Diary 5, 1898-1899

[0007] Thursday March 31. 1898. Frullino Florence

Logan writes: “I must tell thee of my visit to Miss Sellers. They are living at Garlant’s Hotel, as they were turned out of their flat, and have not yet decided about the House of Lords. She received me with shouts of joy. She was so bored, she said, and thy not answering her letter made her fear we had dropped her. Then she began a tale of woe; how desperately bored she was, how she hated London, how dull she found society, no talk, no frankness, no congenial soul, but smart ladies all going to Stephen Phillips’ lectures, and all South Kensington to Miss Harrison’s, and how she would end by going to Miss Harrison’s lectures herself, and how the feeling of struggle was taking hold of her, and how furious [0008] she had been at being asked to 2nd best parties and not the first, and how, soon, she would struggle and scratch for invitations like the rest. Society, she says, is overrun by third rate actors and journalists – at Welbeck she began talking about the English stage, and then found that the Trees were the Duke’s and Duchess’ most intimate friends, and at Devonshire House, whither she had gone in some hopes, as Strong had assured her that it was really brilliant, though she for a few minutes had been impressed, suddenly the door had opened and in had come the Lewis’ and the Pollocks and Mrs. Green, and all the old Kensington job lot! Then she talked of Strong: how, in his position, he couldn’t help taking people seriously that we snicker at, and how in London they [0009] really did seem serious. She seems still fond of Strong, and on friendly enough terms to laugh at him and tell him of his foibles, but she hated Loeser, who joined them at Orvieto on their way home. She had quite a scene before she managed to meet us in Florence. She talks of spending next winter abroad, as she has been ill and the doctors say she must not stay in London. Anyhow, evidently not finding the blue bird in London, she thinks that it is abroad, that we eat it in salads and dine off it every day” …

I had a lesson with Buonamici. Benn came to lunch. He says Loeser tells everyone that he “went with Mr. and Mrs. Strong on their wedding-trip”! [0010]

Friday April 1st. 1898. Frullino. Florence

It poured steadily, and as I was not well, I stayed at home and practised and nearly finished the list of “Sacred Pictures”. Bernhard went to the Uffizi and to see Constantin. X X X X X

Saturday April 2nd. 1898.

I had a music lesson and Bernhard went to the Pitti. Then Mrs. Halsey and her daughter came. They were pointless and long-staying. Made out more “sacred pictures” in the evening.

Sunday April 3rd. 1898.

Horne came for the day, going with us for a pleasant call at Poggio, where we met Count Hochberg. He told us a good deal about Stuart Headlam and the ballet-dancer with whom he “keeps company”, as it were. She is a lady of forbidding aspect, and manners [0011] still more forbidding, who organizes ballets every year in provincial towns under the name of “Miss Pattie.” Her charm for Mr. Headlam seems to be that she bullies him. She is most rude to his friends, and whenever they begin to talk of anything that interests him and them, she says “Well – I’m going to bed I’m so bored with your talk.” Then he feels very sad and says “O, well, we won’t talk about it any more.” She never goes to hear him lecture or preach, and takes not the slightest interest in any of his work. Withal, she is thoroughly ‘respectable’, and, as Horne says, takes good care to let him know it. If she weren’t, he says, much would be forgiven her. They are coming to Florence tomorrow, but [0012] she relaxes “for foreign parts” sufficiently to consent to travel alone with him, without her terrible mother.

Bernhard, after Horne was gone, began a Lamentation over the dullness and unimportance of his work, his longing to do nothing but read and enjoy Greek, his desire for a life completely given to aesthetic experiences. The book he is doing on Florentine Drawings is a great weight upon him.

I had a letter from Wilfrid Blaydes, who is in London, asking me to write to him.

Monday April 4. 1898. Frullino Florence

Lina Duff-Gordon and her friend, Aubrey Waterfield, came to lunch. She appears to be in love with him, but it is rather mild, and not romantic – though at times it gives her a beautiful look. After lunch he and [0013] Bernhard and I went on bicycles to I Cedri, to see the Laureate– who was out. Coming home, we got lost among bleak Tuscan hills, and arrived here by moonlight.

Tuesday April 5. 1898.

The Frys arrived at 3, and after tea I called on the Mortons, who were in bed as usual, and as striving as ever after culture.

Wednesday April 6. 1898.

Music lesson and a call on Mrs. Halsey, where I found the Hornes. In the evening we had an animated discussion about Greek art vs. Velasquez, Roger Fry contending that Greek art, involving a finer attitude to the world, was higher [0014] as art – evidently not distinguishing as we do between art and life. We also discussed “Sacred Pictures”. I like her so much.

Thursday April 7. 1898. Frullino. Florence

Bernhard described Pennell’s art as “taking a photograph and translating it into chicken-tracks.” He lunched with Count Hochberg, and afterwards I walked over with the Frys and we were shown over the house and given tea. The situation is lovely, but the Graf has Germanized the building as much as possible, and within he has turned it, as Fry said, into a superior sort of Savoy Hotel. But now having finished it, he wants to sell it, and begin fresh operations somewhere in England! [0015] He himself is rather delightful, a more genial Obrist + Stenbock, with a fierce Prussian countenance and one eye glass, and a very engaging naif smile. After tea we walked to Settignano, and while they explored the Gamberaia I went to the Villa Camucciand had Mr. Power try my voice. He pronounced it to be a not unpleasing light soprano, and held out hopes of my learning to sing.

Friday April 8. 1898.

A quiet day of lovely sunshine. The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner and we talked about tempera painting in which all three artists had made experiments. The moonlight was enchanting, and we all [0016] walked around by Doccia. Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and I walked together talking of poor Lina, who is, or fancies she is, very much in love with young Waterfield, to whom evidently it has never occurred to be in love with her! She sees this, and is in despair. She spent all the morning telling Mrs. [Kerr-]Lawson, lying crumpled up on her bed and weeping. His visit has been a dreadful disappointment, and now Mrs. Ross doesn’t want him any more. I shall offer to take him in.

Saturday, April 9. 1898. Frullino. Florence

Benn came to lunch. I had a music-lesson, and then met Mr. Britten for a little chat at the train. Hochberg was there to meet his jolly old white German bear of a [0017] father. He waited for the train marching up and down dressed in a long Haymarket with almost a bustle, open in front to show a dress suit and gorgeous pins, and on his head was stuck a little straw hat two sizes too small for him!

Sunday April 10.98. Easter Sunday

Horne, Horne, the silent Horne came to lunch. We called at Poggio and found a huge reception [written: deception] in full swing and poor Lina looking miserable, and then we had a walk through the woods. Horne stayed to dinner.

Monday April 11. 1898.

Quiet day of music and dress-making. Mr. Pan called. In the evening we were [0018] exclaiming on the marvellous peace that had prevailed and I asked Fry if he thought Berenson could provoke him. After some thought he said, Yes, he felt he could do so in speaking of Ibsen or of Duse; so we immediately plunged head first into the discussion. Bernhard said that the Duse did not really act but personated – what acting is one scarcely knows now, but imagines from accounts of Greek things. For him personating is too real, too actual to be art at all. Strange to say, he put it all so tactfully that they agreed! The last thing we did was to go over the “Sacred Pictures” in Rome.

Tuesday April 12. 1898. Frullino. Florence

The Frys went, leaving a pleasant impression. [0019] She is peculiarly charming. I did a little shopping, and Bernhard had a bicycle ride.

Wednesday April 13. 1898.

Music lesson. Kerr-Lawson came to lunch and Bernhard gave him a sitting. Fry came to go over Venetian photographs. In the evening Lina Duff-Gordon came to dinner and Aubrey Waterfield to stay.

Thursday April 14.98

Bernhard, Waterfield, the Halseys, the Kerr-Lawsons, Horne and Mrs. Fry went to Monte Senario. I stayed at home and had a quiet day “all to myself.” After a lesson from Buonamici, I bicycled to Madallena,but as they were not there I returned. Horne and the Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and the latter stayed all night. [0020]

Friday April 15. 1898. Frullino Florence

Quiet day of work. Waterfield is a bore. A man named Rendall, teacher at Winchester, called and stayed to dinner.

Saturday April 16. 1898.

Called on Frys after my music lesson, and met Oscar Browning, a horrible man!

Sunday April 17.98

Horne and the Frys to lunch and tea. The talk went wrong somehow. I got very tired before they went away.

Rather late in the evening came a wire to say that poor Father had died in the afternoon “peacefully”. There was a terrible storm of rain and wind, and I was haunted by the feeling that his shivering, naked soul had become the play of the elements –

“Imprisoned in the viewless wind

Or blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world.”

[0021]

Poor man! I did not feel at all the relief I always expected to feel at his death, but rather a longing to see him once again.

Monday April 18.98

The vague sense of loss grows more uncomfortable. His face had become so familiar a figure in my world – it is hard to say “no more” to it each time it comes up. Poor Father – I do hope he will have another chance somewhere else to win more love than he won here, and keep it better.

The Von der Hellens came to lunch and gave us some music. Then unexpectedly Placci turned up, much [0022] thinner than before, and vastly amusing. A Wadham don named Wells called with his wife.

Tuesday April 19.98. Frullino Florence.

I had the carriage and did a lot of shopping. Lina Duff-Gordon and Frau Von der Hellen came to tea – Lina most beautiful. Worked in the evening.

Wednesday April 20.98.

Music lesson. Mrs. Halsey and daughter came to tea. A letter from Mother describing Father’s death, which happened quite quietly, in his sleep. It interrupted her visit to Ray, but this was paid soon after, and when she wrote, Grandma was just going to make some milk toast to carry in to Ray. Father’s death appeared to leave [0023] her very calm. She even enclosed in the same envelope with the letter telling of it, a long account of a woman who has come to preach Free Love in London, and a joke about a person taking up music late in life! I find I miss Father more and more. He was cremated today. Poor thing – I can’t feel that he has “gone home” – as Mother says, though I hope it – hope, no that is too strong, I vaguely wish it. But even if he is become “as infants that never saw light”, it seems better so than to be in the pain which he has been in for the last 18 months – truly a “mysterious and unscrupulous [0024] Providence”, as the Negro preacher said!

Thursday April 21.98. Frullino Florence

We were to have gone to Prato, but it has rained all day. Bernhard finished his work on the drawings of that beast, Lorenzo di Credi, and I made great strides forward with the list of “sacred pictures” for the next Golden Urn. Aubrey Waterfield gets boringer and boring-er!

Bernhard can talk of nothing but the wonders of Pindar and the interest of Mommsen.

Friday April 22.98.

A quiet rainy day in which I finished most of the “Sacred Pictures”. Bernhard lunched with the Placcis and had tea [0025] with Mr. Benn, who said that Mr. Lee-Hamilton had become engaged to Miss Houldsworth through a violent admiration of her novels – a satisfactory case of bad taste recoiling on its owner! The Mortons came to dinner, very cheerful in spite of all their illnesses. They are really rather nice.

Saturday April 23. 1898.

Count Papafava came to lunch. He had liked that story of D’Annunzio about Lazarus - what a gulf between us and even the nicest Italians! I called on Madame Grottanelli, and came back to find Mr. Davis of Newport here, and then came a queer Dane named Andreas Aubert, sent by Miss Taylor. [0026] We talked much of the War of course, but no talking can make it seem real to me. In the evening Bernhard dined with the Scotts and sat between Lady Windsor, who is beautiful, and Lady Ottiline Bentinck, who is more beautiful still. I stayed at home and finished the list of “Sacred Pictures”.

Sunday April 24. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

Roger Fry came to lunch and was very pleasant. Miss Lowndes and her brother also came. Placci came later and we had a walk together. He says Carlo Emo is in a state of fury over the idea of Italy allowing a foreigner to aspire to become Director of Arts – for this he imagines is Bernhard’s ambition, and this he will “spend the last drop of blood” opposing! [0027]

Monday April 25.’98

We spent the day at Prato with Horne and the Frys, dining with the latter on our return to Florence.

Tuesday April 26. 1898

Mr. Davis came to lunch, bringing with him his latest acquisition – Donna Laura Minghetti’s Leonardo!! that lovely profile of a girl. I should as soon have thought of the Sixtine Madonna being for sale! And he got it for 70,000 francs too – when as many pounds would not have been too much. He stayed till 5.30 and was pleasant – but it is too much to talk for 4 1/2 hours at a stretch. He spoke of someone “with a champagne appetite and a beer income”. Then we walked over to Poggio, and met [0028] the Frys there, to see Lina rehearse in her gorgeous costume for the Fancy Dress Ball. Also I had to dress her hair. She looked simply like an angel. I have never seen such a vision of beauty – wonderful in gold brocade and jewels, and her yellow hair braided with pearls. Such an exquisitely graceful figure I have never seen.

Wednesday April 27.98. Frullino. Florence

After a music-lesson I hastened to Poggio to do Lina’s hair again for the Ball, and then hurried home to dress to go to dine with Mr. Davis. [0029] He had with him a young Norwegian-American sculptor named Andersen,a handsome boy, who talked as we used to talk several years ago about “modernity” and all the new experiments in art. We kept admirably silent.

Thursday April 28.98.

This same youth came to call, and was as young as ever. We liked him, but of course there’s no talking with such young people. One can only enjoy them for what they are. I called on Mrs. Horne, and Bernhard called on the Mortons. The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and stayed all night, as it was raining. They say Lina is very much in love with that unpromising young Waterfield, whom Mrs. Ross simply loathes. [0030]

Friday April 29. 1898. Frullino Florence

A quiet day. I called on the Buttles, and then met Etta McArthur and her nurse at the train and brought them here. She is very ill and cannot walk a step.

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Story written by a little boy of 7.

Virtue has its own reward

A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady who kept a candy shop. The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady’s daughter because he had not enough money to buy any furniture. A wicked man offered to give the young man $25 if he would become a drunkard. The young man wanted to marry very much, so he could marry the rich candy lady’s daughter, but when he got to the saloon he turned to the wicked man and said, ‘I will not become a drunkard. Get thee [0031] behind me, Satan.’ On his way home he found a pocket-book containing a million dollars in gold. Then the young lady consented to marry him. They had a beautiful wedding and the next day they had twins. Thus, you see that virtue has its own reward.”

Saturday, April 30.’98

The Villaris came to tea with Bernhard, and Miss Lowndes turned up. Then Waterfield came and we walked back with him and called at Poggio. I can’t make out whether he and Lina are engaged. There is no glow about them. “The loves of the Fishes” Bernhard calls it.

Sunday May 1.98

The Morgans to lunch, Placci, and a long bicycle ride. [0032]

Monday May 2.98. Frullino Florence

Bernhard took Lady Ottiline [i.e. Ottoline] Bentinckto the Pitti. As she evidently didn’t care for pictures, they talked gossip about Strong. Then he called on the Hildebrands, and found them perfectly delightful.

Tuesday May 3. 1898.

It took me all the morning to prepare Horne’s rooms at Bernhard’s. He came to lunch, and while Bernhard went with Mrs. Ross to call at the Lardarellos, Guido and I gave Horne a bicycle lesson. Etta [McArthur] got up for a while, and we looked at Giotto photographs. Lina writes in such a mysterious way, I am more puzzled than ever! [0033]

Wednesday May 4. 1898

I called on the Kerr-Lawsons, after my music lesson, and Bernhard called at Lady Paget’s. Chatted with Horne and Etta. Duccio Photographs.

Thursday May 5.98.

Mrs. Buttles and Nettie came to tea, and afterwards, with Horne, we walked up to the Morgans to dine, returning by moonlight. The fireflies are beginning. Simone Martini photographs.

Friday May 6. 1898.

The Lawsons and Lina and Waterfield came to dinner, Lina early with Houghton to take her photo. She told me that she and Aubrey were “engaged” – that *she* spoke to him – and he so impressed secrecy upon her that she didn’t dare to tell him she was speaking to Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and me. I am sure he isn’t serious about it. [0034]

Saturday May 7. 1898. Frullino Florence

A rainy, windy day, so cold I had to have the calorifere started. We stayed at home all day, working and looking at photographs – chiefly Fra Angelico’s. Etta told me of the wife of the Bishop of Winchester’s mad devotion to a certain Mrs. Chapman, for whom she neglects all her duties. It is one of those almost pathological cases. She says it is The Best and that her whole life is Consecrated to this woman. It is very hard on the Bishop and everyone talks about it. Riots in Florence.

Sunday May 8.98.

Beautiful after the rain. A friend of Etta’s, Miss Balfour and her friend Miss Stephenson, came to lunch. Bernhard bicycled and Horne and I called at Poggio. Lina was looking wretched. She says if her Aunt knew of her [0035] engagement, she would turn her out of the house at once. Horne told us the story of his ancestors and his early life in the evening. Becoming a Positivist was his rescue from religion, and then Frederick Harrison turned him from Positivism by his manner of conducting the cult.

Monday May 9.98.

Quiet day. Bicycled and read. Bernhard called at Hochberg’s.

Tuesday May 10.’98

I called on Frau Hildebrand, who is perfectly charming.

Wednesday May 11.98.

Music lesson. Papafava to lunch. Walked with Bernhard and told himthe story of all his love affairs, two serious and hopeless ones that literally wasted his youth. [0036]

Thursday May 12.98. Frullino Florence

Quiet, nice day. Horne was amusing in the evening, talking about Arthur Symond’s love affair with an Empire dancer, and Selwyn Image’s unfortunate engagement to a ballet dancer.

Friday May 13. 1898.

Bernhard lunched with Benn, and Morgan turned up to lunch here. He says there is talk of proroguing Parliament and putting Italy under military rule for a year.

Saturday May 14. 1898.

Placci came, tremendously excited about the Riots and the condition of Italy. He played a little – but he has fallen off. I had a music lesson, and then went “Topladying” with Horne. [0037]

Sunday May 15. 1898.

Walked out and looked at villas for Horne – were charmed with the “Ombrellino”. In the evening we had a long, long discussion wherein Horne maintained that no European could enjoy Egyptian or Japanese art as he enjoyed his own, nor Nature as he enjoys art. He isn’t much of a thinker – this is the first real talk we have had, and he got hopelessly muddled.

Monday May 16.98.

Bernhard and Horne called on the Hildebrands, and I went to an awful musical at home with Mrs. Paris. We looked at Pier dei Franceschi photos in the [0038] evening. I read Cyrano de Bergerac*,* a Picaresque play by a man named Rostand.

Tuesday May 16. [i.e. 17.]98. Frullino. Florence.

Scirocco and languor. I spent the afternoon with Etta, and pasted a great many things in The Children’s Book. The Countess Rasponi called on Etta. Bernhard called on Mr. Fiske. We looked at Signorelli photos in the evening.

Wednesday May 17. [i.e. 18.] 1898.

Still scirocco. Music lesson. The Rasponi called. Horne left.

Thursday. May 18. [i.e. 19]98.

Miss Cruttwell and an Indian poetess – very beautiful – came to lunch. Kerr-Lawson also dropped in.

Friday May 19. [i.e. 20.]98.

Rained all day. Bernhard called on Miss Priestley. [0039]

Saturday May 20. [i.e. 21.] 1898.

Miss Taylor came to lunch. I almost like her. Went with Miss Cruttwell and Miss Priestley to call at the Villa Giramonteon the Burne-Murdochs – a lovely place. In the evening we went to see the Duse in Hedda Gabbler, a part she did not in the least understand, and which she acted as if it had been Magda or Nora. Obrist is engaged to a girl named Marie Louise Lampe (!) of Leipzig.

Sunday May 21. [i.e. 22.]98.

Miss Lowndes came to lunch and was very nice. We called on the Rosses and met Baron Strum and his wife. The Kerr-Lawsons dined here.

Monday May 22. [i.e. 23.]98

One absurd succession of callers: the Paris, Miss Priestley, Mrs. Langton and her sister, Frau von der Hellen, Miss Liddell and her friend. Read some of Bernard Shaw’s plays. [0040]

Tuesday May 24.98. Il Frullino. Florence.

Bernhard had a walk with Papafava. I shopped and called on the Huntingtons. Read some more of Shaw’s silly plays.

Wednesday May 25.98

Music lesson. The Placcis called on Bernhard, and Morgan on me. Read the “Golden Urned” parts of the Bible.

Thursday May 26.98.

My last lesson with Buonamici. Benn came to lunch and Bernhard had a walk with him.

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Friday May 27. 1898.

Quiet rainy day. Bernhard in despair over the Corsini tondo – at last gives it back to Filippino. [0041]

Saturday. May 28.98.

Music lesson. Bernhard working hard on Amico. Dined with the von der Hellens.

Sunday May 29.98.

Buonamici and Placci lunched here. Buonamici played Mozart and Beethoven divinely. I read a book by Mr. Herrick of the Chicago University of which Bernhard is the hero and I the heroine – a book in which we are both represented as loathesome reptiles. I was angry about it at first, and then laughed – but in rather a sad way. Warren called on Bernhard.

Monday May 29. [i.e. 30.]98.

Bernhard laughed over it too, but the American point of view does make one sick. We consoled ourselves reading the third number of the *Golden Urn*. Miss [0042] Cruttwell and Miss Lowndes called, and then Miss Holmes and a Mr. Ward. The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and we made them very happy by giving them a chance to make £1,000 or so by selling a Bellini. I hope they will make it.

Tuesday May 31.98. Il Frullino. Florence

Bernhard went to Rome on business for Warren. He left here at 6.15. I had a long quiet day with Etta and music and Louvre work, and then called on the Kerr-Lawsons and Lina.

Wednesday June 1. 1898.

Bernhard went to the Borghese and did his best to be fair to the ‘Sacred and Profane Love’. “I succeeded in seeing that it was a very lovely [0043] young man’s dream – or something of that sort – but the ruined ‘Education of Cupid’ suits an art-debauchee like myself better, and Correggio’s ‘Danae’.” I had my music lesson, called on Miss Lowndes, and came home to take Etta to see Bernhard’s rooms, which she called “The Temple of Peace”. Bernhard dined with the Pasolini, who “roared and ranted in her time-honoured, stereotyped fashion, having just found the real gospel, and longing to reform the whole universe and the small industries of Rome.”

Thursday June 2. 1898.

For me a trying day of too many people. Miss Cruttwell and Miss Liddell [0044] came to lunch – the latter played delightfully afterwards, Bach and Browning’s favourite “Toccata of Galuppi”. Then came Miss Burne-Murdoch and Miss Priestley, and these stayed till 7, and just as I was going to have a quiet evening of work, the Kerr-Lawsons came in. So it has gone, the long day, and a lot of useless talk has taken it up.

Friday June 3. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

Houghton came to photograph, and stayed to lunch. He uttered a number of platitudes about art, said the pleasure in a work of art consisted in its intricacy. However, in the afternoon I got some work done. [0045]

Saturday June 4.’98. Ray’s Eleventh Birthday

I took Etta down and settled her in a pension in Florence. Then called on Maud, whom I found terribly indignant about Herrick’s book, “The Gospel of Freedom”. Worked on the Louvre [Guide] in the evening. Read “Henry Esmond”.

Sunday June 5.98.

The Cooks arrived early in the afternoon, and Bernhard in the evening. Mrs. Cook looks very like Nelson (her -great-great-uncle), aquiline nose, clear blue eyes, ruddy complexion. She is a very nice, simple, refined little creature - not interested in anything in particular, but very wholesome and nice. [0046]

Monday June 6. 1898. Frullino, Florence

Mr. Arthur Galton came to lunch, and we liked him very much. He is the nearest to an “Altamuran” we have come across. I took Etta to Santa Croce.

Tuesday June 7. 1898.

Mr. Ward called, and we all spent the afternoon, with the Kerr-Lawsons, at the Gamberaia. ’Twas most beautiful. Mr. Galton came to dinner.

Wednesday June 8. 1898.

Music. Took Etta to Santa Maria Novella and called to say goodbye to Lina. Maud Cruttwell came to dinner. Very hot.

Thursday June 9. 1898.

The Kerr-Lawsons and Mr. Galton to dinner.

Friday June 10. 1898.

The Cooks left. The impression of her [0047] remains pleasant, and he is improved. We walked over to the Lawsons to see his portraits of Lina and myself, which – from the drawing of the faces – we liked very much. This was a great comfort to dear little Mrs. Kerr-Lawson who had been trembling with anxiety all day.

Saturday June 11. 1898.

Bernhard’s dealer from Rome (Cesare Magni, by name!) came bringing a lovely Rembrandt he bought, and some Japanese bronzes. Later came Torrini with a Sienese portrait, which Bernhard also bought. The Rosses came to tea – also an American named Rush and his wife and a friend. [0048]

Sunday June 12. 1898. Frullino Florence

Madame de Platonoff came to see me and give me a music lesson. Packed quietly, and at 5 drove out to Carreggi [*sic*] and had tea with the Scott-Barbers, a Mr. Lawrence Wyndham, and a most charming Mrs. Murdoch and her daughter. They gave us some so-called music by Raff-Tschaikowski. We enjoyed our call very much. Bernhard lunched at the Rasponi’s with the Pasolinis.

Monday June 13.98

Mr. Houghton to lunch to photograph the Rembrandt. Took Etta to Michelangelo’s Tombs and Bernhard joined us there. Afterwards we went with Maud Cruttwell to see the Nobili pictures (Via S. Ambrogiò 12 III) where we found 3 “F. F.’s”, a G. Santa Croce, a Pacchiarotto and a Boccaccino. Madame Pasolini read some platitudes on art to Bernhard.

Tuesday June 14.98

A day of packing. The Kerr-Lawsons to dinner.

Wednesday June 15.98. Universo. Lucca

We came here in the rain, a cool [0049] pleasant journey. Saw the Pinacoteca, San Michele, the Duomo, Baptistery.

Thursday, June 16. 1898. Londra. Genoa.

Saw Duomo, Rampart-Walk, San Frediano in morning. Reached here at 6.15. Bernhard reading Catullus and Pindar, I Galton’s edition of Tacitus.

Friday June 17.98. Genoa

Did all the Churches and Galleries, and found the “Justus d’Allemagne” to be a sacred picture. We got rather tired. In the afternoon we went to Santa Maria Carignano, and had a little quarrel.

Saturday June 18.98. Europa. Turin.

Reached here at 1.30. Met the Cooks and Vesme at the Exhibition. I had a headache. Dined with Cooks, chatted in evening and I finished Gibbon V. [0050]

Sunday June 19. 1898. Europa. Turin.

With the Cooks we spent the morning in the Gallery with the Director, Count Vesmè. In the afternoon Bernhard and I met him again at the deadly Exposition.

Monday June 20. 1898. Train to Paris.

We went to the Academy and Duomo in the morning, and left by the 2.20 train. Bernhard has caught a most awful cold.

Tuesday June 21.98. 3 rue de Beaune – Hotel du Quai Voltaire. Paris

Reached here at 7 and after breakfast went to the Louvre. Placci came at 3 and we went to the Salon and met the Reinachs. We liked almost nothing, least of all Rodin’s famous “Balzac”. We dined with the Reinachs. M. Joseph Reinach was there, apparently calm and unconcerned with his procès. [0051]

Wednesday, June 22.98 Paris

The Reinachs went to London. Bernhard called on Mme. André and M. Dreyfus. I worked in the Louvre. Placci dined here and we all went to “Cyrano de Bergerac.” We liked it more to read that to see, though Coquelin acted perfectly.

Thursday June 23.98.

The Louvre. In the afternoon tea with Miss Blood, and dinner with the Lovetts in the evening. They were rather indignant over Herrick’s novel about Bernhard.

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Friday June 24.98.

Bernhard showed Miss Blood some pictures in the Louvre. I lunched with Carey [Thomas] and her friend Miss Garrett at the Hotel Meurice. Bernhard worked on the drawings. [0052]

Saturday June 25.98. 3 rue de Beaune Paris

A rather wasted morning, with Dreyfus and M. Martin Le Roy – the latter’s old Limoge coffers were, however, worth a morning. Bernhard lunched with Madame André, who – at last! – showed him all her things – pas tant de choses, after all! Louvre and then Placci to dine and “Zaza” acted by Madame Réjane in the evening. We enjoyed it thoroughly! Placci becomes more and more the mouthpiece of Madame de Montebello. He says he hopes he will get so bigoted that no one was ever so full of bigotry before. Still, he is a dear, and it doesn’t much matter what he thinks. [0053]

Sunday June 26.98. Bernhard’s 33rd Birthday.

We went to the Louvre in the morning, but Bernhard was too submerged beneath his heavy cold to enjoy much. After lunch we saw M. Valton’s Collection of Drawings. Fabbri came and we had tea and a smoke with him. He seems the same as ever. He said Stéphanie had been ill, but I did not offer to see her. She’s too awful a bore! Bernhard dined with the Péreires. He is reading Claudian and Catullus, and I am reading the Fioretti di San Francesco and the interminable love letters of Mdlle. de Lespinasse.

[0054]

Monday June 27. 1898. 3 rue de Beaune. Paris.

I spent the day at Chartres, enjoying very much the Cathedral and the stained glass. Bernhard went to Durand-Ruel’s with Placci, lunched with Richtenberger and worked in the Louvre. Dined at Laperouse – but it was a déception. We have now grown so middle-aged that we prefer our quiet home dinners!

Tuesday June 28. 1898

Louvre in the morning. Bernhard went there with Herr von Seidlitz, and then to Rouart’s Japanese Collection. We lunched at M. Charles Ephrussi’s with his brother, Ary Renan, Von Seidlitz, M. Rodolphe Kann and the Minister of Holland, M. Stuers. After lunch we went to the houses of the two latter – all these Jew houses [0055] are terribly like Musées. We dined quietly here.

Wednesday June 29. 1898.

Called on Miss Blood (after seeing the drawings of M. Rodriguez and M. Madraza), who showed us over her friend’s magnificent palace in the Place des Etats Unis (no. 11), a terribly parvenu sort of place, which she professed to admire! So did we, for that matter, par politesse. But why did she ask us? Pour nous épater with the magnificence of it? It did not have that effect. We left wondering why she didn’t prefer refined poverty to accepting such hospitality! [0056]

I went to the Monet exhibition in the afternoon, while Bernhard finished his work on the unexposed drawings in the Louvre. We didn’t care very much for the Monets any more. Sic transit gloria pictoris! Towards sunset we walked round Notre Dame, very happy, and then the Lovetts came to dinner. He was most amusing about the Chicago University, especially the Courses in English there. The head of the Department gives annually a course in “Pithy Sentences”. Lovett was present when the first man came up for a Ph.D. in English. His thesis was “The English Paragraph.” He had spent a great deal of time, and caused two students to spend a great deal of their time [0057] counting the words in the paragraphs of various writers, and this was counted to him for righteousness, although the whole thing, as result, was vitiated by his not having access to original editions, and his utter ignorance of the mathematical way of calculating according to the law of averages. To give a man a Ph.D. the consent of two professors from other branches is necessary. The two outsiders in this case were a Prof. of Philosophy and a Prof. of Greek. “This man’s results are valueless and his method inaccurate. Do we understand that this is what you say?” they asked. [0058] Well, yes, that was so. “Then we must refuse our votes,” they said. However, such a row was raised that at last they said they would not withhold their consent to his degree if the English Department was unanimous … which finally they were induced to be. Then they wanted to give the man a “Summa cum laude”, on the ground that he was the first to apply for a Ph.D. in English, and they wanted to “give the thing a good send-off.” It was finally reduced, however, to a mere “Magna cum Laude” – !!

A young woman also applied, handing in a thesis on the colour-sense of [0059] Keats. Afterwards, someone said to her it must have been pleasant work, as Keats was so charming a poet. “Yes,” she replied, “but I got so used to looking out for colour words that I could pick out every one on a page and never read any of the poetry.”

We talked about America, and Bernhard begged Lovett not to misunderstand him: “I don’t blame America for what it doesn’t do – but for what it does!”

Thursday June 30. 1898. 3 rue de Beaune. Paris

A letter from William James to Bernhard saying that he has just had time to read his “Central [0060] Italians”*.* “I am enthousiasmé. The most utterly charming book about pictures (leaving out of course and always Fromentin’s Maîtres d’Autrefois) that I have ever read. You’ve done the job this time, and no mistake. So full of love for the things you write of, so true psychologically, and then such an English style! It is simply delightful. Of course I like particularly what you say about habits of visualizing, etc., in their connection with taste. I think your ‘life enhancement’ and your ‘tactile values’ are ultimate analyses of the effects you have in mind, concerning which there is more yet to be said, particularly incidentally to the separation of the precious from the non-precious within the genus, but that is a negative and not a positive [0061] defect. I am sure that you are on sound lines. I trust that the book will get you the wide reputation you now deserve.”

In the morning we went to the Louvre, and after lunch to the Luxembourg, where, outside the Manets and Puvis, we found everything had sunk to the “Ce m’est-égal” category! Ou sont les neiges d’autan?! Then we went with Miss Blood to her dentist’s (Vian, 47 Bd. Haussmann) to see his modern things. Outside a few Daumiers and Degas, they were all less than égal.

Another thing Lovett told us about the Chicago University was that next to “English Literature” the so-called “Sociological Department” was the most flourishing. He said he went into the class of “Modern Society” (a branch of sociology) and heard the students reciting the names of the [0062] streets in the different towns, deducing from them the tastes and interests of the inhabitants. “The thing you Americans have yet to discover is that everything is significant” was B.B.’s comment.

Friday July 1. 1898. 3 rue de Beaune Paris

M. Richtenberger took us to a couple of private collections in the morning, awful waste of Dutch machines. We were nearly choked with ennui. We grow more and more wedded to our “Primitives” all the time. There is art, with the smallest possible alloy of nature. We could hardly bear it today. In the afternoon Bernhard went to Braun’s, and left cards at Ephrussi and Madame de Montebello. I took the Lovetts to La Bodinière to see some hypnotic-musical experiments. Placci was there, and came home with me and we had a pleasant chat. [0063]

Saturday, July 2, 1898

[0064] x Tuesday Sept. 6. 1898. \* Hotel de l’Europe. Lille

We left England at 11 this morning, Horne accompanying us. His sister and Selwyn Image came to see us off. Pleasant crossing. Strong, but not Mrs. Strong (with whom, by the way, I mean to have no more to do, as she apparently hasn’t force enough to resist her husband’s most foolish spites) travelled as far as Calais with us.

Wednesday Sept. 7. Hotel de la Poste. Brussels

A miserable noisy hotel. We saw the Museum, but not the unexposed drawings. No one is allowed to see them, it appears. Even the B.M. was refused. We enjoyed the wax bust, at least Bernhard and I did. Horne thought it was “very [0065] late”, Bernini, or something of that kind! Tiring journey here. Bernhard read Homer and I Mommsen. Horne nothing.

x Thursday Sept. 8.98. Dom Hotel. Cöln [i.e. Köln]

Saw the Brussels gallery and the principal buildings, and came here.

Friday Sept. 9.98

Did the Gallery pretty thoroughly, with the Director. Enjoyed Stephan Lochner. In the afternoon we saw the rest of the sights, and had a splendid bottle of Rhein wine for dinner (Steinberger Cabinet, 10 m.)

Saturday Sept. 10.98. Angleterre. Hildesheim

Five hot hours in train. Explored the town, which is being rapidly modernized. On the whole, a disappointment. It was the first German town of the kind [0066] Bernhard had been to, eleven years ago, and the rapture with which he always spoke of it was really his impression of the first glimpse of picturesque XVI and XVII century Germany. Coming back now, after years of experience, while it still seems quaint and picturesque, it is no more a unique impression, nor, among impressions of the kind, by any means the finest.

Sunday Sept. 11.98. Schrader. Brunswick

Saw the Cathedral and the Treasure and came here, and walked about the town. We had remembered the tomb of Henry the Lion and Matilda as far more beautiful than it was (though [0067] it is good), and this time we cared more for a huge candelabrum with a decorative base. Hildesheim, I should say, turned out better as we explored it more. The Rathausplatz, especially, is wonderful.

Monday Sept. 12.98. Hohenzollern. Berlin.

Saw the gallery and the drawings and came here. I read Mommsen on Hannibal and was awfully interested.

Tuesday Sept. 13.98. Berlin

Went to the gallery, met Friedländer, Gronau, Lippmann and the Holroyds. I am beginning to feel as if early German and Flemish pictures were really mine. I enjoyed the Foucquet, too, very much. After lunch we looked at the Botticelli drawings. Then Bernhard bicycled with Lippmann and Holroyd and Horne and I called at Mrs. Willard’s. Dined with Lippmann and the Holroyds in the evening. [0068]

Wednesday Sept. 14.98. Hohenzollern. Berlin

Gallery in morning, saw pictures in the magazine. Bicycled with Lippmann and the Holroyds to the Wannsee. Dined with Holroyds.

Thursday Sept. 15.98. Berlin

Worked in the gallery morning and afternoon. Lippmann came to sit with us after dinner. Found a very nice restaurant – Opern, just behind the Stadt Theater. Called on the Gronaus. She is rather pretty and seems nice.

Friday Sept. 16.98. Berlin

Friedmann took us to the Simon collection. Worked at drawings in afternoon. The Holroyds dined with us. Lippmann told of an old lady watching the copyists in the gallery who asked, “What is done with the old pictures when the new ones are finished?” [0069]

Saturday Sept. 17.98. Berlin

Friedmann took us to the Hainauer and Kauffmann collections. Drawings in afternoon. The Gronaus dined with us.

Sunday Sept. 18. 1898 Berlin

Saw Beckerath’s collection of drawings in the morning, and went with Lippmann to Potsdam in the afternoon, returning late. Lippmann was very jolly and amusing. We enjoyed Sans Souci.

Monday Sept. 19. 1898. Weber. Dresden.

Gallery all to ourselves in the morning. A flying visit to the Art Exposition where we saw, but did not much like Obrist’s things. His sculpture – a bust of Beethoven, was awful. Came here. Alys and Bertie met us, and were very jolly. The Holroyds also here. [0070]

Tuesday Sept. 20. 1898. Weber. Dresden.

Spent the morning in the gallery. Saw Woermann, von Seidlitz and Singer. After lunch looked at drawings, rested, and heard the *Götterdämmerung* in the evening. Were bored in places by it, and wished we could “Golden Urn” it. Even then, it would be rather dramatic music than musical music. The Holroyds are here, and we are always seeing them. He is really very nice. A wire from Obrist says he is already married and travelling “mit meiner Frau”.

Wednesday Sept. 21.98. Dresden.

The morning in the Gallery – part of afternoon in the print-room. Dined with von Seidlitz (33 Residenzstr., Blasewitz) – a hideous house in the best German taste – but rather charming simple thoughtful people. Seidlitz’s modern pictures and drawings were horrible! [0071]

Thursday Sept. 22.98. Dresden.

Attacked with a mysterious disease of cramp in the upper part of my right leg. Really suffered from it. I had to come home from the Gallery, I felt so ill. After lunch we went to the Gypsmuseum. In the evening Alys and Horne and I heard the first part of a concert, XVI, XVII and XVIII century music. A “Glina” by Hassewas particularly nice.

Friday Sept. 23.98. \*\* Hotel Hauffe. Leipzig

Came here, and at once took train to Altenburg, where we spent three hours “guessing” the pictures in the Gallery. Returned for dinner.

Saturday Sept. 24.98. Elephant. Weimar.

Saw Naumburg in the rain – “did” Weimar thoroughly, including the Belvedere. Awfully excited about the Dreyfus case. [0072]

Sunday Sept. 25.98. Grossherzog von Sachsen. Eisenach

Saw Gotha, and met the Holroyds there, with whom we lunched. They went on to Frankfort am Main and we came here. Visited the Wartburg, ruined by modern restoration and visitors.

Monday Sept. 26.98. Bamberger Hof Bamberg

We went to Meiningen and saw the rather charming sympathetic Schloss and the pictures – some of them “Sacred” – and met Alys and Bertie at a junction and came here. There was time for a general look round, and in the evening we chatted.

Tuesday Sept. 27.98. Bayerisher Hof. Nuremberg

Saw Bamberg and came here, and had a look round. Heard the Fliegende Holländer. [0073]

Wednesday Sept. 28.98. Leinfelder. Munich

Saw Nuremberg, ate some Würstlein, came here. I finished vol. II of Mommsen and we played whist in the train.

Thursday Sept. 29.98. Munich

Gallery in the morning. Met Dr. Head and Mrs. Daniels. The latter seemed like a clever woman, fond of asking intelligent questions – not so I – intelligent always! Called on Miss Lowndes, who dined with us later, and on the Kolbs. They describe Obrist’s wife as insignificant, but a strong tincture of jealousy no doubt coloured their view. Germaine Kolb is pretty, but distinctly not agreeable. [0074]

Friday Sept. 30.98. Leinfelder. Munich

Gallery in morning with Maud Cruttwell. Dr. Head and Mrs. Daniels lunched with us, the latter silent, perhaps observing, perhaps too deaf for general conversation, I could not make out which. Dr. Head told me that the form of insanity Mrs. Fry suffers from is the worst of all. Not only is it the most painful – the condition of objectless Fear, but it may come on at any time, even when the patient feels well, and is so horrible that in a few seconds they may put an end to themselves. You can never feel safe.

In the afternoon Miss Lowndes took me to call on Fräulein Reuter. The lady who [0075] has achieved the distinction of having a baby without getting married. She showed me her child with great pride, but her mother heaved ominous sighs. She is a well-known novelist – but, though sweet and simple, seemed like a sentimental boring old maid.

A letter from Wilfrid Blaydes is very despondent about getting to Italy. He literally has not a penny, and of course he is utterly unfit for making it at journalism.

We called on the Hildebrands, a charming family, in their beautiful new house, built by him. It is really excellent, in the best taste, inside and out. [0076]

Saturday Oct. 1.98. Leinfelder. Munich

Saw the Glaspalast and Secession - horrible, horrible! Maud lunched with us. I called on “Puck”, and met that awful Endell. We took supper with the Kolbs. It was very dull, as Annette was not there, being still laid up in the country by a bicycle accident. Germaine is quite detestable, and there was a horrid Philistine, Mr. Saunders, as the other guest. Germaine sang – it was awful!

Sunday Oct. 2. 1898. Munich.

Lunched with “Puck” and his sister. They told me lots of gossip – a great deal about Obrist, who wasted two years of his life making love to a Baroness [0077] von Rompler (!), the sister of Helène, Las[s]alle’s famous ladylove. This lady is about 50, not pretty, but fascinating, and unsparing in the use of her power. She sucked Obrist dry – he did no work, thought of nothing but her. Then Fräulein Ruchet planned his marriage, in the hope of steadying him. When he proposed to Fräulein Lampe (a painter of about 30, rich, and mediocre, by report), she said of course she would be overjoyed, but she hadn’t dared to dream of such an honour – it was higher than her highest ambition! However, when her ambition was realized, she threw over the humble means, Mademoiselle Ruchet, who has been absent from Munich now for four months. Puck [0078] doubts if she will return, for Obrist’s wife treated her so unkindly. We went in the morning, by the way, to the Glaspalast and saw his things, and found most of them in execrable taste, though his line still remains beautiful. He lacks all sense of colour, of construction and of material.

Puck also told me of a strange experience of theirs. A Munich friend went to Berlin to study, whence she sent them with a letter of introduction a young American doctoress, whom, after a time, they took to live with them, as Mademoiselle Ruchet used to do. After a while this young doctor told them about a friend of hers, a Russian Nihilist of high family, who was hiding in Munich, and only dared [0079] to venture out late at night, secretly. He asked if they would mind her having him come to see her. They said no, and he came – a rather sympathetic, handsome, oldish, musical man. After a time they found that matters had gone rather far between the doctor and the Russian, and so they asked her to go. Some time later they made the acquaintance of Helène (Princess something-or-other). One evening they went to dine with her, and when her husband entered the room what was their surprise to recognize – the Russian Nihilist! As he bowed over Puck’s hand, he said, “Act as if you had never seen me before” – and of course they did. Helène is very jealous, she said, although [0080] now an old lady of 67, an invalid, not beautiful, but with hair like living flames.

She told me too that since Fräulein Reuter had her baby she has become immensely popular at Munich. Everyone goes to see her, and takes her up, to show their superiority to old-fashioned prejudices.

Puck’s most intimate friend at present is a Russian girl (of 33) named Lou Salomé, who was Nietzsche’s mistress from 18-28, but finally left him as she “saw through him” and found him a charlatan. I expect his madness was beginning.

In the evening we heard the Zauberflöte, very well given, and then the two Kolbs, Mr. Saunders and the painter Ross came to take supper with us. Dull. [0081]

Monday Oct. 3. 1898. Hotel S. Lorenzo. Verona.

Spent the day travelling, but by a most comfortable train, leaving Munich at 10 and reaching here at 7, lunching and having tea in the train, and having a mock examination of the luggage also in the train. I studied Greek and was absorbed in Mommsen’s account of the Gracchi. Bernhard read Homer. Horne endured life. He seems really unable to read a serious book. Vol. I of Mommsen has been entirely too much for him.

Tuesday Oct. 4.98. Verona

Saw churches in the morning and drove to Marcellisein the afternoon. Horne commence à donner sur nos nerfs – with his slowness and his mania for taking down all inscriptions, no matter how unimportant. He takes hold of almost everything – except Italian architecture – by the [0082] non-significant characteristics. He has not had a watch for a year! This accounts for his always being late, another amazing point. He is awfully selfish too, and awfully awfully silent – altogether not a person to travel with again. His virtues are interest (though without enthusiasm) in art and the history of it, patience, uncomplainingness, and obedience to plans. But au fond he is a bore, and unsympathetic.

Wednesday Oct. 5.98. Hotel S. Lorenzo. Verona.

Churches morning and afternoon and a walk around Sanmichele’s gates and houses.

Thursday Oct. 6.98. Verona

Churches – the Gallery – I went to see Alys and Bertie and Mother who had 3/4 of an hour changing trains for Mantua. Copied notes in the evening. I have come almost to dislike Horne – he is so dull. [0083]

Monday Oct. 17. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

Alys and Mother and I came down and spent a pleasant week here, while Bernhard went bicycling with Bertie. They stayed a while with the Countess Pasolini at Monte Ricco.

Bad news came from America, which weighed on both our hearts. Bernhard’s enemies are trying to persuade Mrs. Gardner that he has cheated her over the pictures he has bought her, and her husband (who was always jealous) believes it. Still, she does not, and that is the important thing.

Alys and I took Mother a little giro to Lucca, Viareggio and Pisa, and started her home last night. We returned here. Have passed a quiet day, broken by a call from Mr. Morgan and a walk. [0084]

Tuesday Oct. 18.98. Frullino. Florence

Had a singing lesson. Chatted in the evening.

Wednesday Oct. 19.98

A quiet day of work. Miss Hamilton called on Bernhard, whom she insisted on calling “Professor Berenson”. Bernhard and Alys and Bertie called on the Benns.

Thursday Oct. 20.98,

Music lesson – haven’t lost so much as I feared. Shopped with Alys. Read Goethe in the evening.

Friday Oct. 21.98

Miss Lowndes to lunch – dull and rather depressing. Alys and I drove to Settignano, but Mr. Power was out, so we had a chat with Mr. Price, who is recovering from having the first joint of his finger bitten off by a savage gardener. Then we drove to Careggi to see Mrs. Scott-Barber, Bertie and [0085] Bernhard arriving at the same time on their bicycles. Mrs. Scott-Barber told us many stories of the “closeness” of the little Poet Laureate. He arranged with a stable that he should have a carriage and horses for £310 a month, and he insisted on having a reduction for months that hadn’t the full complement of 31 days. Miss Cruttwell called.

Saturday Oct. 22.98.

Mr. and Mrs. Benn came to lunch, and Benn and Bernhard and Bertie went for a long and delightful walk. Alys and I bicycled down to Florence and shopped.

Sunday Oct. 23.98.

Mr. Power came to give me a singing lesson and stayed to lunch. Blair Fairchild also came, and we called at [0086] Poggio Gherardo in the afternoon. We dined at Doney’s and went to hear the “Risurrezione di Lazzaro”. Non c’è mica male. D’Annunzio (with the Duse) was dining at Doney’s too, and sat in front of us at the Oratorio – an ugly little man, rather vulgar in looks, but with a marvellous way of speaking, as I overheard when he talked with B.B. We walked home by moonlight – delicious weather!

Monday Oct. 24.98. Frullino. Florence.

Bernhard and Bertie went cycling to San Donato, and passed an unforgettable day in marvellous scenery. Alys and I entertained the [0087] vulgar and pushing and talkative Miss Halsey to lunch, and then, after my music lesson, called on Ma Horne.

Wilfrid Blaydes has decided to yield to his father and become a barrister. He is awfully unhappy with it.

Tuesday Oct. 25.98.

Walked up to the Morgans for Vintage – an awful party of Old Cats there, but an enchanting walk, and home by Vincigliata.

Wednesday Oct. 26.98.

Defrez came to see Bernhard, but Alys and Bertie and I went to lunch with Mr. Power and Mr. Price. We walked back through the woods. Enchanting weather. In the evening we went over to Bernhard’s rooms and looked at Signorelli photos. I read Matthew Arnold’s “Preface” – it seemed like an attack on the Golden Urn! [0088]

Thursday Oct. 27. 1898. Frullino Florence.

Another lovely day. Bernhard took Alys and Bertie to the Corsini, the Carmine and the Pazzi chapel. I had my music lesson and bicycled. Read Rose’s Renaissance Painters,a worthless crib of Bernhard, Pater, Symonds, etc. Excited over rumours of war with France.

Friday Oct. 28. 1898.

Bernhard and Bertie took a long walk by Bagazzano, ending up with tea at the Gamberaia. Alys and I went to have a singing lesson and a lesson in voice production from Mr. Power. The singer Emma Nevada was there, with an attendant train of about half a dozen fat, middle-aged, terribly bourgeois men, whom she called “caro mio”. She is a plain, good-natured, affable American lower middle class woman of about 35, very genuine and nice. Afterwards we called on Lady (Willoughby) Wade, who could talk of nothing but housekeeping. [0089]

Saturday Oct. 29. 1898.

Miss Hamilton and Lawrence Binyon came to lunch. The lady an art student, but so hopelessly American in accent and giggle and style of conversation that one feels it is no use*.* We had a nice walk by Ponte a Mensola. Discussed races and geographies in the evening.

Sunday Oct. 30.98.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton came to lunch. She was nicer than we had been told she would be. Bertie and Bernhard and I walked with Houghton to see the Kerr-Lawson’s villa at Corbignano, and ended up with tea at the Ross’s. Watts is painting Lina’s picture in that costume dress. Which reminds me that young Waterfield (the beast!) wrote her early in the summer that their love-making had been a mistake, and they must be nothing but friends. Lina thought she was broken-hearted. [0090]

Monday Oct. 31. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

Music lesson, a concert with Kreuzer Sonata and Beethoven’s Andante with variations and the début of a young American singer named Mary Duff. Then tea with horrible Miss Halsey, shopping and home. We read aloud Pater’s Demeter in the evening. Bernhard and Bertie bicycled to Pontassieve. The Dreyfus revision is decided!

Tuesday Nov. 1. 1898.

Mr. Power and Mr. Price, with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boulton, came to lunch. It poured and they had to stay on to tea, but Mr. Price was so very amusing, in his genial Irish way, that he kept us all in high spirits. Alys and I had lessons from Mr. Power. The weather has broken. We read Pater’s Demeter aloud in the evening.

Wednesday Nov. 2. 1898.

Alys and I called on Miss Lowndes and Madame de [0091] Platonoff, whose niece, Matilda Ducci, Alys is taking back to England. Then we all four went to the Gamberaia to dine with Miss Blood, a pleasant dinner, except for her huge cat on the table, who snatched from all our plates, and waved his tail everywhere, and upset the flowers. We had a delightful walk home, stopping to serenade Mr. Power.

Thursday Nov. 3.98.

Alys and Bertie tried to go, but the line was interrupted by a land-slide, so after raging around for some time they came back. Miss Hamilton and Mr. Morgan came to lunch, and Bernhard took the lady to his house and talked to her for several hours to prove that she knew nothing about art, while I had a music lesson. We all met at tea again, secretly raging against [0092] the thinness and American flatness and sentimentality; which culminated when Mr. Houghton brought some photos of Alys. Then she gushed to Bertie, “O aren’t they just the embodiment of perfect Womanhood? I can’t think why you don’t look radiant, Mr. Russell! Your eyes ought to be fairly shining, to own such a wonderful creature!” Then she gushed to Alys about the “lovely life” they must lead at the Millhanger “with each other and Nature” – and Alys said, “I try to get away as much as I can.” – Chatted in the evening.

Friday Nov. 4. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

Alys and Bertie got off. Young Fairchild came to lunch. He played us some miserable Liszt and not much better Chopin, keeping the pedal down all the while. He is studying with Buonamici – also singing with Canuccini. He and Bernhard took a walk and I went to my [0093] dressmaker’s, and then to tea with the Benns. Copied notes of “Jacopo del Sellaio” when I came home. Bernhard had been at work on them all day.

It does seem too dreadful for that boyto be spending four or five hours a day learning to make a noise which one would rather not hear!

Saturday Nov. 5.98

Herr Mackowski came to lunch, and talked incessantly and most amusingly in very rapid German, about all his colleagues in Berlin, who are exceedingly funny. He stayed with Bernhard till tea-time. I slept, as I wasn’t feeling well. Finished our Berlin notes in the evening, while Bernhard read Burckhardt.

I have a queer pain in my side, under the floating ribs. [0094]

Sunday Nov. 6.98. Frullino Florence

A quiet day. I was not well enough to go out, so Bernhard walked alone to the Tree. I put all our Art Magazines in order. Miss Cruttwell called.

Monday Nov. 7. 1898.

Had my music lesson, and then a singing lesson at Settignano, walking back in the dark. Bernhard went to Santo Spirito and puzzled over that mysterious “Trinity”.

Tuesday Nov. 8.98.

Houghton came to lunch, and we all three walked to Settignano. While they went to the Gamberaia to look out views to be photographed, I had a singing lesson. We walked home by a new way, and called at Poggio. Lina is having her portrait done by Watts. Logan writes: ‘I really don’t know when I shall come [0095] out – at Christmas perhaps, or perhaps in the Spring. Thee knows how hard I find it to foretell the future. I want to stay on into the winter and get really homesick for Italy - homesickness is such a charming unction! I think I was meant to be a hermit – one of the Santi Padri kind, who had leisure to enjoy his temptations.’

Wednesday Nov. 9. 1898.

Quiet day. Bernhard went to town and I walked about in the podere and read Shakspeare. The Wades called, and Horne, just as we were starting for Settignano, where he walked with us, full of interest in “Bartolomeo della Gatta”. Pleasant dinner, Mr. Price in great form and a delicious walk back by night. [0096]

Thursday Nov. 10.’98. Frullino. Florence

Took Miss Lowndes to lunch with the Benns. A Mr. Balfour there. Lunch uneventful. Music lesson, and then some shopping. Young Fairchild came to dinner, and gave us some of his own music – very talent[ed] – but o! how absolutely nothing talent without genius is!

Friday Nov. 11. 1898.

A most delicious bicycle ride to Quintole and then a climb through the olives to Terenzano – one of the perfect days, with opal haze, and sparkling sunshine, when being out of doors seems the very best of life. Horne came to dinner and we looked over the Maso Finiguerra book.

Saturday Nov. 12. 1898.

Dibblee came to lunch, and we had a walk up [0097] the valley with Fairchild who turned up. This poor boy is all broken up with a cold, so we had him come up and stay here. Chatted in the evening, but I did my notes. Mr. Power, Mr. Price and Mr. and Mrs. Boulton came to tea.

Sunday Nov. 13. 1898.

A letter from Edith Thomas tells of Evelyn’s dangerous illness, the operation for tumour we all thought nothing of turning out to be very serious. I have wired for news. The uncertainty is awful. We walked – with Fairchild over the hills, and called on Miss Blood and Mr. Power. It was very beautiful, but I was too anxious to enjoy it. [0098]

Monday Nov. 14.98. Frullino. Florence

The cable came: “Evelyn died peacefully November 2nd.” Alas! She was my most intimate friend from the days we were at College together. There has never been a cloud, never the least little shade of lack of sympathy. I shall never love another woman so much till Ray grows to be a woman.

. . . . . . .

Tuesday and Wednesday – [Nov. 15-16, 1898]

Thoughts of Evelyn. I wish she could reach down to the depths of my heart and see how I loved her. [0099]

Thursday, Nov. 17, 1898

Wilfrid writes me that he has fallen desperately in love, at first sight, with an Italian girl named Magda Sindici, who has written a book, “Via Lucis”*,* under the name of Kassandra Vivaria. The “Chronicle” has been publishing her life – she is a “revolted daughter” of a swell Roman family. He says she is very beautiful. I hope it may turn out happily for him. A month ago he was in love with Lina Duff Gordon - a year ago with me. But *this* “is final” he says! *Speriamo*. [0100]

Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff

Born January 28, 1866

Died November 2, 1898

My dearest friend for sixteen years

[0101]

Copy of Letter to Dr. Richter

Nov. 18, 1898

Dear Richter,

I have received your lectures on the National Gallery, and thank you very much for having had them sent to me.

I am going to tell you frankly - as is my habit - that I will not review it. You surely must know from the way I have spoken of you whenever I have had a chance how friendly my intentions have always been to you. Friendly they still are, and for that reason I will say nothing of this last book. The various new suggestions you make there I can not at all subscribe to. In fact, some of them are perfectly incomprehensible to me. Others are based on data of a very speculative if not altogether untenable kind. This is what I should have to say if I reviewed the book, and I’d much rather say it to you in private than to publish it.

Deswegen aber keine Feindschaft, bitte! I look forward with the keenest interest to the work that you are now engaged upon, and should it turn out of the quality that I expect, you may rely on me to do it full justice.

Sincerely yours, Bernhard Berenson

[0102] Tuesday Nov. 29.98. Frullino. Florence.

I could not write these days. I have been mourning for Evelyn, who was more to me than I knew.

I have been asked to rejoice with Wilfrid, who seems to be prosecuting a successful courtship. He is to have his “answer” today, the young lady having retired into the country for a weekend to think it over. I hope she will marry him and let him settle down to literary work. If she merely becomes his mistress, it is all up with him, until she throws him [0103] off. But I hope she will be kinder to him than that.

Mr. and Mrs. Nowers spent ten days here very pleasantly. Blair Fairchild, who is a nice boy, was also here. One evening we spoke of insanity, and he turned pale and could not eat. Afterwards he told Bernhard he had lost his mind several times, and lived in dread of it. Poor boy! Poor boy! His form of insanity is falling into a belief in the Jesuits (a nurse made him secretly a Catholic when he was a small child), and once during [0104] his first year in college he wandered away, and awoke, six days later, at a Jesuit monastery.

Today has been quiet, with rain. I walked to Settignano and had a singing lesson. I am reading James Havell’s Latus, Plutarch’sMarcus Antonius, and the last volume of Mommsen. Bernhard has read Trevelyan’s Life of Macaulay and is now re-reading Pater and Burckhardt’s Greek Culture.

Poor Emily [Dawson] wrote me (what is alas! true) “I know I am a pretty dull person to meet or to hear from. I am [0105] awfully well and awfully happy, and yet I feel that I’m a bore.”

Wednesday Nov. 30.98. Frullino. Florence.

Placci came to lunch, and in spite of his anti-Dreyfus-ism and his bigoted Catholicism, was as lovely and dear as ever, and won back our hearts. In the late afternoon we walked to Poggio Gherardo and greeted Lina and the Kerr-Lawsons on their return.

Thursday Dec. 1.98.

A telegram from W.B. saying “Yes and No” leads me to the (perhaps incorrect) inference that the lady he has set his love on has taken a fancy to him, but is ambitious and determined to get on in the world, and so won’t marry [0106] him, though she likes to have him make love to her. I may be all wrong, but his passion seems to me, while it is very intense, only by chance devoted to her and somewhat voulu and literary at that. He says she is “perfectly congenial”, but I hardly know how a young woman who writes her autobiography in the Chronicle and spends her time going to dinners and teas and balls in the journalistic London world – a whole combination of things he, not in love, would loathe! – can be “congenial”, adorable as she may be. But his letters have been so very much the typical letters of “a man in love”, that I really have no means of judging. However, I think I am safe – though sad – in predicting that if he does not [0107] make her take him seriously now he never will, but will drag on miserably her slave till she takes another caprice. And I do not believe he will have the self-restraint not to take whatever she will let him – her body without her soul, if he may. ThoughI think if he held out, he might win her.

However, I know nothing about it!

I had my last singing lesson, then music, then a call on Mrs. Nowers, and tea here with the Atherton brothers, one dull as a desert, the other an indifferently bad musician.

Bernhard went to the Uffizi. He saw Miss Hamilton who had been [0108] what she calls studying Botticelli – and to whom the Three Archangels (by Botticini) “says louder and louder that it is a real Botticelli.” The little idiot!

Friday Dec. 2. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

The Nowers came to lunch, and we walked out to the Tree - a wonderful day. Fairchild came to tea. Began Hogg’s Life of Shelley. Kerr-Lawsons called.

Saturday Dec. 3. 1898. \* \* \* \*

Quiet day of work. Dined with Fairchild in his villa at Settignano,and had a beautiful walk home. He was overcome with horror at a swell Florentine dinner he had been to where all the ladies got drunk, and the extremest (he says!) indecencies took place after dinner. It had made him quite ill and nervous. [0109]

Sunday Dec. 4.98.

Percy Atherton (musician)and Fairchild lunched here. Then we called on Mr. Fiske, who was boring, and on the Rosses, who were very nice. Began our opus magnum of the Minor Painters in the evening. Looked at the Rembrandt volumes I and II which Bode is bringing out.

Monday Dec. 5.98.

Music lesson, and Bernhard took away Masaccio portrait (alas!) to send to Mrs. Gardner. I called on Miss Cruttwell and Miss Lowndes. Fairchild dined with me, and told me his strange history, while Bernhard dined with Madame Rasponi.

Tuesday Dec. 6.98.

Bernhard called on Miss Blood. Finished Hogg. [0110]

Wednesday Dec. 7. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

Another lovely day, warm as summer. But we did not walk through the woods as yesterday, reviving par moments those exquisite sensations that belonged to the dawn of life, and which the odours of decaying leaves and of pines and of the damp earth now and then call up. Bernhard went grubbing in the archives and then left a card on Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, and I walked by the highway to Settignano and called on Mrs. Fairchild and Satey. Coming home, I stopped for a minute at Poggio Gherardo. Lina was looking lovely. In the evening we worked at our Minor Painters.

Thursday Dec. 8. 1898.

Walked down in the rain to see the Panciatichi pictures, shown us by a quaint and original old lady, the Marchesa Paolucci. [0111] There are some lovely things there. In the afternoon I had my music lesson – Madame de Platonoff is a splendid teacher – while Bernhard wrote. The Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner. They succeeded in making £900 out of a little picture they bought for less than £1, and so they are in more comfortable circumstances. Most of their debts are paid off – poor dears! After they went we got in an hour’s work on our Minor Painters.

Friday Dec. 9. 1898.

Miss Lowndes and Miss Cruttwell came to lunch. Bernhard went in to the Uffizi, and Miss C. and I walked up to Vincigliata – a lovely afternoon. A letter from Mrs. Strong trying to make friends, but I really feel as if I could not see her again. [0112]

Saturday Dec. 10. 1898. Frullino Florence.

Mrs. Fairchild with Blair and Satey came to lunch. The far-famed Satey struck us as [written: a] rather ugly, with a touch of vulgarity in her looks, and not interesting – a great disappointment. Earlier we had been with Placci to see the Alessandri pictures. Lina came to lunch too. Bernhard went with Miss Blood to the Boboli Gardens, and then took Blair to call on Madame Rasponi.

Michael Field writes that she has been so gloriously creative this autumn – “I could have sung with the sons of morning when they arose and sang together.” And to write this to me, when all our quarrel came from our saying we didn’t care for her poetry – ! [0113]

Sunday Dec. 11.98.

Beatrice and Herbert Horne to lunch. Walked with them to Settignano and all called on the Fairchilds and then on Miss Blood. There we found the Kerr-Lawsons, who thereupon accompanied B.B. and me back to the Rosses. So we saw all our hillside. Miss Fairchild, the far-famed, is a great disappointment.

Worked in the evening. B.B. read Burckhardt on Greek culture.

Monday Dec. 12.98.

Went to Buonamici and Quartette concert: liked Boccherini quartette. Afterwards went on a wild goose chase after a “Botticelli”. Then I called on Mrs. Madeau and found her flirting with a lot of middle aged men, all of them at the “table rapping” stage. The people were awful.

We bought (for £500) a little Crucifixion on gold ground, perhaps by Giottino. [0114]

Tuesday Dec. 13.98. Frullino. Florence

Placci came to lunch and we had a fierce wrangle over the Dreyfus-Picquart affair. Mr. Morgan also was here. Then we drove to Settignano, walked with the Fairchilds to the Bagazzano, and then all had tea with Miss Blood. Mrs. Fairchild said she was devoted to literature, and, later, it turned out that she is a passionate admirer of Zangwill as a writer. Miss Fairchild I really do not like. I think she is Loeser-meat.

Looked over Moscioni’s photographs of early frescoes etc. in the evening.

Wednesday Dec. 14.98.

Wrapped in a mist, though at Fiesole the sun was shining. Practised, read, wrote, quarrelled, made up. [0115]

Thursday Dec. 15. 1898.

Lunched with the Placcis. Carlo spoke very bitterly of Miss Blood as a parasite living on the bounty of the Princess Ghika and pretending that the money, or a large part of it, was hers. It was so unlike him to speak in this way that we suspected Madame de Montebello behind it. He and Buonamici played an organ and orchestra concerto by Rheinberger, and then we went to a concert to hear Buonamici and Faini play a Bach sonata (la maggiore). Bernhard had tea with Benn and I had my music lesson. Benn was saying that England had never been much influenced by France, and that individual men, like Gibbon, who were influenced by French things, never had themselves much influence in England. [0116]

Friday Dec. 16. 1898. Frullino. Florence.

We had a most divine walk – an old Fiesole “rampart walk”. The day was en - chant - ing. A telegram came from Alys saying that Benjamin Frank Conn Costelloe [written: B.F.C.C.] will not make trouble if I put off my home-coming till the 10th. As I might not have been able to go at all, this is a pure gain, and it made me happy. But I was happy anyhow with Bernhard and the sunshine.

Fairchild came and gave me a lesson, and at 7.15 I met Trevy who arrived from England with a heavy bag of books. He was very nice in the evening.[0117]

Saturday, Dec. 17, 1898

I lunched at Poggio and had a nice long walk with Lina, who told me how she got over her attachment to that fishy Waterfield. She suffered greatly, poor dear.

At dinner Trevy told us of the rather appalling impression Wilfrid’s lady love made on the Cambridge dons. They said she wasn’t “their kind” – she was amusing, but very conceited and unteachable, as she wanted to do all the talking herself. They thought she had no special endowment of mind, and was scarcely pretty, though lively and vivacious. In fact she made a very [0118] unfavourable impression. Here is Wilfrid’s account: “Magda quite won everybody – elle va sans dire after all I have told you of her?! – even that confirmed misogynist Nathaniel Wedd!” Wedd didn’t like her at all, Trevy said. They had told him some of the things she had said, and he began to repeat them, stumbled, blushed, and said he couldn’t go on, they were really trop fort. Evidently she lacks tact. But then she is so young. However, the general impression was that she was very much in her element in the Journalia from which W. is seeking to extricate her. [0119]

Sunday. Dec. 18.’98. Frullino. Florence.

Lunched with Fairchilds. We talked chiefly about Japanese things and Trevy told a marvellous story about some Japanese people who came to consult a theologian about the Christian Trinity. They put their heads together, and then the spokesman, bowing ceremoniously, said, “We understand there is an honourable Father” – “Yes,” said the Theologian, and explained His nature. Same tableau. “We understand there is an honourable Son” – and finally, after much consultation – “We understand there is an honourable Pigeon.”

After lunch we called at the Rosses and then came home. Trevy read us selections from his unedited works all the evening, greatly enjoying it. He has talent. [0120]

Monday Dec. 19. 1898. Frullino. Florence

Went to see the Panciatichi pictures again. Lina joined us and we lunched at Doney’s and then went to hear the Passion music of Perosi. It was very boring and the brasses were out of tune, and we came away as soon as we could. I had a music lesson. Read The Rape of the Lock in the evening.

Tuesday Dec. 20. 1898.

Fairchilds to lunch and Buonamici’s concert: Bazzini, Brahms, Beethoven. A gathering of the Clans at the concert – Placci, Miss Blood, Lina, Mrs. Kerr-Lawson, Mrs. Ross, Fairchilds, Beatrice Horne and ourselves all on two rows. Miss Fairchild gave me a “relaxing” lesson. She is nicer than at first I thought.

Wilfrid sent me his adored lady’s book to [0121] read – “Via Lucis”. In his infatuation he thinks it is “immature but full of promise, and the revelation of a wonderful personality.” I hoped it might be, but I found it simply the sort of facile stuff an excitable girl formed on Ovida and Marion Crawford would very naturally, given the talent for expression, pour out. It has no promise. There is no distinction, either in matter or manner. She sentimentalizes over commonplaces – and her heroine is the regular hackneyed type – “not beautiful in the strict sense, but with something more than beauty”, etc. It isn’t so serious as Mrs. Humphrey Ward even, and this fatal fluency destroys all hope of her ever learning how to write. The type of mind seems to be of the ordinary journalese novel-writer. In fact, a really fundamentally vulgar book. In his normal [0122] senses Wilfrid Blaydes would have loathed such a book. The fact that she wrote it at 18-19 makes it even less “promising”. I fear the only promise is popularity. Of course I do not dare to tell him this!

Wednesday Dec. 21.98. Frullino. Florence.

Lines on Val Prinseps:

“There was once a Creator named God

Whose creations were now and then odd

I maintain and I shall

The creation of Val

Is not to the credit of God.”

Fearfully windy day. I had a headache from the wind. Bernhard went in to the Uffizi. Trevy called on the Rosses. The dear thing (Bernhard) is feeling better since he adopted Alys’ suggestion of drinking hot water in the morning and before meals, and so he is comparatively happy. Today, though nothing happened, he said he had had a really delightful day. [0123]

Thursday Dec. 22.98

A magnificent lunch at the Rosses – a walk with Lina, who is, I think, quite ready to fall in love with Trevy. Wind still high.

Friday. Dec. 23.98

The day of the children’s “First Communion”. I sent them little breast pins to wear, and I hope some of the anti-prayers I sent along with them will neutralize this terrible Catholic virus with which they are being innoculated. Alas! alas!

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch full of excitement at having been asked to write on Signorelli for that Loeser - Strong - Williamson series. Bernhard was very nice and said he would help her.

He spent the afternoon at the Cenacolo di Sant’Apollonia and Santa Maria Novella with Miss Blood, and had tea with her, and called for me when I was taking a singing lesson of Blair Fairchild, and we walked home together. [0124]

Saturday Dec. 24. 1898. Frullino. Florence

Placci came up to lunch, and we had an awful row over the Dreyfus affair. He says the Judges in the Cour de Cassation are all vile scoundrels who have been bribed by the Jews. Then we calmed down, had some music, and took a delightful walk. He came in and read us nearly half of the “Purgatorio”, and we parted friends. Except for his idiot spots, he is a delicious person!

Sunday Christmas Day 1898

We called on the Rosses and Lina and wished them a Merry Christmas, and then walked home through the woods. On returning, I found a letter from Wilfrid Blaydes saying that his adored Magda is going – to marry Mr. Heinemann – that contemptible, vulgar, [0125] pushing, journalistic publisher! This bears out the impression of her I have not been able to avoid getting, in spite of her lover’s praises. I think Love, while it no doubt revealed to him much that was lovely in her, which would have escaped an unloving eye, blinded him to those defects which impressed others so unfavourably, defects which seem to be the ruling traits, after all. Whether W. didn’t really care so much for her as he thought – for he said it was “life and death” to him, or whether he is merely stunned at the overwhelming ruin and feels the calm people are said to feel in a lion’s jaws, I don’t know; but at any rate he [0126] writes very calmly, says they remain “the closest of friends”, and that at any rate she has give him “a wonderful month”, although it is now “of course, rather hard on him”. If he didn’t really care, and it was all rhetoric – tant pis pour lui. The marriage is to take place in February. The young lady says that even if she does get sick of the man, the position will be a very advantageous one. How little she knows of the real contempt in which Heinemann is held by all decent people!

Monday Dec. 26. 1898. Frullino Florence

The Robinsons arrived from Rome [0127] today, and we spent the afternoon and evening chatting and laughing.

Tuesday Dec. 27.1898

Music in the morning. We had a climb over the hills with Lina in the afternoon, and some singing in the evening. Mrs. Robinson has a lovely voice.

Wednesday Dec. 28.1898.

Miss Cruttwell to lunch. She has been asked to write on Signorelli and Bernhard is helping her. She came to study the photographs. She had been spending Christmas with Miss Paget, whose temper, she says, is going from bad to worse. She was furious [0128] with Maud for refusing to paint some scenes for a puppet show she is going to have – Maud being terribly busy as the book has to be finished in 6 months. “O that Signorelli!” said Miss Paget scornfully, “that’s a very easy matter. You just come to me and I’ll tell you the scheme of it, and you can do it in a few hours.” She says Miss P. has no idea of scholarship or responsibility – her one idea is effective writing.

Later in the day, we drove over and called on the Fairchilds. Trevy has been rather bad-tempered and stupid this visit, with his mind choked with half-understood [0129] ideas of the two Moores and other London friends – interested in absolutely nothing but the verses he is making – so it was rather a relief when he decided to go off to Ravello this week – although it is rather horrid of him, as this invitation from the beginning was to come and stay with B.B. while I was away. But he is perfectly selfish and cares for nothing but writing his verses, which I must confess, do sometimes come very near to poetry.

We played Baccarat in the evening.

Thursday Dec. 29. 1898. Frullino. Florence

It rained miserably all day, but we consoled ourselves with “Naps”in the evening. [0130]

Friday Dec. 30. 1898. Frullino. Florence

I had caught a ferocious cold, and it kept me miserable in the house all day. Janet Dodge arrived in the evening, by the same train Trevy took to go to Naples. He left under a cloud, feeling he had been horrid, so I wrote to him telling him we counted him so genuinely “one of us” that he might feel free to come and go as he liked. Horne came to dinner. Lord Balcarres called.

X X X

Saturday Dec. 31st. ’98

Cold still miserable. Fairchild and Kerr-Lawson came to dinner.

New Year’s Day 1899.

Cold. Andersen, the sculptor, came to lunch – we liked him, and we think he has genius. He is, however, an artist, and, as such, not “our kind”. Janet Dodge and Mrs. Robinson called as [0131] Miss Blood and Bernhard took a walk with Placci and Lord Balcarres, and called on Mrs. Ross, from whom he bought a picture. Miss Fairchild gave us a “relaxing” lesson.

x Monday Jan. 2. 1899.

Cold still heavy. Miss Blood called. The Robinsons went. Fairchild came to dinner and seemed horribly depressed.

Tuesday. Jan. 3. 1899.

I started for London – glad to see the children and mother – hating to leave Bernhard.

X

Tuesday Jan. 24. 1899

Logan and I got here last night, I with a miserable cold. Bernhard met us. We spent yesterday morning at Piacenza. [0132] Janet Dodge stayed here while I was gone and kept B.B. company and played picquet with him. He says she was nicer than he expected. Taking up old music seriously with Dolmetsch has improved her. He saw something of the usual people while I was gone: the Rosses, Miss Blood, Mr. Benn, Placci and Prince Galitzine. I had a lovely time with the children, and saw something of Blaydes, and met Donna Magda Sindici, who fascinated me. Blaydes recovered from his mighty passion for her in about 24 hours after the shock of hearing she meant to marry Heinemann! [0133]

Wednesday Jan. 25.99. Frullino. Florence

Bernhard lunched with the Fairchilds and walked with Blair to Morgan’s. Logan hunted “oggetti”, and I stayed at home and nursed my cold. The Kerr-Lawsons called.

Thursday Jan. 26.99.

Logan hunted oggetti, and B.B. called on Lady Ottilie Bentinck. Janet Dodge came to lunch. Mrs. Jeaffreson called. Finished Froude’s Caesar. Miss Cruttwell called.

Friday Jan. 27.99.

Cold heavy. B.B. called on Hamilton Aidé. I went to see the Curiosity Shops with Logan. He and B.B. played Picquet in the evening. I began Macaulay’s Life. Bernhard is reading Rohde’s Psyche. We heard the Frosino was for sale, and I wrote to Mr. Morgan to ask him to buy it for me! ’Tis a heavenly place! [0134 ]

Saturday Jan. 28.1899. Frullino. Florence

Music lesson, and then we all walked to see the Frosino, which is a gem of a place.

Sunday Jan. 29.99.

Bernhard drove with Mr. Hamilton Aidé to lunch with the Rosses. Janet and Mr. Morgan lunched here, and we walked to the Frosino, which looked lovelier than ever. I called on the Rosses, and saw dear Mr. Ross, who was looking indescribably changed – alas! – since his paralytic stroke. Horne came to dinner.

X X X

Monday Jan. 30. 1899.

Rainy day. I stayed in bed all the morning, and read Maeterlinck and Mommsen and Macaulay. Bernhard lunched with the Placcis to meet Ferrero. Maud Cruttwell lunched here. [0135]

Tuesday Jan. 31.99.

Logan and B.B. went to Mrs. Caulfield’s to see some old furniture and found themselves let in for a social function with an enthusiastic admirer of B. Berenson’s writings. They were furious! After my music lesson, we went to some antiquity shops and came home for tea. I worked on Neri di Bicci. Picquet in the evening. and my lists of the works of minor painters.

\* Wednesday Feb. 1.99.

Another cold. Quiet day – music and work. Mr. Morgan called.

Thursday Feb. 2. 1899.

Bernhard called on Miss Blood and the Kerr-Lawsons. Rainy – music and work. [0136]

Friday Feb. 3. 1899. Frullino Florence

Miss Hamilton and Janet to lunch. Music lesson. Lady Ottilie Bentinck and Miss Bentinck called on B.B. Mrs. and Miss Fairchild called.

Saturday Feb. 4. ’99

A nice letter from Mrs. Gardner. Mr. Morgan writes that the owner of the Frosino wants £50,000, which is too much, so we must give up the idea. I am sorry. We went to Bardini’s to look up a Madonna in terracotta by Sperandio, to which Mrs. Gardner has taken a fancy. In the evening we read the Protagoras – delicious! – and I read Plutarch’s Life of Alexander the Great and finished Macaulay’s Life.

Sunday Feb. 5.99.

Miss Lowndes came to lunch. She was very amusing about Miss Paget, who has [0137] gone in for metaphysics and philosophy, getting them up from the Encyclopaedia Brittanica to astonish Lady Ottilie – and about Lady Ottilie, whose great idea is to find out whether the great philosophers were “orthodox”. Bernhard and I called on the Rosses, and then had a walk, ending up with a call on the Kerr-Lawsons and Janet. Poor Janet’s finances are going down in a dreadful way. Mrs. Kerr-Lawon said that Miss Fairchild simply detests B.B. and me, and can’t keep it in – she hasn’t even the tact to avoid telling such intimate friends as they how she loathes us. She certainly has been a great disappointment – she has an impression of being rude and vulgar and bad-tempered and impudent. The Kerr-Lawsons [0138] had a letter from Heinemann announcing his marriage to Donna Magda. It is to take place on the 21st in Rome. It is dreadful.

Trevy writes: “Tell Logan that I shall soon enter his own private pasture, and trespass on the almost virginal territory of prose – real prose of course I mean, which he and a small band have kept to themselves so long. He will soon sigh with the sonneteer –

‘Whence came his feet into my field, and why?’ and perhaps continue the sonnet –

‘How is it that he sees it all so drear?’

For I shall go round and pick all his most frapant motives and situations and press them dry of all scent and sap between the horrid pages of my books.”

Monday Feb. 6.99. Frullino Florence

Logan and I lunched with the Fairchilds and had a “relaxing” lesson. Walking back we explored the Villa Viviani..Janet lunched [0139] with B.B. and they had a walk in the quarries. She has had her income cut down from £200 to £120, and she doesn’t know how she can manage. It is very hard luck, delicate as she is. We read Charmides in the evening.

Tuesday Feb. 7. 1899.

Music lesson. Then I went to Dr. Grazzi, who discovered Adenoids in the back of my throat.Shopping with Logan and home to tea. In the evening we read the Lysis, but Bernhard struck, and declared himself too much bored with Socrates to go on. He prefers Picquet!! He called on Benn in the afternoon, and found him in heaven because Spencer had asked Knowles to invite him (Benn) to write a 25 page article in the *“*Nineteenth Century”on his philosophy. We all agreed at dinner that we should hate to write for the “Nineteenth Century”, but that no one would believe us sincere in saying so.

[0140]

End of 1898.

Common Friends

X = new or renewed

> = less

< = more

# = lapsed

Placci

W. Blaydes

Trevy X

The Frys X

H. Horne >

J. Dodge >

S. Reinach

Miss Blood

Mr. and Mrs. Ross

Mr. and Mrs. Nowers

Mr. Lovett

Christina

Miss Cruttwell X

Miss Duff Gordon

# Fafner

# Edith and Bryson

Edith and Bond

Michael Fields

Mr. Benn

X Mrs. Benn

# Burkes

# Emily Dawson

# Lillian Rea

Gronau

Senda

Mr. and Mrs. Cook

X Blair Fairchild

X Andersen

Sturges

Miss Lowndes

# Zangwill

Alys, Bertie, Logan

# Obrist

Kerr-Lawsons

Hildebrands

X Mr. Dickinson

Dr. Lippmann

Robertsons

Jenkins

B. B.’s

Mrs. Gardner

Contessa Rasponi

Contessa Pasolini

Duchessa Grazioli

Bywater

Carpenter

Klinsmann

Kitty Hall

Miss Placci

Went

Mr. Perry

M. C.’s

Rukhmabai

Mr. Cobden Sanderson

Florence Dike

Dr. Bucke

Grace

Evelyn dead, alas.

Eva McLaren

R.I.P.

Frizzoni

Eugénie Strong

Herrick

Mr. Gardner dead

[0141 s.n.]

Practically lapsed  for absence or indifference

Mme. Reinach

Alfred Austen

Mr. Fletcher

Miss Kolb

Mrs. Halsey

Mr. Rankin

Sig. Franchetti

Mrs. Burnett

Helen Hopekirk

Those who count  in every day life here

Placci

Blaydes

~~Trevy~~

Horne

Dodge

Kerr-Lawson

Duff Gordon

Rosses

Reinach

Blood

Fairchild

Christina

Cruttwell

Benn

Senda

Alys & Bertie

Logan

“My World”

Bernhard

Ray

Mother

Karin

[Evelyn]

W. Blaydes

Logan

Alys & Bertie

Reinach

Trevy

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson

Placci

Lina

Alas that Evelyn is gone

My real world

Bernhard

Ray

Evelyn

Mother

Karin

Lina