyfogle” her into forgetting how hateful she had been.

Herbert Horne came to dinner, and was very nice, a contrast to Miss Robins, who was simply intolerable to us all. She reeked with provinciality and small vanity. She has hardly the brain of a chicken, as Bernhard says, but she kept trying to make an impression on us as an intellectual woman. She said she would always remember a wonderful dinner she gave at which Bernhard and Santayana were present. They said something brilliant which she enjoyed, but she has never been able to remember what it was.

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**\* Monday, May 4, 1896, Albergo del Sole, Empoli**

Miss Sellers wavering up and down about starting. If she were less charming it wold have been unendurable, but we both like her so much we do not quite lose our patience with her. Bernhard says that if he were by way of falling in love again, he would do so with her, and I can only commend his taste.

It was finally decided that we should go to Siena for two days, and meet her at Chiusi Thursday night. So we started. We made a mistake about the train, and had to stay here, at Empoli.

We saw the Botticinis and the other pictures, had a very nice dinner.

In the middle of the night, a noisy night on a main street anyhow, the carts came to empty the cess pools. I draw a veil over the consequent uproar and odour!

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**Tuesday, May 5, 1896, Grand Hotel, Siena**

Unrefreshed, we came on here, and had a look round the Palazzo Publico. Then I came home and slept, but the undaunted Bernhard pursued his search for knowledge still further in distant churches.

In the afternoon we went to the gallery, and got quite bewildered among the minor Sienese painters. Then we saw the Duomo, and ended up at the photographers.

**x Wednesday, May 6, 1896, Grand Hotel, Siena**

This hotel is comfortable enough for rooms and service, but the food is only mediocre.

We spent the morning chiefly in the Gallery, feeling our way a little better among the Sienese.

In the afternoon went to the Opera del Duomo and the photographers.

Saw Terry Flanagan in the street.

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**Thursday, May 7, 1896, Hotel Beau Site, Rome**

We saw the painted book covers in the Archives in the morning, and Bernhard went to churches and the gallery as well, but I was tired and came back to rest.

We had four hours at Chiusi, which we spent discovering a Fungai

and looking at the view and driving, and then we joined Miss Sellers in the train to Rome, and reached here at midnight.

**Friday, May 8, 1896, Hotel Hassler, Rome**

The noise was too terrible! None of us slept after 5, so our first move was here, where we took three top rooms giving on a flat roof with a marvellous view over Rome. Our pension is 10 fr. a day each. Such quiet!!

Miss Sellers lunched with the Marchesa Di Viti (Etta Dunham),

and Bernhard and I went to the Barberini.

Then we wandered about, while Miss Sellers and I chatted. She feels utterly miserable and wold like to die. Life seems to her so sordid and dull, and she dreads Mr. Strong waiting in the dreary future.

After tea we went to St. Peter’s, and after dinner strolled on the Pincian and looked at the views from our terrace.

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Saturday, May 9, 1896, Hassler, Rome

We went to the Vatican and saw the few good things, the “Nemesis”, the horned river god and the Ἀποξυόμενος.

We got very tired and had to rest in the afternoon, but Bernhard, whom Rome seems to suit admirably, called on Prospero Colonna, and then on Prince Colonna, and saw the latter’s private pictures.

Bernhard lunched with the Pasolinis.

**Sunday, May 10, 1896**

Word from home that Miss Clare is to be kept for the present.

We went to the Terme, Bernhard first called on the Contessa di Santa Fiora and saw her Turas. We saw the Apollo and the Subiaco athlete at the Terme.

In the afternoon we went to the baths of Caracalla, and in the evening to a very dull dinner party with the famous Etta Dunham, now Marchesa Di Viti di Marco,who lives in a magnificent suite in the Palazzo Orsini. I talked chiefly to a political economist named Pantaleone.

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Went to the Corsini in the morning, and drove in the afternoon, ending up at Santa Maria Maggiore.

Bernhard dined with his old friend Pritchard, and Miss Sellers and I chatted.

Placci sent a charming review of the Florentine Painters.

**x Tuesday, May 12, 1896**

Went to the museums on the Capitol in the morning.

Bernhard took Miss Farnham to Frascati and Albano and Miss Sellers lunched with the Stillmans.

I went to the English Embassy, Santa Maria del Popolo (a splendid bronze) and did some errands.

Mr. Benn sent the MS of his Greek Philosophy.

**Wednesday, May 13, 1896**

We went to St. Peter’s and the Sixtine Chapel in the morning.

Bernhard and Eugénie went to Sen. Baraccio in the afternoon, and then we had tea at Miss Edwardes, who said she did not like the nude in sculpture. She could stand the male figure, but not the female.

Afterwards we drove to Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, the Villa Volkanski and San Giovanni Laterano.

Dr. Hellig and Dr Loewy called on Eugénie at dinner.

We chatted on the terrace in the evening.

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**\* Thursday, May 14, 1896, Hassler, Rome**

As it was Ascension Day and the Galleries were all closed, we went to a lot of churches in the morning.

In the afternoon Miss Edwardes drove me and Miss Bailey drove Eugénie in the Doria Gardens, and Bernhard called on the Marchesa Passari to see her Tura.

**Friday, May 15, 1896**

Went to the Vatican and really enjoyed the Raphaels. We all three lunched with the Countess Pasolini and me a Mr. Brewster, a French-American of charming manners, a Henry James sort of person. The Pasolini, in spite of her animation, was a bore.

Afterwards we drove on the Aventine and enjoyed ourselves very much. We are reading Mr. Benn’s short account of Greek philosophy.

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**Saturday, May 16, 1896**

We explored the Museo Cristiano, and had a most glorious time recognizing and baptising all sorts of early Sienese and even Florentine panels. We were quite excited.

In the afternoon we went to the Borghese, and got thoroughly tired. But it was worse in the evening, when Eugénie and I went to a dreary American party at the Stillmans‘ - too dreary to describe!

Bernhard chose the better part, and took Enrico Costa and his friend Gamba to dine at the Café de Roma, where they had a long talk on connoisseuring.

We sat up till 1 on our roof cursing American parties!

**Sunday, May 17, 1896**

Still tired. Went to the Ara Coeli and the Capitol in the morning.

Mr. Brewster called after lunch, and was pleasant. Then we went to Miss

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Edwardes’ Home for orphans, outside the Porta Pia, and called on two old American ladies, Mrs. Cole and Miss Bell. This was all quite pointless. Eugénie was in very low spirits, and I was feeling almost ill.

I am greatly troubled about Mother, whose splendid health seems to be breaking down. I cannot disguise from myself that it is the responsibility of looking after the children that is greatly the cause of this, and though I cannot help it, as things are, it makes me very miserable.

**Monday, May 18, 1896, Hassler, Rome**

Damn it! I am unwell again, and quite unfit for anything except to “life-diminish” my companions.

Bernhard took the Pasolini to the Terme, and I rested and read Crowe and Cavalcaselle on the Sienese school.

In the afternoon the Pasolini

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took Eugénie and myself to see Donna Laura Minghetti’s Leonardo. She seemed very rude and quiet, and Donna Laura was not over cordial, so Miss Sellers made my life a burden by insisting that it was because Bernhard had thrust me upon the Pasolini to take, that if she had gone without me, all would have been different. The hypothesis was all wrong, as it was the Pasolini’s own idea, vehemently insisted on, that I should go, but Miss Sellers went on and on about it, until I really got hot and angry. However, I said nothing! and I do not think she even realized that she had been ruder than the others multiplied by 100!

We went afterwards to the Stillman’s to tea, while Dr. Charles was driving Bernhard about and giving him ices.

In the evening Anderson

came and talked photographs, and then Miss Sellers gave us her ideas on mankind, that they are divided into two classes, the stupid and the wicked: that women thwarted in their affections and men in their ambitions are capable of anything. She always expects her friends to do the most dreadful things the moment her back is turned.

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**Tuesday, May 19, 1896, Hotel Hassler, Rome**

Visited churches and the Academy di San Luca. Started to drive in the afternoon, but I was not well enough.

Bernhard and Miss Sellers lunched at the Pasolinis.

**Wednesday, May 20, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>**

Saw the Doria and Colonna galleries, and made a lot of discoveries.

Lunched, all three, with “Antonio e Etta Di Viti de Marco”,

and talked about political economy. A horrid little painter maned Mancini was there.

Mr. Brewster dined with us, pleasant in manner, but a little dull. He has a daughter of 21 who is an architect.

In the afternoon I went to the Medici gardens.

**Thursday, May 21, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>**

Churches and Corsini drawings in the morning.

In the afternoon a visit to Mr. Brewster’s to see some fine busts by Hildebrand.

Costa came and drove us out to the Villa Madama, but it was closed.

In the evening Prof. Löwy and the Stillmans called.

**Friday, May 22, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>**

I was really ill, and kept in the house all day.

Bernhard and Miss Sellers went to the Vatican and the Terme.

**Saturday, May 23, 1896 <Hotel Hassler, Rome>**

The same story. They drove to the Villa Madama.

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**Sunday, May 24, 1896, Bellevue, Naples**

Packed in the morning. Bernhard went to St. Peter’s. Came here. How wonderful is the Campagna! I mean to pass my old age with it in view.

**x Monday, May 25, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>**

Went to the Museum and Pompeii.

**Tuesday, May 26, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>**

Museum, drive to Posillipo.

**- [NOTE the hyphen] Wednesday, May 27, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>**

Museum, study of Pompeian paintings.

I was rather ill.

**x Thursday, May 28, 1896 <Bellevue, Naples>**

Bernhard visited churches, and had a walk with Miss Sellers, while I went to Capri and paid a visit to Frau von der Hellen,

who is living there. I heard all manner of interesting things about the difficulties of starting the English line of boats: Italian camorra, etc.

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**Friday, May 29, 1896, Bellevue, Naples**

Frau von der Hellen came over, and we all met at the Museum, and then lunched together at the Giardino di Torino. She was awful! so jealous of Miss Sellers, and of everyone we talked of, Madame Mengarini, Madame Helbig, Mommsen - n’importe qui.

She amused us awfully, and shocked us not a little. Miss Sellers recognized her as a true German type, but crude, crude, as naive as a child in her jealousy. As to manners, she has none, and in a gallery she is the most deadly of companions.

**Saturday, May 30, 1896, Reale, Formia**

We went to churches in the morning. Miss Sellers was in a perfectly appalling state of nerves and indecision, but she finally came with us to Capua,

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where we left here in the Amphitheatre while we drove to Formia and saw the interesting X century frescoes, direct descendants of such art as the Pompeian.

We reached here at 10. The hotel is alive with fleas and bugs!

**Sunday, May 31, 1896, Reale, Terracina**

A most enchanting drive here, but a dull afternoon, tired and flea-bitten.

Bernhard had a long walk.

**Monday, June 1, 1896, Hassler, Rome**

Drove to the Capo Circeo, very beautiful. But the sun was so glaring that we all got headaches, and the journey to Rome (2.18-7.20) was Torture!

**Tuesday, June 2, 1896, Rome**

We spent the morning in the Palatine, and in the afternoon Bernhard and I drove

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out to the Campagna while Eugénie paid calls.

We all called on Miss Edwardes in the evening.

**Wednesday, June 3, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

Train from 9-2.30.

Miss Sellers went home with Miss Paget, to schumpf us! and we drove up with Janet, who was waiting for us.

How cool and big and clean the rooms looked!

Placci came to dinner and was really charming. He talked of flying-machines, photographs of the emanations of people by X rays, and told us all about a great quarrel he is having with Vernon Lee.

**Thursday, June 4, 1896**

Ray’s 9th birthday

Fafner came up to lunch, just as we were finishing with the bookbinder and the carpenter. He was as nice and natural as ever, a lovable boy. He told me how furious he had been with me for my letter about Janet, but we made it up.

In the evening we talked to Janet about her future, but it is so

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useless to talk to younger people! They must make their own mistakes, I suppose. She did not take our remarks in a very nice way. In fact, she is always disappointing, when any emergency arises. We certainly were too precipitate in thinking we liked her very much. However, she is not actively disagreeable, and has some good points. I think she can manage for herself. But I told her she might come back here, unless Logan comes to live with me.

**Friday, June 5, 1896**

Bernhard lunched with Placci and the Papafavas, and afterwards went to see a Botticini (ascribed to P. dei Franceschi!) in private possession.

Mrs. Hooker and Mr. Illsley (friends of Evelyn’s) called, the former rather beautiful and very nice, the latter charming.

Later, Miss Paget and Miss Sellers came, and Herbert Horne came to dinner. With him we talked Botticelli, Botticini and the Maestro della Morte di Lucrezia until nearly midnight.

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**Saturday, June 6, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

Bernhard worked at Sienese photos and I arranged our Roman notes in the morning.

My article on “The Philosophy of Enjoyment of Art” in The Atlantic arrived today. It seemed rather heavy.

In the afternoon we called on the Buttles and then I called on the Placcis. Miss Placci is so very nice.

Bernhard and Placci took supper with the Hildebrands, enjoying it very much.

**Sunday, June 7, 1896**

Fafner came up to spend the night, and Mr. Brewster and Herbert Horne came to lunch.

Mr. Brewster told us an appalling story of Italian intrigue. A lady in Rome who had been the mistress of Guiccioli,

the prefect in Rome, took up with Crispi’s illegitimate son when Guiccioli married. Her husband’s family owned some famous diamonds, and these disappeared

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simultaneously with her new lover’s bursting out with all sorts of extravagances.

The coincidence caused so much talk that at last Guiccioli, as Prefect, had to threaten her that unless the diamonds were forthcoming, the Law would “take its course.” The diamonds were found.

In the meantime Crispi fell and Rudinì became Prime Minister. The Lady went to him and demanded the dimission [fortasse dismissal?] of Guiccioli for the affront he had put upon her. She said if he was not dismissed, she would publish letters incriminating not only Crispi’s son but Crispi himself, and that this would look as if Rudinì

were trying to kick a fallen enemy, and would produce strong feeling against him. So Rudinì promised to give Guiccioli the sack. Thereupon the heroine of the story repaired to the

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Prefect’s American wife (who knew nothing of it all) and said that Guiccioli had tried to bully her, a thing she could not stand from an ex-lover, and that she had retaliated by getting him dismissed from his post, the sole means of support of the family. The wife went into hysterics and fainted, and has been in bed with gout of the stomach ever since. Guiccioli was duly dismissed!

Later in the afternoon Miss Buttles and her sister came, and Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd and some friends of Janet. We had some music.

Placci and Costa came to dinner, the latter in sign of reconciliation, as Bernhard and he have had it out. It appears that the whole estrangement was caused by Loeser’s maliciousness. Everyone says Loeser appears to have

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almost a monomania on the subject of Berenson, of whom he talks constantly, and in a most venomous way.

Placci played to us from the Walkyrie.

**x Monday, June 8, 1896, Fiesole**

Mrs. Hooker and her daughter and Mr. von Glenn came to lunch. It is hard to mix real Americans and Europeans. Their range of general conversation is entirely different.

In the afternoon Bernhard went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dwight.

**Tuesday, June 9, 1896**

Bernhard packed in the morning and went to Lodi in the 2.30 train.

Miss Sellers came up to spend the night. She was full of kindly lecturing, and she has a fine outspokenness, so that she really

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gave me what is so rare, a perfectly friendly adverse criticism of Bernhard and myself. She thinks that to take up people with such enthusiasm and to drop them with such indignation as we do, is undignified. If one must “schimpfen”,

one should do it with humour, in a lively society way, not treating it over-seriously. Furthermore, one must be aware that people usually impute to jealousy and goodness knows what mean motive the sentiments kindled in one’s breast by the pure fire of righteous indignation. Bernhard has the reputation of being a man who cannot bear other men, as he is furiously jealous of their reputation. We are both supposed to be very unstable and changeable in our opinions and enthusiasms. We did actual harm to Obrist - not to speak of ourselves - by our first enthusiasm for his fountain, and

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subsequent indifference to his sculptural performances.

As I look back at Loeser, the Michaels, the Burkes, and Janet Dodge I see the justice of her remarks. Especially when I think of myself and Obrist, how I “magnified his name”, but did not glorify it forever.

**Wednesday, June 10, 1896**

A most quiet day of packing up and work, varied only by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Morgan.

Read Flaubert, Shakspere, [sic] and Creighton, and put stray notes in order.

**Thursday, June 11, 1896**

Before I was dressed I had a telegram from mother: “Fear Frank gone Italy.” I cannot imagine what it means.

I read volume I of Creighton straight through. It interested me more than any novel.

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**x Monday, June 15, 1896, Centrale, Turin**

Nothing came of mother’s fears.

I spent last night at Turin, and met Bernhard here at 1.30 today. We took a walk and rode about the town in teams.

**Tuesday, June 16, 1896**

3 rue de Beaune <Paris>

Last night we spent in the train.

We went this morning to see M. Reinach, and after lunch he took us to M. Martin Le Roy’s, where Bernhard confirmed all my attributions!

We called on Maude and John Robertson, and they and the Alexanders came to dine with us.

Poor Maude was in agony, being enceinte again, by some accident. They were so miserable over it, being pronounced Malthusians (!!) and too poor to afford it, that they actually talked of suicide. A year and a month after their present baby, that is the time it is due. I felt such keen sympathy with Maude.

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**Thursday, June 17, 1896, Paris**

Saw modern pictures and the Champ de Mars. The only things there we liked were the Puvis drawings, a carved wooded bed and some glass by a German whose name begins with K. We discussed an appalling difference of taste concerning Renoir, whom Bernhard likes!!!

Mrs. Gardner has bought the Titian Europa.

**Friday, June 18, 1896**

We went with Reinach and M. A. Vandel to Chantilly and lunch with the Duc d’Aumale,

his elephantine morganatic wife, M. Gruyer and M. Corroyer. The old man, with the glance of an eagle and an impetuous interest in all manner of subjects, was delightful. He showed us all his pictures and drawings and chatted away about everything.

We had tea at Reinach’s when we came back. I felt very ill.

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**Saturday, June 19, 1896**

3 rue de Beaune

Went to Louvre and in the afternoon drove on the Bois. I was wretchedly ill.

**Sunday, June 20, 1896**

Bernhard spent the day with Miss Farnham at Rambouillet and I wandered over the Louvre and read The Heart of Midlothian, an awfully boring book for Scott.

We walked a great deal in the evening, along the Seine, although I felt ill.

Met Miss Lowndes.

**Monday, June 21, 1896**

Went to see Madame André’s collection, but she would scarcely show us any of Italians. She has a good eye for the effective <…> and much courage, rather than real taste.

Tea with Reinach.

**\* Tuesday, June 22, 1896**

Saw the Pourtalès things. Not many Italians, however.

Called on Bonnat and

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began to go through his drawings.

Bernhard dined with Mr. Bing and Miss Lowndes dined with me in my room.

**\* Wednesday, June 23, 1896**

Met Reinach at Bonnat’s

and afterwards went to Count Robert Pourtalès where there was a Benozzo.

Reinach took tea with us, and Miss Lowndes sat with us where we dined, she having dined already.

Still ill.

**Thursday, June 24, 1896**

Browsed about among French and Renaissance sculptures.

I felt better, so though it rained we were happy.

Dined at Weber’s, and then I started for London.

It has been a week that has drawn us very close together. I feel as if I never half appreciated Bernhard’s goodness before. I am sure I can never make him seriously unhappy again.

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**June 25-July 14, 1896**

London

Bernhard stayed in Paris, seeing Cook, Placci and Horne, besides many pictures old and new.

I came to London and on the 29th had my womb scraped out with a sort of spoon by Dr. Granville Bantock.

I had chloroform and felt nothing, and was recovering splendidly when I got a chill and was very ill for eight days. I had a nice nurse, and the children were dears.

In the meantime Bernhard came to London (July 1) and fell ill of a chill on his liver and tonsillitis. All his friends, Cook, Zangwill, Reinach (who was over on Jewish business), Christina <Bremner), Janet <Dodge>, Horne, Mrs. Hodgson, Burnett, Farrer, the Burkes, etc., rallied round him, and in a few days he was able to get up, and rush round with Cook - his impresario, as he called him - seeing innumerable private collections and meeting people.

I was roasting in bed, reading Meredith.

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**Tuesday, July 15, 1896, London**

Emily <Dawson> came and we went to have tea with Bernhard, who is in comfortable rooms at 4 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. He looks ill and seems rushed. He said that most people were either mental bores, or temperamental ones - a good sieve to strain one’s acquaintances through.

He said he longed for Fiesole, and I do too. There is peace and refreshment, and we don’t bore each other, thank goodness!

**July 23 - 24, 1896**

Took tea with Bernhard and Cook.

On the next day, rushed through the New Gallery with Bernhard, lunched with him, and then sat in his room and chatted an hour or so. He was just starting to visit the Poet Laureate,

then Windsor, Oxford and a tour in Scotland with Cook.

I came back to Haslemere.

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**x Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1896, Flandres, Bruges**

We left London at 10 today and had a happy journey here, though the long crossing is awfully boring.

After we arrived, we wandered about the town. Bernhard confessed to a hatred of polychrome decoration, whereat I exulted, remembering how he tried to convert me to the Sainte Chapelle!

I amused him at dinner with little “psychological” tales, gleaned this summer from Logan and Jonathan Sturges, among them the story of Whistler’s quarrel with Sir William Eden

and his challenge to George Moore.

We dined at the Roberson’s together last night. Maude is in despair over her baby, due in two months, and not wanted, but she was charming all the same, and John was at his best.

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**x Thursday, Sept. 3, 1896, de la Poste, Ghent**

A delicious morning of sight-seeing, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

I rested in the afternoon and read the Vita of Cellini, an enthralling book.

Arrived here in time for dinner.

**x Friday, Sept. 4, 1896, Mengelle, Bruxelles**

Saw what there is to see in Ghent and enjoyed the Van Eyck. The other tourists particularly admired the horrible copies which replace the original wings.

Arrived here in time to see the Cathedral in a dusky light. Pleasant feeling of bien-être.

**Saturday, Sept. 5, 1896**

Saw the gallery and went to Antwerp, where we enjoyed the early painters, but Rubens not really so very much. I liked best of all a Foucquet they have recently bought.

**x Sunday, Sept. 6, 1896, Union, Aix-la-Chapelle**

Saw the Brussels gallery more thoroughly and had a nice lunch at the Régence.

Four hours in the train getting here. Browsed about the Cathedral.

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**Monday, Sept. 7, 1896, Central, Frankfurt**

We saw the Cathedral, and then had a long journey here.

Obrist arrived with his embroideries, and Bernhard persuaded us both that it was best to meet as if nothing had happened. I did not want to, for I felt that it would be very painful to be vividly reminded of a series of things I am so eager to forget, but life carries on so that I found I really had forgotten, even when I saw him. It was impossible to call up anything as if I had been in it. In fact, it was quite like an impersonal ordinary acquaintance.

Bernhard was very tired, and I felt a certain burden of conversation on me as if it has been some quasi-stranger. Obrist was as picturesque in language as ever, and his ideas were the same: the greatness of Germany, “growing like a bed as asparaguses, but weighed down by an upper crust of dry, parched earth”; the greatness of Obrist; the woman question, his possible marriage and possible children.

I

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wonder if we seem so utterly the same, furnished with the same set of ideas and enthusiasms, after an interval of 14 months. Perish the thought!

**Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1896, Frankfurt**

We went to the Städelinstitut with HO, who was very desiccating. He says he enjoys art, violently protests that he does, but he never seems to, and when he is taken unawares he confesses that he does not care for it unless it is some art analogue to his won that starts his own creative fancy. But he never takes the enjoyer’s attitude, nor in fact the aesthetic attitude towards anything.

After lunch we saw his new embroideries, superb! Bernhard bought one on the spot for £45, and ordered another for £100, which greatly delighted poor Obrist, who has scarcely sold anything in these three years

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and is becoming alarmed about money. But what an ideal patron is Bernhard! A real artist could not wish for a better appreciator, or a more generous buyer, though he might wish him richer.

After a long time spent over these we drove out in the forest, and then came back and had supper in the Palm Garden. As observer of human beings and picturesque talkers Obrist is a charming companion, but au fond he is preoccupied with his own struggle for money and recognition, and his ideas by this time are cast-iron. As a thinker he is very muddled.

I should have supposed I would have some definite attitude toward him, but I find I have absolutely none except on the surface, a perfectly obvious one of a friendly acquaintance, anxious to help him on as artist, and greatly amused by him as talker. Que la vie est drôle!

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**x Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1896, Hotel zum Adler, Aschaffenburg**

Obrist came to have coffee with us, and we had a long argument about whether “the people” cared for art, which made me despair, despair! But surely some people think more clearly than he does!

He said goodbye, to go to London to enter his exhibit at the Arts and Crafts, and we went to the Städel’sche Institut and looked over all the Italian drawings, an awful collection with about half a dozen interesting things.

Then we came to this delicious, peaceful, quaint town, saw the gallery and wandered about.

**Thursday, Sept. 10, 1896, x Hirsch, Rothenburg**

We spent nearly the whole day in Würzburg, and enjoyed it.

At sunset we arrived here and had a most enchanting view of the town in the evening light, and a pleasant talk at supper with two young American art students, fresh from Paris.

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**Friday, Sept. 11, 1896, <Grand Hotel> Leinfelder, Munich**

We spent most of the day wandering about the town of Rotherburg, where there is scarcely an ugly building! The towers surpass in quaint charm any I have ever seen, and there are scores of them, each one different. The colour of the town is indescribable. Never have we been in so complete or so winning a town.

I finished, with great regret, the Vita di Benvenuto Cellini. Bernhard has taken again to his Herodotus, which he laid by for the summer. We are both reading Mansfield Park

also.

Reached Munich at 9 o’clock.

**Saturday, Sept. 12, 1896, Munich**

Got our tickets for a week of music and began to revise — or, rather, entirely to re-write — the article on Obrist’s embroideries.

In the afternoon we went to have tea with Miss Sellers, who was in a distracted, disagreeable mood. She was just having a large bath put up in her bedroom, and the discovery

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that it could not be emptied save by bailing the water out, and that whenever she lighted a fire she must also heat the waters, was annoying, no doubt! But the explanation was not an excuse.

Walking to the tram she said to me, “What a pity you have the reputation in Germany of being such friends with Gronau. It gives them all a very queer idea of the Villa to know that you have him staying there. He is counted a most vulgar little man here, and a great poseur.”

The glee with which she said this, the hardly-to-be-restrained pleasure at the idea that we were taken in by a poseur that the Germans saw through, the delight that people should think meanly of us, was so funny as to be really painful. As a matter of fact, Gronau, though personally disagreeable enough, is not a poseur. With us he was as simple and modest as a man can be. What makes Germans call him that must be that he goes in for being a generally cultured man before being a Fachmann.

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In the evening we went to hear the Meistersinger: 5 hours! It is too long. But there were exquisite bits of “real” music. The overture was awful. Perhaps we heard it from an unfavourable position. But I believe the modern opera is not meant for people who care for the arts of music — it is like a museum of pictures, here and there an enjoyable piece. And as visual effect, the stage is too horrible!

**Sunday, Sept. 13, 1896, Leinfelder, Munich**

We grappled with the Obrist article, and I felt despairing. When I try to write anything but the plainest exposition, I become horribly vulgar and journalistic. Innumerable newspapery phrases rush to my mind, and I even sometimes put them down!

Miss Sellers was charming today, a complete change of mood. She took us to call on Dr. Traube,

to whom she is perfectly devoted. He is a frightful invalid of 35 who specializes in Medieval Latin. Miss Sellers spends her whole time with him at present, and really

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cares for nothing else. He has kind eyes and a gentle manner, and seemed a really lovable man.

She was most amusing about Miss Paget whom she characterized as a sycophant, not a snob.

In the evening, we heard Figaro, and were in rapture. That is music!!

**x Monday, Sept. 14, 1896**

Obrist article. Tea with Miss Sellers.

Miss Lowndes came to hear the IV Symphony with us. It was badly given.

**Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1896**

Finished the Obrist article.

Afternoon at Schwabing as usual.

We all went to Fidelio in the evening, and Logan joined us there at 9.30, having just arrived from London.

**Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1896**

Scurried through the Glaspalast and the Secession, and saw nothing that was art, except Hildebrand’s Old Faun. Obrist’s bust was a disappointment.

We were confronted with a 5 years’ ago admiration, Skredvig’s

Christ and the People, and were horrified to

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find it nothing but obvious illustration. How we have grown!

We all had tea at Schwabing with Maud Cruttwell also, and then Logan came with us to hear Don Giovanni, which was enjoyment almost without alloy, although less exquisite than Figaro.

**Thursday, Sept. 17, 1896, Leinfelder, Munich**

Went to the Glyptotek with Miss Sellers, and then to the Pinacotek. She lunched with us, and was very amusing.

I called on Mrs. Furtwängler and Bernhard went with Eugénie to see Dr. Traube, whom he liked.

Logan dined at Schwabing, but we went to hear Tannhäuser, and then quarrelled violently because Bernhard accused me of changing my opinions too quickly. But I believe he thinks exactly as I do about Wagner!!

**x Friday, Sept. 18, 1896**

I spent the morning with Logan in old furniture shops, while Bernhard went through the drawings. It ended in Logan’s buying a charming Empire set for High Buildings,

and Bernhard’s getting an Empire desk, sofa and chairs for

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himself, and a jewelled pendant for me.

We had tea at Schwabing, a walk, and then heard the V Symphony, after which Logan started for Venice, and we went for supper to the Luitpold.

**Saturday, Sept. 19, 1896, Zum Stein, Salzburg**

Reached here at 11.45 and after lunch went up the Gaisberg, a most lovely view.

I was feeling so ill I had to go to the Gasthof and lie down, but I enjoyed the ride there and back.

**Sunday, Sept. 20, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna**

It was raining hard, and I felt ill, so I did not go out.

Bernhard went to the Museum.

From 12 to 7 we were in the train. We read Creighton’s little pamphlet, “English National Character”.

Placci arrived about 10.

**Monday, Sept. 21, 1896**

Placci in good spirits.

We spent the morning at the Albertina, in the afternoon saw the Harrack and Schönborn collections of horrors.

Placci told us about Mademoiselle Gordigiani’s wonderful voice, which

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has suddenly developed, when she was about 28, and despairing.

He also said of himself that when he is not thinking of anything in particular, he begins to plan how he could cheat and impose on people and revenge himself for possible insults, and steal!! He has even thought of stealing toothpicks from restaurants.

In the evening we went to the Opera and saw 3 ballets, one of which contained charming costumes and a gavotte of 1830. The debutante ballerina was an Italian, with all the Italian fatal dexterity and skill, and lack of art. Her poses were marvellous, but meaningless and ugly.

Herbert Cook arrived.

**x Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna**

Called on Cook and went to the Albertina and after lunch to the Lichtenstein.

We heard Lohengrin in the evening, and thought it would have been perfect if it had stopped at the Ouverture!

Bernhard said that Music, like the other arts, had fallen into the clutches of the two dragons that guard the portals of real Art, dexterity and expressiveness.

Then we spoke of Pater, and Bernhard said that he was the one writer whose attitude towards

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art and life was consistent and admirable. His doctrine is “Be sure that your sensations are real sensations. Take them seriously and cherish them, for they are all you have in this world or the next.”

**Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1896**

We went to the gallery in the morning. I showed Placci the chief Italians, and he really had sensations. Of the Cima he said that it gave him the sense of the atmosphere when a rain has taken away all the dust, of unsordidness coming from cleanliness.

We saw a young man and woman who were going about with both Bernhard’s books — the first time we have seen it. We wanted to speak to them!

The afternoon was dull, for the most interesting part of the Academy was shut up, and we couldn’t get into Lanckoronski’s

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After tea,

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I rested.

Placci called on the Princess Doria, a little English woman of notorious wickedness, each of whose children has a different father, and who runs strange woman lovers at the same time, who entertains kings and emperors and cares nothing about it, completely wrapped up in her vices and thinking for interest chiefly of the physiological and pathological sides of abnormal passions, rather favouring anarchists from a feeling that if anarchy were the leading philosophy she would need no excuses. (“Vice as a mental aperient”, a good title for an essay.)

Bernhard and Cook bought photos, and poked about picture shops.

Then we rested, and in the evening for three hours (without Cook) had a most interesting real talk, one of the few that was not an “argument”, but a searching together for the point, about music. We started from the question “What makes a tune vulgar?” Placci said incidentally that his devotion to Wagner

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came from his keen interest in all the new modulations and instrumentations that Wagner introduced. Mine was a delight as savage as an Indians’ pleasure in a war-dance, the stirring of the emotions. Bernhard confessed to finding Wagner so noisy that he continually had the feeling that he couldn’t hear the music.

**Thursday, Sept. 24, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna**

Albertina in the morning, but very boring drawings.

In the afternoon we went to the gallery, and in the evening to the ballet Excelsior, very vulgar and dull, we thought it, but Cook was in rapture and called it “simply divine”. I think it was the legs and arms, not the “beauty of motion”.

**Friday, Sept. 25, 1896**

Gallery in the morning.

In the afternoon I sent to the Kahlenberg with Placci, and Bernhard finished his notes on the

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Lichtenstein.

Placci wanted to do everything, with a child’s undiscriminating curiosity. But he is so good-humoured and amusing and simple and enjoying that there is no fault to be found with him for being, after all, an Italian!

In the evening we trailed about the “Venezia in Wien”, heard some nice Russian singing and saw a wickedly enchanting Spanish dancer Tortajada.

**Saturday, Sept. 26, 1896, Tegetthoff, Vienna**

Finished the Albertina. The “Ranee” came there with her white-haired present lover, an Austrian count. The day before she had been laughing with Placci over Miss Paget, who does not “understand things”. We are going to have a story in our Fiesole Condemner called “Violet in Wonderland”.

In the afternoon we saw Lanskoronsky’s [sic] house and collection.

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Placci went to hear a new opera, the Evangeliniam in the evening.

We dined quietly and wrote letters. Bernhard is reading Sidonie, die Klosterhexe, and finds it fascinating. We are both reading Dickinson’s Greek View of Life.

**Sunday, Sept. 27, 1896, Ungaria, Buda-Pesth**

I went with Placci to hear a Mozart Mass, and then to the Museum for a last look.

Dr. Richter lunched with us and told us how he got his Giorgione (the Berlin portrait) out of Italy.

Venturi came and looked round. He noticed it and said, “What is it?”

“Sarebbe difficile dirlo”, so he passed it by.

Going away, he said, “Mi pare della scuola Veneziana, quel ritratto.”

“Può essere. Si, a me mi pare.”

“Si può dire un Palma sciupato.”

Then, when it came before the Florentine authority all he said was, “È una donna e un’uomo,” and

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passed it by. Richter said he valued it at 20,000 francs (hardly daring to say so low a price). The man laughed and said he needn’t pay more than 200 for taking it out of Italy.

Afterwards, he told Costa as a joke that this ‘pazzo Tedesco” had valued an absurd head at 20,0000 francs. Then Costa told him what it was, and he was sick!

Venturi heard of it, and pitched into him for not keeping it even for three months, as they have a right to do in case of doubt. As an excuse he said that he had noticed it was addressed to a restorer in Berlin, and so it must be in a bad condition, the restorer being of course a blind for the Berlin Museum.

At 4 we came here, 4-8.45 and then went out to hear some strange and fascinating Hungarian music played by a band of gypsies in a café.

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**Monday, Sept. 28, 1896, Hungaria, Buda-Pesth**

We went to the Museum in the morning. The Giorgione portrait there is his finest work. There is also a Crivelli and a Gentile Bellini, the rest is rubbish.

After lunch we trailed miserably about the Exhibition, until finally Cook and I struck and came home.

I found a letter saying that the children had come home at last.

In the evening we went to Budavara and were lucky enough to see the Carmencita, who is still remarkable in spite of being middle-aged. The rest was bosh as art-enjoyment, but it was a good-natured crowd and a moderately picturesque scene.

But I shall be glad to get out of cities and crowds!

**Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1896**

The Gallery in the morning, chiefly looking at drawings.

In the afternoon we wandered in Buda, saw the view, St. Matthias, etc.

In the evening it was raining and there was nothing going on, so Cook and I bought a pack of cards and had some picquet. I won 2 florins and 4 kreuzers!

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**Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1896,**   
10.30 p.m., Railway stop at Agram, Croatia

We paid our last visit to the Museum, and came away by the 3.45 train, wonderful cheapness of travel, first class with sleeping carriage only 17 fl. 50!

Had a nice talk with Placci, Cook having remained behind, to whom it was a new idea that you must work to educate your sensations quite as much (if not more) as to educate your mind.

**Thursday, Oct. 1, 1896**

on boat from Fiume to Zara

We spent the day at Fiume pleasantly enough between washing, sleeping and taking an excursion to Abbazia.

We embarked at 9. Placci is talking about seriously taking up the aesthetics of music, but he has a deadly horror of being bored, and thinks if he didn’t see light at once, he would give it up.

**Friday, Oct. 2, 1896, Hotel Troccoli, Spalato**

Placci woke me up at sunrise and I threw on a few things and rushed up to see the really enchanting view as we steamed into Sara.

Bernhard joined us (really dressed) and we wandered about in that small Venice for an hour and bought fruit and Maraschino.

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Then the boat went on, long hours between low rocky islands, desolate yet beautiful with “tactile values”, until we came to Sebenico, where we had two hours wandering among the most awful smells, and enjoying the Duomo and the Piazza. The Duomo is a curious mixture of Gothic forms done in the Renaissance style, even the clerestory being preserved, under a barrel vaulting!

Towards sunset we came into Tran, a dream of beauty as situation, and in itself a picturesque and even beautiful little town, with the Lion of Venice grinning down at you from the remains of castles and gates.

An hour later we arrived here in a black shining port with a busy town lying behind the wide Riva.

After dinner I went for a walk with Placci, but he was too sleepy to continue, and as I found our dear old Corazza Compagnia was playing, I hunted up the little café theatre on the Riva and saw one of their plays by myself. But the greatest triumph was that I went to sleep with a piano going just under my window — going at its most thundering — and a dinner of Italians shouting at each other!

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**Saturday, Oct. 3, 1896, Troccoli, Spalato**

We saw the town thoroughly in the morning, and found it most interesting. Here and there great bits of Roman architecture and masonry.

In the afternoon we drove to Salona, where “earth, air and sky and God above” combined to make it delicious.

While we were at dinner, we heard a great crash: two of the waiters were fighting and one bit the other’s thumb half off.

**\* Sunday, Oct. 4, 1896, Pellegrino, Sebenico**

We drove in the morning to Clissa and the source of the Jader, a very charming drive, enlivened with pessimistic discussions of the state of Italy between the frying pan of Free Masonry and the fire of clericalism.

At 5 we came on here, and found a miserable hotel. The peasants at the junction were huddled together and cuffed and beaten about by the guards (who carried guns) as if they were animals.

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They are such a handsome race, the men especially. They bear themselves like North American indians and their costume is most picturesque.

**Monday, Oct. 5, 1896**

boat to Fiume

We met Mr. Phillip Stanhope at Sebenico and chatted with him on the boat all day. Although his chief preoccupation is women, he is a very intelligent administrator and practical politician, and he told us many interesting things about the Austrian régime in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where he had just been travelling.

We had five hours at Zara, and I had a most delicious swim.

**Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1896**

boat from Fiume to Ancona

We spent the day at Abbazia, driving

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in the morning to Lavrana and afterwards reading from the Golden Treasury and finding, to our delight, that Placci’s feelings about poetry are absolutely harmonious with our own.

In the afternoon we returned to Fiume and they walked up a hill to see the sunset while I rested and wrote letters.

**Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1896, Pace, Ancona**

Arrived here at 5.30, a beautiful arrival, with the mass of Ancona black against a silver sky. After a good wash and coffee we went to Sinigaglia and saw the Madonna delle Misericordie and had lunch.

In the afternoon we saw the Museo and San Domenico and spent sunset and twilight at the Duomo.

Nice letters from home about the children, and news that Tom Worthington has divorced his wife, Grace, because his temper was incompatible with hers. He appears to have acted most sensibly, leaving her money and the children, casting no

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blame upon her, and remaining very friendly with her. But as she, and still more, her father and some of her brothers and sisters, still belong to some past geological epoch of culture, it is held to be an “awful misfortune” and only mentioned with bated breath: “Poor Grace!” “So sad and terrible”, and so forth.

**Thursday, Oct. 8, 1896, Pace, Ancona**

We spent the morning at Loreto. I felt as if I had never seen the Bramante loggia before. It must be that the Roman architecture I have looked at since the last time I was here has opened my eyes.

From Loreto we drove to Osimo, a most lovely drive, and saw a rather pleasing Lotto, which we ought to have seen three years ago!

Placci keeps up his spirits wonderfully, and ours too,

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I must say, for Bernhard seems so nervous and cross that unless he had told me out and out that it was not so, I should not be able to help thinking that he dislikes me intensely. Everything I do and say gets on his nerves, whenever he looks at me it is to tell me I am fat, or red, or hairy, or slouchy, or untidy, and these remarks he makes and others on my Americanisms and my general stupidity in bitter tones with a frown and not the slightest appearance of finding anything nice in me. It may be one way of expressing affection, to be greatly concerned with another person’s faults and defects, but it is not the happiest way. It makes me very unhappy, and again and again these last two days has given me hours of such acute unhappiness that I have felt like going off and travelling by myself, where I should not be constantly humiliated by looks of disgust and disapproval in tones of contempt.

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I spoke to him about it tonight. He said “Of course, I am as fond of you as ever.”

Just then Placci came in, when he had gone, I thought Bernhard would come back, as I had just said to him that the only two remarks he addressed to me on the drive were jeers, but he seems to think it a thing of so little importance that it is not worth a second thought, and he looked in and then closed the door without saying a word.

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**Friday, Oct. 9, 1896, Posta, Foligno**

We left Ancona at 7 this morning, and reached Gualdo Tadin<o> about 10. The only thing to see there was a ruined Nicola da Foligno, so we were rather bored.

But we had a nice lunch and walked to the train at 2 greatly refreshed.

At 2.45 we reached the station of Nocera-Umbra and then drove to the town. It is magnificently set on its hill, but it is one of the most run-down and miserable towns we ever entered. the only thing to see was a fine polyptych by Nicola da Foligno.

After seeing that, we drove here, a charming drive of two hours. We talked of poetry, and at dinner of the old subject of Freemasonry versus Clericalism.

**Saturday, Oct. 10, 1896, Subasio, Assisi**

We wandered about Foligno a little, and then drove to this most enchanting and sympathetic of all spots, taking in the oft-seen Spello by the way.

After lunch we strained our eyes over the Lower

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Church frescoes, saw the Upper Church and walked up to the Cathedral.

The sunset was too beautiful.

In the evening Placci read Milton’s Ode to the Nativity and Lycidas, and we found ourselves, as before, in exact agreement of feeling about what is really poetry in the concrete.

**Sunday, Oct. 11, 1896, Grand Hotel Brufani, Perugia**

The sunrise was indescribably lovely! We got up and came here, and worked in the Gallery in the morning.

We met Miss Edwardes, who has lodgings in the Ansidei palace, and I had tea with her after Placci went at 4. We like him more than ever. He is so cheery, his moods are so his own, so independent, he is so well organized for happiness, health and nerves combining with simple rather coarse and easily indulged tastes, yet not shut off from others, full of curiosity, vivacity, active in

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mind, cheerful in disposition. Then — marvel of marvels! — he understands English as no other foreigner I ever met, he has lived on English literature, no allusion, no quotation escapes him. He is very, very companionable, and an ideal travelling companion.

He says his mind is constantly reverting to that puzzling problem, “What is the difference between a vulgar and a fine time?”

**Monday, Oct. 12, 1896, Belle Arti, Orvieto**

Saw Cathedral and Cambio and went to Chiusi. We lunched there and then drove to Città della Pieve, a charming drive thorough oak forests, view superb. Found some Peruginos.

Dined at Chiusi and reached here at 9.

Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole

Pouring, pouring, pouring, all day long.

We saw the interesting Exhibition of

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Sacred Art, lunched and went to the Duomo.

At 4.47 we came straight home, glad to make the rain our excuse.

O the comforts of a clean room, clean clothes, and plenty of them — one’s own house!

**Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1896**

Letters and settling in, in the morning, shopping in the afternoon. Still letters at night. Magazines positively appalling.

**Thursday, Oct. 15, 1896**

Notes and letters in morning. Maud Cruttwell and Binney Dibblee

and his sister called at 3. After tea and a walk, still struggling with the magazines.

**Friday, Oct. 16, 1896**

I had to go down to the Dogana in the morning. Fancy paying 20 francs duty on three old empty trunks Miss Sellers borrowed and returned from Munich. But I had to, goodness knows what besides for rugs, carpets, etc.

Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, boring

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as usual. He is translating Dante.

Afterwards Bernhard went to see Gertrude Hall

at the Gamberaia, and I paid a visit, which I really enjoyed, to Maud and Miss Buttles. The latter sang all kinds of things with her divine voice, which is fresh and clear after a summer of rest.

I read Hamlet during the day.

**Saturday, Oct. 17, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

We both “pottered”, but separately, in the morning, arranging books, papers, etc.

In the afternoon we put away the summer’s collection of photographs, a tough job.

In the evening Bernhard read pre-Dantesque Italian poetry, and I began Matarazzo’s Chronicle of Perugia.

(Not well.)

**Sunday, Oct. 18, 1896**

Carpets came, hence more pottering.

“Kitty” Hall came to lunch, perhaps the most unaffected, charming woman we know - as simple as Edith Woodman, but of far more culture and elegance.

Afterwards

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Maud came, and then (to my horror) Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, bringing, however, an alleviation in their two fresh-faced intelligent boys, who were eager to show me some drawings they had made for Ray and Karin. They stayed endlessly, long after Bernhard had gone to walk back with Miss Hall to the Gamberaia.

Talking of Logan’s theory that virtue and vice are a question of the names we give things, Mr. Morgan said no boy would accept if asked to “come along and steal some apples”, though he would if they said, “Let’s go and bag some apples.”

I walked with Maud part way in.

In the evening wrote letters and went over notes.

**Monday, Oct. 19, 1896**

A perfectly quiet day of reading and work within doors. “Outside are the storm and strangers.”

Bernhard began his review of the Botticelli drawings for the Nation.

The beginning of writing is always very hard for him.

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**Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

Bernhard lunched with Placci who had Madame Montebello there, a fascinating French woman with a French woman’s rare genius for politics, exquisite and humorous talker. Bonamici also played.

I called on the Buttles and found them as usual.

Then went to a tea party at Mr. Hamilton’s, a regular assembly of old crocks, Miss Wimbush, Miss Zimmern and a young female protégée, Miss Alice Hall, Miss Dibblee, the Benns, ourselves, Maud and Placci, but quite deadly, save that Placci said he was going on with his musical work. He wants to distinguish “real” music from representative, dexterous, etc., just as we do in painting, or as we all three do in poetry. I shall make him tell me what there is of “real” music. But to go surely, he must first know what “real” is in music.

Bernhard and I walked up together in beautiful moonlight.

I read Julius Caesar.

**Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1896**

Notes and Bernhard’s article on Botticelli’s Dante in the morning.

After lunch we drove to S. Martino a

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Mensola, and then to the Gamberaia, to call on Kitty Hall and her friend who rejoices in the horrible soubriquet of ‘Baby’ Blood.

She is a sharp-faced, once pretty, but meagre little Europeanized American of the school ma’am type, but I liked her decision and energy.

Walked back at moonrise and found dear Placci waiting, full of Mademoiselle Gordigiani who, having been with Duse, is now posing as a sort of Duse.

After dinner he played Figaro, and Don Giovanni, and read Dante to us. He was so thoroughly nice!

**\* Thursday, Oct. 22, 1896**

Work again, a walk up to the Morgans and home in the rain, and work in the evening.

I am horrified with the way I let flowers be arranged in this house. An article on Japanese flower arrangement has opened my eyes to the possibilities of this as an art.

Good news of the children’s school.

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**Friday, Oct. 23, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

A very depressed letter from Eugénie Sellers, who says she has made a perfect fiasco of her life, and what she feels more, her sister has done the same.

Then Maud Cruttwell came to lunch and talked about Eugénie as “the most enviable woman she knew.” How little we do know. But I had a feeling of seeing right round and through and over Maud, as she sat and sipped Maraschino and poured out what she thinks is her soul. Her reaction to people, to ideas and to books seem to me as obvious and calculable as the reactions of a brainless frog to acid on its leg. She is all for Art that “improves” her and gives her “a nobler idea of life.” Wagner, Ibsen and Plato are her stars. Keats and Baudelaire have ceased to be great art. She has also “discovered” that you should act upon your own notions of right and wrong and not on other people’s. “Resolve-to-be-thyself-and-know-that-he-who-finds-himself-loses-his-misery” business, almost inconceivable at her age, 37.

While we were talking, Nettie Buttles and her sister came, and we had some enchanting music, though her voice is less pure, owing to her never practising.

Bernhard lunched with the Benns.

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**\* Saturday, Oct. 24, 1896**

We had a nice day all to ourselves, and I retain a delicious feeling from it, in spite of worrying news from home, for Bernhard was so loving and gentle to console me.

We had a walk, and we finished his article for the Nation on the Botticelli Dante drawings.

Another letter from Eugénie — presto! change! In the course of the next year she is going to visit all the art collections of Europe — she, who abhors travel and has just settled in Munich. I think a quarrel with Dr. Traube is at the bottom of this, and I hope they will make it up and that she will stay quietly in Munich. I do want her to be at any rate contented, even if she can’t be happy.

**Sunday, Oct. 25, 1896**

Another adorable quite day.

We had a long walk in the afternoon, and Bernhard called at the Rosses, where he found a large miscellaneous company of second-hand celebrities boring each other to death. He escaped

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and joined me on the road and we walked home discussing the eternal question, “Was ist die Kunst?” If it is, like everything else, a relation, then there is art for the child, the youth and the old fogey. Art for young people doesn’t need to be seasoned with “life-enhancement”. They have enough life and to spare. What the old fogeys have forced on the world as Art (promptly rejected by the enterprising young) is peptonized food for emotional dyspeptics.

I have found the motto for our paper, the Golden Urn: Ars breuis, uita lunga est.

Bernhard says he is torn in three directions: he wants to go along the primrose path of Connoisseurship, to dally with Philosophy and Psychology, and (perhaps most of all) devote himself to literature als Kunstler.

What is the “specifically artistic” in literature?

**Monday, Oct. 26, 1896, Villa Rosa, Fiesole**

I lunched with the Buttles and was bored, Bernhard with Karoly (whom he liked), and then he went to see some boring pictures and called on the Stuart Tideys. The wife was at home, and said in reply to his invitation to come up, “You see it is so

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difficult to call on all the people one must, you know, in one’s husband’s practise” (he is a doctor), and this remark makes me want never to see her. Such women bore me to death.

I called on Mrs. Benn.

Read lovely Gaston de Latour.

**Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1896**

Finished first draft of Bre<r>a article for <the> Gazette.

Bernhard lunched with Sidney Colvin,

and rather enjoyed him. He is an Englishman at any rate!

I called on a young woman American doctor, Alice Littell, who is setting up here. She seemed pleasant.

I described Maud in a letter to Alys as taking every idea that chanced to graze the top of her cranium to be a divinely inspired dogma, an attitude I sympathize with when the cranium has a few cracks to let the ideas in. She thinks Pater weak and complicated, and won’t admit Rossetti, Keats or Baudelaire any more as “Art”.

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Hobson

> Miss Paget

Countess Rasponi

> Mr. Hamilton

> Mr. Benn

The Buttles

Miss Whaling

> Carlo Placci

Egisto Fabbri

Maud Cruttwell

Mrs. Burke

Loeser

Dr. Baldwin

> Michael Field

> Frizzoni

Miss Farnham

> Miss Sellers

>Lippmann

> Mr. and Mrs. Perry

Buonamici

Janet Dodge

Obrist

> Reinach

> M. Ephrussi

> Richter

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan

Lord Balcarres

Baroness French

Evelyn

Christina Bremmer

Emily Dawson

Gertrude Burton

> Logan

Miss Anstruther Thomson

Mr. and Mrs. Landsem

Mr. and Mrs. Burroughs

Zangwill

Mr. and Mrs. <Lucy Fitzpatrick ‘Lion’ and Robert> Phillimore