Diary 6, 1899-1902

[0016] Wednesday February 8. 1899. Frullino. Florence

Rainy – but clearer towards afternoon. We started for a walk, but met Houghton and brought him back for tea. In the evening Logan read us his extracts from Busch’s Memoirs of Bismarck, and we read half of thePhaedrus, greatly enjoying it.

Thursday Feb. 9. 1899.

Bernhard lunched with Placci to meet Mr. Howard Esnie and his wife, afterwards he worked in the Uffizi. Logan and I shopped a while in the Via Maggio, and then I went to Dr. Grazzi and had my nose cauterized. Then I called on the Houghtons and brought away two charming Sienese statues in wood, possibly by Vecchietta, to tempt Bernhard with. They are tempting! Blair Fairchild came to dinner, and he was really very nice – I say “really,” because we dislike his sister so that a little of it has tended to fall on him.

We bought Macaulay’s Essays!

[0019] Friday. Feb. 10. 1899.

We finished the Phaedrus, rather in disappointment. But how lovely the prayer at the end: “Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as a temperate man and he only can bear and carry.”

The day has been beautiful – warm as April. Bernhard went to Bardini’s with Lady Ottoline Bentinck,and Logan and I called at the Rasponi’s, and saw the Contessina Rezia,a most attractive little creature. I read Macaulay’s Essay on Milton, and found it very poor, save for one page which might serve as an introduction to the Golden Urn view on poetry! But Macaulay never made anything of it.

[0020] Saturday Feb. 11. 1899. Frullino. Florence

Misty day. Bernhard and I walked in the Quarries and ended up at the Rosses, where we paid a long call. He dined at the Rasponis and argued theological points with Mme. Pasolini. Logan and I played picquet and “relaxed”.

Here is a fine bit of journalistic criticism: “This volume overflows with the kind of verse that stings the pulse of the reader and provokes him to an unwanted show of emotion”.

I read Leconte de Lisle’s translation of the Agamemnon this morning, and Macaulay on Macchiavellilast night. Bernhard is re-reading Bryce’s Holy Roman Empire.

x Sunday Feb. 12.99

Called on Miss Blood, who talked of nothing but “relaxing”. Met Bernhard at Janet’s. Logan and I are trying to walk in the way Miss Fairchild has taught us, stepping on the ball of the foot, and pushing the ground out behind us – sing the heel very [0021] little, and letting the weight of the body fall forward and pull us along. She says it is very much less tiring. I read Verrall’s Introduction to the Agamemnon.

Monday Feb. 13. 1899.

Quiet but most lovely day. Horne came up to tea and he and Bernhard and I walked in the park of the Villa Camerata and saw over the beautiful house which is to let. The weather is perfect. We began to read the Symposium, and I read Macaulay on Frederick the Great.

Tuesday Feb. 14. 1899.

My thirty-fifth birthday. As middle age is coming upon me, I realize that I cut a very poor figure in the world, but yet a certain inner content becomes more and more real to me every year – peacefulness, and a number of real enjoyments, so much my own that no one [0022] can take them away from me, so real that I scarcely want anyone else to know of them. The need of an “audience” becomes less each year – partly because I don’t find an audience willing to applaud, but partly because enjoyments of my own are growing more real.

The gain in the past year (if it is a gain!!) is to have entirely got over the last remnants of being in love with Wilfrid Blaydes. This puts a quietness into life, and gives me detachment for impersonal pleasures – and these draw me always nearer to Bernhard, who grows truly dearer to me every year.

I am afraid I have no new friend to record in the year. I suppose, really, I have all I want, and am not keen on finding new ones – in fact, haven’t the time. But in losing my beloved Evelyn,I have lost my very dearest and closest woman friend. I shall never have [0023] another so dear.

…

The day passed as quietly as usual. In the afternoon, as Bernhard and Logan both felt unwell, they sat in the tower playing picquet, while I worked on my Louvre Guide. Around 6 we walked out (Miss Lowndes joined us) and saw the festival called “burning the Carnival” – the contadini rushing with bundles of lighted straw around the confines of the new growing wheat, chanting a queer old song, which I may as well put down:

Grano grano, non carbonchiare,

L’ultima sera di Carnevale,

Io ti vengo ad illuminare

Tanto al piano che al poggio.

Ogni spiga ne faccio un moggio

Un Moggio, moggio o moggiolino

Ogni spigo un quattuccino!

[0024]

We ended up ourselves at Poggio [Gherardo], with Lina, making a fiery procession through the olives. Then we went in and had dinner, and I found a great bunch of orchids at my plate, and my health was drunk in champagne. Mr. Ross told me stories of crocodile-shooting on the Nile in the days before steamboats, and Mrs. Ross talked scandal to Logan and BB. The walk home in the moonlight was pleasant.

Wednesday Feb. 15. 1899. Frullino. Florence.

That idiotic, sentimental Miss Hamilton to lunch – but Benn also, and we talked around and beyond her. Bernhard and Benn walked, and I went down and had my nose burnt out, and then shopped a little with Logan, coming home, however, to tea. Finished the Symposium in the evening. I began Trevelyan’s Life of Charles James Fox. Bernhard is reading Rohde’s Psyche.

[0025] Thursday Feb. 16. 1899.

Work as usual in the morning. Bernhard called on Mr. Verity to see his Chinese bronzes, and he liked both them and him. Then he called on Warburg, whom he liked also – for a German! I took a bicycle-ride with Logan, and ended up with a call on Janet Dodge, who is ill, poor thing. We began Gorgias in the evening. Bernhard is getting devoted to picquet. I am learning a Gigue by Scarlatti.

Friday Feb. 17. 1898 [i.e. 1899].

Bernhard called on Count Hochberg, whom he liked, and met there the Thorpes, and liked Mrs. Thorpe. He then called on Janet and the [Kerr-]Lawsons. Logan and I bicycled down to Gagliardi’s to see a little picture he has for sale. We went on with the Gorgias in the evening, and played picquet. Bernhard has finished Bryce’s Holy Roman Empire.

[0024]

Saturday Feb. 18.’99. Frullino. Florence.

I called on Janet Dodge and Mrs. Ross. Mme. Rasponi called here, and was pleasant, and even witty, but her mind hops terribly

“over the land and over the sea,

As if it would never stop.”

Miss Blood, Fairchild and Kerr-Lawson had tea with Bernhard.

Sunday Feb. 19. 1899.

Logan called on Mme. Rasponi to consult about her formal garden. I began Trevelyan’s American Revolution, and read Bernhard’s chapter on Filippino, Amico and Alunno. We went to the Cherubini Concert prova and heard the VIII Symphony. Then Placci took us for an enchanting drive, on which, unfortunately, I caught a cold.

x Monday Feb. 20. 1899.

Bernhard has Mrs. Caulfield and her son to tea – pushing Philistines. Logan and I had tea with the Hornes and Benn [0025] went with Herbert to an antiquity shop, and made some astonishing bargains.

Tuesday Feb. 21. 1899.

This is Magda’s wedding day. I wonder how Wilfrid is celebrating it! Bernhard worked at the Uffizi and called on Benn. I stayed in with a heavy cold, except for my lesson.

Wednesday Feb. 22. 1899.

Stayed in bed till lunch. Placci came, and he and Logan and Bernhard had a bicycle-ride. Finished the Gorgias. I finished the American Revolution. Mrs. Gardner telegraphed that she wanted the Holbeins and the Angelico!

Thursday Feb. 23. 1899.

Warren telegraphed for Bernhard to go to Rome on Monday, and we made our plans all to go. In the afternoon Bernhard had a grand tea-party, consisting of Mrs. Ross [0026] and Mme. Turri, Lady Ottiline [i.e. Ottoline Morrell] and her cousin, and Logan. I shopped and called on Janet and Mr. Ross. Mrs. Ross took a thorough impetuous hatred to Lady Ottiline, and behaved at her most outrageous, so as to shock her, slapping her knee and saying “By God” and “Damn it”. She looked gorgeous in a peacock hat and purple cloak. Henry James said of her she was the only woman he had ever met who had absolutely nothing feminine about her. Zangwill said that the distinction of sex was a purely superficial one!

In the evening we read the Apology and I finished Macaulay’s two Essays on Pitt.

Friday Feb. 24.99. Frullino. Florence.

Logan left on his bicycle for Siena. Janet Dodge came to stay. Bernhard called on Mr. Ross. [0027]

Saturday, Feb. 25.99. Grand Hotel Siena

I joined Logan here, leaving Janet to look after BB. We bought antiquities and had a moonlight stroll. It has turned cold.

Sunday. Feb. 26.99. Belle Arti. Orvieto

Bicycled out to see Mr. Neilson’s place, which would not do for us at all. He came with us, and explained with pride how he had cut down one side of a beautiful old cypress avenue to make room for a filthy rockery and a stagnant green pool! No Italian could have been worse! Then we bicycled across to Asciano, the hilly road, in the teeth of a biting wind, and came on here by train.

Monday Feb. 27.99. Hassler. Rome

Logan bicycled from Orte, but I came by train. Called on Robinsons. Bernhard arrived at midnight. Emanuel Moor is here and he entertained us vastly. [0028]

Tuesday Feb. 28. 1899. Hassler. Rome

Bernhard went to see some pictures with Ned Warren, and lunched with him. We hunted antiquities in the morning, and went to the Borghese in the afternoon with Mr. Robinson. Dined with the Robinsons and Andersen (the sculptor). Bernhard called on the Duchessa Grazioli and found her fascinating.

Wednesday March 1.99.

Shopped, and Bernhard bought a Cariani portrait of a youth, very Giorgionesque (400 lire), and a Bernardino da Mariotto tabernacolo (1250 lire). He lunched with the Grazioli, Molmenti and the Duca di Camastro. Called to see Andersen’s things (most of which are awful!) and then walked on the Pincian. Tea with Miss Hertz. Miss Taylor and Miss Halsey (a snake and a toad) called. Had the Robinsons and Mr. Christian Ross to dine at the Roma. Ross is a fat, white-[0029]haired old Norwegian painter who can talk scandal delightfully, dance on the tightrope, and looks exactly like Guido Reni’s Christ on the Cross!! Bernhard is worried about the Holbeins.

\* Thursday March 2.99.

Logan and I explored the Antiquity shops on the quays, but found nothing much. Bernhard went with the Duchessa [Grazioli] to Frascati and had lunch with her boy. He enjoyed himself very much. They talked about Love.

Logan and I drove with Mr. Robinson on the Campagna. I had tea with Miss Halsey, who told me about Magda’s wedding, and how Heinemann hung a diamond necklace around her neck at the breakfast. The Grazzioli says people wonder why he married her, because (she says) her “adventures” since she was 15 have been notorious in Rome. The Father owes his position to his courage in getting people out of scrapes. [0030]

Friday, March 3rd ‘99. Hassler Rome

Hunted antiquities in the morning and saw the Sterbini collection. Called to see Robinson’s things in the afternoon. And liked immensely a picture of his wife in a purple and green hat, with green and white draperies – a haunting picture. Went to St. Peter’s. I called on Miss Taylor, who lives in the most wonderful place, just over the Forum. Dr. Richter was there. They are working and travelling and everything (?) together, and she told me his wife, who is an impossible, hysterical, worldly person, makes him dreadful scenes. I could see from his glance that he is in love with her, strange as it seems! But she is either cooler or better able to conceal her feelings.

Bernhard dined with the Pasolinis. Count P. was even more outrageous than usual, so much so that his sons said if he went on they would [0031] leave the house. He even teazed her about the Marchese di Viti. He said he hadn’t been able to make children, but he had made books. Her mother was there and drew Bernhard aside to speak against Miss Paget’s selfishness, her grasping ways, her habit of spying on Mme. Pasolini. Mme. Pasolini sang her song of reform in taxation.

Saturday March 4.99

Logan and I went with Andersen to the Terme. We enjoyed the Apollo and liked Andersen. We bought a Balducci! Bernhard took the Grazzioli to the Stanze and she took him to lunch with her “residuary lover”, the Duca di Camastro, who has rooms that made Bernhard sick with envy.

In the afternoon we hunted antiquities, then Bernhard and I went to Stroganoff’s, while the Robinsons, [0032] Moor and Andersen had tea with Logan. Then we all went to hear Mrs. Robinson sing, which she did divinely, to Moor’s accompaniment. We three stayed to dine and played Nap.

Sunday March 5.99. Frullino Florence

Came home and unpacked. Bernhard and Logan caught colds in the train. Janet Dodge is staying here.

Monday March 6.99

Bernhard very low with cold. I called on the Rosses and found them pretty well. Lina walked back with Janet and me. She grows nicer. Placci lunched here and was full of amusing gossip. Janet and I went to the Concert at night. We liked the first two movements of Tschaikowski’s Symphonie pathétique, and a cello thing by Valentini. Am reading Roseberry’s Pitt. [0033]

Tuesday March 7.99.

Colds still bad. I went to the doctor, and then with Kerr-Lawson to see a possible Titian he is wild to invest in. Picquet in the evening, and we finished Socrates’ *Apology* – than which nothing nobler has ever been conceived.

Wednesday March 8.99.

Colds no better, and I joined the rank of invalids by a stomach upset. Bernhard lunched with Miss Ogilvy. Read Macaulay on Clive.

Thursday March 9. 1899.

All laid up, including Janet.

Friday March 10. 1899.

Dr. Grazzi, his assistant and a chloroformist came at 9.30, and by 10.30 my adenoids were removed and I was tucked away in bed. Invalids cross. Karin’s tenth birthday. [0034]

Saturday March 11. 1899. Frullino. Florence.

Kerr-Lawsons, Lina, Fairchilds and Mrs. Ross called. I read Letters of Mme. d’Arblay – dulllll!!! Logan and Bernhard went to the shops, and bought me a lovely green spread.

Sunday March 12.99.

Up again. Read some. Bernhard reading Boswell. Read Luke in evening before picquet. Bernhard called on Mme. Rasponi. Logan at Gamberaia.

Monday March 13.99.

Went to Blumner’s Concert, but didn’t care much for his playing. Blaydes seems to have fallen in love again, this time most suitably, with Cecilia Townshend, a pretty, nice, well-connected, not quite penniless girl. I hope it will go on all right. She will not lead him to any extravagances at least. She works in the C.O.S.! [0035]

Tuesday March 14. 1899.

While Logan and I were studying some Sienese photographs at the piano (posed just as if to be discerned) the door opened and in walked a young lady to discover us. She began soluble explanations at the door, and continued them across the room – how she and a friend had been the fortunate possessors of a copy of the “Golden Urn” and the unfortunate losers thereof at Milan; how she had been travelling for three days to try to recover it, and had at last determined to come and boldly ask for another, leaving Siena this morning at 7.30 for the purpose, and hoping to return in the evening with a “Golden Urn” under her arm. It was very “gratifying”, as Aunty Lill would say, and of course we gave her one and kept her to lunch. Mr. Morgan also dropped in to lunch. [0036]

Wednesday March 15.99. Frullino Florence

Bernhard called on Mme. Turri and the Alfieris. Trevy arrived, and, later, Bernhard’s cousin, Louis Freedman, a well-meaning, very ordinary sort of young man, who is studying all the arts and most of the sciences in Germany. Finished Morley’s Burke.

Thursday March 16.99.

Bernhard’s cousin is an ass. Miss Cruttwell and Miss Lowndes to lunch.

Friday March 17.99

Mr. Benn came to lunch. and Janet came back to stay awhile. I had to buy a bed and bring it up in the carriage. Bernhard’s cousin nearly killed us with his folly. His idea is to make Aesthetics a Mathematical Science. Bernhard and Trevy called on the Rosses.

Saturday March 18.99.

Bernhard lunched with Mme Turri. We made the cousin believe that Altamura [0037] was a real place. But he is so stupid that even guying him isn’t much fun. Read St. Luke and Plato in the evening.

Sunday March 19.99.

Lina called in the morning. Logan and I called at Mr. Fiske’s on Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Austin. I talked such platitudes to him, that I looked round in fear someone else might overhear them. Read St. Luke.

Monday March 20.99.

Walked with Logan and Trevy to Kerr-Lawsons’ pretty new home. Read Plato.

Tuesday March 21.99.

George Trevelyan arrived – a nice boy of 23,with the usual Cambridge unkemptness and lack of manners. His eyes are nice and he seems to have an excellent mind (indeed he must have to have written his history of the Lollards). His voice is loud and unmodulated, and he is [0038] still beset with the spirit of Liberal party politics. I had my music lesson and shopped. We read Luke in the evening. Horne came to dinner, and failed to recognize a most typical Sellaio of which we had the photograph. Finished Pater’s Plato. Bernhard reading Boswell.

Wednesday March 22.99. Frullino Florence

Walked up to Morgans and had tea – a splendid walk, but cold. Read Luke in evening, interrupted with brayings from Bernhard’s ass of a cousin – poor, well-meaning idiot, with brains enough to make a decent tram-car conductor! Began Morley’s Walpole.

Thursday March 23.99.

A rainy day. Called on Mrs. Ross and Lina. Bernhard took the Trevys to the Pitti. His cousin left. [0039]

Friday March 24.99.

After my music lesson I called for Mrs. Hooker (a California friend of my dearest Evelyn) and her daughter and brought them up to tea. Janet Dodge also came. Talked against Christianity and the Papacy all the evening. Read Mrs. Piozzi’s Italian Letters.

Saturday March 25.99.

Windy and cold. Bernhard called on Miss Blood, and I stayed in. Miss Priestley came to dinner, and talked amusingly all the evening.

Sunday March 26.99

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Logan and I went to see some rotten pictures and then drove Miss Priestley out to the Gamberaia, where we found Miss Blood pursuing her flirtation with Blair Fairchild. His sister says it is becoming ridiculous – three or four notes a day, presents, telepathic thoughts of [0040] each other at certain moments of the day, and then a comparison of the “thoughts”-- and so on. Miss Fairchild laughs at it, and calls it baby-snatching. However, baby as he is, she says Blair is an old hand. We called on Mrs. Fairchild, too. Bernhard in the meantime lectured Janet Dodge on her selfishness. (Kerr-Lawson had been telling him that they were often on the point of liking her, and then were repelled by finding her so utterly absorbed in herself.) He made her cry, but she defended herself and said she had lots of devoted friends, that she wasn’t selfish and so on. Afterwards Trevy took her for a long walk, and this no doubt consoled her, especially as they started out for Poggio Gherardo and ended by sitting in the woods instead. I saw some old Scotch acquaintances in Florence, the Birkmyres.

In the evening we read St. John. [0041]

Monday March 27.99. Frullino Florence

Lina came to lunch, and was rather charming. Bernhard called on a Mme. Félicie Bernstein, sent him by Poynter (via Cook) – a rich Berlin Jewess who rushes all over Europe making acquaintance with artists and critics. Miss Hubbard, of Smith College, came to tea.

Tuesday March 28.99.

I lunched with the Birkmyres, Scotch friends of ten years ago – such good, simple, kind people, totally unspoiled by their great riches. Then music and a dull call with Logan on Mme. Rasponi. Bernhard and Trevy called on the Rosses. Trevy, it seems, is really seriously considering the marrying of Lina. He would do it in a minute, only he finds her so unresponsive to his real interests – poetry and literature. If she had Janet’s brains, he wouldn’t hesitate. He has never been in love. He is leaving tomorrow, and I know Lina [0042] and Mrs. Ross will be awfully disappointed. But Bernhard thinks it will end in his buying Poggio Gherardo when Mr. Ross dies, and marrying Lina. He holds back partly because he knows he is too wayward and irresponsible to make any woman happy.

\* Wednesday March 29.99. Frullino Florence

At four o’clock in the morning, Percy Fielding rang at the bell, and arrived after having wandered for two hours disturbing the inhabitants of the neighbouring villas. He was so confused and apologetic that we weren’t angry, but laughed.

The Hookers and Freedman came to lunch, and we had a long walk. Frau Bernstein and her daughter and Horne came to tea with Bernhard. Placci called.

Thursday March 30.99.

Mrs. Gardner telegraphed that she would take the Mino bas-relief bust of [a] woman. Miss [0043] Lowndes called. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Gutekunst. Her great idea of amusement was kicking Bernhard under the table. She is awful.

Friday March 31.99.

Janet to lunch. Drove with Birkmyres –they and Poet Laureate to tea. Music lesson. Bernhard went over to Corbignano to tea. Lina drove Logan and Mr. Fielding to Grassina, and came home to supper. Fabbri dined with Bernhard and me. Fielding seems very sympathetic and nice. Finished Mrs. Creighton’s Duke of Marlborough.

Saturday April 1. 1899.

Miss Erichsen,who was once engaged to Malcolm Macmillan (it came to nothing, as he was already married) came to lunch, and we liked her very much. I adored her, for she so much resembled my darling Evelyn – hair and eyes and nose. Bernhard liked her also, very much. It was quite an event, making her acquaintance – she seems just the kind of woman I am always hoping to find. After lunch I went to the Uffizi Gallery [0044] with the Hookers, Freedman (that bore!), Percy Fielding and Logan. Then we came up and had tea at Bernhard’s with Placci and young Visconti Venosta (such a clever, nice boy) and Guido Marti, a so-called poet, nephew to Nencioni. Then a little stroll, and, in the evening, Jacopo Bellini photographs. Bernhard is reading Boswell, and I Gosse’s Life of Gray*.*

x Easter Sunday April 2. 1899. Frullino. Florence

Mr. and Mrs. Gutekunst came to lunch and she was really dreadful. Her one idea is an insipid sort of flirting. Otto sang – a very fine voice and nice musical feeling. I took them to call at Poggio Gherardo and then walked home alone in a beautiful sunset. Ned Warren had tea with Bernhard, who, in a short call at Poggio had been taken an unwilling captive by the …

pages 30-31 cut away  heading on p. 32: ‘April 3, 1899 We drove with’]

[0045] [April 3. 1899]

We drove with Percy Feilding [i.e. Fielding], to have tea at the Scott-Barbers, with the Poet Laureate and his family-in-law. I don’t like Mr. Scott-Barber.

Tuesday April 4. 1899 - Saturday, April 8.

I went to Rome to be with the children, and had a most delicious time. I took them out to the Lake of Albano and to Tivoli. They seemed to me lovelier than ever before. They are so good, and so entertaining. Karin seems to have a real talent for acting. The only people I saw were Andersen, the sculptor, and the Robinsons. The latter returned with me.

Sunday April 9.99 - Sunday April 16.

The Robinsons went on Tuesday, and Blair Fairchild arrived on Thursday, driven over by Miss Blood, who is clearly very much in love with him. Various people called - Poet Laureate, [0046] Rasponis, Miss Venetia Cooper, Miss Ericksen, Miss Giles, etc., etc. Logan and Percy bought a Sano di Pietro, and we cleaned it. Laughed and talked a good deal and studied Venetian photographs. Bernhard went into the beefsteak and hot water cure.

Sunday April 16. 1899. Frullino Florence.

Miss Cooper came to lunch. We all called at Poggio later. Janet came to dinner. She has had bad news from Dolmetsch, who has given her instrument (the violone) to someone else who can play it better. She was in despair, and so were Bernhard and I about her. He prophecies she will lose her interest in old music. I hope not. Blair Fairchild told of a marvelous dinner he went to here in Florence, where everyone got drunk, and afterwards, quite openly in various corners of the room “enjoyed themselves”, that is to say, [0047] literally had sexual intercourse. He said Mr. Power was one of them. Bernhard and I think it is a lie (he is noted for lying), but Logan and Percy believe it. He also said Miss Blood had just come in for an inheritance of three million dollars. Certainly a lie!

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Mary went to Venice; no entries after Apr. 16 until April 27

Thursday April 27.99.

The intervening time has been spent by Bernhard quietly here with Janet Dodge and Miss Erichsen, whom I left in my house, and by me with Lina and Logan and Percy in Venice. We bought quantities of things for Miss Toplady, and we amused ourselves very much. They bought one little head for 80 p. which they sold that same evening to Mr. Davis for fifty pounds! Andersen, the sculptor, was there with Mr. Davis, really crazy with ennui, and we rescued him and brought him away. Lina was [0048] very sweet, and I got fonder than ever of her. Percy I liked better and better, too. I met Prince Hohenlohe and Zina, and Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and saw a good deal of them all. Venice was heart-breakingly lovely.

Friday April 28.99. Frullino Florence

Long chat with B.B. who has discovered Davis’ Leonardo to be a forgery. Cavenaghi told him that he and Morelli discovered it long ago. Also a picture he bought in Rome for £100 and sent to be cleaned turns out to be a forgery too! And I brought back a bronze the Kerr-Lawsons bought, which Bernhard declares a forgery. How hard it is to tell! We took Andersen to call at Poggio, and then I drove him to the station. He leaves on me a very pleasant personal impression of real naiveté and simplicity, and great sharpness of observation. [0049]

x Saturday April 29.99.

Bernhard lunched with the Benns. I had a chat with Miss Erichsen, who has the lonely woman problem greatly on her mind.

Sunday April 30.99.

Took Miss Erichsen to call at the Gamberaia. Miss Blood was in great form, and became even more animated when the all-conquering Fairchild made his appearance. By signs, I should say she is very much in love with him, but is not quite sure of him yet. Bernhard called on Judge Statts and Mrs. Toy. We chatted in the evening. Janet is very grumpy, scarcely says a word. I suppose she feels ill. It is hysteria, poor child, and I am awfully sorry for her. But it doesn’t make her much more endearable to recognize that she is not to blame. [0050]

Monday May 1st.99. Frullino. Florence.

Horne came up to lunch, and was as boring as usual. Miss Erichsen and I had a nice chat. I like her, not wildly, but thoroughly.

Tuesday May 2.99.

The day some how frittered by. Bernhard is miserable at not getting on better with his work, and feeling so low in health. I feel awfully lazy, and am doing nothing.

Wednesday May 3.99.

Bernhard and I had a long and most enchanting bicycle ride up the river. My tire gave way coming home. I went with Miss Erichsen to see the actor Novelli in “Papa Lebonnard”, a filthy melodrama about as agreeable to see as a surgical operation. Lina came to lunch to look at the Giottos. She was very sweet. [0051]

Thursday May 4.99.

Called on the Rosses and had a most pleasant chat. Walked home with Bernhard – a hot, nightingaley evening.

Friday May 5.99.

The wind arose in the night and is blowing a cold hurricane today. I called on Miss Cruttwell. Bernhard and Miss Erichsen had a walk. Miss Blood drove Fairchild over, who stayed to dinner. He said she had just come in for an immense fortune, and talked of taking a yacht and going to Greece. We can’t make out whether it is true or a – “Fairchild”.

Saturday May 6.99.

Miss Erichsen left. I called on Mr. Toy and Bernhard on Madame Incontri. Placci came later and was as nice as ever. He has been in Rome and says everybody there hates D’Annunzio. [0052]

Sunday May 7. 1899. Frullino. Florence.

Bernhard went to lunch at Mr. Fiske’s and met a Miss Meeks he liked. Maud Cruttwell came here and read me the Signorelli, which will, I think, be very decent. In the afternoon Janet went with us to call on the Scott-Barbers – dull people in a delightful place. Afterwards Bernhard called on Benn.

x Monday May 8.99.

Janet left, and it was an indescribable relief. She is so tactless that she manages, in little ways, to keep everyone uncomfortable – and so careless that she occasions a great deal of trouble in the house. These are permanent characteristics alas, if they were only now, when she is so ill and nervous, there would be more hope. The poor thing came into my room last night and wept and wept – over nothing in particular, just nervous dread. A good thing she is going to the Rest Cure. In the afternoon [0053] Bernhard worked, and then called on Miss Lowndes and had a walk. I went to the doctor’s to have my nose burnt out, and then bought some hats and shopped. Am working the pump for exercise.

Tuesday May 9.99.

Bernhard went with Placci to call on Baron Sturm. I contented myself with the humbler mansion of the Horne family. In the evening we went over the French proofs of Bernhard’s article on Amico di Sandro (for the Gazette). They had translated “wriggling folds” into plis grimaçants!

x Wednesday May 10.99.

Benn, Miss Erichsen, Maud and Lina to lunch. It went off badly – ill-assorted. Bernhard walked with Benn and called on Fiske and a Cornell Professor named Tyler. I called on Mrs. Toy and met a dull creature named Miss Thayer. [0054]

Thursday May 11. 1899. Frullino. Florence.

Quiet day. Bernhard finished cataloguing his Leonardo drawings (for his book) and I type-wrote his article on Colvin’s Maso Finiguerra. Called on Miss Lowndes and Mrs. Jeffreason.

Friday May 12.99.

Doctor. Miss Erichsen for the night. Horne to dinner, and the chaplain at Siena, a vulgar journalist named Langton Douglas. A man I hated.

Saturday May 13.99.

Miss Lowndes, Miss Erichsen and ourselves spent the day at Monte Senario. It was very beautiful. I returned with a bad headache.

Sunday May 14.99.

Bernard and I cross with each other (he began it!). Placci came to lunch and in his genial presence we smoothed out. He stayed to tea, and [0055] Blair Fairchild also came to tea, and tried to bamboozle us into believing he hadn’t seen Miss Blood for a long time – when Horne met them driving together Friday evening! Placci was in ecstasies over the Duse’s acting in La Gioconda, over D’Annunzio, over everything except Perosi’sboring music. In the evening Bernhard read Robertson’s new tome on Free Thought, and I finished my Pier di Cosimo.

Monday May 15.99.

I had my first massage for getting thin. It was very painful. Mr. Douglas called, and then Janet and the Scott-Barbers. Worked on Fra Bartolommeo in the evening.

Tuesday May 16.99.

Bernhard lunched at the Placcis’s and met Mme. Loederer, Mrs. Gasgoigne and their Mexican Bishop, who adores the [0056] classics. He enjoyed himself. Then he called on the Hornes. I had my music, my massage, and called on Janet who – thank goodness! – leaves tomorrow. She has been a burden. Went on with Fra Bartolommeo in the evening. Bernhard is reading Robertson’s History of Free Thought, which is a poor, second-hand affair, he says, though done by an able man.

x Wednesday May 17.99. Frullino Florence

Saw Janet off – thank heavens! Massage, shopping and home. Bernhard called at the Gamberaia and found Miss Blood, the inevitable Fairchild, the Princess and Placci. Only once did Miss Blood give herself away. Bernhard said, “I left a letter for you, Fairchild.” “Who was it from? Who was it from?” eagerly cried Miss Blood. “How should I know?” “O you must run (to Blair) and get it at [0057] once and see who it’s from,” she said in an eager tone. Placci and he laughed at them coming home.

Thursday May 18.99.

Music, exercise, massage. Bernhard called on Count Stroganoff. The Houghtons – a sort of Hamstead slummer, Miss Dixie called here. I think from a letter of Blaydes that he is again in love, this time with an actress named Knewstub, who calls herself Kingsley, and who is very thick with that amusing little snipe Rothenstein, said to be his fiancée. He doesn’t say he is in love, but the symptoms are there. I must say, from the sound, it seems worse than Mrs. Heinemann, – who by the way, writes quite sentimentally of ‘the source of all that is hopeful in my life – my husband’s love’.

Last night Bernhard confessed to me that [0058] he has never liked Obrist or Blaydes or Andersen – all people to whom he has been most awfully kind and sympathetic. The people he instinctively likes, in that nice intimate, sour-give way, are Trevy and Fafner (who is going to be married to a journalist, Miss Boyce), Carpenter, Reinach, Zangwill, Placci. Finished Fra Bartolommeo.

Friday, May 19.99. Frullino Florence.

Doctor and music and a quiet day. The Venetian furniture arrived. Count Stroganoff and the Marchesa Incontri had tea with Bernhard, and afterwards he went for a walk and called on Mr. Ross. He finished Robertson’s History of Free Thought*.*

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Saturday May 20. 1899.

The Houghtons called. Miss Erichsen came to lunch. Bernhard lunched [0059] with Mme. Incontri and Count Stroganoff, and afterwards received a call from Herr von Beckerath.

Sunday May 21.99.

Called on Miss Blood and the Rosses. Miss Blood said she had just acquired a violent passion for jewellery, particularly modern – also she boasted of her ancestors – the two most serious signs I have yet seen of her being in love with Fairchild.

Monday May 22.99.

Went down to see a book-cover for a cousin of Lord Balcarres – a forgery. The Kerr-Lawsons and Horne came to dinner. Fairchild sent word he was coming, so I had to meet him and tell him I feared Mrs. Lawson did not care to see him. He protested Logan had encouraged him to send the rude letter which Mrs. Lawson justly resented, whereas Logan [0060] told us he merely said, “I suppose you want to make her angry.” He went away quite unhappy. We had a quiet but pleasant enough evening.

\* Tuesday May 23.99. Frullino. Florence

Stroganoff came to tea. In the evening we walked up to a party at the Jeffreasons, but Bernhard stayed with Miss Lowndes, who lives at their gate,and I went on with Miss Cruttwell. I saw the Houghtons, but successfully avoided Miss Zimmern, Lady Wade, Dr. Tidey, the Morgans, and various other acquaintances. The walk home with moonlight and fireflies was enchanting.

Wednesday May 24.99

A young lady named Mona Wilson – sent by Bonté Amos, called, along with a friend of hers. They may have been rather nice, but they reeked of London – ’tis a reek I cannot endure [0061] on these hills. I found it oppressive. They were both shy, shy, graceless – the type of English to strike horror into a foreign heart – yet I expect very good, intelligent girls, and one might like them quite well, getting to know them. But I felt no desire to go on.

Bernhard went to the Uffizi with Count Stroganoff. We dined at the Rosses, and had a bottle of Johannisberger – divine! Lina’s uncle, Canon Waterton, a dear, simple old Catholic priest, was there. We walked back through the woods – bright moonlight and nightingales.

Thursday May 25.99.

Miss Lowndes and Mr. Benn came to lunch. Bernhard walked with Benn and called on the Kerr-Lawsons. I worked upon Sogliani. In the evening we went over the chapter of Bernhard’s book on Filippino, Garbo, and Carli. An awfully windy day. [0062]

Friday May 26.99. Frullino Florence.

Placci and Miss Erichsen came to lunch. Placci stayed and we pottered about on Bernhard’s pictures, particularly a new one he has bought, a copy, it would seem, by Benvenuto di Giovanni, of Pinturicchio’s fresco of the kneeling knight. It is a beauty, but awful doubts assailed us, because Torrini is bringing us too many Benvenuto di Giovannis! Bernhard has put Gagliardi on the track as detective, to see if there is, as everyone says, a manufactory of these things! Later, came the Hultons to have tea with B.B., and the Lawsons came to see the picture.

x Saturday May 27. 1899.

Miss Cruttwell and I called on the Burne-Murdochs. Bernhard went with Gagliardi to see a miserable private collection of pictures. We came to the conclusion that our knight is the [0063] original from which Pinturicchio took his fresco, as his was done in 1504 when the man was already old, as he paints him in still another fresco in the same chapel. We were rather excited over it. B.F.C.C. [Benjamin Francis Conn “Frank” Costello] appears to be rather ill with his ear.

Sunday May 28.99.

Called together at the Gamberaia to see the adorable Kitty Hall. Placci was there too, and the rather lovely Countess Fabbricotti. Later we called on the Lawsons and bought their Venetian Madonna. Mr. Ward came to dine – gentle and gentlemanly – but as a painter, I should say, “asses’-milk-cum-water”. He is the pupil of Richmond and Costa and adores Leighton. We didn’t say a word!

Monday May 29.99.

Horne came to dinner – I can’t remember anything else – and I can barely remember that! [0064]

Tuesday May 30. 1899. Frullino Florence

Doctor and music. Came back to find the Houghtons, Morgans and Mme. Rasponi. A delicious sunset walk. Finished correcting the “Garbo - Carli” chapter in the evening.

Wednesday May 31.99.

Miss Cruttwell to lunch and to read her Signorelli Orvieto chapter, Miss Erichsen to lunch and study photos and Lina to lunch and drive in later to a Dante lecture. Miss Blood and the inevitable Fairchild, and Kitty Hall came to dinner – the latter quite adorable. Miss Blood says she can believe anything she chooses. She is going to make herself taller by Mind Cure, and is trying to cure an ilex tree of red worms by the same process!

x Thursday June 1.99.

Mrs. Pinckney (Putnam’s sister) called [0065] in the morning. Bernhard went to Masini’slecture on Leonardo at the Accademia Colombaria – one of the old Academies which, happily, still survives. Prince Hohenlohe and Zina called on me, and we drove down with them and went to look at a “Duccio”. Mr. Douglas had brought one from Siena, hoping Bernhard would buy it. It wasn’t Duccio, alas! but one of his pupils, perhaps Segna. Mr. Douglas was terribly disappointed – I could see he had built great hopes in it. We had tea at Giacosa’s and then called on the Rosses and walked back through the woods – a magic evening. Mrs. Ross recognized, from the photo, Mr. Davis’ Leonardo as a forgery by Tricca, a well-known Florentine painter (of ominous name!). It does seem to have been done by him, beautiful as it is. [0066]

Friday June 2.99. Frullino. Florence.

Bernhard went to the Laurenziana in the morning. I cleaned house – the rooms are being done over. Music lesson in the afternoon, and then a pleasant call from Prince Hohenlohe and the beautiful Zina. Lawson called and told us that the Priore, where Blair Fairchild lives, said the young man spent all his time at the Gamberaia, never returning before 2 or 3 in the morning, generally later – “anche le cinque passate”. Of course all Settignano knows it. It amused me, remembering Miss Blood’s former boasts of ethereal affections, feeding on air!

Saturday June 3.99.

A Day of Packing etc. Bernhard called on Mme. Incontri and Miss Ogilvy – both out. Blair and his very [0067] pleasant New York friend, Mr. Cottnet, came to dinner, and we had an agreeable evening. Blair sang in his hoarse, unpleasant voice. He talks of singing in opera – it is monstrous! He looked very self-conscious when the talk veered to the Gamberaia, and he asked me with great anxiety what his family “thought of it”, and appeared greatly relieved when I said that Logan had told me they approved, vue sa fortune nouvelle*.*

Sunday June 4. 1899. Ray’s Twelfth Birthday

Poor Ray has the measles – but fortunately a very light case, and I had a wire saying she was “much better” – the darling!

The Butlers came to lunch, and Placci after, who went with Bernhard to call on Judge Statts, while I went to the Rosses and to the Gamberaia. [0068] Placci came back to dinner, and Mr. Ward also came.

Monday June 5.99. Frullino. Florence

Day of packing and last things. Horne and the Kerr-Lawsons came to dinner, and we sat out on the lawn enjoying the fireflies.

Tuesday June 6.99

Lina to lunch and she came shopping with me after my music lesson. Blair Fairchild sent a raging note to Bernhard, professing to find an insult to Miss Blood in the attempts Bernhard made on Sunday to warn him that his nocturnal visits to the Gamberaia were observed. Bernhard wrote explaining, and an answer came making up, but confessing to horror and misery that he had given cause for scandal, and saying he would go away at once.

Placci came to dinner, and was very [0069] pleasant. We do like him. Mme. Rasponi came in after dinner.

Wednesday June 7. 1899. Roma. Venice

Packed, etc., paid bills and, at the last moment, bought another picture from Torrini! Came here with Miss Erichsen – a hot, tiresome journey from 3-11.

Thursday June 8.99.

Went in the morning to San Giovanni e Paolo and the Scuola di San Marco. The afternoon was most exciting, for we called on the antiquario beside St. Mark’s and found some excellent Sienese forgeries, which give us doubts about —---- most of Bernhard’s pictures!! The Antiquario confessed they were forgeries, and we offered him a hundred francs if he would show us the man who did them. He said he would – but he’s too great a rogue to be [0070] trusted. But by hook or by crook we must get to the bottom of it. If Bernhard’s pictures are forgeries, then of course it is clear his science – and no one’s! – can distinguish. As to beauty – they are lovely! But there are too many of them.

no entries after June 8 until

Thursday June 22. 1899. Manin. Milan

We had a very pleasant fortnight in Venice, although Miss Erichsen turned out rather a bore. She has a habit of agreeing with everything one says – and not only agreeing, but saying emphatically, “Yes, of course”. “That is obvious”, “Clearly”, “Undoubtedly”, and so on, than which there is nothing that gives one a greater feeling of flatness. To have one’s most precious thoughts and discoveries treated as obvious commonplaces —! She left, however, last Sunday and [is] going to join Lina at Assisi, to make [0071] the illustrations for Lina’s book on Assisi.

We saw Prince Hohenlohe and Zina nearly every day. They came sightseeing with us in the afternoons. Prince Hohenlohe is rather formal, but Zina is charming, charming. We greatly enjoyed them. The Bensons, too, we saw a good deal of.

But the best of all was enjoying so much the great masters: the Bellini, Cima, Titian, some of the Carpaccios. They were very fresh to us, and although they are not, like the Florentines, great masters of form, they have a magic of space, composition and of suggestion that is itself great art.

We also began to take an interest in Jacobello del Fiore.

Today we came here, a journey of most wonderful views. [0072]

Friday June 23.99. Manin. Milan

Called on Frizzoni and went with him to the Poldi, where Loeser ran into us, awfully embarrassed! Bernhard shook hands with him and begged him to be natural. We met him again, later, at Cavenaghi’s, and he had recovered himself so that he stayed quite a while chatting. Aldo Noseda came in. Cavenaghi alas! says our kneeling knight is a forgery. And we could have got nine hundred pounds for it!! But we have suspected it to be the work of our “Aragno da Siena,” and he confirms our suspicions.

The Lawsons telegraphed us to meet them at the train as they were going north, and we found we had so much to talk about that they stayed off. They are keenly interested in the “Aragno.”

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I did not say that our last week at [0073] Venice was one of great anxiety – business complications with Mrs. Gardner – Bernhard was simply awfully worried, and felt at times almost suicidal. The only bright side to it was that it brought to the surface certain tender and devoted feelings that I have for him, which do indeed form, as I now am quite sure, a firm and unshakable basis of affection. Then, besides all this, which is so deep that only serious affliction brings it out, he is the only really interesting person in the world to me. His mind is a continual delight.

Saturday June 24.99 Milan.

Went to the Brera with the Lawsons, and after lunch to Cavenaghi’s, who explained to us how and why our “Knight” was a forgery, convincing Bernhard and [0074] me, but not entirely Kerr-Lawson, who felt, it seemed, a certain rivalry and couldn’t bring himself to admit that he had been so “done”. Cavenaghi then took us to Crespi’s, and what did I discover there but two more forgeries from the same hand!! It took some little trouble to convince Cavenaghi, but once convinced, he behaved very handsomely about it. In the evening we gave him and Aldo Noseda a dinner at the Sempione.

Sunday June 25. Manin. Milan

Churches in the morning – San Celso, Sant’Ambrogio, Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Maria delle Grazie. Lunch with Lawsons – a visit to the Castello with Frizzoni, Vittadini, Noseda, Cavenaghi and – Loeser!! The latter very cordial. Bernhard and I went to Noseda’s rooms, horribly upholstered in bright blue felt, and [0075] bought his Parenzano in its fine frame for 600 lire. Cavenaghi promised to teach me his craft whenever I would come to learn. The Lawsons left.

Monday June 26.99. Grand Hotel. Andermatt

I offered Frizzoni £2,000 for his Bellini, and he was awfully tempted. ’Tis a really “sacred” picture. Cavenaghi helped me buy a pearl cross, and at 12.30 we left Milan. Loeser was on the train and he and Bernhard had a long talk, in which Loeser admitted his violent hatred, but could assign no ground for it but that he took “an entirely different view of art” and “felt he must keep his independence”. They established at least a truce. Then we came here. Loeser lent us and I read Santayana’s “Lucifer”, but I did not care for it as poetry. [0076]

Tuesday June 27.99. Grand Hotel. Andermatt

Wonderful, invigorating air! We strolled in the woods in the morning, and in the afternoon took a serious walk to the Oberalp.

Wednesday June 28.99.

Strolled in the morning. Walked to Hospinthal and beyond up the river in the afternoon. Reading Döllinger’s Essays.

Thursday June 29.99. Victoria. Bâle

Strolled in the morning. Walked to Göschenen and came here in the afternoon. This is a nice, clean, quiet hotel.

Friday June 30.99. Lion d’Or. Rheims

Very comfortable journey, 10-4, by the extra express. I read Bouvard et Péchuchet, the inexhaustible, Bernhard Döllinger, and we played cards. Had a good look around the cathedral.

no entries after June 30, 1899, until Sept. 14, 1899   pages 64-65 cut out

[0077] Thursday Sept. 14. 1899. Cavour. Milan

Bernhard joined me here today from St. Moritz via Cadenabbia. He has had a gay and entertaining summer. He made a new friend, Donna Laura Gropallo, the most intellectual woman he ever met, and discovered a fascinating “enfant sublime” in Gladys Deacon of 17 who made him feel young again, and hosts of amusing acquaintances, especially Montesquiou.

But he has descended here into a nest of connoisseurs. The old ways quickly take him up again. We lunched with the Holroyds, Cavenaghi, and Vittadini, saw Crespi’s collection with the same and Mrs. Ady, and dined with the latter.

Bernhard is looking better than I have seen him for years. I am still ill with a diarrhoea that overtook me the first day of July, from using (how foolishly!) Russell’s anti-fat medicine. And I am very worried about the children, as B.F.C.C. [Benjamin Francis Conn “Frank” Costello] grows more and more disagreeable and threatens (for no new reason) to cut me off from them as much as possible. Still I did enjoy them the month I had them – oh more than ever! [0080]

Friday Sept. 15.99. Cavour Milan

Spent the day, together with the Holroyds, at Vittadini’s museum-villa, Arcore. Found a note from that bore, Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, asking me to come and see her, as she is ill in this hotel. Called on her, and again after dinner with Bernhard.

Saturday Sept. 16.99.

Poldi with Vittadini, Noseda, and Prince Pio di Savoia, a Moroni looking man, a great Spanish grandee. They all came to lunch, and most of them stayed on to a visit to the Brera in company with its director, the flowery Corrado Ricci. Called on Lady Edmond and met that rather really remarkable youth, Stickney, and his commonplace sister, and an Italian Jew doctor of Genoa, named De Filippi. Lady Edmond entertains in a rather distinguished manner. [0081]

Sunday Sept. 17.99. Frullino Florence

Travelled from Milan. Found Rosa and Leonide and Capecchi, but not Guido, who has gone into the bicycling business.

Monday Sept. 18.99.

Unpacked – what a work it is settling in! Called on the Rosses. Lina is in England having her portrait painted by Watts. The Holroyds came to dinner, and Bernhard helped Holroyd with Michelangelo drawings, as H. is writing a book on Michelangelo. Though uneducated, Holroyd has a good deal of taste, and seems a thoroughly good-hearted fellow.

Tuesday Sept. 19. 1899.

Unpacked and settled things – o the nuisance! Started for our train and found it didn’t run! Bought a cold supper and returned home to enjoy it, having telegraphed to Alys. [0082]

Wednesday Sept. 20. Amorosi. Bibbiena

Met Alys and Bertie at Arezzo at 8.50, saw Arezzo and the stupendous frescoes of Pier dei Franceschi, took train and came here. Drove in the afternoon, or rather, Alys drove, and Bertie, Bernhard and I bicycled to Ortignano, a pretty place with an important picture by Pacchia.

Thursday. Sept. 21. Bibbiena

All-day excursion to Camaldoli – a terrible up-hill tug for bicyclists. Alys and I shared, fastening onto the carriage with a rope. I relapsed into my old illness and came down feeling like the devil. But the place is lovely. Found a horseshoe which Alys said meant B.F.C.C’s death, poor man!

Friday Sept 22.99 Fiorentino. Borgo Sansepolcro

The most incredible drive here from Bibiena via La Verna. I could not have believed horses could do it. I never was on such a frightful [0083] road. It took us 11 hours of driving. We lunched at La Verna – a lovely place. The Andrea della Robbia “Annunciation” is a great beauty. The woods, carpeted with pale purple cyclamen, are divine.

Saturday Sept. 23.99. Borgo Sansepolcro

A steady downpour, but we “did” the town just the same, and discovered a magnificent Matteo di Giovanni – sacred. The cooking of this wretched little inn is very nice – the coffee first rate!

Sunday. Sept. 24.99. S. Marco. Gubbio

They bicycled to Città di Castello, which we soon exhausted, and then we went on and had lunch at the Santuario di Canoscio, a heavy pull up, but nice woods. Arrived here in time for a magnificent view of this wonderful pile of buildings. [0084]

x Monday Sept. 25.99. Posta. Foligno

Alys and Bertie started north, as they had to meet Lady Henry at Milan to “chaperone” her and her friend, Mr. Saunders, who are going to Venice with them for 3 weeks. We came on here, and drove to Montefalco in the afternoon.

Tuesday Sept. 26.99. Subasio Assisi

Drove to Bevagna in the morning. Bernhard bicycled and I came by train here in the afternoon. As the dog-soap doesn’t work against fleas – who nearly killed me at Foligno – I am trying Razzin, a disgusting powder. This place is elysium!

Wednesday Sept. 27.99.

All day in the churches, upper and lower. Very happy. [0085]

Thursday Sept. 28.99.

“Discovered” the fascinating “Cappella dei Pellegrini”, and amused ourselves poking about. Drove in the afternoon to Bettona and Torre d’Andrea.

Friday Sept. 29.99 Frullino Florence

Gladly would we have lingered at Assisi, our best-beloved Italian town, but Bernhard has to come back to see Mrs. Gardner. We walked out to S. Damiano in the morning, and got lost on the hill coming back. Took the 4.19 - 8.50 train here.

Saturday Sept. 30.99.

Mrs. Gardner had mistaken the day, and called yesterday in Bernhard’s absence! We spent the morning trying to settle in. It poured all afternoon, but Bernhard called on Mme. Rasponi, whom he found jumping from subject to subject like a grasshopper. Read the Art Magazines. [0086]

Sunday Oct. 1.99. Frullino. Florence

Bernhard went to Siena to join Mrs. Gardner. I put things in order, and arranged the summer’s notes.

Monday. Oct. 2.99.

Bernhard went to Monte Oliveto with Mrs. Gardner and Procter. Mrs. Gardner says Miss Fairchild spent the winter writing her violent letters against him, saying how universally hated he was, how Placci (!) couldn’t endure him, etc., etc., until at last Mrs. Gardner wrote to say how could they let Blair go and stay with such a disreputable character. To which Miss Fairchild wrote the whopping lie that he only stayed two days, and that because we both begged and entreated him so that he couldn’t get out of it. They had a laugh over it together. Mrs. Gardner said the Fairchilds are nobodies in Boston.

I spent the day quietly working, etc. [0087]

Tuesday Oct. 3. 1899. Grand Hotel Siena.

Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Procter drove to Orvieto and Bernhard explored Montalcino. I came over by a late train.

Wednesday Oct. 4. 1899.

We have run our Forger to earth –but a very easy matter it was – for “he” is a rollicking band of young men, cousins and friends, who turn out these works in cooperation, one drawing, one laying in the colours, another putting on the dirt, another making the frames, some children with a big dog keeping guard over the pictures that were put in the sunshine to stagionare! A real Renaissance group of jolly workers, intent on sport, burle, and their trade, which they never think of as an art. Their chief is Federigo Ioni, a rakish looking man of 30, very fun and easy – a “good fellow”. They hide nothing. We saw photographs of nearly all [0088] our beloved pictures, the triptych, the shrine (bought at Signor Giorgi’s for £1,350.00 lire!!!) the Madonna and Angels, the saint holding his head, the book cover, Kerr-Lawson’s cassone – in short the whole lot. I will just calculate, for the proper remembrance of what it costs to learn, some of our mistakes

“Rembrandt boy” £400 stg.

“Ercole Robert” portrait 100

“Sienese forgeries 140

Venetian forgeries 20

“Guardi” 8

£668

Candelabrum £32

German Triptych 16

We saw no sights today, but haunted the Curiosity Shops instead. Offered to buy for £1000 (it.) what I can’t help thinking may be three more forgeries.

Thursday Oct. 5.’99. Grand Hotel Siena.

A delightful day. We spent the morning chiefly on Andrea Vanni, and discovered [0089] that he was the author of our Madonna in San Francesco! In the afternoon, we had a delightful walk out of the Porta Camollia, first road to left and home by the Fonte Branda. Chatted in the evening with Henry Farrer and a Foreign Office clerk, Mr. Syong.

Friday, Oct. 6.99. Frullino Florence

Came home by early train. Found despairing letters from Alys saying all Lady Henry’s pleasure is destroyed by Lord Henry’s having come to Venice. I wired inviting her and Mr. Saunders here, tho’ Alys says Mr. Saunders is an uncultivated, rude, narrow, middle-class prig. Lady Henry, however, adores him. In the evening we had one of the nicest talks we have ever had!

Saturday Oct. 7.’99

Bernhard went to Milan, to go to the Gazzada on a visit. I began my Louvre Guide. Finished Sense and Sensibility*.* [0090]

no entries until

Wednesday Oct. 25.’99. Frullino Florence

Bernhard came back after charming visits to Cagniola, the Salàs, Prince Pio, etc. He counts Donna Laura Gropallo and Cagniola and Girolamo Salà and Donna Carmelita Zucchini as real friends. I was glad to get him back!

Thursday Oct. 26.99.

Lunched with Rosses and called on Lawsons. A sort of dullness fell on us, which explained itself in the evening when a very heavy cold fastened on Bernhard.

Friday Oct. 27.99.

Bernhard stayed in bed reading old Spectators and all the conceivable literature about Michelangelo.

Saturday Oct. 28.99.

Last night I persuaded him to have a hot bath, and just as he got out, he fainted away. It was terrible! [0091] The doctor came today and found his liver inflamed. Poor dear!

Sunday Oct. 29.99.

Bernhard got up, and as it was very warm we sat in the tower. The Frys called – very nice – and Benn. The Lawsons came to dinner and we told them of a fine Basaiti for sale in Venice for £400, and advised them to try to sell it to a rich Glasgow merchant for £750 fr. We gave them the photograph.

Monday Oct. 30.99.

Fry came to lunch, and we drove over to the Gamberaia. It was most beautiful. Alys sent me a letter from B.F.C.C. to her saying that now that he is ill, his income is less, and he must give up the Cottage unless they will take it for him. Alys and Bertie and Logan judged it a good time to try to make some definite [0092] arrangement with him as to my visits. Of course I telegraphed to them to take the Cottage in their name (Bernhard, really, paying!) and make the best terms they could.

Tuesday Oct. 31.99. Frullino Florence

Bernhard a little better, perhaps. Reading “Euphues”. Benn and Morgan to tea.

Wednesday Nov. 1.99.

Very quiet nice day. Frys to dinner.

Thursday Nov. 2.’99

It is the anniversary of my darling Evelyne’s death. Sometimes a vague envy of her comes over me. Does she still love and suffer, I wonder? We walked to Poggio and saw Mr. Ross, who, I fear, is failing.

Friday Nov. 3.99.

The Lawsons came in jubilant, as their [0093] Glasgow friend has bought the picture, and they are £350 richer – or rather £350 away from poverty. How happy they were! It was a good thing, for later came a telegram from Alys saying that B.F.C.C. “absolutely refuses” to come to any terms; and this distressed me greatly. So I tried to think of the Lawsons to comfort myself. In the afternoon I had my music lesson, and left a card on Lady Edmund. Bernhard went to see the Altoviti pictures, left a card on Mme. Serristori, and called on Benn. He was very dear and sympathetic about my worry.

Saturday Nov. 4.99.

We had a charming drive to the Morgans, and then home by Vincigliata. The day was perfect for weather, and we have seldom enjoyed so much the plastic beauty of Monte Morello. What a lovely place to live in! [0094]

Sunday Nov. 5.99. Frullino. Florence

The Frys came to lunch and we drove to Settignano, met the Lawsons and walked to the Bagazzano! Loeser, the Strongs and Hobson started a little behind us evidently for the same place, but seeing us they did not come in! We returned to tea with the Lawsons. An exquisite day. What a change for Eugenie Sellers, to spend her time with Loeser. It appears he and the Strongs are inseparable.

Monday Nov. 6.99.

Bernhard lunched with the Serristoris, and then went into Bardini’s, where the Strongs were eagerly listening to – Loeser! He called on the Frys and had tea with M. Gustave Dreyfus. He received a letter today from that charming girl (of 17!) Gladys Deacon, with whom he fell in love at St. Moritz last summer. She seems to be a little (perhaps a good deal) in [0095] love with him. But she is young. She appears to be a marvellous creature.

Tuesday Nov. 7. 1899.

We walked with the Frys and Mr. Thornton to our Tree behind Fiesole. Grace Worthington arrived in the middle of the night.

Wednesday Nov. 8. 1899

Went with Grace to Gagliardi’s. Bernhard called on the Rosses. Wrote about Macowsky and sent off to Reinach.

Thursday Nov. 9.99.

Grace ill in bed. Had a charming walk towards sunset.

Friday Nov. 10.99.

Academy with Grace. In the evening we read the article of Engerand against Bernhard’s attribution of the Caen Sposalizio to Lo Spagna. Had tea with the Frys, who report the Strongs as very venomous. [0096]

Saturday Nov. 11.99. Frullino. Florence

Mr. Benn came to lunch and was very amusing. He and Bernhard walked in the quarries. Grace and I visited Antiquity shops. Miss Cruttwell came to tea, and also reported the Strongs, Loeser, Hobson and Co. as very venomous. Finished the Lo Spagna-Perugino articles.

Sunday Nov. 12.99.

The Frys came to lunch, and, after a call from the Morgans, accompanied us to Poggio..Bernhard met Conte Cagnola at the train, and brought him up to dine. The Lawsons were here, and very nice.

Monday Nov. 13.99.

Grace and the Frys and Janet with Mrs. Ross to S. Piero a Sieve to see Cafaggiolo. The day was perfect, and we all enjoyed it. Meanwhile Bernhard lunched at Mme. Incontri’s [0097] and met Count Stroganoff, Mme. de Turenne, and Mrs. Wagner’s daughter, the Contessa Gravina, with whom he struck up a lively flirtation. He then called on the Placcis, and found Adelaide busting with hatred of Donna Laura and the Contessa Zucchini. Spent the evening correcting proofs for 2d edition Florentines.

Tuesday Nov. 14.99.

Tremendous excitements over the Assisi picture, and complications with the Bank. Bernhard called on the Serristoris. Fry stayed all night to see the Leonids, but there were none.

Wednesday Nov. 15.99.

Went to the Uffizi with Grace. Bernhard had tea with the Countess Gravina, daughter of Mme. Wagner and either Wagner or von Bulow. Hearing he was an art-critic, she asked him if he attended Miss Zimmern’s lectures! No Leonids, though again I stayed awake to watch for them! [0098]

Thursday Nov. 16. 1899. Il Frullino Florence

The wind began – it is a perfect torment. The Frys came to lunch. Afterwards Grace and I went to see the new “Botticelli” at the Pitti, which Mr. and Mrs. Strong pronounce one of his finest works. It is a miserable, weak school-picture. We went to Bardini’s too.

Friday Nov. 17.99.

Music lesson – antiquity shops – tea with Frys. Bernhard called on Madame de Turenne at Scandicci.

Saturday Nov. 18.99.

Bernhard lunched with the Frys, and Grace and I lunched in town after having combined with the jeweler Moggi to take a selection of his jewels for Topladys. Most amusing, choosing them out. Shopped. I finished my “counterblast” to Engerand’s article against Bernhard’s attribution of Caen Sposalizio to Lo Spagna. [0099]

Sunday Nov. 19.99.

Percy Feilding’s cousin, Miss May Levett, came to lunch – a very ordinary, but agreeable kind of English girl. We called at the Rosses, and the Lawsons came back with us to tea. Count Hochberg was at the Rosses, and a great crowd of Sunday visitors.

Monday Nov. 20. 1899.

Bernhard lunched with the Placcis and their Mexican Bishop, and called on Benn. Grace and I shopped.

x x

Thursday Nov. 23.99

Grace and I have been for two days at Siena with the Frys – two delicious days. Bernhard stayed at home slowly preparing for his chapter on Michelangelo. Lady Edmund came to lunch today. She is the sort of person who carries on an uninterrupted conversation: sometimes, however, silently. Fabbri came to dinner, and was very interesting. He has his own sensations and he thinks. But [0100] [it] is absurd to reduce painting, as he practically does, to Cézanne.

Friday Nov. 24. 1899. Frulli Florence

Called on the Buttles. Bernhard had Mme. Villari and the Countess Gravina to tea. Picquet in the evening. Bernhard lunched with Count Stroganoff.

Saturday Nov. 25.99.

Grace and I shopped, and we all called on Mrs. Ross.

Sunday Nov. 26.99.

Grace and I called on Lady Wade. Bernhard had a long visit from Herr von Beckerath.

Monday Nov. 27.’99

Grace and I spent the morning sightseeing and the afternoon having a regular gorge of Christmas shopping for Miss Toplady.

Tuesday Nov. 28.99.

Music lesson and concert afterwards at Mrs. [0101] Maclean’s. I played Mozart and Bach. Bernhard took Grace to the Academy and Carmine, and then called on Stroganoff.

Wednesday Nov. 29.99

A last day of shopping for Toplady’s. Bernhard lunched with the Countess Gravina and had tea with Benn.

Thursday Nov. 30.99.

Grace left at 3. Bernhard worked in the Uffizi.

Friday Dec. 1.99

Music. Bernhard lunched with the Placcis, and had an enchanting walk with Miss Lowndes. I had my music. In the evening came a telegram from Blaydes saying he was in great difficulties and required sixty pounds tomorrow. It made us very angry, for I had written to him that Bernhard could not give him any more, having already given him about £350. To telegraph in great trouble makes it impossible to refuse, and it looks as if he had done it for that reason. [0102]

no entries after Dec. 1, 1899, until

March 1. 1900. Frullino. Florence

Three months have passed since I wrote. On the 10th of December came a telegram from Frank to say he was very ill, and Mother added that he was dying. So I went back at once. He died ten days after I arrived, of cancer in the ear. He did not suffer. He was conscious only a few hours, and we had a friendly talk. He was glad to have me there. The rest of the time he wandered.

His Will made a great deal of trouble, but I expected this, and, when I knew he was ill, I made Ray and Karin Wards in Chancery, and on February 12th the Chancery judge broke his Will and gave the children to us.

No one regretted him. He had not known how to make himself loved; and even the children said “This is the happiest Christmas [0103] we have ever had”, for I was there. We were happy!

I cannot even now tell how I feel about his death. At times it is awful to me. But it is such a comfort to have the children under circumstances of our choosing, and so infinitely better for them in every possible way, that of course the feeling of relief is stronger than any other. He left them to the sole charge of their German governess, a stupid girl just 21, and they were never to go to any other school than the tenth-rate Catholic preparatory one he was sending them to, and were to be trained to earn their own living – with no education! How he could – !

I left them most happily established with Mother, the governess remaining on, and came back here about two weeks ago, stopping [0104] a day in Paris to see Mr. Reinach, who was most sympathetic. Logan came soon after.

I found Bernhard not very well, hard at work over Michelangelo, and very pleasant and delightful. The others were all the same. But the world is strangely different to me now I know the children are happy.

[0105] no entries after Mar. 1 until May 7

Hassler Rome May 7. 1900 Monday

I stayed at the Frullino from the middle of February till the middle of April. I do not know why I did not write. The chief things in our lives were that Bernhard was working very hard upon Michelangelo, that we took a new Villa, that we met that grand old lady Frau Wagner, that Senda Berenson arrived from America about the middle of March, and that Logan and Mrs. Robinson (whose husband is in South Africa fighting the Boers) stayed with us. Bernhard paid a visit, too, to his friend Donna Laura Gropallo, at Nervi. An awful American named Zug haunted us, engaged in “crocking up art like Berenson”, as he put it.

Then I went home for the Easter Vacation, and had a glorious time, with quantities of children at Friday’s Hill – the pond, the “catacombs”, 3 riding horses – and laughter and laughter all day long. It was delicious. [0106]

On the way back I stopped in Paris to see M. Reinach and M. Ephrussi. Met also Cook and his wife. Then I stayed two nights at the Frullino, where Mrs. Robinson is staying on, and arrived here late last night. I found Bernhard in a perfect whirl of social engagement, for, it seems, he has become a Great Man – but his sister rather less involved, and therefore very ready to go sight-seeing with me. We went to the Vatican Gallery and the Sacristy yesterday morning, while Bernhard lunched with Count Primoli. Drove to San Paolo in the afternoon.

Tuesday May 8. 1900. Hassler Rome

Santa Maria Maggiore and Lateran in the morning – Borghese afternoon. Called on Miss Aspinwall.

Wednesday May 9. 1900

Sights. They dined with Mrs. Elliott and we met at a musicale at Miss [0107] Aspinwall’s. Marconi sang like a bull.

Thursday May 10.

Visited Mr. Nevin’s pictures. They lunched with the Duchessa Grazioli and we all went to the Borghese. Miss Kolb came to dine in the evening.

Friday May 11. 1900

Called on Miss Kolb at the French Embassy and saw the celebrated Caracci ceilings, and some fine Gobelins. Corsini, Farnesina. B.B. called on Mrs. Elliott, the Princess Venosa,the Nortons.

Saturday May 12. 1900

Went to Tivoli and Hadrian’s villa with Rezia Rasponi and the Humphreys Johnstons. I always knew the Villa d’Este would satisfy my ideal*,* and it did. I had a fierce headache and went to bed. Domenico Anderson came in the evening. [0108]

Sunday May 13. 1900. Hassler. Rome

Letter from Mrs. Gardner saying she has no more money to buy pictures and refusing the Fiorenzo. She seemed discouraged about her museum. We went to the Aventine. Then B.B. and Senda lunched with the Duchessa Grazioli, and afterwards, while he wrote letters, Senda and I called on Mrs. Elliott, and saw her husband’s ceiling painting for the Boston Library – an inoffensive enlarged Christmas card sort of affair.

Monday May 14. 1900

We lunched with Count Stroganoff, who was very agreeable. B.B. called on various people. They dined with the Countess Pasolini, and Miss Taylor dined with me.

Tuesday May 15. 1900

Richard Norton, who is now at the head of the American Archaeological Institute, came with us to the Terme [0109] in the morning. He was very agreeable, and marked the second violent prejudice this visit to Rome has overcome. The first was Mrs. Elliott, who is a kind, life-enhancing creature, in spite of her over-emphatic manner. The third was Etta De Viti whom I called on in the afternoon, and who was simple and sweet.

Wednesday May 16. 1900

We took Miss Aspinwall to the Vatican in the morning. It was horribly crowded with pilgrims, Americans and Germans. They paid various calls. Don Guido Cagnola came to dinner, and we all liked him very much. He sighed in a melancholy way and said whenever he fell in love he suffered terribly, being always the victim, never the tyrant. “Once,” he said, “strange to say, I fell desperately in love twice in the same year.” [0110]

Thursday May 17. 1900. Hassler. Rome

It rained, so we could not go on the picnic we planned. They paid last calls, and so did I, ending up together at Mrs. Elliott’s. Richter and Miss Taylor came to dinner. They filled us with despair by being so blind to all the more liberal and humanizing aspects of art.

Hotel Monzù. Sulmona. Friday May 18. 1900.

Came from Rome 9-2.30, but a beautiful road. Sacred is the Hospital here, and very picturesque the whole town. Good hotel.

Croce Bianca. Rieti. Saturday May 19.

Came early to Aquila and spent the day seeing all the sights. It is a very disappointing town. The only things of mark – outside of the superb views – are latish and not very good Renaissance things. We hoped for grim [0111] picturesque mediaevalism. We came on to Rieti by a latish train.

Europa. Terni. Sunday May 20. 1900

Saw Rieti and luxuriated in miserable Antoniazzos in the Biblioteca. Spent most of the day at the delicious town of Narni, where we discovered a fine painting by Vecchietta and an imposing wooden figure also by him.

Posta. Foligno. Monday May 21. 1900

Saw Spoleto and drove here. It is seven years since we discovered “decoration” at Spoleto. Our advance in these years has been to widen the scope of art, for this time we were profoundly and consciously impressed with the artistic beauty of the composition of the town as a whole, as it lies on the hill. [0112]

Subasio. Assisi. Tuesday, May 22. 1900

Drove here via Spello. Met Lina who had at least got our rooms in this miserable hotel cleaned for us. Went to the Lower Church and took a wonderful walk with her out of the Porta San Giacomo, and down into the valley, with new, undreamt of views of the Monastery.

Wednesday May 23. 1900

Lina took us into all sorts of nooks and corners in the town. She really loves Assisi, and it is doing her a good deal of good to write this book alone. What is so hard for a woman, particularly a young one, she cares for the thing in and for itself, independently of people. In the afternoon we went to the Rocca. What a divine place Assisi is! We love it more each time! [0113]

Thursday, May 24. 1900

Ascension Day. At High Mass a young deacon sang … but like an angel. He has one of those strange almost female voices, light and pure as a woman’s, full and resonant as a man’s, vibrating as a violin, and - well, satisfying. It was a real ecstasy to hear him sing the “Salutaris Hostia”. I never in my life heard such a thrilling voice.

A fierce scirocco kept us at home most of the afternoon, but we walked towards sunset. Lina is very sweet. Senda told us a little about her work. What a sane, sensible, delightful creature she is! And her work, the using of bodily exercise as an aid to spiritual development is wonderful – the real Greek ideal. I do admire her enormously. [0114]

Friday May 25. 1900. Brufani. Perugia

After Mass the young deacon sang us a solo, for us alone, wretched cheap music invented at Assisi – but oh what a glorious voice! Never have I heard anything like it. I thought of what Walt Whitman said of some voices – that he could follow them silently as the tides follow the moon round the world. The owner of this exquisite voice is a modest, red-checked youth of 22 or 23 named Raffaello Morbidelli. He could have the world at his feet, but his only idea is to stay on at Assisi, and sing tenth-rate music to snuffy monks – though he confessed with an ingenuous blush that he would love to sing in the Cappella Sistina.

We came here, parting from Lina at the Perugia station. Senda was tired, but Bernhard and I [0115] walked out, and it was a great time, for we saw, for the first time, Giovanni Pisano’s fountain, that is, we realized its beauty, its quality. I shall never forget it.

Saturday May 26. 1900.

Sights of Perugia and a drive to the Reservoir. Senda told me a good deal about her most interesting work in physical training. She has great good sense and character.

Sunday May 27. 1900

Sights. I read two novels by Lucas Malet, but did not think much of them.

Monday May 28. 1900. Nazionale. Cortona

Still sights, and at 2 we came to Cortona, which was even lovelier than we had remembered. What a site! [0116]

Tuesday May 29. 1900. Nazionale. Cortona

Senda was ill in bed, suffering great pain from her monthly time. It is hard luck! Bernhard and I explored and enjoyed ourselves enormously. In the afternoon I went to Castiglione Fiorentino, and then he went on to Arezzo, and I came back to poor Senda.

Wednesday, May 30.1900. Frullino Florence

Met Carlo and Adelaide Placci at Arezzo, and also, by chance, Miss Erichsen. Saw sights and all lunched together, but not very agreeably for Bernhard so lost his temper with the waiter. Came back in a crowded train, and found it delicious to be at home. Miss Kolb is here. Called on the Rosses.

Thursday May 31. 1900

Bernhard lunched with Placci and heard him play Bach with Buonamici. I shopped and went to the Bargello. Mrs. Houghton came in the afternoon. [0117]

Friday June 1. 1900

Placci and Buonamici came to lunch, and Buonamici played Mozart and Beethoven divinely! I drove with Miss Kolb and called on the Cracrofts and Kerr-Lawsons. We all dined together at the Mezzarata, which Rob Mortonand his wife have taken. They made a rather appalling impression of genuine sordidness – relieved by genuine humour, however.

Saturday June 2. 1900.

Mr. Perkinscame to stay with Bernhard. I called on Miss Cracroft and the Lawsons.

Sunday June 3. 1900

Bernhard dined with the Placcis and went to see the new play Come le foglie*.* Maud and Miss Cracroft and her mother dined here, and Lawson and his sister with her violin came in. We had some delightful music. [0118]

Monday June 4. 1900. Frullino. Florence.

“The day when I unwillingly and disgustedly became 13,” wrote Ray, full of despair at finding herself so “grown up”.

The Gravina came to lunch and stayed very long. We had a dancing lesson. Senda is learning the Minuet and the Tarantella.

Tuesday June 5. 1900.

Dancing. First electric bath. BB took Senda to the Bargello.

Wednesday June 6. 1900

Took Maud Cruttwell to call on the Lawsons and Mrs. Ross. Miss Erichsen, the Cracrofts and the Houghtons dined here and we had music.

Thursday. June 7. 1900

Called on Houghton and Buttles. BB tired and low. [0119]

Friday June 8. 1900.

The Marchesa Paolucci sent for Bernhard to try to get back the Alessio he bought from her; and failing that, to say the government was after it and would not let it go out of the country, etc. Mr. Ward and Miss Priestley and Miss Childers called. Miss Priestley told me a flat lie, saying that Fabbri was desperately in love with her and wanted to marry, and had only gone off to Stephanie when she refused him. Why did she say that to me? She must have known I could not believe it.

Saturday June 9. 1900

Busy at the Tatti, lunched with Cracrofts. Bernhard and Senda lunched with Lady Airlie at Bellosguardo. They called on Miss Lowndes by moonlight, but I finished my notes of our travels. [0120]

Sunday June 10. 1900. Frullino. Florence

Mrs. Gardner telegraphed she would take the Fiorenzo after all! I suppose when she saw it in its frame it was irresistible.

Logan wrote that he had broken the news of my marriage to mother who took it very sensibly, altho’ she can’t help despising a woman who, once she has had the luck to become a widow, deliberately chooses to marry again. Logan says she seems awfully happy with the children.

The Director of the Uffizi sent up to try to buy the Alessio!

We went to see a fire-place in a contadino’s house which may be for sale. Then we called on Miss Blood. Bernhard and Senda dined at the Placcis, and Perkins told me his woes – entire lack of money. Poor thing, he is as ill and nervous as can be, and in love to boot. [0121]

Monday June 11. 1900.

I spent the day going to Siena to see a picture Ioni wrote to me about. It turned out to be a fine altarpiece by Niccolò d’Alunno. An awfully tiring journey, for the train is so slow! Bernhard and Senda lunched at the Placci’s.

Tuesday June 12. 1900.

Shopped with Senda, and got nearly crazy. We had tea at the Gravina’s, where General Baldisera explained to me that the African disasters weren’t his fault, but the fault of the Government who, by means of telegrams, upset all the excellent plans that were made on the spot. We then went to see a game of pallone, called on the Buttles and dined at the Gamberaia, on the terrace … a very beautiful evening. Miss Blood was in a good form. [0122]

Wednesday June 13. 1900. Frullino

We took the Alessio – divine picture – from the Exhibition and sent it off to Cavenaghi. In the evening the Gravina, the Houghtons, Kerr-Lawson and Miss Cracroft came to dinner. We sat in the tower and smoked, and then had music. The Gravina is a regular leech. Poor Perkins can hardly escape making an engagement with her every day, and her last plan was for him to take her to Vallombrosa for the day. B.B. has lent him 700 francs, which just saved him, it would seem, from outright destitution. I do not know what his other resources are, but he certainly seems in a very tight place. He has all the luxurious habits of a rich man.

The fire-place is ours, at 900 lire. [0123]

Thursday June 14. 1900.

They got off to Bologna at 3. Maud Cruttwell came to dine with me. She is being regularly persecuted by Miss Wimbush, who calls her cruel for not entering into a closer and more intimate friendship than Maud is at all capable of doing. The whole lot of these “Virgins of the Hills” are as much upset over their “friendships” as any set of men and women could be. Only, I think, the changes are apt to be even more frequent! Maud, however, seems to me to have a good deal of character and sense, and she at least learns something from her experiences. She says she has really learnt that invaluable lesson of not trying to force love by exacting it. [0124]

Friday June 15. 1900. Frullino. Florence

Mother appears considerably upset by my letter telling her our marriage really was to be. But her literary style is so forcible, da se*,* that she seems often to say more than she really means, so I hope it is so in this case. How well she writes! “I always see myself as a patient ox pulling a cart, that has got to be full of some sort of a load, and it really don’t much matter what that load is. Frank has been lifted out, so there is room for Berenson; and very likely he will be an easier load to pull. Certainly he will be, if thee is happy, or at least while thee is happy.”

I had a lot of things to do today at I Tatti, and in the midst I had a very pleasant lunch with the Rasponi’s. Dined at Poggio, and dear Mrs. Ross gave me a most beautiful moon stone ring. We did not want [0125] any wedding presents, but some people are so awfully kind they will take the occasion of giving us something. But how different a set of people from those who gave me presents sixteen years ago! I did not know in the least then what sort of people I liked. Now I do, and alas the dearest of them all, Evelyn, whom I had the taste to adore even in those days, is gone.

Kerr-Lawson walked back with me. He is falling into a slouchy, fat, untidy, lazy middle-age, it would seem.

Saturday June 16. 1900. Palazzo Tiepolo Venice

Went to see that wonderful Villa Salviati with Mr. Ross and Miss Erichsen in the morning, and then came here with those two nice Italian maids, Leonide and Lidia. Bernhard and Senda are enjoying [0126] themselves very much with the Countess Zucchini, Cagnola and others in Bologna. All those people seem really to love Bernhard, and I am so glad. Donna Laura Gropallo is probably coming here to see him. She used such a good expression the other day. Writing about Lady Edmund she said, “il suo intelletto non mi pare né profondo né virginale”.

Logan writes that Mother was rather upset by my news, but that the next day she “seemed in the best of spirits.” He says “I have never seen her more full of jokes and fun, and she spoke of thy marriage in a very different tone, and I really cannot think that she is worrying about it. Alys brought forward so many good arguments in favour of thy marriage, that I think she was quite convinced by her own [0127] rhetoric, if she had not been favourable before. I am delighted that you are to be married, and cannot think of a brother-in-law I should prefer to B.B.” Alys also writes a most friendly letter.

Sunday June 17. 1900. Palazzo Tiepolo Venice

A quiet day of settling in. Took tea with Mrs. Robinson and her sister, and they gave me the most charming jewel, a pendant, I have ever seen. Logan found it. I took Leonide and Lidia to the Piazza, they were quite charming about it, with the naïve refinement of the solid respectable Tuscan contadino good-breeding.

Monday June 18. 1900

Found a piano, and lunched with Mrs. Robinson and her sisters. Bernhard and Senda arrived at night, tired from their trip to Pomposa, but delighted to have done it. [0128]

Tuesday June 19. 1900. Palazzo Tiepolo. Venice

Very warm. Took Senda to St. Mark’s, etc. Floated about.

Wednesday June 20. 1900

Great comfort to know that the children are settled to work under Mr. Nowers and Bertie. We met Miss Freeman, a disciple of Bernard’s, at the Academy. Went to the Lido to bathe, and Bernhard had a walk with Miss Priestley.

Thursday June 21. 1900

Saw San Giovanni e Paolo and San Francesco della Vigna. Lido again. Called on Robinson and Kinsellas.

Friday June 22. 1900

Saw San Giorgio Schiavone and San Zaccaria. Senda and I went to the Lido with Miss Priestley and Miss Childers and the Kinsellas to bathe, and B.B. floated about with Prince Hohenlohe and Zina who are just back. [0129]

Saturday June 23. 1900

Academy. Prince Hohenlohe and Zina called. Floated.

Sunday June 24. 1900

Pictures. Tea with Kinsellas and Miss Priestley. Perkins to dinner.

Monday June 25. 1900

Senda ill. Frari, San Rocco, antiquity hunting in the morning. Called on Bensons. Dined at Hohenlohe’s with Fortuny.

Tuesday June 26. 1900

Went to Murano. Called on Kinsellas. Looked at photographs of minor masters. Bernhard’s 35th birthday.

Wednesday, June 27, 1900

Salute and San Salvatore in the morning. Lido with Miss Priestley and the Kinsellas in the afternoon. Call on Prince Hohenlohe in evening. Zina is a delicious creature. [0130]

no entries after June 27, 1900 until Oct. 20, 1900

Sunday Oct. 20. 1900. Frullino. Florence.

I have been unaccountably lazy!

The summer passed most pleasantly. I was at Friday’s Hill with the children, and Bernhard at St. Moritz with his sister. He saw her off at Genoa on Sept. 6, rested two days with the Gropallos at Nervi and then joined me in Paris. We saw a little of the Exposition – the Petit Palais, Palais de Costume, the old furniture, etc., and I did a lot of buying dresses, being endlessly fitted. I found – at last! – a perfectly satisfactory corset, based on anatomy.

INSERT SKETCHES

Shape of old fashioned corset, with fat squeezed down on hips and up on breast and back

Shape of mine, following the natural figure. [0131]

They press the stomach back and up, and are a constant reminder not to slouch.

One thing that interested us very much in Paris was the Japanese Play with the Actress Sada Yacco. We like conventions in art.

We saw a good deal of dear Reinach. B.B. “made up” with Wickhoff, and saw Madame André’s collection all by himself. We met the famous Alfred Hodder, Fafner’s friend, the Don Juan of Bryn Mawr. He is apparently very clever, for he seemed to us exactly “our kind”, and of course we were charmed with him. But we have met down here an intimate friend of his, Leo Stein, who says he is really quite different, that he considers people wicked who live out of their own country, and says “Florence is all very well for those bloodless aesthetes”, but LIFE “should be to marching music” and so forth. But who knows [0132] what he really thinks? He is a great “womanizer”, has divorced one wife (lost another by death), made love to or been made love to by countless Bryn Mawr girls (he was Professor of Literature there), and is now engaged in a desperate sort of intrigue with Miss Gwinn (B.B. saw them in the Egyptian Gallery of the Louvre so earnestly talking that they didn’t notice a man nearly kill himself on the stairs a few feet away, while Carey [Thomas] thought Miss Gwinn was “too busy at the dressmaker’s to spare a moment”), and yet Mr. Stein says he has never heard him speak of a woman. – Well – he was very simpatico that evening, and what more does one want?

We came back with Logan, stopping a few days in Milan on the way. There we saw Prince Trivulzio’s collection, Cavenaghi, Vittadini, Cagnola, etc.

Here, we have been busy with the new Villa, and Bernhard has [0133] finally settled into harness with his Michelangelo. The weather has been lovely. Janet Dodge has been here, goes next Wednesday. I can’t think of anything special we have said, except that Bernhard, in answer to the Mortons’ gibe that Englishmen lacked humour said, “Yes, they are noted for a lack of American humour.” He describes Arthur Symonds as “drippings of George Moore”.

Horne is here, and we went to the Villa Salviati with him. I’ve also visited Castello, Petraia and I Collazzi.

no entries until

Sunday Oct. 28. 1900. Frullino Florence

Mr. Ross had another stroke on Tuesday and lost his speech for two days. I have been there every day since, and once I have seen him. He is recovering marvellously. I get fonder of them all every day. The only other special events of this week [0134] are the Pranzo I gave to 40 workmen in the new Villa (on the completion of the roof), and the large Sassetta altar-piece we bought for 2000 francs last night! We are spending money at a dreadful rate, but I hope getting lovely things for the new home. B. B. is well in his work, and feeling rather better in health. I am not trying to do much besides music. Logan has just sent off to be type-written, an article on Madame de Sevigné.

Now I will try to begin a real journal.

Monday Oct. 29. 1900. Frullino Florence

I had a music lesson today and afterwards went to several antiquity shops with Mr. Houghton, and brought up the enormous Sassetta, which turns out to be far lovelier than we thought. B.B. has already in imagination refused an [0135] offer of £10,000 (lire) for it!!

I was awfully cut up by Mother’s pessimistic letter saying she was afraid the judge would not give permission to bring the children here.

Logan and I drove to the Tatti, and then we all three went to have tea with Miss Cruttwell.

Tuesday Oct. 30. 1900

Uneventful day. B.B. met Ioni at the Uffizi to choose frames, and I drove the donkey to the Villa and back. Maud Cruttwell came to tea. Spent the evening making out lists of household things to be sent from the Stores in London.

Worried about the children’s coming. I do so want them to come!

Wednesday Oct. 31. 1900

Lina came to call in the morning. Saw a small Lorenzo Monaco for sale in the afternoon. Horne came to dinner, and was very pleasant in the evening. [0136]

Thursday Nov. 1st 1900. Frullino. Florence

The cook and some underground acquaintances of his came up with a picture for sale – not Lorenzo Monaco, after all, but, B.B. thinks, a Giottino. Rather fine. We offered £500. Mr. Morgan and Mrs. and Miss Cracroft came to lunch, and we had some Bach – an organ prelude and fugue in E minor – and so on. Then I called with the Cracrofts on Maud Cruttwell and met Miss Paterson and Miss Lowndes. Called on Mrs. Thrupp, and then on theMortons who have given notice to all their servants and want my Rosa. They are terribly fussy. B.B. bicycled over and called on them earlier.

Wrote to Dowdeswell proposing a sort of partnership, and to Heinemann proposing a book on the unpublished Italian pictures in England.

No word about the children. The suspense is painful. But at the worst, it is nothing compared to this time last year!

Friday Nov. 2. 1900. Second Anniversary of Evalyne’s Death.

A telegram from Mother says the decision about the children is deferred for a [0137] week. Pazienza!

I had my music-lesson, and came up to meet Lina and Mr. and Miss Cust at lunch. Miss Cust is very pleasant, but she is dissatisfied and unhappy, poor thing, growing old (she is 30) with no particular bough to perch upon. Cust is killing – one of these naïve Englishmen who tells you his income and his family history, and his breach-of-promise case in the first breath! They came to the Tatti with us, and then we all had tea at the Mortons. Afterwards Logan and I called at Poggio, and I had a long chat with dear Mr. Ross.

I often wonder what Evalyne is feeling now.

Saturday Nov. 3. 1900.

Worked in the morning. Went to town and priced the lace. They said it was worth £1000 to the trade but that no ‘particolare’ could get it for less than £3000! Saw a Sellaio for which we offered a thousand lire. Went to the Casa Buonarroti. In the evening I got through a task that has been hanging over me – blackly for [0138] the past few days – that of telling Rosa she must go. Fortunately, the Mortons want her, so a position (at the same high wages, 50 fr. a month) is ready for her. I thought she would be dreadfully cut up, but she did not seem so. It is a great relief.

We suddenly find ourselves without any money!! And the workmen at the Villa are beginning to want to be paid. It is most awkward. We’ve spent about £600 (sterling) on pictures and “oggetti” this autumn, as if we should never come to an end. More encouraging news from home. Mr. Withers thinks the children will be able to come.

Sunday Nov. 4. 1900. Frullino. Florence.

Miss Cust came to lunch and we had a walk after watching a rain-storm. She is very agreeable, but one of those no-point-in-my-existence girls, who have no money, and live in an uncongenial home. Poor dear! The Mortons also came to lunch, and Gertrude arranged with Rosa to go on Saturday. [0139]

Monday Nov. 5. 1900

Saw some pictures in the morning. Miss Paterson came to lunch, a colourless but pathetic figure. Drove with the donkey and Maud Cruttwell to call upon the Mortons.

Tuesday Nov. 6. 1900

B.B. called on the Rasponis, the Rosses and Sir Willoughby Wade. I took Mme. de Platonoff to see Miss Cracroft, who played us a lot of modern Russian music, which I don’t care for in the least.

Wednesday Nov. 7. 1900

In town all the morning. Called at Poggio in the afternoon. Lina in bed with a cold. Worried at not having a telegram about the children. Bernhard is getting on very well with his Michelangelo. He had a long walk in the quarries. The weather is delicious. [0140]

Thursday Nov. 8. 1900. Frullino. Florence

Bernhard is getting on well with his work. The new cook came today, and is doing very well. Rosa is in tears and declares she has been calumniated. Poor thing! Maud came to work in the morning, and in the afternoon I went to the Tatti with the donkey, and then to see the Cracrofts, Cobbs, and Mortons at Settignano.

No word about the children, and I counted on hearing today.

x Friday Nov. 9. 1900

Letter saying it was all right about the children’s coming. New cook functioning well as to cooking, everything else volcanic. Villa coming on despairingly slowly! But it looks enchanting there.

Saturday Nov. 10. 1900

Mrs. Gardner has telegraphed that she would take the little Raphael Entombment Bernhard offered her. [0141] This considerably relieves the financial strain. My spirits were coming back, and this completed the cure, and I felt very jolly all day. In the morning I took Rosa to install her with the Mortons at the Villa Mezzaratta. She seemed contented. Benn and Maud and Miss Lowndes came to lunch, and after visiting the Tatti we went to hear Miss Cracroft play. It was the first of a series of little recitals I have arranged for her. It went off very well. She gave us the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, and analyzed them a little. She played gloriously.

Sunday Nov. 11. 1900.

Saw upholsters and carpenters in the morning. Called on Mortons, Cracrofts, Miss Blood, the Rosses in the afternoon. We found Miss Blood furiously calm over the servant question, telling us, in her sharp high voice with emphatic [0142] gestures, that she never allowed a servants’ quarrel to reach her ears. If they couldn’t get on together, they could go, if they killed each other they could get buried – but She will attend to nothing except whether the service is performed according to her mind. She has absorbed Nietzsche to a very practical purpose, but her response is too vehement to be very attractive. Somehow I don’t believe in it any more than in her indifference to young men! But it is a fine pose. The Mortons, on the contrary, live in perpetual distress over the follies and vices of their domestics. I liked Miss Blood’s “Che si ammazzino pure! Cosa mi fa?”

Monday Nov. 12. 1900. Frullino Florence

Music lesson. At the Villa stormed and raged at the slowness of the workmen. Called at Rosses and saw Miss Cust. B.B. went to Casa Buonarroti, and then called [0143] on Pozzolini who has a beautiful bronze Mercury which he calls Benvenuto Cellini, but which Bernhard thinks is Baccio Bandinelli. He has also a good Mainardi.

A telegram came from Mr. Withers saying that the Chancery Judge has given leave for the children to come, and dismissed as frivolous the “testamentary guardians’” request that we should be forced to have the Governess also. I have caught (from Lina) a bad cold.

Tuesday Nov. 13. 1900.

The wind has sprung up – a cold Tramontana. But at the dear Tatti it is perfectly calm. The place is well sheltered. The workmen are getting on, but rather slowly. I called on the Mortons, and found them as usual in the throes of domestic problems. I am afraid even Rosa won’t suit them. My cold is awful, and I have lost both taste and smell. Bernhard had a glorious walk on the hills. [0144]

Wednesday Nov. 14. 1900. Frullino Florence

Brilliant day with wind nearly died down. Villa in morning. Had a quarrel with Bernhard over my friendly way of treating servants. Made up. He went to tea at Poggio to meet Mr. Mounteney-Jephson. Stein called in the evening and tried to explain Hodder’s Philosophy. It sounded very silly. New cook’s accounts less appalling than I feared.

Thursday Nov. 15. 1900.

A day of urging the men on to work. Bernhard and I called at our respective Consuls to “take steps” about our Marriage. I lunched with the Mortons and found them as full of domestic grievances as ever.

Friday Nov. 16. 1900

Twice to the Tatti to hurry them on. Bernhard lunched with Benn who talked against Gibbon and said Macaulay was the really great man! He had tea with the Gravina!! Logan and I called on the Rosses. [0145]

Saturday Nov. 17. 1900

Horne came to lunch, and, in spite of a perfect down-pour, Miss Cracroft came to play, and Maud, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. Cobb, Miss Blood, Rob Morton and Mr. Stein came to listen. She played magnificently the organ Fantasy and Fugue in B minor, and the same in D minor and then the Prelude and Fugue in D for piano. After tea she played Beethoven’s sonata in D minor. She is a splendid player.

Sunday Nov. 18. 1900.

Dr. Richter came to lunch. He was full of grievances against the Strongs, who have behaved very badly to him over the facsimiles of the Chatsworth drawings. He thinks Mrs. Strong is more pushing and venomous than even her husband. We had a delightful walk, Bernhard and I. Miss Cust came to tea. [0146]

Monday Nov. 19. 1900. Frullino. Florence.

Music and Tatti in the morning. Saw Grassi’s things in the afternoon, and Mr. Mounteney-Jephson came to tea. He told us about his explorations with Stanley, a whole year in the jungle, lost – 5 months in prison under sentence of death with Enim Pasha. It was fascinating to hear him talk.

Tuesday Nov. 20. 1900.

Mrs. Ross came with Logan and me to the Villa in the morning. She found it delightful. The Gravina came to lunch and outdid herself in platitudes and stupidities. I found her almost intolerable, so silly, so uneducated, so touchy, so absorbed in herself: above all, so stick-to-you. She drove with us to the Villa, and then with me to the town, and I could hardly shake her off. I loathe her. Horne came to dinner, was nice, but heavy, yet I like him. [0147]

Wednesday Nov. 21. 1900.

Shopping in morning. Villa afternoon. Fabbri came to dinner and was very nice, so nice that Logan, who meant to retire to his own study after dinner, stayed to talk till 11. Fabbri is one of the most sympathetic people we know – he reads and looks and feels for himself. Like us, the exhibition of Rodin’s things at Paris finished him forever for Fabbri, but he was loath to believe that it was bad taste spoiling even good bits of plastic form. Fabbri does not care for Puvis. I suspect he lacks all appreciation for space-composition, for he spoke with aversion of Perugino and indifference of Raphael.

Thursday Nov. 22. 1900.

Captain Jephson, Lina and Rezia Rasponi to lunch. It was very amusing. I called on Mrs. Thrupp and Gertrude Mortonand on Rosa. [0148]

Friday Nov. 23. 1900. Frullino Florence

Shopping all morning. Got some very charming old chintz from the Houghtons. I heard from Janet Dodge that she is at last going back to the Dolmetsch concerts. Logan and Bernhard called on Hochberg, but I went to bed with a headache.

Saturday Nov. 24. 1900.

Logan and Bernhard had lunch with Count Hochberg. I went to the station to tell Lina that they weren’t coming on a planned excursion, and found Captain Mounteney Jephson there, who drove out to the Villa with me and then came back to lunch. On the way he told me his whole history, how an American girl named Anna Head had ruined his life, preventing his accepting a number of most advantageous posts, and in the end throwing him over. The story was as it were shadowed by [0149] £.s.d., and unreturned gifts of family diamonds lurked in the most tragic passages. Altogether, so characteristically “English” in its naiveté, its frankness, its awareness of the money-basis of life, and, I must add, in its almost awkward feeling of honour, that while it made me laugh, it made me like him.

I came back to find a telegram saying mother and the children had missed the connection at Turin. They won’t arrive till 1.14 tonight!

Called on the Rosses in the rain. Found Mrs. Ross furious with Miss Erichsen’s incompetence.

Sunday Nov. 25. 1900

Met the children at 2! But they were awake (and awaking) at 7. We drove to Settignano to Church, called on Thrupp, Rosa and Mortons. In afternoon saw new Villa and called at Rosses. Captain Jephson told them tales of his adventures [0150] in the African Jungle. They drove the donkey, and looked so sweet and happy and rosy that it made my heart rejoice to see them. I told them of my marriage, but they didn’t seem to think much of it. Bernhard they set down, as I said, as “a sort of uncle”, and really I think they thought very little about it.

Monday Nov. 26. 1900. Frullino. Florence

Miss Cust and Captain Jephson came to lunch and we went to hear Miss Cracroft. On the way he told me that he had been proposed to by a mother for her daughter, and that, being very lonely, he was awfully tempted, as, without being in love, he is very fond of the girl. He says he can never be in love again as he was with the Californian girl named Anna Head. He asked my advice, but I waited to tell mother and B.B. They both think he had better marry. [0151]

Tuesday Nov. 27. 1900.

Logan and Bernhard went to Cafaggiolo with Lina, Miss Erichsen and Captain Jephson. I “moved”, and went to bed early with an awful cold and sore throat. The children are regular idiots, capering about, full of fun and life, perfectly absorbed in their own existence. One feels like Antaeus touching earth at seeing them.

Wednesday Nov. 28. 1900

Captain Jephson came with me to the Villa and we walked back through the woods. He told me all the circumstances of the case, and I strongly advised him to marry the girl. I believe he is one of those strange beings who “love once and once only” but he is affectionate and kind and will make her a very nice husband.

Continued “moving” in the afternoon, with small success. Bernhard called on Benn who said that riches in a nation killed out brains. [0152]

no entries after Nov. 28 until

Sunday Dec. 8. 1900. I Tatti. Settignano

I made my “sgombero” on Friday the 30th, amid rain and all conceivable discomforts. On Saturday dear genial Buonamici came to lunch, and Miss Cracroft came to meet him. We had some divine music. On Sunday Captain Jephson came to lunch and I took him to the Gamberaia. The next days I moved Bernhard’s things, with the blessed interval of one of Miss Cracroft’s Bach recitals. Bernhard is staying at Poggio, well taken care of by Mrs. Ross, the Capable and Energetic. On Wednesday we went with Logan and Lina and Mrs. Erichsen to Monte Guffone,an unimaginably romantic place. On Thursday Captain Jephson came to lunch and accompanied me to the Pretura to witness my identity. He was indescribably depressed, and told [0153] me of his debts, and disappointments. We had a charming adieu. Yesterday Miss Cracroft gave another recital – most enjoyable.

I am realizing more and more what Bernhard’s inward ideals and spiritual needs are. I hope I can help him make them real. No one can imagine how adorable he is.

[0154] no entries after Dec. 8, 1900 until April 28, 1901

xx April 28. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano

I have let months run by. Bernhard and I were married at the end of December, first at the Municipio, with Benn and Miss Cruttwell as witnesses, and, two days after, here, in our own Chapel by the Priore of Settignano, with Placci and Buonamici as testimoni. Mother and the children were here, Logan, Donna Laura Gropallo, Maud Cruttwell, Miss Lowndes, Herbert Horne, Mrs. Ross, the Lawsons, the Mortons, the Houghtons and various others. Lina was in Rome. Mother and Logan and Ray and Karin left the next day but one, and we began to settle in.

Up to Easter it was rather a scrabble of getting things in order, and organizing the service and paying bills, and also of continual company. Miss Cracroft’s recitals were our greatest joy. She came on

[0155] Saturdays and played always Bach. Early in March Mrs. Baldwin (ex Mrs. Parker Deacon) and her fascinating daughter Gladys came and they were with us for two weeks here and we with them for some time at Siena. At Siena Jephson joined us, eager to refute some disgusting slanders the Eyres had set afloat about him. He came back with us to the Tatti, and Trevy and his Dutch wife came for a week, and then I went to England for 4 weeks, B.B. to Nervi to visit Donna Laura for two weeks, and Jephson to the Riviera, and then to England, where I saw him several times. He was ill and depressed, but I got very fond of him. There is something awfully nice about him, and I like him for being so “correct”. I had a most enchanting time with Mother and Grace and her children, altogether the most delightful Easter [0156] I have ever had. But it is charming to get back to all this beauty, and to Bernhard, who seems really glad to have me again! I stopped two nights in Paris with Mrs. Baldwin, and met Conte Robert de Montesquiou. B.B. had had Stein staying here, and had seen a lot of Mr. Davis and something of M. Hubert, an anthropologist friend of Reinach’s.

I have given no idea of these months but how can I? I am happier than ever I have been. Our house is beautiful, and we get on au mieux.

Today we called on the Mortons and the Rosses. It rained, but afterwards the temperature was perfect. We enjoyed the afternoon’s walk very much. It is marvelous to be so happy. I cannot understand how I came to be so blessed. [0157]

Monday April 29. 1901. I Tatti

It is charming here, perfect weather, and the house very beautiful. We went in after lunch to see some things at Brauer’s, and came out to have tea with the Stickneys, Mrs. Cameron and M. Hubert – all of them, except the Mother Stickney, refined and thoughtful – M. Hubert and Mr. Stickney seem to be quite unusually thoughtful, and very much our kind.

I had a letter from Jephson saying that Lord Lansdowne would not grant him further sick-leave and that he must resign his post as King’s Messenger – which means all his income. He is eager to work, but he is ill. It is a desperate situation, and he is terribly anxious and miserable. I did not tell Bernhard, for Jephson begged me not to, for fear it might seem he was asking for further help, and Bernhard has already been so generous. I am awfully sorry.

[0158] Tuesday April 30. 1901. I Tatti

A most beautiful day – the sort of day when one has moments of absolute bien-être and even of poetry, as the light comes and goes on the hills. We had an anthropological lunch, with Professor Belucci of Perugia (and his daughter) and M. Hubert, Reinach’s assistant, a very simpatico sort of scholarly and thoughtful young man. Then we had a walk through the woods, and I stopped to see Lina and the Rosses. We read Blake in the evening, but we found very little real poetry outside the “Songs of Innocence”.

Wednesday May 1st.1901

I am busy making up accounts. We have spent nearly £ 3000 since the beginning of the year! Benn came to lunch, but wasn’t well or in form. Zug came to tea and was worse. Then Mrs. Lawson and Gertrude came in, having left sick husbands at home, and B.B. was feeling almost too ill to hold up his [0159] head, poor dear.

I read Keats, while the industrious Bernhard worked over his Lotto.

Thursday May 2. 1901.

Percy Fielding came up to lunch. He had been traveling with Aubrey Waterfield, and they finally had a quarrel, in the course of which Percy told his companion that I had said he was the most selfish person who ever stayed in my house! It was quite true, but I did not say it to be repeated!! I paid various calls and then met B.B. at the Mortons, a goodbye visit. Stickney came to dinner and was interesting and sympathetic, though he praised Anatole France rather too lightly. But he is one of the most interesting people, more or less in our line, that we know. Poor Jephson telegraphed that his bad news was confirmed. He added that my letters were a consolation to him. I thought they would be, as he is terribly alone in his trouble. He likes to boast, or to talk of Miss Head, but hates to speak of his real anxieties – health and money. [0160]

Friday May 3. 1901. I Tatti

Quiet day with music lesson. Percy Fielding came up to stay, and Mrs. Cameron and her daughter dined with us.

Saturday May 4. 1901

Maud Cruttwell came to lunch. She says Mrs. Strong was here a fortnight, hanging on Loeser’s lips, and repeating all his phrases. She finds her terribly snobbified – a real social struggler.

We went to Fiesole in the afternoon, called on Gronaus and drove home in enchanting weather by Vincigliata.

I have taken back that rogue Carlo as cook.

Sunday May 5. 1901

Mrs. Robinson, the Houghtons and a Miss Weeks (sent by Mr. Stein) came to tea, and we went to the Gamberaia – a most heavenly afternoon. Pleasant dinner with Percy Fielding and Mrs. Robinson, who spent the night.

[0161] Monday May 6. 1901

Drove to town with [illegible] and Percy, and had tea at Mr. Acton’s – what an awful collection of horrors he has! Met Don Guido Cagnola at 6, who came here to stay. Quiet evening of chat.

Tuesday May 7. 1901.

“A too-little-remembered jeu d’esprit at Oxford more than 30 years ago, of a certain college ribbon described as “white ribbons with 3 blue stripes, which, however, some say are blue ribbons with 2 white stripes, so various are man’s opinions upon even well-known subjects”.

Music lesson. Bernhard took Cagnola and Percy to Braun’s and Houghton’s. Fabbri came to dine.

Wednesday May 8. 1901

Called on Hildebrands. Bernhard took Cagnola to Uffizi. Called on Rosses. Lina nearly dead with her visitor, Signorina Belucci.

[0162] Wednesday May 15. 1901. I Tatti

The Countess Gravina, that “savings-bank of used-up commonplaces”, as B.B. called her, came to stay (self-invited!) from Thursday till Monday. Zangwill, passing through Florence came to dinner on Thursday and on Sunday, Cagnola went away on Sunday, and Maud on the same day brought Mrs. Fleming, Rudyard Kipling’s sister to call. She “did not take my fancy in the least”. She said I had an amber coloured aura which went before me – the last a peculiarity shared by only one other person in Florence, namely Lady Paget! On Saturday I called on the Marchesa Incontri whose ill-behaved, filthy dogs are brought to make one vow never to return. She picked fleas off of them and dropped them in the tea-cups. This was supposed to be a joke. I read, with immense pleasure, La Princesse de Clèves. [0163] B.B. is reading and – alas for one’s prejudices! – enjoying Anatole France’s “Vie Letteraire”. I am also rereading Keats’ letters. We lunched at the Placci’s today with Salvemini, Prince Galitzin and Papafava. The Gronaus and Burne-Murdocks called.

Thursday May 16. 1901.

Kugler, the poet of Virginia – a specimen –

“Alas for the South!

Her books have grown fewer.

She was never much given

To Literature”

I got up this morning early and went with Lina to an open air Mass way up on the hill above Settignano. It was picturesque and the country was beautiful, and it has left charming memories, but of course one was sleepy all day. Miss Macklehose, looking most uncompromisingly Schotch in her sailor-hat and angular gown, was marching [0164] with the procession -- per l’amore del caro Priore, to whom she is devoted. She invented a novel way of cheering up the invalid, Kerr Lawson – she said “I will come and read you out of the guide-book the descriptions of all the places I went to when I was in Rome” – And she did, illustrating them with the little “dioramic” photograph books she had bought on the spot. Jim couldn’t think of any possible way of escape!!

De Filippi called, bringing a message from “Lady Fitzmaurice”, with whom he is very much in love. He said that Stichney was so much in love with Mrs. Cameron that he was no good for anything else.

We drove to Brozzi in the afternoon.

Friday May 17. 1901. I Tatti

Carlo Placci came to lunch, full of his visit to Rome, talking politics.

We have ensured our pictures and furniture for nearly twenty thousand pounds!

[0165] Saturday May 18. 1901

Salvemini and Papafava came to lunch – both of them most intelligent people. B. B. and Salvemini had a walk. S’s view of society is that only talent should have rewards, he would destroy all caste. This is not deeply intelligent, it seems to me. For individual talent can never create that permanent milieu of refinement which is one of the best things of civilization.

I had a music-lesson and called on the Rosses. Mother had sent a verse of congratulation to Mr. Ross on his swiftly approaching death – “Joy shipmate, joy”, but he returned the prosaic answer that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!

A letter from Mother says Grace has had a cable saying “Edith died yesterday” – that is, Wednesday. I am afraid she killed herself. “Es ist eine alte Geschichte”.

[0166] Sunday May 20. 1901. I Tatti

I have been thinking about Edith a good deal. I find I did not really love her. Her death is a break to 18 years of association, it removes a person with whom, sometimes, one could talk with extreme openness. But not a person who had any share of my heart. If she killed herself, I can’t help feeling it was rather fine of her. She had been trying her best to make terms with life, but it wouldn’t work. I wonder if she is better off now?

We have had a quiet day, which B.B. has spent in, I must confess very just, reproaches for my carelessness about the terms of the leave of this house, and my general incompetence. As he very seldom praises me for anything, taking my virtues (if indeed he thinks I have any!) for granted, it is awfully discouraging. With him, I feel a useless and stupid and lazy and good-for-nothing sort of female superfluity – [0167] and it is anything but a pleasant feeling. This is very unfortunate. Yet I am sure he loves me very much.

Monday May 21. 1901.

We had an enchanting drive to Villamagni – the Spring at its best.

Tuesday May 22. 1901

Ned Warren came up to tea, and remained to dinner. He was very agreeable, and told a number of most amusing stories about wild goose chases after bronzes and antiques.

Wednesday May 23. 1901

A note from poor Jephson, who is ill again. All he could say was that he couldn’t write on account of headache and seediness. B. B. spent part of the afternoon basking in the woods. I went to his old Villa, had a music-lesson, called on dear old Mr. Ross.

[0168] Thursday May 23. 1901. I Tatti

Lina came to lunch and was very sweet. She spoke in a charmingly frank way about having been in love with Aubrey Waterfield, and was rejoicing at being free from the feeling. We went in to see the Duca di Brindisi’s pictures and some others, and called on the Benns. Placci came to dinner, and was very nice, but I think he was decidedly sleepy.

Friday May 24. 1901.

B.B. wakes up in the morning always feeling quite indifferent to life, or, if anything, bored at the thought of going on. He says he would like to stop here and now. He feels no real warmth towards anyone but me. Even Gladys has faded out of his grasp.

We called on the Kiplings, but did not find them – then went to Dr. Pieraccini (10 Via Buffalini), who said the usual [0169] thing about Bernhard, that he worked too hard, and needed, like a field, to lie fallow a long time. In the evening I read Perkins’ manuscript on Giotto, and then we were both ill, not from the Giotto (though it’s bad enough!) but from something we had eaten.

Saturday May 25. 1901.

Both ill in bed. Mrs. Ross came in to cheer us. I was scarcely surprised to get a letter in Edith’s writing – it was posted at 7 p.m. May the 14th  – just a few minutes, I suppose, before she killed herself. It said “Dearest M. W. Just a word to tell you that after all he loved her best. I am really going this time. There is nothing to live for without him. This for you alone and goodby. Edith” I thought she would write to me – but I expected a longer letter. It has made a deep impression on me, though I find the letter far too “literary”.

[0170] Sunday May 26. 1901. I Tatti.

Grace writes that the account of Edith’s suicide was in the New York papers. She shot herself through the heart while Bond, Florence’s husband and some of the members of the University Settlement were having a meeting in the room above. They burst open the door, and she died in a few moments in Bond’s arms, without being able to speak.

Monday May 27. 1901.

I have re-read Christina Rossetti’s so-called Poems. B.B. says they are merely “prose made manifest”. Perkins came over from Siena for a week, pale, nervous, penniless as ever, shiftless, too, not really knowing how to work: and Mrs. Robinson came up for a week. She is very gay and full of spirits.

Tuesday May 28. 1901

Quiet day of no adventures.

[0171] Wednesday May 29. 1901.

Shopping and a music lesson. B.B. still very low, not recovering from his poisoning, and yet trying to work. Mounteney-Jephson writes almost desperate with headaches and general seediness. Called on Mr. Ross who seemed very low.

Thursday May 30. 1901.

Shopping with Mrs. Lawson. Brought Miss Bernardine Hall out to tea and dinner – a fascinating person, who is another B.B. Papageno – Papagena!! When she talks, it is the expression of a most curiously similar temperament. I went with Lina and Caterina to the Jeffreason’s Garden Party by moonlight. Lina is, I think, a little in love with Orlando Ward – just at the pleasant stage. He is an awfully nice fellow… but alas perfectly penniless and in bad health. B.B. continues low, but he very much enjoyed Miss Hall.

[0172] Monday June 10. 1901. I Tatti

A couple of weeks, nearly, have passed. Miss Hall and her friend Miss Grenfield came to stay a couple of days with us and were delightful. Jo Robinson came also for ten days, but left a less pleasant impression. She is bright and observant and full of animal spirits, but dreadfully uneducated, absurdly dogmatic about the little scraps of culture she has at second hand. Perkins came for a week too, on the plea that he wanted to study photographs and work out the plan of his book on Sienese art. But in reality he spent almost all his time rushing about Florence to execute commissions for his lady-love, or else playing (he plays well) on my piano. Salvemini and Papafava came up to dinner, also various Houghtons, Steins, and the usual lot.

On Friday last B. B. went to Barletta to meet Ned Warren and go to see some [0173] pictures. I have been packing, and have dined with the Rosses. Tonight I had a long talk with Lina, who is divinely simple and frank. She says she is “afraid of caring too much for Orlando Ward” – dear creature! (she’s already deep in love with him) – and she doesn’t see how it could come to anything, given their pennilessness. She says Mrs. Ross’ temper these days is something awful!

Tuesday June 11. Brun. Bologna

Met Bernhard here at 10. We rested, and then went to see curiosity shops with Cagnola, and dined with his sister the Countess Zucchini, at the Villa Mezzaratta. Who should come in in the evening but the Hon. Mrs. Pelham, an old political chum of mine. She is an inept, foolish, giggling, false-youthful sort of a person, living in Bologna to start a branch of the Theosophical Society!!

[0174] Wednesday June 12. 1901. Cavour Milan

Came here, called on Cavenaghi, saw Noseda. Very hot.

Thursday June 13. 1901. Nazional. Bâle

Went over the Brera with the director Ricci. Came here. Air most delicious.

Friday June 14. 1901. Zähringerhof. Freiburg im Breisgau

Came here, saw the Cathedral, which we didn’t care for half so much as the one at Strassburg. Called on Father Kraus, who, though ill, was very entertaining.

Saturday June 15. 1901. Cur. Hotel Schönwald

Came here via Offenburg – whose sole claim to renown in Baedeker is a monument to Drake who introduced the potato into Europe – and Friberg. Rain, rain.

Sunday June 16. 1901. Schönwald

Rain in the morning, but we took [0175] a wet walk. We found Bernhard’s fool-cousin, Louis Freedman, here when we came back. He had run over from Strassburg for the day. I asked him if he was going in with his violin lessons. “No” he said, “I found I was growing too ambitious. I felt the need of expressing Myself in Music, and of course I should have had to take up composition”. He also said he had “desisted from original thought” for the moment order the better to follow his Professors. One of his principal subjects is Art, and he has come to the conclusion that because Perugino was a villain, his pictures of Madonnas and Saints are all hypocritical, and he says they give him no pleasure. I should have enjoyed his folly more, but I got a bad headache.

Monday June 17. 1901.

Still Rain – but two pleasant walks.

[0176] Tuesday June 18. 1901. Cur. Hotel, Schönwald.

It rained hard all day. I read Myer’s Life of Wordsworth, and enjoyed it immensely. B.B. finished Justi’s Michelangelo and wrote a review of it for the Cultura.

Wednesday June 19. 1901.

Walked in the morning, and drove to Gütenbach in the afternoon. B.B. finished Gronau’s Tizian, which he finds surprisingly good. He is also reading Hartland’s Legend of Perseus, and his head is full of superstition! I am reading Negri’s l’Imperatore Giuliano l’Apostata.

Thursday June 20. 1901

Corrected in the morning the proofs of my article for the Gazette on the School of Pesellino.

[0177] Hotel Bellevue. Cadenabbia. September 18. 1901

I have just arrived from Paris, joining Bernhard who came down from St. Moritz. We had a quiet summer at Fernhurst, in Logan’s house, High Buildings. The children and I slept out under the trees. Bernhard’s mother and sister Bessie passed the summer with us. We had very few guests, as the house was pretty full, the company mixed, and B.B. not at all well. Zangwill came, however, and Fry and Dickinson and Jephson, and, after B.B. was gone, the dear Michael Fields. We paid one or two visits – twice to Jephson at Eastbourne (I went twice after B.B. had gone), and to the Moors at Camberley and the Poet Laureate at Ashford (a lovely place). Bernhard read Hayden’s Letters, the Compleat Angler and Spiele der Thiere and so on, but I was so busy house- and children-keeping that I read almost nothing except Carlyle’s French Revolution. However, [0178] I enjoyed that so much that it didn’t matter reading nothing else.

Bernhard’s mother is a dear little plucky creature, whom I got really to love. But she is all sentiment, and we cannot stand sentiment without a good dose of common-sense. Still, I think having her was the right thing. Bessie made no particular impression on me, but she seemed a very nice girl. They remained on for about 3 weeks after Bernhard left. I settled them at Oxford, and then took them [on] a little trip, with the 5 children and Grace and Christina Brenmer, and the Thames.

Bernhard got on very nicely with the children. They thought him “awfully decent”.

At St. Moritz he saw a great deal of Donna Laura Gropallo, who is evidently in love with him and was frightfully jealous if he spoke to another woman – especially – Adelaide Placci! Adelaide also was furiously jealous. The person he liked most was [0179] the Marchesa Serristori of Florence , a gay sunny, always-amused but perfectly self-conscious creature. He also saw something of Harry Cust and his wife and of Humphreys Johnston, and with pleasure.

To me, outside of the family, our complete reconciliation with the Michaels, and the further friendship with Mounteney Jephson were the pleasantest personal things. The Mikes are quite adorable, and Mounteney, though in a totally different world of interests, is a thoroughly nice person. I spent 4 days with him in Paris on my way here, he coming up from Hyères to meet me. We looked forward to going to the Louvre, to Chartres, to seeing all sorts of things together; but he was ill in bed the whole time, and suffering a great deal.

In Paris and on the way down I read that really great book Adolphe, and the much over-rated Liaisons Dangereuses. O yes, how could I forget. We read Maeterlinck’s charming Vie des Abeilles. How I enjoyed it! [0180]

Cadenabbia. Thursday September 19. 1901.

Quiet morning. Called on the Trotti’s and had tea there – met a good many of the Lake-dwellers. They are not what one imagines from their great names! This place is a Paradise – Serpent, Forbidden Fruit and all, only I think the Tree of Knowledge has been left out!

Friday September 20, 1901

Went with a nice, handsome Englishman named Blands, and some insignificant dull American girls

named Forbes, to the heavenly Arconati-Visconti Villa, and had tea at the Latteria. This hotel is filled

with English people. Perhaps it is better than having it filled with Italians! Carlo Placci arrived in the

evening.

Saturday September 21. 1901.

Aldo Noseda came in the morning: was far more agreeable and witty than I had imagined he could be. After lunch Placci [0181] and Donna Carmelita Zucchini drove us up to have tea with Donna Mina Salà at Guello. This lady has lost her husband, whom she adored, and the Zucchini said that the only expression she ever gave to her grief was the attempt to make other people happier. “Her trouble has ennobled her” she said, and somehow the old commonplace penetrated me with a flash, that trouble might have that effect, instead of making people rebellious and sullen and despairing.

Donna Carmelita is the person I like best (so far) of all this set. She reminds me of Grace in her warmth. Donna Laura seems perfectly detestable, but Bernhard and Carlo say she is so interesting as a mind that one has to forgive her outrageous character.

Sunday September 22. 1901

Aldo Noseda came to lunch, and after lunch he went with Placci to the Trotti’s and Trivulzio’s. To our great delight Guido [0182] Cagnola was there, and came for a pleasant row on the lake with us when the “afternoon-tea” atmosphere got too strong for us to bear. All sorts of Swells were there, but it was quite as boring as a tea-party in Pimlico.

Monday. September 23. 1901. Hotel Bellevue. Cadenabbia

We went to Blevio to lunch with Mrs. McCreevy, a rich American (southern) gran-widow of unenviable fame. I did not like her, and she did not amuse me much. Chatted with the Laboucheres in the evening.

Tuesday September 24. 1901. La Gazzada. Varese

Spent a rainy day in Milan, seeing Prince Trivulzio’s collection. Bought a Borgognone at Cantoni’s for 7000 lire. Came here after dinner in a pour.

Wednesday September 25.

A most lovely house. I went all over it with Don Guido. It rained all day.

[0183] Thursday September 26. 1901. Gazzada

Chatted and strolled about. Drove in the afternoon to a romantic Villa called Frascarola – yews, cypresses, fountains, desolation – the real Tuscan Stimmung. BB and I both laid low by poisoning – some oysters. I fear, that we ate at Milan. Donna Carmelita Zucchini is here, very warming and delightful. Also an intelligent man, Professor Stucchi.

Friday September 27. 1901.

Logan writes “I have found a quantity of thy letters among these old papers. Shall I send them to thee? There are all thy letters when thee was at Smith College and I was at Haverford 1883-4 – charming letters in which thee tried to wake my soul by pouring out the enthusiasm of thy own. What a charming, simple Arcadian world (see from this distance) these letters create! How I looked up to your brilliant life of intellect at Smith [0184] College, where thee and Florence and Edith discussed Friendship and Love and Top-Eye, and Genius, read Mrs. Browning, Myers and Emerson, and settled that the Good and the True and the Beautiful were all one. What aspirations, what boxes of candy, what generosity and ignorance, and flirtation in that Arcadia in the cheerful American sunshine! Lord help us, whither have we wandered since? … Thee gives in one account a list of the subjects discussed by thee and Florence in one evening – years would be inadequate now!”

Bernhard and I are still suffering from our poisoning, but better. Prince Hohenlohe and Zina came over to see us, but as Donna Carmelita could not receive them here we met them at the station and drove with them to visit Castiglione d’Olona, Don Guido coming with us. They were very pleasant, unchanged. Au fond, I am bored in their society, but they do very well, and even extra well, as far as most friendships go. I often wonder if [0185] people really feel the cordial things they say. I feel them on the surface – and I do really wish them well – but at such a distance that it is almost the perspective of History.

Saturday September 28, 1901, La Gazzada.

Bernhard and all the others went into Milan for the day, but I stayed in bed on the plea of poisoning. I felt I simply could not face a day hanging round in Milan with them all. I read Thomas Gordieff by Gorki, Jardin des Supplices by Mirbeau and Confessions d’un Amant by Prévost, the first really fine, the second disgusting, the third indifferent. The Gropallos came this evening. I am bored solid, I am ashamed to say – although I am fond of Don Guido. I wish I knew some way to conquer this ennui – it is almost a disease. But to sit about and to chatter for hours is as bad as any torture Mirabeau describes!

[0186-0187 blank]

[0188] Monday September 30. 1901. La Gazzada

Yesterday and today I have spent in bed with this poisoning. B. B. has been up and about, but feeling very ill. I have sunk to countless frivolous novels of Gyp and Prevost, useless to name them.

Tuesday October 1. 1901

We had a pleasant drive in the afternoon with Don Guido, Donna Laura and Signor Silvestri. On our return we found a wire from Mrs. Gardner saying she would take the Gaddi, whereat we both rejoiced. I am so glad for Grace, for it puts £ 100 into Toplady’s. Bernhard really is generous! An evening of amusing shouting – Italian-wise, and personalities.

Wednesday October 2. 1901.

A solid downpour. Read several novels – packed – chatted. Prince Trivulzio, Conte Greppi, and the Marchesa d’Adda are all here, a lively Italian party. Last night they discussed with ardourthe question whether “Lady Edmund” was likely to [0189] crown her new husband, De Filippi, with horns. “E’ fatto da essere cornuto” Don Guido said, and the Marchesa d’Adda said horns were only painful while they were growing. A fine, well-grown pair, she thought, would add greatly to De Filippi’s appearance, he is so tiny! They call them “Lord and Lady Phillips”.

Thursday October 3. 1901. Croce Bianca. Parma

A letter last night from Mounteney says he is again the prey of those frightful headaches. Poor dear! We lunched with Emily and Don Guido in Milan, hung round a bit, and took 4 hours getting here.

Friday October 4. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano

I left Bernhard at Bologna. He went to the Apostoli’s at Rimini, and I came here, travelling down with Emily Dawson and her mother. Janet Dodge and the Houghtons met me, and we had dinner together at Doney’s.

[0190] Saturday October 5. 1901. I Tatti

Unpacked etc. Called on the Rosses. Mrs. Ross is FURIOUS at Lina’s engagement. They will not allow Aubrey Waterfield’s name to be mentioned. Lina is at Subiaco. Mrs. Ross says she is “perfectly happy”. What luck to be in love! Se durasse!! B.B. visited San Marino.

Sunday October 6. 1901

Called on Miss Blood and the Cracrofts. Janet is staying with me.

Monday October 7. 1901

Called on Lady Helen Vincent, and the Houghtons, Adelaide Placci, and Miss Cruttwell. Mother writes considerably worried about money. Laboucheres called.

Tuesday October 8th.1901 .

Emily Dawson came to lunch, and the Cracrofts afterwards, incompetent as ever. Tho’ she knew we wanted a new series of Bach concerts, Miss Cracroft hasn’t learnt a single new thing for us. Called on Rosses.

[0191] Wednesday, October 9, 1901

Rainy. Miss Minturn and Lawsons called. Re-arranged furniture and made B.B.’s room perfect!

Thursday October 10. 1901.

Still furniture-arranging. It goes slowly, but things are getting to look better. Am reading Barrett Wendell’s American Literature. Called on Rosses. Spent afternoon at dentist’s. Bernhard is enjoying himself at Urbisaglia.

Friday October 11. 1901

Went up to Morgan’s Vintage. Walked down with Stein and Houghton who came to dinner and discussed Love. Houghton has the soul of a Troubadour whose Love is adoration and service – Stein of the American business-man, to whom Love means partnership. He could not understand Houghton.

Houghton saw some of B.B.’s trousers laid out. He said it reminded him of a man who was looking in at a leather [0192] shop. The salesman came out and asked if he wanted to buy a portmanteau. “What for?” “To put your clothes in”. “What? and go naked about the streets!! No thank you!”

Saturday October 12. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano

Cracrofts, Houghtons, and Maud Cruttwell to lunch. Music after, Stein, Lawsons, Cust and Burton, Mrs. Damer, Miss Minturn (Alys’ New York friend). I am afraid Miss Cracroft plays less well. Janet and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ross. He was in great form.

Sunday October 13. 1901

Not at all well. Depressed. Took Miss Minturn to call at Poggio, and called on Mr. Minturn after. B.B. reading Boissier’s Cicéron et ses amis and Waverley. Nothing pleased or amused me today – a useless, un-alive sort of time.

[0193] Monday October 14. 1901

Music lesson. Called on Laboucheres etc.

Tuesday October 15. 1901

B.B. got back. He has enjoyed himself very much. He found the people more refined and more English than our Milanese friends. He likes the Duchess’s brother, Duca di Mondragone – what a wonderful name! – He saw all sorts of marvelous little towns, and made the acquaintance of a new painter of mixed Matteo-da-Gualdo, - Crivelli - Fiorenzo tendencies, Stefano Folchetti da S. Genesio.

We dined with the Lawsons, along with Drs. Head and Wood and that quiet sculptor, Sargent, who so much resembles Bertie. Head is really a flat-footed Philistine; but it is rather pathetic to see such a bumptious, self-assertive man so eager for the least scrap of an idea.

[0194] Wednesday, October 16. 1901. I Tatti

Rain and scirocco, but at night the moon through dark clouds and Venus hanging like the Star of Bethlehem over Poggio Gherardo. Called on Benn, who has taken to smoking a pipe. He says it puts him into such a blissful mood that he doesn’t dare to have his wife around, for fear he should give her whatever she asked! “Laryngoscopic” that!

Bernhard and I had a jolly talk. I was reproaching him with his (so I say) unnatural insensitiveness to feminine seduction. He and the Duchess were speaking of someone who was very sweet. “That’s an adjective no one would apply to you” says the gallant B.B. “Au!” said the Duchess. “Si vous savez —------!” “Je m’en garderai bien, Madame”. His answer was all right, but he ought to have felt something. And he didn’t. He says lots of the ladies of his acquaintance reproach him with his “coldness”. [0195]

Mr. Benn gave us a Questionnaire brought out by the Society for Psychical Research. Here are the questions –

1. Would you prefer (a) to live after death or (b) not?
2. (a) If I (a), do you desire a future life whatever its conditions might be?

(b) If not, what would have to be its character to make the prospect seem tolerable? Would you e.g. be content with a life more or less like your present life?

(c) Can you say what elements in life (if any) are felt by you to call for its perpetuity?

1. Can you state why you feel this way, as regards questions I and II?
2. Do you now feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental comfort?
3. Have your feelings on questions I, II, and IV undergone change? If so, where and in what ways?
4. (a) Would you like to know for certain about the future life, or (b) would you prefer to have it a matter of faith?

[0196] Bernhard’s answers

1. Undecided
2. (a) No. (b) I should need the assurance of an ever finer quality of experience, with no dread of coming to a maximum, that is. (c) I feel as if thus far after 25 years of intellectual experience, I had never gone beyond cataloguing subjects for experience and study, but do not see in this a postulate for future life.
3. In my ideal universe, life should cease with the finest moment of functioning, and I see no personal reason for living beyond such a moment.
4. No.
5. At about the age of 5 I suffered agonies of dread of death, chiefly because of Hell. I envied animals because they had no souls, and stocks and stores because they had never lived. Since then, the question has never very deeply interested me.
6. Would rather know. Earlier in life such certainty might have made much difference.

Remarks. At 36, my present age, living has its own momentum, has become a habit, and in my own case, would not easily be determined by a question of interest so remote – to me – as that of a future life. Hence my interest is slight, and what little there is, is of intellectual curiosity

[0197] Mine

1. Yes.
2. (a) No. (b) I hope for more mental energy and a sense of leisure, but I should be content with present conditions if I could believe there was something worthwhile in suffering. c. Love and Curiosity and Enjoyment of Nature and Art.,
3. I should prefer life after death because I have always been very happy and there have been times when I have felt that the happiness, if the conditions continued unchanged, had enough in it to make it last indefinitely. It seems to be only hindering circumstances that prevent continuous joy, and I like to dream of vague conditions under which nothing should impede us. My feeling comes really from a sense of having more capacity for enjoyment and happiness and even love than Life has ever yet been able to draw out, or is likely to.
4. No.
5. So far as I am aware, I have always felt us I do now, except when I was very much bored trying to live an uncongenial life, and then I imagined that by the time I came to die I should have had enough, and not want to go on, any more than one wants to eat a second dinner at the end of the first.
6. I should rather not know, at least with the risk of the answer being negative. I like to have a sort of fringe of hope at the edge of existence.
7. I look forward to Death with interest and a sort of pleasant curiosity, with a hope that somehow everything afterwards [0198] will be as delightful and interesting as the most charming moments of my life have been. It is not a reasoned hope, I should almost say my reason was against it; but a pleasantly excited state of nerves is aroused by the idea of Death.

Thursday October 17. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano

Music lesson. Called on Rosses. B. B. reading L’Opposition sous les Césars.

Friday October 18. 1901

Rain. Benn came to lunch, but nothing special was said. Went to Galli-Dunn’s Antiquity shop but found nothing. Looked over “Who’s who” and found that one man being asked for his wife’s maiden name, for the 2nd ed. replied “I am sorry I cannot give you my wife’s maiden name, but she is at present travelling in Europe”.

Saturday October 19. 1901

Lunched at Poggio to meet Mr. “Sidney Lee,” [0199] editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. He was dull, heavy, ugly, insensitive, and distinctly not a gentleman. Afterwards, we had the usual Bach-a-nalia. Miss Cracroft played some of the mysterious, impressive Passion Music, three times over, yet we felt we hadn’t at all grasped it. Horne arrived to stay, and Stein remained on to dinner. Dullish.

Sunday October 20. 1901.

Went over to see Lina, who was looking beautiful and happy. The “Miracle” has happened to her. Pourvu que ça dure! She came to tea with her friend Miss Hewitt, and Lee and his friend Mr. Sucombe also came. We read the Song of Solomon in the evening. Bernhard has an awful cold.

Monday October 21. 1901

Music. Called on Mrs. McLean, who has been 11 months in bed, as Miss Robins and the Houghtons.

Logan sends a description of one of the usual [0200] horrible muddles of the Kinsellas. “I saw Kate yesterday and heard about their misadventures in meeting Douglas on his arrival from South Africa. The boat was expected on Friday, and they expected to be back Friday night, so they went to Southampton without any luggage. They got into the wrong train, had to be hustled out, wandered all over Waterloo from one platform to another; and when they reached Southampton there was no sign of the ship. They spent the day staring at the bulletin-board till their eyes cracked, then had to sleep without any luggage in the noisy hotel, were waked by mistake at dawn the next day, and, after spending Saturday again staring at the bulletin-board, they were nearly dead. Then the hotel-porter told them that the boat would not be in till Sunday afternoon, and it occurred to them to come up and sleep at home, and go down again on Sunday to meet it. Without asking for more authentic information, they rushed up to town; and that evening, when they were playing cards after dinner with a young [0201] man who had dined with them, a telegram came from Douglas saying he had landed, and was very much disappointed at not finding them there. Mrs. Robinson threw the cards on the floor and went off into wild hysterics, and Kate didn’t know what would happen. The young man, to give Joe something to do, jammed a hat on her head and dragged her out into the street, telling her she must go to a telegraph office and telegraph to Douglas. They went down the street, he dragging her, and Joe with her hat on the side of her head, waving a pocket-handkerchief, sobbing and declaring that her heart was broken and she wished she was dead, and she couldn’t telegraph or anything. It was Saturday night and the street was full of drunken women, and Joe, Kate said, behaved just like one of them. When they had gone another telegram arrived saying Douglas would come up that night, so Kate rushed after them almost hatless, and found them in the Victoria telegraph office, the young man trying to get Joe to telegraph, and Joe weeping and protesting, and everyone staring at her. Then they had to rush out and buy some food – it was then midnight – [0202] Expecting to go to Southampton the next day, they had nothing in the house. At about 4 Douglas arrived, and all he said was, “Well, you girls have muddled it!” he arrived very soon after they had left.

Thursday October 22. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano.

Pouring all day, but the Houghtons came to dinner and cheered us up with their jovial Tales.

Wednesday October 23. 1901.

Sunshine returned Mrs. Minturn and her daughter Mildred, and Emily Dawson came to lunch. Later, Bernhard and Horne took a walk, and I went to see Lina and with her to a horrible tea-party at Mrs. Donner’s, where lots of people I don’t want to meet came up and greeted me. It wasn’t much use going either, for she only said “When are you coming again?” and “When are you going to bring that husband of yours”.

[0203] Thursday October 24. 1901

Woke up in the night with a marvelous, utterly indescribable feeling of perfect bliss. I don’t know how long it lasted, but it was so different in quality to anything in ordinary life that it is unforgettable. I wonder if there is anyone who lives at that level, or even who feels in that way often? It was all that one could imagine for Heaven.

The day has not been up to this level – naturally – but still the weather has been absolutely perfect. That A. N°1 bore, Miss Julia Robins, came burbling up to lunch. Later, I had my music lesson.

Friday October 25. 1901

Another perfect day. We drove out to Ponte a Sieve in the afternoon, Bernhard, Janet, Horne and I, to see a charming Fra Angelico sort of picture in the church. But really the drive and the sunshine made the point. The Kerr-Lawsons came over and spent the evening. The moonlight is heavenly.

[0204] Saturday October 26. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano.

The unutterable Gravina to lunch, with Emily, who is delightful. Bach in the afternoon, Stein to dinner, whose presence caused Janet and me to play innumerable games of Patience.

Sunday October 27. 1901.

We walked to the Bagazzano with Horne, and then had a deadly tea with Miss Blood, about whom the worst bores in Florence tend to swarm. Began Tom Sawyer in the evening to liven us up.

Monday October 28. 1901.

Music. B.B. paid several calls, and brought the Houghtons back to dinner. Lunched at Poggio with Lord Currie.

Tuesday October 29. 1901.

Called on Mme. Turri at Villa Salviati, taking Mr. Ross who was gorgeous in a purple cloak. Zug, “G.B. Zug of Pitts, Pa.” came to dine [0205] and was simply colossally dull. I finally had to read Tom Sawyer, and he listened without a smile, and went away in the middle.

Mother writes: “Mr. Thorded told Grace that Lady Mount Temple’s deathbed was a scene of strife – Juliet kept lighting candles, and one of the dear Lady’s nieces kept blowing them out. Then Juliet kept trying to moisten the Lady’s pinched lips, and “Uncle Augustus” kept snatching the sponge from her and saying no one should touch his sister but himself. I tell Alys I shall engage a Policeman to be present at my deathbed, so that if Ray lights candles and Alys blows them out, he may interfere to preserve order.”

Wednesday. October 30. 1901.

A letter from poor Mounteney, written again from the depths of a raging headache. Poor thing! Grace arrived at 7.15, as jolly and delightful as ever.

[0206] Thursday October 31. 1901. I Tatti. Settignano.

Shopped with Grace in the afternoon, called on Houghtons.

Friday November 1. 1901

Janet Dodge went, to the relief of us all. She said not one word of thanks, of gratitude or appreciation!! Mr. Houghton went to see her off. “How kind of him to promise to come” I said. “I’ll make him rush ahead and get me a good seat” was her reply, alas, thoroughly characteristic.

Lord Currie, the English Ambassador, came to lunch, and afterwards, the Countess Rasponi called. Then we went to Miss Cracroft’s and heard her play Beethoven for hours.

Saturday November 2. 1901

Bought a Neri di Bicci for four hundred lire. Shopped with Grace. Bach in afternoon. Houghtons and Stein to dinner. It is the third anniversary of darling Evalyne’s death. I love her more than ever.

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[0207] Sunday November 3. 1901.

Called on Fiske, who was too ill to see us. Walk lovely. Such weather!! Horne and I stopped at the Rosses.

Monday November 4. 1901.

Ray writes “I have done a huge piece of the tapestry, but I have given it up in favor of stamps for a while. I have not been swimming for ages, for we have no time. On Monday we have Hockey and Greek, on Tuesday Dancing, on Wednesday Hockey (or swim), on Thursday Greek, on Friday sometimes Hockey and Dentist (for me), on Saturday riding and theatre, and on Sunday French book and stamps. Every night a “merigigger” till 9.15, and the cousins to tea twice a week. Alas we wonder why we don’t play tennis more, swim more and go skating! Then we want to play Ping Pong, and Karin and Pug photograph and go to the South Kensington Museum. Then Gram says we are very [0208] silly not to go to partys and get into the set that go to tea with each other on alternate days, and go out for walks together. Then we contemplate and play, and we would like to work the marionettes. Also I go to Uncle Tom to supper once a week, and Gram wonders why I don’t go oftener and talk to Val! As if he or I would enjoy talking! I would sit on a chair and he on a table, and we would both be very dull until he or I rushed away. It is much easier to talk in a ditch than in a drawing room. Then I have tons to read, and Terry always has 2 or 3 books going. Then there is needlework and stamps and drawings for the art club, and letters to you. We are really hard-worked mortals”.

We went to Poggio to meet Mrs. Whitaker of Palermo, who sings. Unfortunately she brought her daughter and their mandolines, which nearly drove us wild.

Tuesday November 5. 1901. I Tatti.

Grace, Emily, Houghton and I went to Prato in the morning, and in the afternoon we met Bernhard and Horne at Poggio a Cajano. [0209] Houghton informed us that if you were very careful how you got out of bed, you needn’t ‘make’ it, all the trouble, he said, came from people carelessly throwing the covers off.

Wednesday November 6. 1901

Bernhard went off to the Niccolini villa near Pisa. Grace and I shopped and called on Maud Cruttwell.

Thursday November 7. 1901.

Shopping with Grace. Stein and Cracrofts called. Horne is ill.

Friday November 8. 1901.

Bernhard returned after a pleasant visit. The Villa was lovely. Today he visited S. Miniato al Tedesco and Empoli, and discovered – Masolino’s masterpiece at Empoli!! Horne is in bed. I dutifully called on Miss Robins who has been ill. At the Niccolini’s was Lady Paget whom – alas for the frailty of human prejudice – B.B. found rather nice!!

[0210] Saturday November 9 - November 16. 1901. I Tatti

A quiet week. Grace and Herbert Horne were away and Christina Brenmer arrived. The silly Gravina came to lunch one day, and delightful Carlo Placci returned from his wanderings came and gave us his basket of news. The weather has been very warm, we sit with open windows. I have been rather unwell.

[Page 200-201 cut out.

[0211] January 17. 1902. I Tatti

We had Placci to lunch today excited helping start a campaign against the destruction of pictures in Italy. At 3 the Countess Serristori came with the Princess Narischkine, and, later, the latter’s lover, Prince Lichtenstein, younger brother of the Viennese picture-owner. The ladies talked about Ennui and themselves in relation to it, and were quite excited and interested. The Prince “Kunstfussed”; – Placci I always think of as a safety-boat on the social sea. The Houghtons and Stein came to dinner, and were “the same”.

Saturday January 18. 1902.

Christina came to lunch, and, later, two unmentipnable bores a Mrs. Roydes and Miss Childs, sent by the Brocklebanks. Provincial middle-class – deadly. Horne came to dinner with his new type, which is beautiful. He groweth fat.

I am reading everything of and about Carlyle. B.B. lots of things about anthropology and Mythology.

[0212] Sunday January 19. 1902, I Tatti Settignano

Mr. Benn, Mr. Morgan and Francis Faukes came to lunch. Later, came the Triulzis in a telegram from Blaydes, to arrange about his invention – the Telops – which Blaydes is trying to run in England. Then the Lawsons.

A dull day, and I have a bad cold. Bernhard is perfectly absorbed in his Verrocchio studies.

A letter from Emily says: …”I wrote thus far when the most marvelous sun-set called me to the window, and there I have been ever since looking and wishing – wishing that for one gorgeous half-hour or any rate one’s own life might be dyed crimson and purple, instead of drab – drab – drab!! It’s a relief that the splendour has now faded quite away. Close the shutters – turn up the electric lights. Life will never be better, richer, more worth living! That’s past hoping for!”

And Michael writes of the “Old Masters” at Burlington House – “Mary, I found Cook’s Crivelli again – all good – such spiritual [0213] passion and such peaches! To find such feeling for the natural beauty of the earth, and for the natural beauty of spiritual things, how rare. By and bye, when Bernhard has got to his last manner and his “Tempest” days, let him write a book on Crivelli, and dedicate it to Michael. It shall be painted in very large type, and full of beautiful pictures. It shall be all about Crivelli – no mention of any other painter save those that fashioned him – about Crivelli and how his spirit shot forth its leaves and scents – and the world will say ‘This book written to please an extremely old woman is more enchanting than all the others”.

January 20. Monday. 1902

Bernhard hard at work on Verrocchio. I had a music-lesson, and arranged the Triulzi Telops business with lawyer. Triulzi wanted to give his invention to the Officina Galileo, but we insisted on his keeping it in his own name. I got my notes together, and am starting a new system of indexing.

[0214] Tuesday January 21. 1902 I Tatti

We lunched at the Countess Serristori’s, Placci being the other guest, and the Count happily away. She is a brilliant, perfectly intelligent woman, and talks well. Subtle, appreciative, interested, observing. Afterwards Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and I wrung my soul ‘philanthropising’. I do loathe it, but it seems forced on me. We called on the Rosses after tea, and the old man delighted us with vivid stories of the Great Ambassador, Lord Bradford de Radcliffe.

Wednesday January 22. 1902

Bernhard went with Dr. Grazzini to see a “Botticelli” and a “Donatello”- the usual inganno – Dr. G. about as intelligent in the matter as BB would be in diagnosing a disease. Stein came early in the afternoon, and we sat for an hour in the warm sunshine. He was not actually unpleasant, that is all I can say. He remained to dinner. I am absorbed in Carlyle’s Life. [0215]

This from Ray’s letter: “The other day on the top of the bus, we got to talking about what we would consider an ideal day and night. Our ideas were very different – that is, Pug’s and mine, and Karin framed her answers after both of ours – chiefly Puggies’. Pug said that she would like to have as much money as she liked for one day to buy Museum things, then to go to bed with a fire in the room and Karin to talk to, and to be allowed to talk as long as they liked, and to sleep as long in the morning.

I said I would like to get up very early to go for a long ride with you, and then, after breakfast, to play in a hockey match. Then there must be a tennis tournament to watch, and after lunch it must become very hot, and I would swim in a race. Then in the evening we would act a Play which we had rehearsed before to know perfectly, and then we would have games and singing and dancing and sweets. When we went to bed, I would be allowed to read a very exciting book as long as I liked, and eat as many sweets as I like. I did not add at the time, but I certainly would like to have a long snuggle with you after that. Karin said she would like to buy some things all morning, and in the afternoon to have a ride and a swim in the sea, and in the evening to go to bed with Pug and talk as long as she liked, and to get up with a fire and not take a cold bath. She said she would like perfectly delicious meals too.”

[0216] Thursday January 23. 1902. I Tatti

Jens Thiis to lunch. He spent the afternoon with Bernhard and proved himself perfectly intelligent about Florentine Drawings. I had my music-lesson, called on Mrs. Maclean, and met Logan at 6. He is full of the engagement of Morrell - Lady Ottiline Bentinck.

Friday January 24. 1902.

Gronau came in the morning to study Leonardo, and Placci came to lunch. He and Bernhard had a walk, while Logan and I went to the Houghtons and bought a jewel as a wedding-present to Lady Ottiline. I called on Mme. Narischkine. Chatted in evening. I sent Grace a lot of notes on Cassoni, as she is going to write an article on them for the “Queen”.

Saturday January 25. 1902

Mrs. Raymond Pelly and her two daughters came to lunch – she a typical clergyman’s wife of the best, most genial type. The daughters physically degenerate. [0217] Miss Cracroft gave her usual concert in the afternoon, and then Logan and I went to the Rosses and were caught in a thunder and hail storm – at this time of the year! Horne spent the night, but we were all awfully dull.

Sunday January 26. 1902

A nice letter from Jephson, in answer to Bernhard’s. He seems to feel that Bernhard has been awfully nice and generous – as he has – and says he will of course do just as Bernhard thinks best. Conte and Contessa Serristori came to call; she was enchanting – such a bright, clever creature! Then an awful man, all made in reddish squares, with a merci treno way of speaking, endless pauses at every station. He was named Emerson, and was sent by Professor Fiske. He “buys” for Mrs. Phoebe Hearst [written: Phebe Hurst], of California, but only in a small way, I think. A man you can’t have anything to do with. The Lawsons also called, full of the [0218] fantastic idea of selling their Polidoro to Mr. Davis as a Titian (which they believe it to be). It puts Bernhard into a very awkward position, for of course Davis will ask his advice, and he can’t advise it, any more than Davis (we hope) could advise Bernhard to buy stock that he considered worthless. The Lawsons will be furious, but there is no help for it.

Monday January 27. 1902. I Tatti.

Cold coming on. Called on Brauer. Music. Uffizi. Began to read Don Quixote. Lawsons called and were awfully nice about the picture. I am sure they meant no harm, and had no “plot”, as Bernhard thought. He gives people credit for too much brains – doesn’t realize how they “muddle along”.

Tuesday January 28. 1902

Bowled over with heavy cold. Finished Froude’s Carlyle. Began Reminiscences. We are reading Don Quixote (Shelton). Lina called, and said Mrs. Ross still treats her engagement as [0219] if it didn’t exist, and Sir William Mackley is too cowardly to say anything.

January 29. 1902. Wednesday

Cold awful, till I got up to lunch, and was glad, for Placci brought up vivacious, intelligent, thoughtful youth named Calderini, who talked with the energy and abandon and disinterestedness of nice young people. Ah! Youth, youth. We all felt middle-aged beside him, and Placci went to sleep after lunch. Life, alas, has ready its hose of platitudes to squirt on him and dampen his ardour and fine passionateness, if not to extinguish it entirely. In ten years he will be a demagogue, or a conservativedeputato. The Mackleys called, and Logan and B.B. went with them to Mrs. Donner’s deadly tea.

Thursday January 30. 1902 [written: 1901]

Cold awful, but lunched at Turri’s where (to our surprise) was Carlo Placci!! [0220] Nothing said worth remembering. Bernhard went to the Uffizi, but I came home and found Lovett, as interesting and sympathetic as ever. We talked all afternoon – despairingly of the present self-satisfied vulgarity of America, the way “the present generation” devote all their energy not to reading but to sport etc. Bernhard came in and Lawson. Don Quixotein the evening.

Friday, January 31. 1902 [written: 1901]. I Tatti.

Cold awful. Logan and B.B. went to lunch at the Placci’s. Placci read them verses of a new poet named Orsini, good verses too. They went to a poorish concert and then to call on Rezia Corsini, whom they found charming. I began my reviews for the Gazette – Bernhard’s Lotto, Strutt’s Fra Filippo, Boyer d’Agen’s Pintoricchio and the Mantegnas of Yriarte, Kristeller and Maud Cruttwell.

[0221] Saturday February 1. 1902

Bernhard went to see Conte Mannelli’s picture – “Alunno di Domenico.” Francis Faukes came to lunch. Music – Scarlatti and Bach – in the afternoon. The silent Horne for night.

Sunday February 2. 1902

Bernhard went down to see Horne’s pictures – a very pretty “P.F.”, and called on the Mortons. I read Kristeller’s Mantegna. Rain.

Monday February 3. 1902

Still Rain, but a few minutes of sunshine. Bernhard worked in the Uffizi- I had my music, a trés- mauvaise quart d’heure scolding by the good-for-nothing niece of Mme Platonoff, and a call on the Pellys, where the girls entertained us with opera comic songs – to our sense very little comic.

Tuesday February 4. 1902.

Cust to lunch. Talked of Siena.

[0222] Thursday, February 13, 1902

Emily Dawson arrived a week ago, and we have done nothing in particular, except go to Miss Cracroft’s concerts (cursing the Strings) and read Don Quixote aloud in the evening. We have also all read (separately) Norman Hapgood’s “Lincoln” and “Washington”, and James’ *“*Talks to Teachers”, and Bernhard is reading Muller’s Dorians*.* A nice youth from New College, Algernon Cecil came up to lunch one day, and genial Mrs. Pelly with her Gilbert and Sullivan daughter, who again regaled us with slightly veiled Vulgarity in the nature of comic songs, whereat, I must confess, we all laughed heartily.

In the meantime Ray went with her friend Winnie on a visit to Cambridge. Mother and Alys and I fondly hope it would be her passing of the [0223] partem asinorum that leads from Childhood to Girlhood, and Alys arranged lunches, teas, dinners, debates, etc. for her entertainment, while we all dreamt dreams of her “entrance into life.” Finally came her letter to me. “We had dinner with Miss Jane Harrison, which was beastly, and coffee afterwards with the Dons, which was beastlier … then came the beastly undergraduates, and I was in agony”. The only thing, apparently, that aroused her enthusiasm was Winnie sitting down in the milk.

But part of this can be explained by her hatred of being made a ‘heroine’, and she felt, and resented, the dreams Grandma and I had made.

Bernhard has written to Mounteney that he may write to me. We haven’t heard from him for three weeks, and I am afraid he is ill again. Nothing [0224] could exceed Bernhard’s delicacy and generosity about this whole affair. It would take a demon to go back on him after this.

Thursday February 13. 1902. I Tatti

Bernhard went to the Uffizi, studying Ghirlandaio. I had my music and played at Mrs. Maclean’s, and heard Mathilde Ducci sing – a splendid voice, but untrained – most hateful girl.

Friday February 14. 1902. My 38th Birthday

Bernhard gave me back my Ring, in token of renewed trust. I shall try to be worthy of it.

We called on the Dawsons and Gertrude Morton.

X X X

I left a page blank, thinking to write some birthday reflections, but I feel too low in spirits to make it worthwhile. [0225] The only new things of the past year have been people, Mrs. Baldwin and the fascinating Gladys, and Mounteney. Gladys has sworn out of our ken, and Mounteney is shut out, though not entirely, I hope.

The children and Mother are still there, and the Memory of Evelyn, as living as it ever was. I think of her a great deal.

I have lost Edith – but she did not mean very, very much to me.

Bernhard is less well, I am afraid, his temper is softened, and he is dear and considerate and loving. I really can’t think what has made my fancy go wandering. It is certainly no defect in him it must be native inconstancy in me.

[0226] Saturday February 15. 1902. I Tatti

Miss Cracroft too ill for Music. Phillip and Lady Ottiline Morrell came to lunch. She was exquisite. Cust and his train of putti came afterwards, and Stein, not at all exquisite, and wore out one afternoon.

Sunday February 16. 1902

A letter from Mounteney, who says he is suffering such remorse that he cannot write to me. I am so sorry. I know how frightfully he suffers. And I hate to have caused it, and then to be able to afford no helps, not to say even one friendly, affectionate word.

Monday February 17. 1902.

We dined at Doney’s with the Morrells and were to have gone to see the Duse in “La Gioconda”, but the Play was put off.

Fabbri called. Am reading “Clarissa”.

[0227] Tuesday Feb 18. 1902

Wonderful weather at last. I walked over the hills to Settignano, and called on the Cracrofts. Miss. C. came back with me and played to us in the twilight and moonlight. It seemed to me one of the most delightful things in the world.

Wednesday February 19. 1902.

Called on Gertrude, who is very ill. Bernhard and I called (after the Uffizi) on Mme. Narischkine and her uncle M. Mauzurof, a Russian official, who finds everything “absolutely perfect” in Russia. Stein stayed to dinner.

Thursday February 20 1902.

I wrote to Jephson. Bernhard went, as usual, to the Uffizi and then called on Horne. I called on Mrs. Pelly and took her to Miss Cracroft’s concert. Fabbri came to dine.

Friday February 21. 1902.

Had a nice walk with Bernhard and [228] Logan. Mother writes: “I often and often wonder how it is that people so fundamentally good as you are can be so content without any real link with God, or even, I fear, without any certainty that there is a God to be linked to. My soul was always so full of aspirations, that a God was a necessity to me. I was like a bird with an instinct of migration upon me, and a country to migrate to was as essential as it is to the bird. But you have seemed content to sit on a branch and merely flap the wings that were meant for flying, and to let your horizon be bounded by the fences of one little field, with no longings for the great spaces of the eternities. But thy letter gives a glimpse into other and higher needs of your nature, and I am delighted to see that you would like to fly, if you knew where the beautiful islands lie for which your spirits long. Religion has been to me the most “fascinating background”, as thee expresses it, to all my life.”

[0229] Saturday February 22 /02. I Tatti

The Houghtons and Mr. Rosenheim to lunch. Bach concert afterwards. Horne to dine.

Sunday February 23. 1902

Had a delightful drive to La Quiete, then a walk through the Careggi woods. B.B. then called on Horne and Logan and I on Donna Lucrezia Corsini – nice, fresh, hearty creature.

Monday February 24. 1902.

Music lesson – Concert. Bernhard in Uffizi. I finished Clarissa Harlowe, nine volumes of what comes perilously close to twaddle, but somehow manages to be interesting. Don Quixote is enchanting!

[0230] Tuesday February 25. 1902.

Rain again. Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and then had tea with Benn. I suffered a call from the well-meaning Mr. Kenworthy Browne

Wednesday February 26. 1902. I Tatti

Mother writes: “Today is a great match at ‘Upfields’ between the Westminster Boys and the Charterhouse Boys, and all the children are going to look on and to help shout. Grace is to chaperon them. Ray looks radiant and beautiful today, and, if English boys and girls ever thought of such things, she would certainly be a belle at the match. But I do not suppose the two sexes will so much as deign to look at one another.” It reminds me of those famous lines –

“Miss Buss and Miss Beale

Cupid’s darts do not feel.

How different from us

Are Miss Beale and Miss Buss!”

Mrs. Pelly and her sister, “Lady Snake”, came to call, also Walter Savage Landor (illegitimate) grandson of the Walter Savage Landor, a pleasant, mild sort of man.

Thursday February 27. 1902.

A letter from Mounteney saying that he is not sure we can have “nothing but a [0231] [three lines of text cut out of the page].

Bernhard and Logan walked over to the Benn’s new Villa. I had my music lesson.

Thursday, March 13, 1902, I Tatti

Suddenly Gladys came (the day Logan went away) and she has been filling our time and thoughts. She is radiant and sphinx-like. Strange likenesses to her mother flit across her face. Placci has come to adore. She has been marvellous. I shall begin my new volume with my impressions of her.

Otherwise we were living quietly, working, seeing a few neighbours, hearing a little music. I plodded through Miss Martineau’s Autobiography and read Hudson’s Naturalist on the La Plata and we all readSidney Lee’s Shakespeare and various odds and ends.

Last Sunday Mounteney wrote a very nice letter, saying we should try, but give it [0232][three lines of text cut out of the page]. I have written to him. How I hope he will come back well.

I had my first real letter from Ray, and it has set me thinking a good deal. She says she would have loved to come out this Easter, but Grandma was so set against it. She feels me, she says, nearer to her than before, since our long talks at Christmas (how thankful I am for them!) and she wants me to come back, for Grandma worries so, and Terry only makes things worse, and all the moral responsibility falls on Ray, who doesn’t feel quite equal to it. Life has caught her, poor child. But all this will develop her tact. Her observation is very keen.

I believe little else has entered our secluded world, but the news that the dear Mikes have to leave their beautiful Richmond house, owing to pianos and [0233] singers next door. We are so sorry.