Diary 4, 1896-1898

[0004]

Bach

Prelude and Fugue D minor

Prelude and Fugue C minor

Prelude E minor

Prelude C major

Prelude and Fugue Eb major

Sarabande E minor

Suite E minor with Interval in E major

Beethoven

Bagatelle Eb major

Mozart

Ouverture to Figaro D major

Fantasia in D

Rondo in D major

Minuet in D major

Chopin

Prelude in B minor

Prelude in G major

Scarlatti

Courante D minor

[0007]

Things I know by heart 1897

La Belle Dame sans merci

Ode to Autumn

The Highland Reaper

Ode to Duty

The Strayed Reveller

“Not here, o Apollo”

Self Dependence

The Buried Life

Omar Khayam

La Prière sur l’Acropole

“Vivamus, mea Lesbia”

“Quant’è bella giovanezza”

Lycidas

Skylark

“Swiftly Walk o’er the Western Wave”

Ode to the West Wind

The Merman and the Neckan

Ode on the Nativity

The Raven

Helen

The Swan’s Nest

Lady Geraldine’s Courtship - alas!

Lotus Eaters

Shakspere (sic) Golden Urn

O World Oh Life O Time

[0008]

Twa Corbies

[0009]

Oct. 30, 1896. Friday. Villa Rosa Fiesole

I finished my last barrier between me and my dreaded Louvre Catalogue, sending off a poor review of Lippmann’s Botticelli drawings, and putting all our notes in order.Bernhard worked on his Central Italians, which he is maturing as fast as he can. In the afternoon Maud Cruttwell and Nettie Buttles came, and a little afterwards Mr. Morgan - who hates music! - and the two young doctors from Florence, Miss Littell and Miss White. Nettie sang from Don Giovanni, Fidelio, Walkyrie, Tristan. Her voice is not quite so crystalline as last year, but towards the end it came out better. Afterwards we walked part way home with Mr. Morgan and back through the pine forest. [0010]

Oct. 31, 1896. Saturday. Fiesole

I went in early and had a ride on the bicycle with the Buttles in the Cascine, and joined Bernhard at 11.30 at Placci’s. Miss Gordigiani was there, and presently Buonamici came in, and he and Placci played some Mozart quartette, and then Mlle. Gordigiani sang, with this wonderful voice she has just discovered in her own throat. She sang a XVII century thing, 2 Scarlattis, 2 Brahms, some florid but altogether jolly compositions of her grandfather’s, and - best of all - parts of Orfeo and Carmen, parts which she not only sings but interprets to perfection. Her accompaniments are the best I have ever heard. At lunch she talked a great deal about Eleonora Duse, who is her most intimate friend.

At half past six I met Janet Dodge at the station, and brought her and Beatrice home up here to spend Sunday.

But the music was too lovely! [0011]

Sunday Nov. 1.96.

Bernhard planned out a good deal of his Central Italian Painters in the morning, while I worked on the lists. He is going to begin with a dissertation upon the pleasure of recognizing our own visual images — the secret of all minor painting — and apply this to the early Sienese - who please no longer, because our furniture of visual imagery has changed since the days when they painted. Coming to Perugino, he will have a dissertation on space composition - and the Finale will be Raphael, who gives us our still current visual imagery and ideal space composition.

We are much worried about the noisiness of the gardeners’ children, and hardly know what to do. The place suits us so well otherwise, and it would be hard to find another. [0012]

Dr. Stuart Tidey, an English resident doctor, came up to tea. The great fact in his family seems to be that his wife is niece to Oscar Browning, and he kept alluding to this every few minutes:

How far that little candle sheds his beams!

So shines an “O. B.” in this lower-middle-class world!

Also came Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, he a fresh-faced young “Professor of Literature” from the University of Chicago - she with pretty hair, a genial but heavy sensuous temperament and a baby two months old whom she is nursing, and whom she keeps at night — modo Americano — to the ruin of her own sleep. They are Fafner’s friends.

Janet seems, on impartial consideration, a remarkably silly little person, sensitive to beauty, but too preoccupied with herself to develop any real taste or feeling. Beatrice Horne has more in her, but is painfully inexpressive. [0013]

Monday Nov. 2.96. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Janet and Miss Horne left early. I finished the Lists for the Umbrians. After lunch Bernhard took a walk, which he enjoyed, and I went down to town for shopping and to see how Janet Dodge is settled. I took some wine to her and to Maud. When I came back I found a telegram from Maude Robertson saying “Boy - both safe” - which rejoiced Bernhard, as he feels himself, in a sense, the godfather of this child. Maude herself was eager to have a boy. She said she would wire “Damn” if it was a girl. Kitty Hall also was here, paying a farewell call.

In the evening Bernhard went on with Santayana’s “Sense of Beauty”, and began “Die Spiele der Thiere”. I struggled with Nietzsche’s “Geburt des Tragoidie”, but really I couldn’t understand it, and I declined upon the Quarterly Review article about him. [0014]

Tuesday Nov. 3. 1896. Fiesole.

Bernhard’s work on his Umbrians was satisfactory to him, and I began my Louvre Catalogue. Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch. I asked Mr. Benn whether there was such a thing as “The Greek View of Life” - something which Athens and Sparta and Thebes and all the rest had in common. He said they all held (though they did not always practise) an ideal of Moderation, which has descended to their present day successors. As an instance, he told us how he and another Englishman climbed a mountain in Greece with some Greek boys to guide them. The party was attacked by dogs, and they threw stones to drive them off. When the dogs turned tail and ran, he and his friend, in British fashion, continued to pelt them. But they were stopped by the boys who cried, “HOW!” “Enough - enough!” After lunch he said he preferred Pierre Louys’ “Aphrodite”to “Salammbo”!

Bernhard paid a call on Kitty Hall and Miss Blood, and I called on Miss Paget. In the evening Bernhard read “Gaston de Latour” and I read the Purgatorio. [0015]

Wednesday Nov. 4. 1896.

We both got on well with our work today. Janet Dodge came to lunch, and we both thought her intensely disagreeable. I drove down with her and her “things” and went to call on Dr. Littell, and afterwards on “Mr. Horne”. I believe I myself said the only interesting things during these calls, except that Miss Littell described a terrible accident in which she was severely wounded in the head. For more than a year she was haunted by the fear that the blow had injured her brain.

Bernhard is reading Homer with rapture.

Thursday Nov. 5. 1896.

Maud Cruttwell and Nettie Buttles came to lunch, the latter singing for us afterwards most of the afternoon. We found a place — the corridor — where her voice is heard to the tune’s advantage. Maud was rampantly moral as usual. Miss Paget and Miss Thomson and Mr. Morgan came too [0016] late for the singing. Placci came to dinner, full of interest in the psychology of music. He has had two suggestive ideas already, both suggested by analogies in painting — namely that harmony is like modelling, and that the conventional endings of music (often a page or two long) are like the framing in of pictures. I decided to take music lessons from Buonamici, and went to bed quite excited with the idea.

\* Friday Nov. 6. 1896. Fiesole.

Still rain and rain and rain! A quiet day, with no people, but books and work.

Saturday Nov. 7. 1896.

We went down to Placci’s at 11 to hear him play with Buonamici - who, however, did not turn up. So we talked about music and he played from “The Magic Flute”. I asked why one wants a “frame” in time. The field of vision, being limited, naturally suggests a frame, but why time, or breath? [0017] They could not answer, and so, man-wise, they sat on me and said it was a foolish question.I also asked why it was that “ideated movement” in painting is always agreeable while ideated movement in music can sometimes be hideously disagreeable. Is it that what we find disagreeable is only motion, not movement – that is to say, suggested motion of parts of the body – while the agreeable ideated movements of good music are general movements of the whole body, such as suggest flying, swimming, etc.?

We lunched with Placci and then called on the Buttles. Bernhard thereupon went to Alinari’s, and I called on Janet whom I found ill and depressed, and on Maud whom I found still more rampantly moral, and on Mrs. Lovett whom I found busy bathing her baby.

Herbert Horne came to dinner, and [0018] was particularly nice. We spoke chiefly of old music and old instruments, such as the spinet, the harpsichord and the clavichord. He “takes it as an axiom” that music can only be properly performed on the instrument for which it was composed, and denounces as aesthetic horrors the performance of Scarlatti, Bach, Purcell, Haendel, much of Mozart etc., etc., on the piano. In the transcription for the piano they are usually treated most barbarously - as, for instance, Bach rewritten by Rubinstein.

Sunday Nov. 8. 1896. Fiesole.

We worked in the morning, and in the afternoon drove over to the Gamberaia and called on Gertrude Hall and Miss Blood. The latter confessed to a preconceived hatred of Bernhard and his book, because Placci, in his Paget-cum-democratic-ism, had announced them as saying “the last word on art”, and supplying an “absolute impersonal standard of criticism” for pictures. [0019] I forgot to say that yesterday in talking with Placci about the advantage of doing serious work such as he (Placci) has begun to do, compared to indiscriminate literary and scientific browsing he used to do, Bernhard compared the one to a square meal and the other to going with a fork picking up scraps from a railway buffet.

Alys writes from New York: “As soon as she got a chance, Edith Burroughs drew me aside and announced in a gleeful tone, “I’ve got a baby! It’s five weeks old and my ribs have spread out an inch and a half. I feel splendidly well, and I’m so happy!” It was too enchanting to hear her talk about it. She and Bryson think and talk of nothing else, and they are full of lovely plans. They expect to go to the country in April, and then Edith will come up to town for a day in June to have the baby, and then take it back to the country!! The doctor says she is marvellously healthy, and that she will [0020] carry the child very high and only show a change of shape a month before it arrives.” Blessed creature! I hope it will go as well as she expects.

I forgot to say that we had a telegram several days ago to say that Maude Robertson had safely given birth to her second child, a boy. She wrote a few days beforehand saying that if it was another girl she would wire “Damn!” Bernhard gave her £100 to help her through this confinement, and so he feels a kind of god-fatherly interest in the baby.

Monday Nov. 9. 1896. Fiesole

Another letter from Alys says “We went to see Edith and Bryson in their apartment up three flights of stairs in 23rd Street. … They were radiantly happy, and full of amusing stories about their experiences. Bryson teaches a class of Y.M.C.A. young men the art of applied design, and Edith has one pupil. Then they get stray jobs. Bryson was painting theatre scenery in Philadelphia all the summer,and they hope soon to [0021] be self-supporting. I never saw such courage and freshness. They made us feel like cowardly old calculating hypocrites.” We worked in the morning, and in the afternoon walked up to Monte Fiano, where the boys were very nice and Mrs. Morgan a vast bore.

Tuesday, Nov. 10. 1896.

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, full of dogmatism about Velasquez, upon whom she seemed to think herself capable of pronouncing judgment as she looked over the reproductions in a new book that has come. She really applies “tactile values” and “life-enhancement” as a sort of yard-measure. The Buttles girls came up and Nettie sang in the marvellous corridor. Miss Paget and Miss Thomson and Beatrice Horne also came to hear her. Miss Paget uttered one of her “Wonderland” remarks. Looking over an illustrated book of sculpture she came upon one of the [0022] figures from the Rheims portal. “How much it looks like a Goya!” was her comment. Afterwards Bernhard said it was as if some one had told Buonamici “How much this plain-chant sounds like Gypsy music!” Janet Dodge came to spend the night. She reminds me of Frau von der Hellen, and is almost as ungezogen in the naive way she shows her instinctive jealousy of every other female, carefully choosing out their most vulnerable points for attack, or minimizing any praise they may chance to receive. However, her sexual instincts stand her in better stead with men, for Bernhard said she was rather nice in a walk she took with him. But we both feel it would be rather a relief never to see her again.

Wednesday Nov. 11 [written: 10]. 1896. Fiesole

Work in the morning. In the afternoon Bernhard went with M.me de Montebello and her daughters, Placci and the Countess Rasponi [0023] to the Pitti. The latter he enjoyed very much, but he thought the Montebello didn’t care much for anything but the human interest in portraits. She gave him this mystic translation of “tactile values “i-”.

I think she and Placci mount each other’s heads a good deal over things they don’t understand. At 5 Bernhard, Miss Blood and I gathered at Placci’s and heard him play a Mozart duet with Buonamici. Then the latter began to play - but divinely! He played Scarlatti, and then half a dozen preludes of Chopin, some of them several times over. It was wonderful! I never enjoyed music more intimately. To make a delightful end to such an evening, I read Maeterlinck’s “Aglavaine et Sélysette”, which is one of the most suggestive and mood-compelling books I have ever read. [0024]

Thursday, Nov. 12 [written: 11]. 1896, Fiesole

I raged about Florence, trying to find paper to mount our photographs. We had a nice talk in the evening.

Friday, Nov. 13 [written: 12]. 1896

Still raging about for paper. I had my first music lesson from Buonamici, he is so dear and kind, he made it pass off very well. I came up in the 4 o’clock tram and found Bernhard showing Verrocchio photographs to the Countess Rasponi, and Mr. Morgan spoiling the fun. They all came over to tea. The Rasponi uttered some art theories which sounded like Paget-cum-Pasolini prescriptions. Placci came to dinner. He played us some Chopin and then we fell to on the subject of “Composition” in painting and music. We tried to define pattern as apart from

[0025]

composition, but I don’t think we succeeded very well. Finally, Placci in a burst of good-humour told us the famous Thomson-Paget “secret of aesthetics”. The discovery, like Newton’s apple, Watts’ tea-pot, etc., came by accident. A plasterer happened to be at work in the Capitol when Kit was looking at a certain statue there. She noticed that she enjoyed looking at it more while the plasterer was tapping than when he was not. The tapping heightened her enjoyment. Hence the way to enjoy statues and pictures was to tap while you were looking - to tap rhythmically. From this earth-shaking discovery they went on to augment the rhythmical tapping by a tune, and they soon came to the conclusion

[0026]

that every picture had its own tune, the humming of which, to the accompaniment of taps, would enable you to really enjoy and appreciate it. With this bee in their bonnets they revisited the galleries and found the tunes for their favourite pictures. Unfortunately, Miss Thomson being thoroughly unmusical and Miss Paget very limited in her acquaintance with tunes, most of the pictures sang to Gluck and Mozart.

And this they talked of for nearly a year with bated breath as a “great discovery”, and pitied poor us because we were still stumbling in outer darkness. But it is too funny. I can hardly laugh.

Saturday Nov. 14.96. Fiesole

It occurred to me today that their famous idea was like getting enjoyment from literature by eating sweets while

[0027]

reading. Bernhard suggested music, and we concocted the following telegram to Placci – “Secret of music enjoyment discovered! Eat sweets while listening.”

I continued my enraging search for paper and Bernhard finished his introduction to the “Central Italians”, which I read when I got back. I thought it very, very good. It is about visual images and their influence on so-called taste.

Mr. Blaydes came to spend the evening with him, and I practised. I have laughed all day over the “great discovery!”

Sunday Nov. 15. 1896.

It rained, as it has done almost every day since the middle of August, and we spent our time working and reading. [0028]

Monday Nov. 16. 1896. Villa Rosa Fiesole

I went down for Maud Cruttwell and we exasperated ourselves trying to do a little shopping. Florentine shopkeepers always seem perfectly delighted when they haven’t the thing you ask for. They are quite as bad as the old Scotch lady who said in reply to a request to sell a certain thing, “We don’t keep that any more. It was no use. As soon as we got some it was bought at once.” We had a quiet pleasant evening.

Tuesday Nov. 17.96.

At work all day on the photos with Maud, who has come for a fortnight to do the business. (She is to receive £10.) It was rather amusing, and would have been pleasant if Bernhard had not been cross. I felt for him, for he was nervous with being shut up in the house with rain, but all the same I had to “deal with” him, for crossness is one of the most sordid conceivable members of a family - and we are trying not to be sordid. He was very nice about it. In the evening we read John Robertson’s essay on Shakspere [*sic*] and Montaigne. [29]

Wednesday Nov. 18. 1896.

We spent all the day with the Lovetts, who came with their baby of 3 months to lunch. They were nicish. The rest of the time was devoted to photographs.

I forgot to say that yesterday Miss Blood called, and Mr. Blaydes. Bernhard feels low about his work.

Thursday Nov. 19. 1896.

Janet Dodge came to lunch and walked with Bernhard to Settignano. He called on Mme. de Montebello, while Maud and I called on Miss Paget and Miss Thomson who were peculiarly nice.

Miss Blood said that Mme. de Montebello’s daughter of 16 says she knows everything about politics her mother knows, and has all her own ideas, but never, never says a word. The older daughter used to try to talk, but was so put down for it, that this one has never even tried. This is the French system. If a girl is bright, I suppose she gets very sharp at observing. They give them books to read with pages turned down, or cut out, or pinned up. “C’est assonant”, as the young lady declared. [30]

x Friday Nov. 20. 1896. Villa Rosa Fiesole

I had a music lesson from Buonamici, and then did some soul-destroying shopping, called at Janet’s and drove home with Bernhard. He did not like the sound of Janet’s spinet, was disturbed by its buzz, but I liked it rather better than before.

Saturday Nov. 21. 1896.

Worked on the photos in the morning. Maud says she must give up doing them - it is too mechanical a work for her noble intellect that revels in Plato and Havelock Ellis, and even for the £10 we arranged for, she does not want to go on with it. Of course I made it easy for her, and indeed I was greatly relieved for she has seemed to be bursting with suppressed fury ever since she came. She snaps us both up and sets us right on every conceivable subject, from “Bloody Mary” to the acquaintances and friends we have. She has really grown into something too strange and wonderful. She says Plato is the first person who ever [0031] ‘taught her to think, fondly imagining that thinking is a habit you can acquire at 37. The truth, or part of the truth, is that living alone, with no one to expose to her hourly the folly of her own opinions, she becomes convinced that they are something divinely inspired. I think she has really lost interest in pictures. Her real joy is to read one thing for an hour, then another, and so on, parcelling out her day — remembering nothing at the end!

She and I called on the Jeaffresonsin the afternoon, but they were out. We then had a walk.

Sunday Nov. 22. 1896.

Bernhard wrote a little on his Duccio. I finished the Signorelli, B. di Mariotto and N. da Foligno lists. Nettie Buttles came and sang in the afternoon - and the Morgan family for a short visit. Bernhard and I had a delightful walk around the Caves. [0032]

Monday Nov. 23. 1896. Villa Rosa Fiesole

The Lovetts came to lunch and we took them to look at the Villino Belvedere,which they seemed almost decided to take. At 5 Bernhard and I went to Placci’s. He was laid up motionless with a knee hurt by the bicycle, but his sister played some Mozart duets with Buonamici, and then Buonamici gave us 2 acts of La Bohème — rather sweetish and nerveless it sounded after the Mozart.

Tuesday Nov. 24. ‘96

Went to town and shopped, called a moment on Placci, and then had tea with the Buttles. I had a long conversation with Ma Buttles about the late lamented Mr. Buttles’ fondness for ginger snaps. It appears he did not care for any other kind of cake, unless just possible crullers, which she cooked herself on Saturday mornings. Coming home, I found Maud enthusiastic over “Aglavaine et Sélysette” — but to my horror delighting in it, as a “problem play” [0033] much more than as a work of art. It is the “problem” that spoils it for me.

Wednesday Nov. 25. 1896.

After working in the morning, we moved furniture and arranged Bernhard’s house in the afternoon, until Mr. Holroyd came to call. He and his wife have been nursing their little boy Michael through a terrible attack of typhoid. Later I drove down and met Logan who came from Venice.

Thursday Nov. 26. 1896.

Called on Miss Paget, who was charming. We had a Thanksgiving turkey, and gave thanks for being in Italy, not in America. Logan and I spent the evening recalling our early religious experiences. Logan dropped his belief once for all when he was about 11. He was in a cherry tree stealing cherries, and he suddenly thought [0034] God couldn’t be omnipotent if he allowed wickedness in the world. I recalled some of the horrible hymns on which we were nourished, and sang them. Bernhard bought a fascinating gargoyle paper-weight.

Friday Nov. 27. 1896. Fiesole.

Had my music lesson from dear Buonamici. In the evening Logan read to us some of the “Thinking Lessons” he has been giving to his acquaintances. Bernhard has been at work all day on an article for the Gazette, proving that a certain drawing in the British Museum is really by Brescianino.I forgot to say that my article on Obrist is out, and Bernhard’s in the Nation on the Botticelli drawings came today. The editor wrote that it was superior to the drawings!!! Also there is a poem dedicated to him in the “Westminster Gazette”, of all places! apropos of the recent review [35] of him in the “Quarterly”. Alas! both the poem and the review itself are so dull that we cannot arrive at feeling any real pleasure in them.

Saturday Nov. 28.96.

A telegram came from Mrs. Gardner saying she would take the Velasquez. I rejoiced in the thought of the money, but Bernhard did not feel any real pleasure in it. Mr. Morgan came to lunch, and stayed hours afterward capping commonplaces with me. I like him, but a little goes a long way. Then came the Lovetts, and finally to my horror, Mrs. Horne and her daughter. Bernhard was down in town hunting for a picture-frame and calling on Mr. Benn. When the Hornes had finally gone, Logan and I walked down to the Palmerino. Miss Paget was en veine and very charming. [36] She was full of the idea that most novels become exhausted before they finish, and need replenishment by way of further unexpected developments, which most authors do not know how to give. She was running down “The Marble Faun”, as not in tune with the historical time it is laid in. But she talked well, with incisive phrases, and was cordial and distinguished in manner. She offered to teach me singing.

Bernhard finished his article on the Raphael cartoon of the British Museum and I printed it to send off. Maud Cruttwell went, much to our relief. We breathe again!

Sunday Nov. 29. 1896. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

A dreadful afternoon - first the little Morgan boys came - but they were nice - but the dreadful thing was an interminable call from Miss Dibblee. Bernhard went to dine with Mr. Davis, who is just starting for his Morrisfurnished dahabia (?) (sic) with £100 worth of flags, £500 plated silver, 30 large trunks, a manservant and a maidservant. He told Bernhard to invest all his money in sugar. [37]

[At the top of the page, a clipping from a newspaper pasted down: ‘Ballade of the new art criticism’.]

Monday Nov. 30. 1896.

Mrs. Buttles called with her daughter. I fell into a sort of open-eyed sleep, but presently she began to talk gossip about Janet Dodge’s relations, all of whom she knew very well, and so she was more interesting, as they seem to have been a house - like the line of Atreus - doomed to crime and suffering.

We worked over our lists for the German Edition of the “Florentine Painters”*,* and at 7.30 we all three were at the Palmerino. Miss Paget was nice. She told us how she was brought up Deistically, not on the Bible, but on George Count’s “Constitution of Man”, a treatise on Divine Law mixed with Phrenology. She imagined God as a “Being” continually occupied in framing Laws, both [38] moral and physical, which men were hindered from obeying by Priests. Logan said his childish idea of God was a sort of cloud-shaped man, “diaphanous, yet burly.” Bernhard told us how he was taught as a small boy to utter a curse and spit whenever he passed a Christian Church.

We laughed a good deal over Maud Cruttwell’s finding “Aglavaine et Sélysette” a “problem play”, in which the “teaching” was that a ménage à trois would be a very beautiful thing “if you could rise above the body.”

The walk home in the starlight with a lantern was delicious.

Tuesday Dec. 1st. 1896. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

The Signora Triulzi is doing Bernhard’s photographs, mounting them. I heard from home that the children are to be taken to Paris for Christmas. Poor dears! They hate it. They would infinitely rather be in the country with me. Their father does it simply to be hateful. But I think Grandma and I can make them have a very good time there, all the same.

We three walked over to the Gamberaia and [39] paid a long call on Miss Blood. In the evening we laid plans for the *Golden Urn*.

Wednesday Dec. 2, 1896.

Bernhard’s sister Senda writes that his “Florentine Painters” is used as a text-book for the Freshmen at Smith College. Here are the questions set them on it - would we had the answers!

1. What is the purpose of this book?

2. What province does it assign to art? (in [a] general sense)

3. What is the function of painting?

4. What is the relation of painting to life?

5. Why are Botticelli, Giotto, da Vinci and Michelangelo great? (general and specific reasons)

6. How is a great painter related to a great artist?

7. How is a great artist related to a great man?

8. Does artistic appreciation demand greatness?

9. How do little artists serve art?

10. By what other interests is art served?

11. How are portraits and landscape related?

12. Should and may a picture tell a story? [40]

Thursday Dec. 3. 1896. Fiesole

I went with Maud Cruttwell to call on Miss Wimbush, whose house is furnished in exquisite taste. Maud explained to us her theory of “Aglavaine et Sélysette” as a “problem play”, which ‘triumphantly solves the problem of living à trois, by showing that it is perfectly possible to do so without ill-feeling if only you rise above the body’. She believes in endless change by effort of will, and I could see that she thinks she is making herself over into a second Aglavaine! O the irony of it! Miss Sellers writes “Miss Cruttwell belongs to what I call the virginal order - she has never really given anything of herself. Poor woman, perhaps she has nothing to give, or perhaps people forbore for so long to ask for it, that she has forgotten all about it. But her doctrine of ‘not caring’ is certainly a strange one for a student [41] of Plato!”

Bernhard went to call on the Comtesse de Montebello, and enjoyed himself very much. Miss Blood’s portrait of the Princess Ghika was there, and he was obliged to speak politely of it. But as he was going out the Countess appeared from some corridor and hissed in his ear, “What do you really think of the portrait?” There is little love lost between her and Miss Blood.

Friday. Dec. 4. 1896.

I had my music lesson, and then a singing lesson from Miss Paget. Logan came to meet the Countess Rasponi, who never turned up. We walked back together. Miss Kolb is at the Palmerino, terribly life-diminishing.

Saturday Dec. 5.96.

It rained, but Bernhard went to Placci’s to lunch, and then to see the Marchesa Farinola and her Pontormo and Botticelli. Janet Dodge [42] came to lunch here and we tried musical experiments. I was dumbfounded to discover that there was apparently no connection between the sound and the notes in my mind. I could not write down the simplest thing from hearing it. Poor Janet, hearing that Herbert Horne was coming to dinner, determined to stay and drive home with him. First she complained about going out in the rain, and bored me to death about the weather. Finally, she got a chill and was sick at her stomach (whether really, or only in report, to melt my heart, I don’t know, but I suspect the latter). It seemed cruel to turn her out, for she lingered on and on to the last tram. But I fancy Horne is rather avoiding her — perhaps seeing that she is sentimental about him — and I could not face her or him for a long drive. So I [43] hardened my heart and let her go — after having endured infinite ennui from her all the afternoon.

Horne came to dinner, and we had a nicish evening.

\* Sunday Dec. 6. 1896.

Logan and I spent a good deal of the morning arranging the beautiful new furniture. The whole room must be changed to live up to it! Bernhard said he would send £100 to the Bensons, nominally for a copy of the Seminario Giorgione — really for two delightful people to live on. Logan was very much pleased over it. In the afternoon, after Mr. Blaydes, who lunched here, went, we re-arranged the furniture in Bernhard’s house. After tea, we talked of Logan’s Quaker story, and then finished the corrected lists for the German translation of the “Florentine Painters.” [44]

Monday Dec. 7. 1896. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Logan is starting us on the fatal path which ends in “Antiquity” shops. We went with him and bought some stuff today, and nosed about a good deal. Then, while Bernhard called on Janet, I shopped, and afterwards we met Logan at Placci’s and heard some Haydn, a minuet of Mozart, and a Sextette of Brahms - all most lovely. The Rasponi and the Pasolini came in like whirlwinds, but soon rushed out again. Placci seemed genial, but immersed in people - one only got hold of a tip of his finger. In the evening we went over the Braun photos £10 of which has just arrived.

Tuesday Dec. 8. 1896.

Miss Kolb came to lunch, and Mr. Holroyd also was here, kindly fixing up the Solario in a charming frame Bernhard bought for Mr. Longyear. Miss Kolb waked up at lunch and was witty and showed a [45] temperament, and afterwards she played the ouvertures of Figaroand Don Giovanni, and the Adagio from the Second Symphony. She plays very well, with a sensitive touch. She was in an unconcealable rage with Miss Paget, to whom she hates to play, and whom she regards as “un tempérament absolument anti-musicien.” Janet also came to lunch, and we had a long walk. In the evening Bernhard took Horne to dine at the Rasponis with the Pasolini and Placci. A great deal of amateur “art-talk” went on, but they were vivacious and kindly. Logan and I stayed at home and discussed our childish reminiscences and our early friends.

Wednesday Dec. 9.96.

Bernhard took Madame de Montebello to the Uffizi. She talked a lot of rot to him about Semito-Celtic symbolism and physiognomy, and made him come back cursing at the state people’s minds are in when they haven’t been to a university. I took Miss Paget to hear Janet’s spinet, which she liked, and then I haunted Curiosity shops with Logan. [46]

Thursday Dec. 10. 1896. Villa Rosa Fiesole

The countess Pasolini came and spent the morning with Bernhard. She said “O if you will come back to Rome, I really will listen to you.” (Query - what has she done before?) He says her interest in art is as a sort of background for her “gentlemen friends”. We began our selection of “poetry” from Shakspere [*sic*]. Mrs. Jeaffreson, of the “Angeli” called. We began our changes in the garden.

Friday Dec. 11.96.

After my music lesson, I hurried back and found Miss Blood and Mr. Morgan. The latter stayed until I positively had to go and dress to dine with the Baroness French. Placci was the only other guest, and we enjoyed ourselves very much with that delightful woman, and dear cheer-giving Carlo.

Saturday Dec. 12. 1896.

Mr. Holroyd and the life-diminishing Janet Dodge came to lunch. Logan and Holroyd and Bernhard walked to the Tree, but I went on slaving over the third edition of the “Venetians” which is called for. There are hundreds of changes to be made — it is an appalling job. [47] We worked on it in the evening till I was tired to death, and the ungrateful wretch Bernhard then quarrelled with me for being tired. Such is the payment of unselfishness!!

Sunday Dec. 13. 1896.

Again I slaved over the “Venetians” - but this time with a better result, for after quarrelling with me violently, Bernhard made up very sweetly and we accomplished the feat of working together the whole Inaevening without a jar!

I have ordered cases of Mr. Morgan’s excellent wine to be sent to the Robertsons, to Christina Bremner and to Helen Hopekirk. I love to think how they will enjoy it. I am reading Rousseau’s Confessions and Bernhard is reading Swift and Mrs. Ady’s Life of Millet*.*

Monday Dec. 14.96.

I went to the Modern Exhibition - horrible, awful - unspeakable. I simply can’t write about it for the Gazette. Maud will write for the Studio, and she is very pleased to get the job. Afterwards I went to Placci’s and heard some Haydn and Mozart’s 3rd Symphony. Bernhard dined with the Jeaffresons at the Villa Angeli. [48]

Tuesday Dec. 15. 1896. Villa Rosa Fiesole

Logan and I went in to shop, and bought a superb Aubusson carpet and some china. I enjoyed the spending of money immensely. But I feel that I shall never enjoy it again quite so much. They say the taste grows, but I think I can never again feel the same closeness to the dread of not having enough, the contrast which makes the first taste of the superfluous so delicious! Poor Bernhard is suffering a great deal from his digestion.

Wednesday Dec. 16, 1896.

We lunched at Placci’s, all three of us. Such a nice Russian girl was there. I can’t remember her name, but she said that ever since she was 10 she had written down all that struck her in a personal way – emotions, conversations, things she saw, people she met, books she read – everything that really appealed to her individually.

After lunch I took Placci to hear Janet’s spinet (which he liked) while Bernhard and Logan went to Bardini’s, and [49] called on the Benns. They are getting to be great friends, and I am so glad.

\* Thursday Dec. 17. 1896.

A wet day, with our first hint of snow. Bernhard and I paid a flying call on the Lovetts. Miss Kolb came to dinner, and was quite fascinating! She is distinctly “our kind”. How she hates Miss Paget! And with good reason - Miss Paget is playing her usual nasty tricks she plays on people who are unlucky enough to get into her power. She makes the poor girl weep nearly every day of her life. She even won’t let her have enough wood, but Miss Kolb is sharp enough to confess to a delight in stealing it from the woodbox, when Zerlina, the maid, chances to leave it open! She was witty and entertaining [50] about it, and in the end spoke freely, because, as she said, she was nothing to Miss Paget, who makes her play for her board, and commands her to do it, without a pretence at politeness. Enfin – we asked her to come and spend Christmas here, if we could get Mr. and Mrs. Robinson to come over from Venice and chaperone her!

Friday Dec. 18.96. Fiesole

We thought afterwards of the time-honoured warning “Lay hands suddenly on no man.”But it is done. Che sarà, sarà. After my music lesson, Logan and I called on the Jeaffresons at the Angeli. They have made the house most comfortable, modo inglese*.* In the evening we worked to brutalizing over the new edition of the Venetians. It is an awful task!

Saturday Dec. 19.96.

Still rain. We walked and peeped in at [51] various villas to let, and again worked ourselves to the point of misery over the catalogue.

Sunday Dec. 20. 1896.

We walked over to the Gamberaia and paid a long call on Miss Blood, who was very much distressed over the death of Kitty Hall’s mother. Her rooms are quite lovely there - but even after them, the newly arranged Salotto here is a great joy, with its florid Aubusson carpet and graceful Empire chairs and soft hangings. Logan has made it most lovely.

Monday Dec. 21.96.

I had already asked the Lovetts to lunch, Janet came by chance, and Placci wrote that he would come. We should have enjoyed him more alone, for the Lovetts were heavy and embarrassed and Janet indifferent, but still he was nice as it was, a real dear. The others [52]stayed and stayed - but he stayed longer, and we had a few minutes talk. He drove down to Florence with Logan and me, raging against Miss Paget. Logan and I had tea with Miss Cruttwell. He then went to haunt the old shops, and I took Maud and did some errands, ending up with a call on the Buttles.

Pleasant as the day was, the evening was best of all, for Logan read us “The Poetry of Shakspeare” (selected for the Golden Urn). It was delightful to be lifted away at once from everything sordid. Then he read us his arrogant introduction – a delicious bit of writing – and some of his “Tragic Walks”, which we really liked. We decided on the contents of the first number, which will soon be issued.

Tuesday Dec. 22. 1896. Fiesole.

I worked nearly all day. Miss Kolb came to lunch and Salvemini to dinner - greatly [53] improved in two years. He told us a lot about his training as a Seminarist, and said he was sure that 90% of atheists among Italian priests was a low average. As his Bishop said, a man must nowadays possess 3 qualifications if he is to take up the profession of priest: che sia povero, asino e brutto*.*

Wednesday Dec. 23.96.

Maud Cruttwell came up and read me her Studio article, while I was in the midst of furniture changing, making the place habitable for the Robinsons and Miss Kolb who are coming while I am away.

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Sunday Jan. 17. 1897. Giappone, Massa (Carrara)

Two enchanting weeks with the children in Paris, bicycling and skating, a hurried week in London, and now back again in Italy. Bernhard met me tonight at 10, at the station here. How glad I was to see him! [54]

Monday Jan. 18. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

We spent the day in Pisa seeing the sights, and reached here for a late dinner. Logan was eager to hear all Alys’ and Bertie’s American gossip, which I had picked up from them in London.

\* Tuesday Jan. 19.97.

Began a regular life again, music, photographs, printing Bernhard’s manuscript, etc. In the afternoon we went to see the “Eremo della Schifa-nebbia” - an enchanted spot.Bernhard was much taken with the idea of passing as ‘le bel hermitte’ [i.e. ermite]. In the evening we read Keats.

Wednesday Jan. 20.97.

We walked up to the Morgans in the afternoon. The little boys were so nice.

Thursday Jan. 21.97.

Logan and I went shopping in Florence, [55] and then called on Miss Paget, while Bernhard went to the Academy with Prince and Princess Galitzine and afterwards had tea with Miss Robins.

Friday Jan. 22.97.

I had my music lesson, and then called on Ma Buttles. Logan haunted junk shops, and Bernhard stayed at home and wrote business letters. In the evening we read the first book of Paradise Lost, and were rapturous with pleasure.

Saturday Jan. 23. 1897.

Janet Dodge and Mr. Morgan came to lunch. We asked the latter what he would do if he had £50,000 a year. Besides going into Parliament and having a country seat in Surrey and a town house at Lancaster Gate,he would [56] endow a Theatre and a School of Acting! – a most unexpected development on the part of this seemingly staid and commonplace gentleman. Logan has a theory that if he would only express himself we should be surprised at the revelations. He has an absurdly naive and shy way of flirting with me – it often makes me laugh. Miss Alice Taylor came up to see Bernhard, and then came here to tea. Bernhard was nasty and spiteful about Miss Paget, and we were all rather paradoxical and hateful, but she stayed a long time and succeeded in the end in getting some information out of The Master. Janet Dodge amused us telling about Dolmetsch who lives with a sister-in-law, who isn’t really his sister-in-law (having divorced his brother), spied upon by a jealous wife, who isn’t really his wife (never having [57] been legally married to him).

In the evening we read the second book of Paradise Lost*.*

x Sunday, Jan. 24, 1897

I received this letter from my little Bologna acquaintance May Jeffrey Landsem:

[59]

Monday Jan. 25.97. Fiesole

Really began my Louvre Guide – i.e. Bernhard did! We lunched with Mrs. Eyre and enjoyed her gossip very much. Logan and I went to Florence and shopped. I called on Janet Dodge, and we ended up at Placci’s with some music. Milton in the evening.

Tuesday Jan. 26. 1897.

Logan lunched with Mr. Hamilton an3d Bernhard with Herbert Horne, so I had the day to myself – and quite enjoyed my solitary walk. I printed Bernhard’s manuscript and enjoyed that, and after the “rampart” walk I called on the Jeffreasons**.** Horne came to tea. In the evening we went on with “Paradise Lost”*.* [60]

Wednesday Jan. 27. 1897. Fiesole.

I went to see Janet, and listened to Bach on the spinet for a couple of hours, enjoying it keenly. We then called on the Hornes. Bernhard walked over to the Gamberaia to see Miss Blood, to whom he is teaching Greek. As usual, we read Milton all the evening. Logan and I are learning “Lycidas”.

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Thursday Jan. 28. 1897.

Mr. Marsh (Bertie’s friend) and his sister came to lunch, also Miss Blood, whom Logan and I took to call on Miss Paget. The call went off very well, though the Sibyl Palmerina plunged into deep discourse the moment we entered and quite took Miss Blood’s breath away. Walking home Logan and I saw over a Villa with a divine facade and loggia which is for sale. Milton in the evening. [61]

Friday Jan. 29. 1897.

My music lesson – I am as frightened as a little girl. I don’t seem to make any progress, and I am ashamed to take up Buonamici’s time. Afterwards I called on Maud Cruttwell, who was all aflame about the place of the “Idea” in Poetry. She is in - cred - i - bly stupid. Herbert Horne came to dinner and was very nice.

\* Saturday Jan. 30. 1897.

Worked a little on the Louvre Guide. The little Morgan boys came to call. The Lovetts also called, later, and were rather deadly, she, at least. Milton in the evening.

Sunday Jan. 31. 1897.

A nice quiet day, with reading, music and poetry. Miss Taylor and Janet Dodge came to lunch and we looked at photos. Miss Taylor seemed intelligent, but made of hard British caoutchouc. [62]

Monday Feb. 1. 1897. Fiesole

Logan and I went over the “Eremo” but found an impossible interior. Bernhard went to Bardini’s to see a “Botticelli”, which turned out to be a copy. I shopped, and finally called on Miss Julia ‘Fool’ Robins, who regaled me with tales of her illness, praises of Mr. Hobson, and dissertations on dress. I purged myself of her with the last book of Paradise Lost*.*

Tuesday Feb. 2. 1897.

Heavy mist. Janet called and was deadly – she cares for nothing but herself in the narrowest, dreariest way. Mr. Hamilton came to lunch, and Mr. Morgan called. We read Comus in the evening, and found it less beautiful than we anticipated. [63]

Wednesday Feb. 3. 1897.

We called on Miss Blood, all three of us, and found her ill. I think she has the same trouble that I had last spring, and I offered to bring Dr. Poggi, and to insist on his examining her. The poor unmarried women on the Continent have to endure all their internal ills without hope of remedy because it isn’t etiquette for doctors to examine them. It is a strange relic! In the evening Bernhard dined with the Ogilvys and discussed the relative merits of Marion Crawford and Rudyard Kipling – !

Thursday Feb. 4. 1897

We called on Mrs. Ross and looked at a villa near Poggio Gherardi. She said that once an illegally attached couple came to call on her when the Morgans were calling. Mrs. Morgan took her aside and begged her not to allude to it. “Why, it’s not contagious!” said Mrs. Ross. “No,” replied Mrs. Morgan, “but for my [64] husband’s sake - he is so good, so severely moral, he can’t bear to hear such things mentioned.” This is not the Morgan we know, who can listen to Miss Cruttwell discussing the advisability of having a liaison with your mother-in-law, without turning a hair.

In the evening the Lovetts came to dinner. Lovett told us of a co-Professor of his at Chicago who accepted the job of editing Paradise Lost, and read it for the first and last time in the train going to Boston. Lovett himself, for a “Professor of English Literature”, seemed remarkably ignorant. He is stupid too – for he had read 4 volumes of Creighton and never once thought whether he liked any of the Popes or not! Mrs. Lovett is unspeakable.We read L’Allegro, Penseroso and the Ode.

Friday Feb. 5.’97. Fiesole. Villa Rosa

Music lesson, and then Bernhard and I met at the Hornes and heard some duets with the Viol di braccia and harpsichord – charming old music. In the evening we read “Paradise Regained”*.* [65]

Saturday Feb. 6.97.

Logan and I called on Baroness French, and bought some pretty silver. Miss Kolb arrived unexpectedly in my absence, but stayed in bed with a headache. Instead of reading, Bernhard and I corrected the proofs of his third edition of the Venetians.

Sunday Feb. 7.97.

Rain. We had some music, and Janet Dodge came up, bearing reports via Miss Taylor, of venomous things Miss Cruttwell says about Bernhard. She seems to be going the way of Loeser, and Bernhard predicts a speedy partnership between them. In the evening we read Samson Agonistes and had some music.

Monday Feb. 8. 1897.

Logan and I lunched at the Morgans – dull! dull! dull! Miss Paget called - then Bernhard and I drove down to Florence. Lovely sunshine. We met Miss Kolb at Janet’s and heard some tinkling spinet. [66] Then we went to the Placcis and heard them play Brahms’ Deutsche Requiem and Buonamici played some Mozart alone – deliciously. In the evening we read Milton’s shorter things, and had more music.

Mr. Blaydes sent Bernhard a manuscript chapter of his book – the chapter on ‘Epicurus and Death’. We were all three enchanted with it – and I must add overcome with surprise. It stands close to Pater. He has real style, and a certain attractive attitude towards life. He is deeply cultivated as well. It was an unexpected revelation!

Tuesday Feb. 9. 1897. Fiesole

I took Dr. Poggi to see Miss Blood, and while he was seeing her I had a long talk with the Princess Ghika – an exquisitely graceful, refined, but embarrassingly shy creature. Then I [67] walked back. I met Miss Duff Gordon and Miss Symonds on the way, walking home from having tea with Bernhard. Logan said he went over and found Bernhard baiting them – leading them on to say silly things about art, and then tearing them to pieces. He said it was cruel, but he joined in; but as they were young men, perhaps they did not mind it. In the evening we had more music.

Wednesday Feb. 10.97.

Maud Cruttwell, Janet and Miss Buttles came up and we had some music. Bernhard called on Miss Blood and the Ghika. They had tea out of doors. I went to meet him and we walked home in the moonlight. We had music in the evening, and amusing badinage with Miss Kolb, qui a de l’esprit*.* [68]

Thursday Feb. 11. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

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Bernhard lunched with Horne and saw various things in the Library, etc. Then he and Logan called on Mrs. Scott at Arcetri. I took Miss Kolb to the station, and then shopped a little with Janet Dodge - then called for Miss Taylor and brought her up here. She was full of Miss Cruttwell’s hatefulness – quite had her en grippe.

The Kolb has left a charming impression – witty and wayward.

\* Friday Feb. 12.97.

Bernhard felt low all day and worried about money matters. He took a long walk with Miss Taylor in the [69] afternoon, while Logan and I looked at villas to let: the Frescobaldi and Belriposoand La Frosina.In the evening Bernhard read the American edition of Vasari (sent by the “Nation” to review) and I printed his “Umbrians”. This new book is as good as anything he has ever done. But he did not feel much cheered up, poor dear.

Miss Taylor did not leave a remarkable impression. She seems to be very sensible and nice, but without temperament or charm. I couldn’t get interested in a thing she said. And she is tainted with Theosophy – dread disease! She seems to me “old maid-ish” in the sense of Maud Cruttwell. [70]

Saturday Feb. 13. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

We drove to Careggi and saw the “Loggia dei Bianchi” – charming, adorable – but uninhabitable. No, we must stick to our sky view, and never try to live down in a plain. In the evening we read “Cristabel”.

Sunday Feb. 14. 1897. My 33rd Birthday.

The darling children sent me presents they had made, and two dear little notes. Bernhard sent a loving note across, and I felt quite happy.

In the afternoon, after the departure of the boring Miss Robinses, who came to lunch, we walked to Poggio Gherardo and called on Mrs. Ross. The American habit of continual talk – like engines leaving a trail of steam behind them, had left us depressed, but in the lovely air and sunshine, we recovered. Coming back, we wandered through [71] the bosco of our Fonte Scuro, and heard the first nightingale.

Monday Feb. 15. 1897.

I finished type-writing the text of the “Central Italians”. We went to the Placcis as usual and heard a Mozart duet - the First Symphony. The beautiful and life-enhancing Contessa Papafava came in for a few moments. Zangwill writes that he is coming to Florence with his sisters: “I should like to take them that short walk, where, as B.B. puts it, the earth exhibitsher naked ribs.I trust Logan will be in canonicals, and I may be permitted to see one of the services – perhaps a tip to Rosa will secure admission to the chapel where she will explain to me the ritual and the martyrology.” “Martyrology’ is a good touch, in Zangwill’s happiest style! [72]

Tuesday Feb. 16. 1897. Grand Hotel Siena

Eugénie Sellers wrote she would come, but as we were starting she telegraphed she wouldn’t, so we came without her, but with Herbert Horne. The day was enchanting, sunny, warm, blue. From the cemetery most lovely. Logan and I played piquette, to our great delight. We walked about, and after dinner walked in the moonlight - full moon. We talked about “What is the essence of good prose?” and found it a difficult subject!

Wednesday Feb. 17. 1897. Siena

Bernhard, Horne and I saw a number of churches in the morning, and discovered a hidden-away Neroccio – a great beauty. Logan haunted book-shops, and bought, among others, a book about the lives of the Saints, over which he chuckled all day, occasionally reading extracts that were not too indecent! [73] In the afternoon we went to the Opera del Duomo and the Duomo, where we met Beatrice Horne and Janet Dodge, who are staying at the Chiusarelli.They came back to tea, and then they went on the Litzato see the splendid sunset, while Logan and I hired bicycles and had a run out beyond Porta Camollia. By that time my head was throbbing with pain, and it ended in the severest neuralgic headache I have ever had. I did not realize a head could ache so fiercely!

Thursday Feb. 18. 1897. Siena

Churches in the morning and a wonderful drive to Belcaro in the afternoon. We read Coleridge in the evening.

\* Friday Feb. 19.

Still churches and in the afternoon the Gallery. We met Mrs. Walter Sickert there. Afterwards we walked to the Osservanti. Janet and Beatrice called later. [74]

Saturday Feb. 19 [i.e. 20]. 1897. Grand Hotel Siena

We saw S. Domenico, Catherine’s House, and the Archives in the morning. After lunch Bernhard and I went alone to the Gallery, the others repairing to Old Curiosity shops instead. At 3.30 we went to the Workhouse, and then to some other churches. Janet and Beatrice came in to tea. In the evening we read Burns, and found we didn’t care much for him. Also some Wordsworth which we did like.

Sunday Feb. 21. 1897 Siena

Churches and a drive to the Castello di Quattro Torre.Mrs. Sickert called, and we liked her.

Monday Feb. 22. 1897. Siena

An awful cold. Horne and Bernhard spent the day at the Library and in private collections. Ray well again – a wire. [75]

Tuesday Feb. 23.97. Monte Oliveto Maggiore

Train to Asciano - explored churches and had lunch - and then drove here - an enchanted spot. But I am fearfully ill with my cold.

Wednesday Feb. 24. 1897. Marzocco Montepulciano

Drove to Buonconvento, San Quirico, Pienza and here. Weather perfect and the country too lovely. Sunrise at Monte Oliveto glorious.

Thursday Feb. 25. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Saw Montepulciano and drove to Chiusi, and took train home. Logan and I wiled away the time playing Picquette. To our surprise, we found Miss Sellers already here – after all her telegrams and letters and hesitations. It was a pleasure to see her. Sunrise over Thrasymene splendid! [76]

Friday Feb. 26. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Bernhard called on the Perrys and the Benns, and came home with an awful cold. Logan and Miss Sellers chatted and bicycled. I was much worried by letters saying Miss Clare was disagreeable to mother, and so I spent most of the day writing to her and Alys and mother to try to improve matters. We chatted in the evening. Mrs. Gardner wants the Rembrandt Landscape!

Saturday Feb. 27. 1897. Fiesole

Both our colds awful. We stodged away over lists, being fit for nothing else.

Sunday Feb. 28. 1897.

The same tale. In the evening Bernhard and Miss Sellers ‘schimpfed’ Mr. Arthur Strong. [77]

Monday March 1. 1897.

We worked on the Lists. In the afternoon Bernhard and Miss Sellers took a walk, and I called on Miss Taylor and Miss Robins – both terribly boring. Miss Robins has a horrible way of beginning a new sentence before she has finished the old – so that her hearer cannot get in a word. She is perhaps the most awful bore I know – though Mrs. Buttles and Mrs. Horne run her hard.

Miss Sellers told us about Miss Jane Harrison once lecturing on “Pelus and Tantalops.” [78]

Tuesday March 2. 1897. Fiesole. Villa Rosa

A miserable day for me owing to Bernhard’s losing his temper several times while working with me in the morning, and simply furiously in the afternoon because he thought I was cheated by the men who brought a book from the Railway. Perhaps I was, but it is scarcely worth making a disgusting scene about. I feel very miserable over it – such things upset me terribly – and if he is like this now, what will he be as an old man? It isn’t a deep fault, but it is perhaps more wearing than a really worse thing would be. Eheu! [79] Mr. Benn came to lunch. He looked over the proofs of our first “Golden Urn”, and said he wondered at our choosing lines from Shakspere, [*sic*] whom he doesn’t care much for. He thinks Ben Jonson a finer poet, and Lauder finer than either. He quoted the following lines of Lauder as the most beautiful in English literature:

“I know whose head thy flower-like hands have crowned,

I know for whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.”

The word unbraided, he said, is the culminating point of beauty —-- !!! Janet Dodge also came to lunch.

It is hard to know what to do in [80] the evenings, as Miss Sellers can’t bear reading aloud. We can’t talk always, especially as we talk at meals and long after, and for hours at tea. I find Miss Sellers, charming as she is, extraordinarily tactless. She knows we always read, and she knows we want to go on. But I suppose she never thinks about other people enough to know that she ought either to disguise her dislike of reading or to go to her own sitting-room. She sits every night till 10.30 keeping us from doing all the things we want to do.

Ash Wednesday March 3. 1897. Fiesole

We went to the Uffizi, and then to tea at Maud Cruttwell’s, where Mrs. [81] Perry was gruesomely inspired to come and pay a call upon me. She was an indescribably bore, and stayed more than an hour.

Bernhard remained very cross about the payment on his book, and refused to be convinced, although we went to the Dogana and saw the Capo, who said it was all right. I am very miserable over it – not so much over the momentary affair – though it upsets me awfully, but the fear for years to come – unless he really takes his temper in hand – which he seems very little inclined to do.

He longs for the “unsordid” life, but there is nothing so sordid as losing your temper and self-control over small things, looking ugly and distorted and speaking in a harsh voice. [82]

Thursday March 4, 1897. Fiesole

Bernhard and I made up our quarrel. The truth is I am abominably lacking in tact, a fault at least as annoying as his quick temper. But we must cultivate the art of life, the art of companionship.

We had a charming walk in the afternoon to the Eremo di Schifa-nebbia, wandering in the ilex-grove gathering violets and listening to the streams. In the evening we read Keats, in spite of Miss Sellers.

Friday March 5.97

Worked on lists etc. in the morning. I had my music lesson and then called on the Buttles’. Horne dined here and was quiet but nice, as usual. [83]

Saturday March 6. 1897

Lists etc. in the morning. Janet Dodge came to lunch to see the dressmaker – Rosa’s niece, who is here. We chatted a little after lunch while Logan and Bernhard went over the manuscript of his “Central Italians”. After tea they called on the Countess Rasponi, and Miss Sellers and I took a long walk. In the evening we revised and re-enjoyed our selections from Milton.

\* Sunday March 7. 1897

The Miss Robins came to lunch and we were bored mad and blind with their incessant double river of talk. Whew!!! Mr. Morgan called and seemed sad when we said his offered contributions would not do for the Golden Urn. If he only knew the comic of his having sent us such things and how we roared over them! Read Milton in the evening. [84]

Monday March 8. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Maud Cruttwell came up to tea - this was our only divertisments, after Logan left in the morning. We miss him terribly. I told Eugénie that Maud had said that she and Logan were quite certainly engaged, and she was so annoyed that she told me that Miss Paget had assured her most solemnly that Carlo Placci was in love with me. We had a good laugh over these old maids’ fancies!

Tuesday March 9. 1897.

A fascinating Italian quartette played Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. I met Hildebrand afterwards, and then Placci walked to San Gervasio with us, talking politics. We did [85] enjoy seeing him again, but I could not [not] notice that he grew pale and trembled when he met me!!

Wednesday March 10.97. Karin’s 8th birthday

We went to see the Cantagalli factory with Horne and met and liked very much Signor Cantagalli. We got awfully tired, and Mrs. Horne at tea was anything but refreshing!

Thursday March 11. 1897.

We went with Eugénie to the Pitti and the Boboli Gardens, and enjoyed it very much. She has been enchanting all day. [86]

Friday March 12.97. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

I had my music lesson, and then Eugénie and I had tea at Miss Godkin’s with the two deadly Robins – chickens of the intellect, unhatched in taste – lively ladies who aren’t so grown up as Ray and Karin.

\* Saturday Mar. 13. 1897.

A quiet day in the rain – music and books, talks and walks. Eugénie read me a foolish, foolish letter she had had from Alice Kemp-Welch,who makes out that her present suicidal woe comes – not from having lost her money (which it does) but from her cruel separation from her adored Eugénie, whom [87] she thinks of every hour and longs to possess “body, soul and spirit.”“If it were not for Willie and my Parents, I should make a sudden end to my love, but as it is I try to bear my anguish as secretly and graciously as may be,” i.e., by going out to a dozen teas every day, Miss Lowndes says.

Sunday March 14. 1897.

I had the “weeping sinew” cut out of my hand, under chloroform, tied on a couple of tables in Janet’s rooms. It did not hurt, I did not hear what was being said, and yet, in some queer way, I had an impression [88] that I knew everything that was going on, and had sense enough to talk Italian. It seems to have been a very complicated reaction to stimulus not involving consciousness. Eugénie was very nice and took care of me. Bernhard called at the Gamberaia and Miss Blood came back to see me.

Monday Mar. 15. 1897. Fiesole

My hand is rather bad, but I was distracted from the pain by Eugénie’s most entertaining accounts of her various “affaires”. I saw her off to Rome at 5 o’clock, with the most serious and persistent of these, Arthur Strong.

Tuesday Mar. 16.97

Hand torturing, not the cut, but the bandaging. Read “Vanity Fair” [89] and was not pleased. Janet and Beatrice Horne called, and Miss Taylor came to lunch.

Wednesday Mar. 17.97.

I cut open some of the bandage myself, and felt relieved. Read some books on music. Janet to lunch.

Thursday Mar. 18. 1897.

Saw Janet off to Milan - England - America. Bernhard had a visit from Mr. Perry, whom I found here drinking tea on my return. Mr. Morgan called, and we talked of the difficulty of keeping up with one’s children.

Friday Mar. 19.97

Bernhard lunched with the Benns and had a long walk with Mr. Benn, while I stayed in, suffering considerably in my hand, and finished the Lists for the “Central Italians”*.* Mr. Jeffreason and Miss Gurney called. [90]

Saturday, March 20. 1897 Fiesole

Bernhard lunched with the Perrys, and found Mrs. Perry more agreeable than he had anticipated. I called on Miss Blood and Miss Paget - the latter was out. Herbert Horne came up to dinner and to spend the night, and we had a quiet pleasant evening talking “shop” and music.

Sunday March 21. 1897.

Terrible discovery that the Morelli “Christ” and Donaldson’s Madonna are not genuine Botticellis!! Studied photos in the morning. Logan writes: “It is a real Thebaid down here (Fernhurst) with Alys and Bertie, Trevelyan and myself; but it isn’t Italy, and another year I shan’t come back so soon. It would take the prose style of a Victor Hugo to write you a proper Collins after my long winter’s [91] visit. I don’t know when I have ever enjoyed a winter so much, and I make Alys and Bertie green with the account of our intellectual feasts and fasts. Bertie longs to join in the hounding of the German Emperor and hopes there will still be some of him left in the Autumn. He has about three words too that he wants to say about Democracy …

I read En route in the train, and was much interested in all he said on his point of view and information – there was no eddy or agitation in the 13th or aesthetic water-tight compartment. Read En Route and then La Tentation, et vous verrez, Messieurs et Dames!

Give my affectionate regards to the Bel Ermite, and tell him that,

94-95: two blank pages

[94] having formed the habit, I am still arguing aesthetics, only, as his views are attacked, I now defend them – meeting and answering all the arguments I used against him last winter in something the way he met them and answered them – only rather better!”

In the afternoon we went down to the Rehearsal of the Orchestral Concert, and enjoyed it and Placci very much. In the evening we indexed the “Central Italians”*.*

Monday March 22.97. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Bernhard spent the morning with Horne at the library of S. Maria Nuova. He and Placci lunched with the Halseys. He then called on the Ogilvys and then we met at 5 at Placci’s. I had a quiet day, only broken by a call from that nice little boy, Hugh Morgan. [95]

\* Tuesday March 23. 1897.

For me an utterly quiet day of reading and work. Bernhard lunched with the Longyears, whom he liked very much, in spite of their “Christian Science” craze. He took them to the Academy, and then he met Miss Blood, who drove him up. We had a long, amusing talk about being “in love” – how pleasant the early stages were – and I counselled him to try it – as would indeed be natural to his age and sex! He laughed a great deal, and said the most attractive to him for such an experiment (if he were minded to make it) would be – to my surprise – Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice!

Wednesday Mar. 24. 1897.

Placci came up to lunch, and we talked [96] religion for hours. He is becoming a Catholic again - under the influence of Mme. de Montebello, whose silly, silly arguments and prejudices he recited with a sort of sacrosanct air. It made me really dislike him, for a time – not that he should be a Catholic – ça m’est égal – but that he should use such foolish arguments about it. However, the real Placci came out when he said he would begin to fast at once except that it would give such pleasure to his family! He also amused us by repeating what were evidently Mme. de Montebello’s views of Jews, how they are taught to hate Christians, and do not consider adultery with a Christian woman a sin, though it would be an awful one with a [97] Jewess. In fact, I got quite to dislike him, and I was so sorry for this, that at last I got him to play. But I did not get back my comfortable feeling of affection for him till we left the Hildebrand’s and, talking about the priggish girls who are brought up to have all the right tastes, he said that he had loved Wagner and Impressionism because they had shocked him a little, ‘and his family more’. It is hard on children to have too perfect parents!! Mr. Hildebrand was very nice to us, and his wife perfectly charming. I fell quite in love with her. Her husband’s bust of her which he is just finishing I hope to reproduce in an article in the Gazette. [98]

Thursday March 25. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Bernhard took Miss Blood to the Bargello. I finished the Index of Places, and had a long chat with Dr. Paoletti, who came and freed my hand of its last bandages. Hugh Morgan called and we had a nice talk. He is a dear boy.

Friday March 26. 1897

The “Golden Urns” came – un vero piacere. I sent off the manuscript of the Central Italians (lists and Index) and did a little stiff practising with a still aching hand, while Bernhard entertained the Perrys, who afterwards came here to tea. Mrs. Morgan and Percy called. We had a splendid walk at sunset. [99]

Saturday, Mar. 27, 1897

We lunched at Placci’s and met a clever man, Count Emo Capodalisto [i.e. Capodilista] who lives in the Villa Fanzuola near Castelfranco. Placci seemed quiet and distrait, but waked up when I asked him if he had begun to fast on Friday. He said he had. Of course he is in love with Mme. de Montebello – but his influence on top of his early training may confirm him in his superstitions. I ought to be sympathetic, for did we not become Catholics when we fell in love! But I’m not – it makes me lose about 3/4 of my interest and pleasure in Placci. If I could believe it was only a phase, like ours –

After lunch Bernhard took the Halseys and I Hugh Morgan to see pictures. I bought Hugh a knife, and he was awfully pleased, and kept looking at it and feeling it in his pocket all the way up in the tram. [100]

Sunday Mar. 28. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Kraus played his beastly Brass Band morning and afternoon, and the contadini he has put in over my head pounded nails and clattered about in heavy boots – and the end was I gave Kraus notice I would not stay after next December. We took a long walk – to the Tree – to wear off our rage, and returned in an idyllic frame of mind. The Lovetts came to dinner, he formal and refined and intelligent as usual, she coarser, fatter, and more hopelessly heavy than ever.

Monday, Mar. 29.97.

Count Emo Capodalista [i.e. Capodilista] came to lunch, and was charming. We liked him so much. The two Miss Ogilvys came to Bernhard’s to have tea, but I went down and called on Miss Littell [101] who had the gruesome idea of inviting Mme. Orsi to meet me. She seemed good-natured – but she reminded me that the world is full of meaningless, talkative people. Then I called on another such, Miss Robins, and then came gladly home. Mr. Blaydes arrived from Rome, thinner and nicer looking than before, and we had a pleasant little chat.

Tuesday March 30. 1897.

Worked as usual. In the afternoon I had a walk with Mr. Blaydes and Bernhard went to drive with Miss Robins.

Wednesday March 31. 1897.

Miss Robins, D. S. MacColland his charming French wife came to call, but first Dr. Richter and Miss Taylor came to lunch. Afterwards we had a walk. [102]

Thursday April 1st. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Quarrels with Kraus over the intolerable nuisance of his Brass Band kept us peppering hot. Herbert Horne came to dinner and to spend the night, quiet but nice as usual.

Friday April 2.’97.

I had my music lesson, and then hurried up to have tea with Placci, who was there longing for persecution and the martyr’s crown. But we only laugh at him for his Catholicism – which is a great disappointment. Mr. Morgan called.

I forgot to say that yesterday Miss Blood called, and at last Mr. Strong, the Great, who was silent and grumpy and disagreeable – evidently hating to obey Eugénie and come, and longing to be away in the congenial society of Loeser, who was waiting for [103] him in the Piazza. He seemed thoroughly disagreeable and vain and ill-natured.

Saturday April 3. 1897.

I went to town with Mr. Blaydes, and among other things saw a lawyer who said that legally I might sue Kraus to return my money, or stop the nuisance of his Band. Fabbri came to dinner, the same as usual, serious and hermit-like – a *real* hermit. Depressed, too, as usual, but particularly nice.

Sunday April 4. 1897.

We went to the “Prova”, and heard Beethoven’s Eighth Symphony, part of the Meistersinger, some Russian dances and the ouverture to “Der Freischütz”. Then we had tea with Placci, who forced us at last into persecuting him. He said he believed in Lourdes!! But he [104] was quite himself, when, in answer to our reproach that all his arguments were those of a half-educated person, he replied, “But there are no other arguments except half-educated ones to support Catholicism. I take what I can get.” When I said it was almost the same thing as falling in love, he looked peculiarly conscious!

Mr. Blaydes dined with us but went afterwards to his own apartment in the Torre Rossa.We read “Adonais”and “The Sensitive Plant” in the evening. Mr. Blaydes is very nice, but curiously inexpressive. We really know no more about him as a person, or his tastes or enthusiasms, than when he came. Yet his writing shows him to be singularly sensitive and reflective. [105]

Monday April 5. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Bernhard went down to study the drawings with Horne and I worked on my Louvre Guide. Horne came up to spend the night, and we looked at Botticinis and talked shop in the evening.

X

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Mrs. Halsey came to tea, and bored me.

Tuesday April 6. 1897.

Horne stayed till 5, chatting and looking at photographs. The Lovetts called to say goodbye. He said that when he was little they used to tell him not to grieve away the Holy Ghost. So he used to lie in bed and think pious thoughts about angels and heaven, so as to tempt it to come near, and then in a flash, before it could escape, he would say, “Curse you, you Holy Ghost!” Mrs. Lovett looked fat and coarse and impossible.

Hugh Morgan came to say goodbye. [106]

Wednesday. April 7. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Placci writes – stupidly enough, but Catholicism does make people stupid! – “Lady Pagetyesterday spoke to me at length of her long stays at Hatfield. Lord Salisbury says long prayers in the chapel every day, and his agnostic friends are very astonished at his accentuated High Churchism. I suppose he is a “half educated” like myself – and I rejoice in the companionship. Perhaps men of action are allowed to be religious, and not amateur contemplators who amuse themselves at polishing up the tiny engrainages [i.e. engrenages] of mentality. Which class of men are more useful to Humanity at large? … I do not know. Decide you.” To which Bernhard has replied: “I am half tempted to take up your challenge about Salisbury and whether he also is “half educated” because he prays. But [107] what’s the use? Arguments are of small avail except where common premises are assumed, and a common method of reasoning. But I may say that by “half educated” I mean persons who seriously think that religious dogma can be defended as scientific principles can be. I think a man of (relatively) perfect education may believe anything, but such a man will not try to defend his belief.

With you I have no bone to pick. If it does not estrange [you] from me, or make unpalatable one of the two dearest friends I have on earth, I shall have nothing to say against your religion. I believe religion, as everything except concepts, to be an expression of temperament. Religion is a form of art; taken as objective reality it is [108] the art of the un-aesthetic; but taken consciously as subjective it is perhaps the highest form of beauty.

By the way, it is very “half educated” to distinguish between active and contemplative life. Without either the other perishes. So let us throw stones at neither”.

————

We had an enchanting walk to our Tree, the air and sunshine perfect – “A day in April never came so sweet.”Coming back we found Miss Taylor and her deadly, deadly parents, who paid an unduly long call. Worked in the evening.

\* Thursday. April 8. 97. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Bernhard went with Horne to the drawings, lunched with him, then to the Corsini and Palazzo Vecchio, and then to call on Benn. [109] I worked and practiced, and then took a walk to the Tree with Mr. Blaydes, who remains as mysteriously silent about himself as ever.

Friday April 9. 1897.

Bernhard lunched with the Perrys and then called on Mrs. Halsey – hermit that he is! I had my music lesson and then did some shopping. I came back to tea and had a walk in the Caves with Mr. Blaydes, who was silent but nice.

Saturday April 10. 1897.

Bernhard lunched at the Villa Lauder to meet Professor Marquand of Princeton,whom he liked – but the wife more. Mr. Blaydes came to lunch with me and we spent the afternoon in the podere reading Renan, [110] Blake and Milton. Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Tyson came to tea. We went to a charming concert of the Rosé quartette in the evening.

Sunday April 11. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

We had a morning of woe through Kraus’ Band, but as Ferri, the keeper of the Uffizi drawings came to see Bernhard, the Band didn’t so much matter. After lunch we called on Mrs. Ross. Then Bernhard walked over to the Gamberaia and had a pleasant flirtation with Miss Blood. I had a headache and came back. Mr. Blaydes met me on the way and we had a little talk – chiefly consisting of silence on his part. But he said he stood in such mortal terror of boring us, he never dared to say anything. [111]

Logan writes from Cannes, where he has gone to be with Father, “If he is likely to die, as is still possible, I will let thee know for I can’t help feeling that the poor old thing ought to have some of us with him when it all stops – there is something pathetic about him, like a sick animal that is grateful for the least kindness. All his old platitudes and grievances and boasts – they are life to him, and he clings to them, as we should cling to the things that make our lives; and it is both sad and comic to sit by him and hear him mumbling them over in the darkened room. To feel life still in one’s body, to look at the sky and sun, to have some desire to warm one’s dim old existence – even if they are only greed and spite – I really can’t grudge it to anyone – if one has any feeling for life, one can’t but be touched by illness and old age.” [112]

Monday April 12. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Mr. Benn and Mr. Blaydes came to lunch. Benn told us about the ideas and ideals of his youth in the sixties – Mill, George Eliot, and Tennyson, “St. Paul’s for architecture and Schiller for the drama.” Afterwards we took a walk, and then I went down and met Christina Bremner, who arrived soon after 7.

Tuesday April 13. 1897.

Perry came to tea. I called on Mrs. Halsey, and saw the lawyer.

April 14.97. Wednesday.

Bernhard’s letter to Reinach: “Now, because I write that I enjoy Homer, you lecture me for an Epicurean. If I had told you that I worked two hours every day at Homer, you’d have thought me [113] [‘Letter to Reinach’] very fine. Yet I have done this, only, because I have done it intelligently, and therefore with great enjoyment, you think I am wicked!

As for publishing, I cannot publish more than I am doing of the quality I care for. Remember my work is valuable because it is strictly my own, the result, not of cram and of undigested knowledge but of a vast artistic experience. In one season I have done a book on the Central Italian Painters, saying things never said before, systematizing in the lists attributions never made before. That finished, I am now hard at work on the Florentine drawings. Remember, these have never been treated systematically as a continuum, and when at all, in dilettante-ish fashion, as in Morelli’s ipse dixit mode. I am gathering them together from all the corners of the earth, attributing them properly – an almost gigantic task – interpreting, demonstrating [114] them, to bring them out finally with superb reproduction of 160 of the most significant specimens. (It is a vast task in itself to choose out these from the mass of available material.) I mean my book to be not only a repertorium of masterpieces, but a work to acquaint you with the style of the great masters in all its evolutions, to guide you to all their drawings, to teach you to know for yourself what a good drawing is, why, and by whom.

Come now, I am not a loafer. True I am an Epicurean, or, to be correct, a new Cyrenaeac, but I work as hard as anyone. Only I have some of that calm of Epicurus which keeps me from publishing out of mere – forgive the paradox – désoeuvrement as most of you do.”

As to the day, Bernhard lunched in town and called with Fabbri on Miss Blood and dined there, returning late by moonlight. [115]

Thursday April 15. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

I slept very late and enjoyed my bath, Christina [Bremner] assisting. Miss Priestley came to lunch and was perfectly fascinating – so witty and entertaining. She told such good stories – the English clergyman travelling who described himself as “un prêtre anglais avec deux femmes” and the clergyman’s wife who wanted “un chapeau très tranquille, parce que je suis la femme d’un prêtre. Je le veux avec une rose en avant et un plumeau derrière.” She said that when she was little she always thought the curate in black gown was meant for the devil, while the chaplain in white meant God. So she asked her mother one day, “Mama, why does Mr. Childers (the chaplain) who’s so good always make the poor curate be the devil?” “Hush, dear! There [116] isn’t such a thing as a devil in church,” was her mother’s reply.

Obrist’s friend Pölnitz and his mother came to tea, he radiant-eyed and capable as before, but unfortunately lamed in his knee – she extraordinarily nice for a German!

Then Christina and I walked down to the Torre Rossa and called on Mr. Blaydes, and took a little stroll with him. He read some Shelley to us - “Rarely, rarely comest thou”and “Swiftly walk o’er the western wave.”

Herbert Cook arrived in the evening, and played us some very bad music.

Friday April 16. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Lay in bed late, not feeling well. Bernhard went to the Uffizi. We went down with Christina, Herbert Cook and Mr. Blaydes to have tea at Fabbri’s. Miss Blood was there. I went to call on Reinach and his wife while the others had tea. Then we all drove to Grassina [117] to see the Good Friday procession – but it rained and I felt ill. Bernhard flirted a good deal with Miss Blood. But we had a jolly dinner when we came home, and a nice smoke by the fire.

Saturday April 17. 1897.

Mrs. Halsey and her daughter came to lunch – terrible ponderous bore – who made me quite sick with flattery. Horne brought Mr. Stuart Headlamand his Ballet Lady to tea, and then came the Reinachs and Mme. Reinach’s sister. They stayed on to dinner, Mr. Blaydes calling in the meantime.Poor Reno is ill. Miss Blood also drove over to dinner, but the evening was decidedly difficult, on account of the language, Mme. Reinach speaking no English. Reinach himself was very dear and nice. He said he thought all enjoyment was wrong! [118]

Sunday April 18. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

The whole party, with Horne and Perry, went up to the Monte Senario, but I did not feel very well, and so stayed at home and led a quiet life. I called to see Reno, who is awfully ill, poor beastie.

Monday April 19. 1897.

Bernhard took the Reinachs, etc., to the Pitti, lunched with them, and drove with them to La Quiete. I drove to town with Blaydes to get medicine for Reno, and errands for myself. I was awfully sleepy in the evening, and Cook played so horribly on the piano it nearly drove me crazy.

Tuesday April 20. 1897.

I passed the morning in bed, not feeling well. In the afternoon Blaydes came, and Bernhard came home from lunching at the Placcis with Esmé Stuart. The Kerr-Lawsons called, and were really [119] charming. Then I took the rampart walk with Blaydes, and returned to find the Reinachs already here. Cook also brought a young electrician named Dent to tea. The Reinachs stayed to dinner, and we talked about French poetry. Reinach recited Lamartine and Racine, and reviled Verlaine and all the other real poetry of his native land.

Bernhard said that in the Academy this morning Mme. Reinach impulsively exclaimed before the cast of the Moses, “Pourquoi a-t-il ces cornes? Il n’était pas marié!” Poor Reinach was awfully embarrassed, “Tu es vraiment d’un naïveté extraordinaire, ma chère!”

Wednesday Apr. 21. 1897.

Cook went, and Bernhard and Christina went in to town to visit some churches with the Reinachs and a large party of French people they had gathered together, among them a Mme. Perrer, who [120] seemed to take great pleasure in gazing into Bernhard’s eyes. Blaydes came to tea with me, and read me part of “La Tentation” in the podere. We had music in the evening. Here is a good story Cook told before we went of a little girl who was taken by her mother to a poultry-yard, and who asked, “Mama, can the hens lay eggs when they like, or must they?”

Thursday April 22. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

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[121]

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[Thursday April 29. 1897.]

We saw the museo of Forlì, and made acquaintance with the painter, Baldassare Carrari.

Bernhard says my idea of freedom is “the lack of inhibition to an impulse.”

Friday April 30. 1897. Risorgimento. Bari

Saw Trani and Giovinazzo, and came here. At Giovinazzo we found a Lotto for sale – the middle panel of a triptych, a seated bishop. Late and in poor condition. Saw Bari. [122]

top of page with entries for April 31-May 2 torn away

Monday May 3. 1897. Europa. Taranto

Drove from Brindisi to Oria. Saw Oria. Came here.

Tuesday May 4.97. Fanfulla. Barletta

Saw Taranto. Came here.

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x x

x

Wednesday May 5.97. Vittoria, Caserta

Saw Barletta, one of our best places (next to Lecce) and then Benevento. Drove in the Park here. [123]

Thursday May 6. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

All day in train.

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no entries after May 6 until May 27:

Thursday May 27.97, Villa Rosa.

I will not say anything about this interval, which has beenfull of sorrow. We are now busy house-hunting, as we are driven out by Kraus’ Brass Band, and today we looked at villas at La Pietra, Montughi, and Castello. But I think we shall stick to our own Fiesole hill. Mr. Morgan came to call, and remained to dinner. We read Pater’s “Demeter and Persephone” after he had gone. [124]

Friday May 28. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Mr. Morgan came to lunch and went with Bernhard to see the Villa Guarnieri, while I went down to my music lesson. Afterwards I met Mr. Head by chance in the Annunziata and had a pleasant chat with him, and then I called on Roger Fry and his wife. Bernhard called on Mr. Benn, and we came up together in the 6.40 tram.

Saturday May 29. 1897.

Bernhard went to be painted by Mr. Kerr-Lawson, and I called for him about 5 and we drove to the Gamberaia. Miss Paget and Mr. Graham were there. After they had gone we went with Miss Blood to see two quite possible, beautifully situated little Ville, close to the Gamberaia. We stayed to dinner and [125] walked home by the starlight and the gleams of the fireflies.

Sunday May 30. 1897.

Mr. Morgan and Percy called, and then Bernhard walked down and called on the Eyres in the Villa Frullino. Mr. Morgan came and stayed to dinner.

Monday May 31. 1897.

The Miss Ogilvys and Miss Blood came to tea, Miss Blood remaining to dinner, after a walk with Bernhard in the Caves.

Tuesday June 1. 1897.

Bernhard went again for his portrait, and I went to see our Agent Orsi, who gave me bad news about the Villas. Too expensive. I walked over to Poggio Gherardo and had tea, and then we called at Miss Paget’s, and afterwards [126] at the Eyres, who, as it turned out, want to let their Villa. It seemed as if it would just do for me, Bernhard taking one a little further along the same road.

Wednesday June 2. 1897. Fiesole

The Kerr-Lawsons came to lunch. It was awfully hot. I went down later with Mr. Kerr-Lawson and chose a piece of brocade for the dress in which he is to paint me. Bernhard called on the Jeffreasons, and then walked to the Tree.

Thursday June 3. 1897.

We had a miserable day talking. In the evening we went to the Morgans to supper, and walked home by the flashes of lightning and the dance of fireflies. [127]

Friday June 4.97. Ray’s tenth Birthday

Another morning of depressed, hopeless sort of talk. In the afternoon I had a music lesson, then called on Placci, who is under the weather, then saw Orsi and did some errands, and called on Dr. Littell, and then came up to dine here with Miss Cruttwell. Bernhard met Miss Blood at 5:30 and took a lovely walk with her, dining afterwards at the Gamberaia. It is her 29th birthday. He came home in rather better spirits.

Saturday June 5. 1897.

We lunched at Mrs. Ross’ and Bernhard sat for his portrait. Miss Taylor came to dinner.

Sunday June 6.

I called on some American cousins at [128] the Savoy and on the Buttles. Bernhard felt ill, but Placci, who came to dinner, lightened him up a little. He is full of his experiments to find out the effect of music on the breathing, a very interesting subject.

Monday June 7. 1897. Fiesole

Bernhard called on the Buttles, and I went to see the Eyres about the new Villas, and left a card at the Ogilvys.

Tuesday June 8. 1897.

We dined with Miss Blood at the Gamberaia – on the terrace and walked back through the woods in the moonlight. [129]

Wednesday June 9. 1897.

Placci, Count Papafava, and Mr. Jeffreason called. The latter [The sentence breaks off here and the entry was left incomplete.]

Thursday June 10. 1897.

Finished our business with Mr. Eyre, and took the two Villas in the Via Camerata for 3 years.

Friday June 11. 1897.

Lunched with Placci. He and Buonamici played us Tschaikowski’s Symphonie pathétique – a beautiful thing – but I am not sure we should really like it when we knew it. [130]

Saturday June 12.97. Croce d’Oro Padua

We left Florence at 3 and came here. Bernhard read Virgil on the train.

Sunday June 13.97. Albergo Lovere. Lovere

Bernhard went to the Loschis at Vicenza to arrange about buying their Giorgione, and I stayed here to see the grand Festa of Sant’Antonio – rather a bore. I met Count Emo in the Church. Then we came here – the last two hours an enchanting sail on the Lago d’Iseo.

Monday June 14. 1897. Albergo del Ponte della Selva

Saw Lovere, and enjoyed the porch of Santa Maria and the Jacopo Bellini in the Tadini Collection – a gem! Drove here (15 fr.) through most beautiful scenery. [131]

Tuesday June 15. 1897. Bellevue. Cadenabbia

We had the morning in Bergamo, and visited the churches and galleries. Then we went to Lecco, meeting in the train an American painter named Bunce, who had lived thirty years in Venice without losing even a shade of his Americanism. Reached here soon after 7.

Wednesday June 16.97.

Cool, stormy weather. I had a swim, but the water was terribly cold. I read two novels of Gissing, “The Ransom of Eve” and “The Odd Woman”*.* Bernhard sticks to Virgil.

Thursday June 17.97

A day of rest again. Made the acquaintance of a nice young woman named Osgood. Rowed, read, corrected proofs of “Central Italians”*.* [132]

Friday June 18. 1897. Bellevue Cadenabbia

Took an excursion to Cremia and Rezzonico. A most lovely walk from one to the other. The fabled Veronese and Borgognone at Cremia were false, of course. Rowed with Miss Osgood. Bernhard read “Moll Flanders”.

Saturday June 19. 1897.

Excursion to Lugano – the Luini fresco seemed to me horrid! I read “Moll Flanders”. Miss Osgood left. I read a lot of trashy novels by Anthony Hope,Blackmore, etc. – even Bernhard sank, in an unguarded half hour, to Conan Doyle!!

Sunday June 20.97. Terminus. Milan.

Left Cadenabbia at 2. Charming sail down the lake. Saw Como Cathedral and Sant’Abbondio. Came here. Clean but expensive hotel. [133]

Monday June 21.97. Grand Hotel de Turin.

While Bernhard sought out Dubray the photographer and snatched a glimpse of the new Gentile da Fabriano at the Poldi, I went to the Brera. He joined me there and we had a general look round. Then we came here. He had to meet Sig. Apostoli about Mrs. Gardner’s Titian. I went to the Academy Albertina, and then strolled around the town. Bernhard went rowing, and got caught in the current and [was] almost carried over the falls! In the evening we went to a concert at the Liceo Musicale and heard some Palestrina and Bach. Great difficulties with the Titian. [134]

Tuesday June 22.97. Turin. Jubilee Day!

The Commission passed the Titian as worth 400 francs, and the insurance people made great difficulties for insuring it for 400,000!! They made sure that Bernhard and Apostoli had put a secret corrosive acid on it, that would eat away the picture before it reached London. So we have to stay over. I went to the Gallery in the morning and made acquaintance with the Director, Conte Vesmè – a pleasant, hard-working, modest man. In the afternoon I read a lot of bad novels and practised. The Titian business on the way to be finished.

Wednesday. June 23.97. Train to Paris

Titian pulled through. Bernhard [135] joined me in Vesmè’s office and we looked at Lombard photographs. Vesmè lunched with us. Then we started.

Thursday June 24.97. 3 rue de Beaune Paris

Arrived at 7, fairly tired. Bernhard, however, went to the Bank. I joined him at the Louvre at noon, and we had a general look round. In the afternoon we called on Ephrussi, and then saw the desolating wilderness of the Champ de Mars, after which we refreshed ourselves by a drive in the Bois, marvelling at the pretty ladies in their gay hats. We ended up with a quiet dinner here, and a smoke. [136]

Friday June 25.97. 3 rue de Beaune. Paris

We called on Reinach, but he was away – gone for his health. Then we went to Monsieur Dreyfus, who took us to Monsieur Léopold Goldschmidt. After that, a few minutes in the Louvre. Then lunch. In the afternoon Bernhard called on Mme. Péreire, and we heard Carmen in the evening with Mme. [de] Nuovina as Carmen – a most wicked one, looking absurdly like Sturges!

Saturday June 26.97. Paris.

We went to the Louvre. Bernhard lunched with the Péreires, and in the afternoon we went to Notre Dame. Fabbri called. Burke joined us in the evening, and after dining at Larue’s we went to see Eleanora Duse in “Magda” – a banal, vulgar play, which gives an opportunity, however, for a fascinating [137] actress to deploy her talents. But I do loathe the “realistic” theatre!

Sunday June 27. 1897. Paris

Went to the Louvre, but I had to come back and lie down, not feeling well.

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We lunched with Burke at the restaurant Maire (Boulevard Strassburg) and had some special Burgundy, de la maison – called, I think, Charbonnier. Then I came back to rest, while Burke and Bernhard talked and settled, I hope, a career for Bernhard’s brother. Then we went to Fabbri’s studio and saw his splendid collection of Cézannes,which impressed us very much. They are not “attractive”, but they are almost great art, almost as great [138] in the impersonality as Pier dei Franceschi. Stéphaniecame in and we all dined together at the Tour d’Argent and ate one of Fréderic’s famous canards sauvages*.* Stéphanie has gone off in looks, and she had a headache and was depressed and depressing. However, Fabbri seems desperately in love with her, and she says he is indescribably good to her. I do not think they are married yet.

Monday June 28. 1897. 3 rue de Beaune. Paris.

Saw M. Bonnat’s things; lunched with Dreyfus (Yriarte and Traversi there); saw the picture of the Arconati Visconti; rested; went to Durand-Ruel’s and saw Goyas, Degases, Cézannes, etc.; corrected proofs of “Central Italians”; dined here. [139]

Tuesday June 29. 1897. Paris

We went to Pierrefondsto see the Reinachs, and spent the day with them – not getting home till midnight! Reinach drove us over to Compiègne, where we found, in the museum, a Niccolò d’Alunno and a Giannicolo Manni.

Wednesday June 30. 1897. Paris

Bernhard dined with Mme. de Montebello, and enjoyed himself very much. Tomorrow we cross to England.

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no entries after June 30 until

Thursday Sept. 2. 1897. Mengelle. Brussels

I arrived this morning and found Bernhard and his sister, come up from St. Moritz, where they had been spending a month in the midst of fashionable and fascinating Roman and Neapolitan princes and princesses. Bernhard was captivated by the Duchessa Grazioli…We saw the Cathedral and the Museum and had a drive in the Bois. Impressions much the same as last year.

Friday Sept. 3. 1897. Grand Laboureur. Antwerp.

Came here – saw Cathedral and Museum – same impressions as before. Shopped. Senda remarkably beautiful and refreshingly simple.

Saturday Sept. 4. 1897. Union. Aachen

Saw Senda off at 7, and then did the two small museums – Plantin and Kumms. Disappointing. Came here and saw the Cathedral. [141]

Sunday Sept. 5.97. Preussischerhof. Limburg am Lahn

Practically all the day travelling, but we had a splendid view of the Cathedral (in the rain) and were very much impressed. Resolved not to drink German Sect-wine again. It is bad champagne.

Monday Sept. 6. 1897. Bahnhof. Darmstadt

Pouring rain all day, but we went to Wiesbaden and saw the miserable gallery. Our only discoveries were a Scarsellino and a Jacopo del Sellaio. We arrived here about 6 and had a nice talk about the books of our youth.

Tuesday Sept. 7. 1897. Germania. Karlsruhe

We “did” the Galleries of Darmstadt and Mannheim and came here just in time for the opera “The Magic Flute” – a most bewildering affair to hear for the first time.

Wednesday Sept. 8. 1897. Karlsruhe

Went to the Gallery in the morning – that mysterious picture still a puzzle! At [142] lunch we had almost a quarrel over a letter received from Vernon Lee, who indignantly denies any plagiarism on the part of herself or Miss Thomson in the articles on ‘Beauty and Ugliness’ just coming out in the Contemporary. They are largely stolen from conversations with Bernhard – many of them conversations that I can remember – word for word reports. I quite agree with Bernhard that it is a sickening piece of treachery and struggle-for-life-ism in its most hateful form. But where I disagree is with his policy of protesting and calling in other people. He wrote her a semi-jocular, really very insulting letter – a great mistake! Another mistake was in telling Placci and the Pasolini about it.

In the afternoon Bernhard had his first [143] bicycle lesson, and I practised short turnings. In the evening we read. He has finished the Aeneidand begun the Bucolics.

Thursday Sept. 9. 1897. Germania. Karlsruhe

It poured steadily all morning, so we stayed in and read and wrote letters. During a short pause in the rain, Bernhard took his second bicycle lesson. In the evening we went to “Lohengrin.”

Friday Sept. 10. 1897. Karlsruhe

We spent the day at Strassburg, and were amply rewarded for the journey by a picture which stood between the little Adoration and the Rape of Helenin the National Gallery, showing the author of both to have been Domenico Michelino. Then the Cathedral – ! a great surprise, especially in its gorgeous stained glass.

When we came home, Bernhard had his fourth bicycle lesson. [144]

Saturday Sept. 11 1897. Germania. Karlsruhe

While Bernhard had his lesson, I took a lovely ride in the forest, exploring narrow shady paths, haunted only by squirrels and birds. It was enchanting! Bernhard had another lesson in the afternoon, and then finished Flaubert’s Théatre. I began Prescott’s Phillip II.

Sunday Sept. 12. 1897. Karlsruhe

Read Egmont and Gibbon – walked, heard *Tannhäuser* in the evening – but did not care for it much as music. As drama it is excellent, except that certain situations are unduly prolonged.

Monday Sept. 13. 1897. Karlsruhe

We went to Stuttgart and saw the Museum. Discovered an Alvise, and [145] made the acquaintance of a painter whom we named the “Strassburg Copyist”, who is responsible for many pictures going under important names. Got back rather late, but cheered ourselves up with a good bottle of wine at the Krokodil.

Tuesday Sept. 14.97. Karlsruhe

A quiet day bicycling and walking, with Egmont and Goethe’s music in the evening – really well given and surprisingly entertaining.

Wednesday Sept. 15.97. Karlsruhe

Bicycling, reading and a long walk, a very pleasant one.

Thursday Sept. 16.97. Karlsruhe

Bicycling and Listz’s “St. Elizabeth” in the evening. Well staged, but the music a bore. [146]

Friday Sept. 17. 1897. Germania. Karlsruhe

Bernhard far enough advanced on the bicycle to take a longish ride with me. He likes it! In the evening we saw Minna von Barnhelm – less genial than Goldsmith, but still entertaining enough.

Saturday Sept. 18. 1897. Karlsruhe

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Bernhard had his last bicycle lesson, and rode alone very well. In the evening we heard Berlioz Fall of Troy, but did not care for it very much. Long ago Helen Hopekirk said to Bernhard that “Berlioz had so few musical ideas”. … He did not understand what she meant, but he remembered the phrase, and we understand it now. We also read together Miss Paget’s article on “Beauty and Ugliness” – though we quarrelled violently about it at dinner, we half enjoyed reading it together. [147]

Sunday Sept. 19. 1897. Karlsruhe

Went to the Gallery in the morning and confirmed our conviction that the mysterious picture was painted by Pier Francesco Fiorentino. Finished Miss Paget’s article, and had great fun laughing over it. In the evening we heard The Trojans at Carthage, and enjoyed it very much – though on the whole, not so much as when it was revived with [Marie] Delna as Dido in Paris. Her voice made a great difference. Then in Paris it was judiciously shortened – and the setting was more gorgeous and more classic. One improvement they had here was the ballet of wood and water sprites and fauns during the exquisite Cave scene. The orchestra was perfect here - it was ten minutes of pure and intense joy.

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Tomorrow Bernhard goes to Venice to visit the Gardners, and I go back to England to see the children.

no entries from Sept. 20-Oct. 29:  Bernhard in Venice to see Isabella, Mary in England with children

[148] Saturday Oct. 30.97. Villa Rosa Fiesole

I had a week here with Mother and Grace [Worthington] and her children. Bernhard was in Sicily and Rome with the Gardners. He arrived this evening, looking well.

Sunday Oct. 31.97

Settling in and unpacking notes. We walked to the Tree in glorious weather. Bernhard is truly good.

Monday Nov. 1. 1897.

We talked all morning and walked round the Caves in the afternoon. I slept for a few moments in a hollow of the ground. I am indescribably unhappy. [149]

Tuesday Nov. 2. 1897.

Worked at notes. Talked, shopped. Both called on Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice. Lina Duff-Gordon – very beautiful – called in the morning. Wrote a long letter to Miss Paget about their article on “Beauty and Ugliness.”

In the evening we walked to Poggio Gherardo and had a long talk – about the advisability of having some warp and woof to one’s life on which to embroider a pattern. The moonlight was beautiful, but I felt despairing, for I cannot enjoy it while I feel so low and vile and unworthy. [150]

Wednesday Nov. 3. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

It rained all day. I worked pretty steadily on the summer notes, and Bernhard read all the accumulated magazines. Took the rampart walk rather late.

Thursday Nov. 4. 1897.

Bernhard lunched with the Placcis and spent the afternoon at the Gamberaia talking with everybody, including Mme. Villari, against Vernon Lee, and listening to Mme. de Montebello’s wonderful discourse upon international politics. I called on Maud Cruttwell.

In the evening I expressed my desire [151] to expiate my crimes in the desert, and Bernhard (very sensibly!) advised me to work them off here, in my actual life, by unselfishness, energy and absolute uprightness. This is both harder and less dramatic, but I will try.

Friday Nov. 5. 1897.

Worked in the morning, cataloguing notes etc. Bernhard called on Dr. Baldwin and Mr. Benn in the afternoon and I had a walk. The weather glorious. In the evening we read long letters from Miss Anstruther-Thomson and Miss Paget denying that they had ever taken anything from Bernhard’s conversation or writings. Miss Thomson’s letter seemed honest, but incredibly [152] stupid, Miss Paget’s not so easy to see into. Then we corrected proofs of the fourth edition of the Venetians.

Saturday. Nov. 6. 1897. Villa Rosa Fiesole.

Worked. Placci came at 3, and insisted on hearing with great glee all the letters in the Thomson-Paget embroglio. He is ill and must go to Algeria. We walked down with him to the Frullino, and there found that the new road by the house, which I thought was a private one, was public. I was dismayed, and Bernhard got angry with me. But we made it up. In the evening we chiefly worked. Bernhard predicted the D’Annunzio- [153] Duse scheme of an open-air theatre in the Alban Hills would be a failure. It wants great plays - where are they? - and a kind of recitation which the Duse’s realistic talent cannot attain.

Sunday Nov. 7. 1897.

Bernhard called on Mme. de Montebello at the Gamberaia, and Miss Cruttwell and her friend called on me. I worked a great deal on the lists for the North Italian Painters*.*

Monday, Nov. 8, 1987

Mme. de Montebello came to Fiesole and Bernhard showed her the sights. I received a letter from the Gazette des Beaux Arts asking me about a fresco just uncovered at [154] the Torre di Gallo. So I went to see it, and took Herbert Horne with me. We found a terribly ruined but still fine Pollaiuolo. We had a pleasant moonlight walk after dinner.

Tuesday Nov. 9. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

In the morning I wrote to Wilfrid Blaydes, who is at Siena, telling him I had told Bernhard all our story. In the afternoon we went, with Janet Dodge, to the new Villas, and Miss Blood and Horne met us, and we consulted about furnishings. Horne came to dinner and stayed late, looking over photographs, and telling us of his scheme for a new and [155] very grand Art Journal, “The New Arundel”. Bernhard and I walked down with him to San Domenico, and up by the tram-road. The moonlight was beautiful, and it was warm.

Wednesday Nov. 10. 1897.

With Janet and Horne we went again to see the Pollaiuolo fresco. Bernhard had tea at the Villari’s, and then dined at the Gamberaia. Janet <Dodge> and I dined at Monte Fiano. The Morgans were dull, but the walk there and back in the moonlight was enchanting, in spite of a cold wind, which has sprung up. I find Janet, on the whole, quite as nice as the average person, and to me nicer, for I feel so at ease with her. And in a kind of way I love her. [156]

Thursday Nov. 11. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Mr. Benn came to lunch. He said that from the letters of Mrs. Browning it came out that she was six years older than her husband – “and now I understand” – he said – “why she loved him so much”. He then went on to say that the reason husbands usually love their wives so much more than wives their husbands (!) is because the wife is usually younger.

Janet and I drove down to town and I had my first lesson with Buonamici. Then I called on Frau von der Hellen and the Miss Ogilvys, neither of whom were at home, and ended up at Maud Cruttwell’s. It has [157] turned really cold at last. Horne came to dinner. He said Oscar Wilde has gone back to Lord Archibald Douglas at Naples. Smithers, the bookseller, got hold of him, and pays him a pension for writing indecent books which he, Smithers, privately sells at £30 and £50 a copy. So it is all up with him now. And everybody hoped for better things from him.

Friday Nov. 12. 1897.

Frau von der Hellen came to lunch. Her sole idea is not conversation but contradiction – however she plays well. After lunch we walked down to our new houses and consulted about stoves and walls. Beatrice Horne and Mr. Morgan [158] came to tea. In the evening I finished a short article on the new Pollaiuolo fresco.

Wilfrid Blaydes sent me two telegrams from Siena. The letter I wrote to him on Tuesday got lost somehow. I am very unhappy and distressed at the thought that perhaps he finds after all that he does love me, in spite of everything, and that this is making him wretched. But perhaps I am wrong, for he told me again and again that his love was dead.

Saturday Nov. 13. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

I wrote to him saying I choose my life as it is, without him. He sent another telegram asking me to get a letter from the Florence post office which I did in the afternoon. It said he [159] wanted to see me – but that alas! can do no good. It enclosed another sealed letter, whose contents, I fear, are that I have made him love me too seriously. But I hope it may be the reverse - tho’ it seems unlikely from the tone of the other note.

A German has written for permission to translate the “Lotto”, so we looked over it in the evening and were quite delighted with it. We have almost forgotten it!

Sunday Nov. 14, 1897.

A telegram came from W. B. asking me to meet him [written: him to meet me] in the Duomo at 3. I did. He said he loved me more than everything, even “niceness”, and he wanted me to go to Naples with him in the evening train. I had already written to him telling him the reasons [160] why we must not see each other any more now, and nothing he said changed those reasons, or could change them. So I left him after half an hour, and came up here to weep. Dear Bernhard comforted me very much, and he could not help saying it was an original situation for him. But he was equal to it. The train time came and went, and Wilfrid was gone. He said I should never see him again.

Mr. Morgan came in as I was weeping, and I had to pretend it was a cold.

Monday Nov. 15.97. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

I was haunted by the fear – but the needless one – that Wilfrid would destroy himself: therefore a telegram telling me his address at Posillipo was [161] an immense relief. Janet Dodge came to lunch, and we had a walk. Bernhard lunched with the Ogilvys, and went to his masseur afterwards.

Tuesday Nov. 16. 1897.

Bernhard lunched with Ned Warren, had his hour’s massage, and called (finally!) upon the Buttles. I walked down to look after his imbianchino and his fumista at the new house. Coming back, I found Kerr-Lawson, enthusiastic over the Pollaiuolo. In the evening we read a quarrelsome essay by John Robertson on Keats, and then we quarrelled with each other in a rather stupid and sordid way. I did all I could outwardly to apologize and make up - but as my feelings were raging, it didn’t do much [162] good. Still, perhaps it is a little advance to force one’s self to go and say the words, even when one can’t help feelings of despair and hopelessness lurking behind. Another time perhaps I shall get further, and be able to put myself into Bernhard’s place.

Wednesday Nov. 17. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Bernhard had his massage, and then called on Miss Blood, who told him he had made an unfavorable impression on Mme. de Montebello and the Princess Ghika the night he dined there because he spoke slightingly of Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff, whom they were praising. I had the day alone, practising and being unhappy. I read Dr. Bucke’s Man’s Moral Nature. Bernhard is reading Lucretius and Pindar. [163]

Thursday Nov. 18.97.

Wilfrid Blaydes sent a letter to Bernhard trying to state his own view, but it began so badly that Bernhard burnt it up after hearing only a page or two. That was enough to embitter his day. He drove down with me and went to the Lorenziana [i.e., Laurenziana]] to look at miniatures by Zanobi Strozzi, while I got Janet and took her to lunch with Frau von der Hellen, who gave us a delicious lunch and splendid music (Bach and Haendel), and showed us her hopelessly bad paintings. She was nicer than I ever knew her to be. I then had my music lesson and came up with Bernhard and the Kerr-Lawsons in the 4 o’clock tram. [164] In the evening we started by being low, but we had a long talk, and one of the sincerest we have ever had. It cleared away a little of my despair, and it made me understand and love Bernhard more than ever.

Friday Nov. 19. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

We went to the new house and raged at the workmen. Logan arrived at 5.30 and we had a most amusing evening of chat. Miss Fletcher had told him all sorts of amusing stories of people in Venice, and in what she calls “Hell on The Hill” – Asolo. In one palace in Venice is a man living who tried to cut his throat. His head was [165] set on wrong somehow, and now it is turned to one side. Lady Layard is a very bad sleeper, and sometimes at 4 or 5 in the morning she gets so angry at the idea of other people sleeping that she rushes upstairs and pulls the covers off the maids. Then she comes down and sits on the bed and plays a guitar hung to her neck by a ribbon for hours. Then she told of two brothers and 3 old aunts who lived together. The young men read some socialist alarmist books, and said they were afraid to live in England, in view of the inevitable social war. So they persuaded their aunts to consent to go away. The aunts said they must go to a place [166] where there was no wind, for they didn’t like wind. So they read about all sorts of places, and at last settled on Tasmania. Miss Fletcher met them in Italy on their way to this windless place where no social revolution was immanent [i.e. imminent].

Saturday Nov. 20. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

We grappled with the new Villas.

Sunday Nov. 21. 1897.

Bernhard called at Poggio and Logan and I at the Gamberaia. We all met at the Kerr-Lawsons, Villa Mazzaratta [i.e. Mezzaratta], on the Settignano road. Coming back we found Edith Thomas just arrived, her letter having missed.

Monday Nov. 22.97

Drove Edith and Logan to see palaces etc. in [167] Florence. Bernhard called on Villaris.

Tuesday Nov. 23.97

Mr. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch. He told of a New Englander who was found drunk, and explained his state by saying he had “seven generations of Puritan ancestors to drown out.” Edith went to the Uffizi and I did errands.

Wednesday Nov. 24.97.

Ill with a cold – grappled with the cypresses at the Frullino.

Thursday, Nov. 25, 1897

Music lesson. Took Edith to Poggio Gherardo.

Friday Nov. 26. 1897.

Bondarrived from Rome while Edith and I were having a solemn conference at [168] the Palmerino, where Miss Paget and Miss Thomson were trying to prove to me the entire originality of their work in aesthetics. They had Maud Cruttwell and Miss Wimbush as seconds, and I had Edith. We were ushered in to the drawing-room and greeted as if we were executioners, not a smile, not a remark, and Maud’s round cat-face looking preternaturally Aeginetan and Miss Wimbush’s as if she were going to burst into tears. Miss Thomson then led the way into her study with the air of going into the room where a corpse lay, and proceeded to read us a paper containing the history of her art career, from Carolusto Vernon. A little discussion arose upon the question of what she [169] meant when she said Bernhard had ‘taught her to see’, I contending that he must have given her his method in the process, and she contending, practically that he never said anything to her except the dryest sort of connoisseur details. It was a fruitless, wandering discussion, but she managed to lose her temper a number of times, and showed, what I have always suspected, that her rather empressé manner covers a very brutal and bad-tempered nature. The varnish a little scratched, there is no fineness left. She was like a sulky child insisting on its rights, and she made several absurd mistakes. For instance, I asked her whether it was [170] not, as a matter of fact, possible to take in aesthetically the interior of a building at a glance, before there was time to adjust the breathing. “Some people may,” she answered very snappishly, “it doesn’t interest me in the slightest” – and this a question, which, if answered in the affirmative (as it must be), overturns at least half of her theories! She made on Edith the impression of real vindictiveness and vanity hurt to the point of fury. But part of it was done to her nervous state, for the poor thing was quite grey and trembling. I thought of her absurd and pathetic remark, “If I stole my ideas from Mr. Berenson, how is it I am now suffering from [171] brain-exhaustion?”

Then we had a lugubrious tea, and all filed off to Miss Paget’s study. She had put her papers etc. together very well, and I must say she convinced me that she had been on the track for many years. Her manner was well-bred and courteous, with a touch of geniality and humour that I liked. The other three never smiled once, nor unbent from a portentous fragility. The climax of funniness – evidently well prepared for, and led up to skilfully, was the last extract from Miss Paget’s notes that she read us – which she said was the only thing ever suggested by Mr. Berenson that she had ever used in print. This [172] was a homily she had written after a talk with him on the sacramental view of life, wherein she deplored the marring of otherwise fine natures by the struggle-for-life – the desire to be first – to crowd others out, etc. This she intended, of course, as a dig at Bernhard, but its effect on me was slightly marred by remembering how she had said to me, when I first asked her to write for the “Golden Urn”, that she couldn’t possibly afford to do it, it was so hard to keep her name before the public as things were. I said “Amen!” at the end, and after more than frigid adieus to the three [173] mourners, and a more cordial farewell to Miss Paget, we came away.

Edith was curiously impressed by the sight of these maiden ladies, dressed in stiff shirt-fronts with wrinkles where most women have a certain fulness, crossing their legs and putting their hands in their pockets, and taking this petty little squabble with the seriousness of a European war at least. She felt a MAN was needed in that atmosphere to give them a little sense of real values!!

I liked Miss Paget better than before, and my bad opinion of Miss Thomson was deepened. [174]

Saturday Nov. 27. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

I was ill with a frightful cold, but I had to go down to town. This made me so much worse that I had to go to bed at 8. Bernhard sat up till 11 having a long talk with Edith and Bond, which they all three seemed to enjoy.

Sunday Nov. 28. 1897.

Mother writes that the children are beginning to be really fond of Fräulein – which would indeed be a blessing!

Bernhard sent me a little note this morning to ask how I was, in which he called me “dearest”. I was awfully touched – little, little claim that I have to be loved by him or by anyone. [175]

Monday Nov. 29. 1897.

I took Edith and Bond to the Pitti. Then Edith and I had tea with Janet Dodge. Bernhard and I are both reading Gibbon.

Tuesday Nov. 30. 1897.

Edith went to bed early, and Bond told us about Millville. We want him to write an article on it – or a book – calling it “The Promised Land”. They are very happy there, exceedingly prosperous, thoroughly corrupt, and deadly dull. No one ever wants to leave Millville. When they drive, instead of going into the woods, they drive up and down the street for each other to see. They fight hotly to get elected to the Town Council. Bond once [176] asked one of their clerks, who was a Councillor, why they were all so eager to get elected, seeing that there was no salary. “What is there in it?” The man thought awhile, and at last he said, “Well, Mr. Thomas, I don’t think it would be exactly fair to tell you.” The town took some of the Firm’s land and gave them in exchange another lot, around which Bond caused a fence to be put. This fence ran across an old disused highway, and a man whose property fronted on the highway brought an action against Bond. The policeman came in with the warrant and said “I’ve a very disagreeable duty to perform, Mr. Thomas,” and, throwing down the paper on a bench, added, “Read [177] that.” When Bond had done so, the policeman said, “You just come up to the magistrate whenever you like.” Shortly before the Assize met, one of the town-councillors came to Bond and asked him if he knew any men who were “sound” on this land question, whom he could recommend to be elected by ballot on the Jury. Bond said he didn’t. “How would so-and-so and so-and-so do?” Very well Bond thought, and in due course they were chosen by ballot. The same evening after dark they came to him, all the Jury, to ask him his views on the land and the fence. The result was that no “true bill” was found against him. A man who [178] runs an illegal race-course near Millville had managed to “fix” all the Judges but one. On him they put detectives and found out a shady episode in his past, so when the time came for this race-course to be brought up, he would receive a note advising him to be ill, or else this episode would be disclosed. But I grow tired of writing – I do hope Bond will write it all down. Art, literature, real music, history, Europe – all this simply do not exist for the people there. It is a happy flourishing democracy.

Wednesday Dec. 1. 1897. Villa Rosa Fiesole

I read Edith’s play – “Crosskeys”and liked it very much. Mrs. Gardner has just bought a lovely Crivelli. [179]

Thursday Dec. 2, 1897.

Mr. Morgan came to lunch. We looked at Michelangelo and Signorelli photographs in the evening. I had my fourth music-lesson. I sent Reno off to Naples in the early morning.

Friday Dec. 3, 1897.

Edith was tired and stayed in bed. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch. Chatted in the evening.

Saturday Dec. 4. 1897.

Rain. Lots of talk.

Sunday Dec. 5. 1897.

I took Bond and Edith to Poggio Gherardo and the Gamberaia. Miss Blood says the Paget-Thomson article is so poor that Bernhard ought to have prayed no one would dream that either of them had ever heard a word [180] from him on art! In the evening we read Shelley.

Monday Dec. 6. 1897. Villa Rosa Fiesole

Bond and Edith went at 5. Bernhard lunched with the Ogilvys, and met Lady Paget and Count Hochberg.

Tuesday Dec. 7. 1897.

Attended to our Villas, etc., drove to town. I left some flowers for poor Horne, who has gastric fever. Logan and I called on the Mortons, and then we looked at antiquities, and bought a few.

Wednesday Dec. 8. 1897.

A quiet day – music – work – reading – letters – talk. Bernhard finished his notes for the German edition of “Lotto”. [181]

Thursday Dec. 9, 1897

My 5th music lesson. Then I shopped, and finally met Bernhard at the Hornes’. Herbert is too ill with gastric fever to see anyone. All the way home we quarrelled but late in the evening made up and felt (at least I did) warmer at heart. We “expurgated” our Milton and Keats, with Logan in the evening, and added some few passages to the Shakspere. We read Bryant’s “Waterfowl” and “Thanatopsi” and were unexpectedly impressed.

Friday Dec. 10. 1897.

Janet and Mrs. Rob Morton came up to lunch, and afterwards Logan and I had an interview with [Raffaello] Mercatelli about our garden. In the evening we read Wordsworth and Shelley.

X X

Saturday Dec. 11. 1897.

Raining all day. I did not go out. Mr. [182] Morgan called, but was not especially exhilarating. We read Wordsworth in the evening.

Sunday Dec. 12. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Mr. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch, and afterwards we looked at photographs of Bellini and Crivelli. Then Bernhard and I walked to the Tree, and were very happy.

Monday Dec. 13. 1897.

Work in the morning, and then shopping in Antiquity shops. Copied the Lotto lists for the German translation. Logan read us a little Play he wrote – too touching and Maupassant-y to be really good – and his really splendid account of the Order of St Dion of Altamura. We were very enthusiastic over this. [183]

Tuesday Dec. 14. 1897.

We had to go down to town. I called for Janet Dodge and did some shopping, and then we all went to see some not very interesting pictures. Logan bought some lovely painted silk hangings. Tired in the evening.

Wednesday Dec. 15. 1897.

Logan and I attended to our new garden and went over the house. In the evening we read Isaiah and Shelley – finding very little in the latter for our next “Golden Urn”*.* Mrs. Gardner has just bought some Pesellinos – but the Loschi Giorgione is giving Bernhard a great deal of annoyance – and this, added to continual threatenings of neuralgia make him feel rather low, poor dear! [184]

Thursday Dec. 16. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

6th music lesson. Went to Bardini’s with Bernhard and then called on Arnold Dolmetsch at the Horne’s – Herbert still ill. Finished our Shelley selections in the evening.

Friday Dec. 17. 1897.

Looked at Correggio photographs in the morning, and went to see a Correggio (for sale) after lunch. It was a great beauty – though repainted. Mrs. Gardner wants it, but Bernhard wants to make sure that it is worth her while. While he was at the masseur’s I raged shopping over Florence, and called on the Mortons.

A note came from W. T. B.asking Bernhard to write to Oscar Wilde, who is living at Naples under the name of [185] Sebastian Melmoth. He says “he is very susceptible to personal influence … At present under the feeling that every man’s hand is against him, he is utterly demoralized, and is going as straight as he can to the devil. He is provided with money for the present (which he uses chiefly to that end), and just now he is making a very foolish trip to Taormina for a few days. He says that when he comes back he does really mean to try to pull himself round – but he is mixed up with rascally people, and I fear he will find great difficulty.” Poor Oscar!

In the evening we read Wordsworth, and the first 8 chapters of Genesis, which we enjoyed vastly.

The illustrated edition of Bernhard’s “Venetian Painters” came today, and was nicer than we feared. [186]

Saturday Dec. 18.97. Villa Rosa. Fiesole

Mother writes: “Miss Lowndes dined here: – she told us all about Miss Sellers. She was married in the Registrar’s Office on Saturday, with only Miss Lowndes and little Phil Lee-Smithas witnesses, and after the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Strong went off to Rome. In the evening Miss Lowndes had a telegram from her from Dover, saying: ‘No boat crossing, journey ridiculous.’ – (!!!) Nothing further is known. We all thought Miss Lowndes seemed as if a heavy burden had been lifted … She says Miss Sellers was pretty nervous, and, she thinks, would not have got married at all if little Phil had not pushed her into it. He insisted on having a wedding cake, and urged matters on in every direction.” [187]

I went in to a concert, with Janet –a trio, giving Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven – good music but poor performers. In the evening we read the Bible – Genesis ix-xviii, and laughed over it a great deal. Then I read Placci’s new book of stories, Mondo Mondano, very vulgar and poor - absolutely fausse route.

Sunday Dec. 19. 1897.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and ‘Elodie’, came to lunch, and Janet after, with whom, after the others were gone, we had a gloriously beautiful walk round the Caves. Continued our Genesis in the evening. [188]

Monday Dec. 20. 1897. Villa Rosa. Fiesole.

Work in the morning and curiosity shops in the afternoon. Mr. Morgan called when we got back. Bernhard lent him £300 to enlarge his business buying white wine to sell in England. In the evening we read some very queer stories in Genesis!

Tuesday Dec. 21. 1897.

We began to pack up a little. Bernhard went off to Vicenza to get the Loschi Giorgione for Mrs. Gardner.

Wednesday Dec. 22. 1897.

Began our moving! Calorifer lighted in the new house – an awful odour! [189]

Thursday Dec. 23.97.

Moving continued. Four men at work all day, both days. The books are “un vero patrimonio”. I called for a few moments on Horne, who is up, but not yet well, and then met Bernhard at 6.

Friday Dec. 24.97.

The smell in the Frullino turns out to be – rotten eggs. We predicted many evils – but this we could not predict! We “moved” all day, but are still sleeping here.