[005]

January February March 1902 Carlyle’s Early Life, 2 vols.

Life in London, 2 col.

Reminiscences

??????

Buissier, Tombes Etrusches Boissier, Gaston, 1823-1908.

[023]

Pensione Saracco, Via Salustio Bandini, Siena, Wednesday, March 26, 1902

I do not seem very successful in keep a journal. It is partly that Bernhard talks less, and partly that things don’t seem so particularly important.

The event of this month as been the reappearance of the radiant Gladys,

so beautiful, so brilliant — “with her soft elixir ways”, her hard clear youthful logic, her *gaminerie*, her lively imagination, her moods, her daring. It would take volumes to describe her, and I don’t feel up to it.

She has been travelling with us. We

[024] went first to Pisa, then to

Massa Marittima, then Carneto, then Viterbo, and are now settled here for a week. Gladys has been enchanting, but tiring. A Wonderful creature, but too young to talk to as an equal, and too much of a born actress to take quite seriously. But so beautiful, so graceful, so changeful in a hundred moods, so brilliant that it is enough to turn anybody’s head. Part of her mysteriousness comes from her being, as it were, sexless. She has never changed physically from a child to a woman, and her doctor said she

[025] probably never will. She calls herself a “hermaphrodite”, but she isn’t that. Brought up by a mamma who thinks of nothing but Dress and Sex, her mind plays around all the problems of sex in a most alluring manner, with an audacity and outspokenness that make your hair stand on end. She is positively impish.

But she has never felt anything, so she dares.

Her defects are bad form — for she is distinctly in bad form — and lying; but as Bernhard says, she is so wonderful, she can afford the first, and she may outgrow the second.

[026]

Easter Sunday, March 30, 1902,

Siena, Pensione Saccario, Via Salustio Bandini 17

The Trevys have joined us, also Mr. Stein, so we are a mixed and talkative party. We go to see the sights in the mornings, and drive in the afternoons. One day we drove to Cetinale,[62](#_bookmark61) a villa of the Chigis, with a “Thebaid”[63](#_bookmark62) in a grove, or rather forest of ilexes. Another day to Pontignano.

Today they are all gone to Lecceto, but I did not feel well enough to go. And I was glad of the excuse, for so much mixed talking bores me. Gladys is of course interested in nothing except herself or what touches her, and, being so brilliant a creatures, she cannot

[027] be ‘put down’, as so young a girl naturally would be. Therefore all our endless talk centres around the things that interest her. Still, she had read and felt to a certain extent, and sometimes it is less boring.

But I am preoccupied and worried — besides having to fight with a creeping cold. I am worried over two things: first, that Bernhard isn’t resting, that he exhibits such alarming marks of fatigue; also that i fear he is laying up trouble for himself in caring too much for Gladys — and I do want him to be happy.

And second that I had a very depressed

[028] letter from Mounteney, from Port Said, saying the voyage so far had done him no good, that he was worse than when he started. I have a dread of receiving word at any moment that he is dying or dead.

But apart from there two worries, I do think it’s an awful bore to have to talk so much. Most of what is said isn’t worth hearing. Time passes so slowly, I look at the clocks’ face a hundred times in the evening, surprised to see it isn’t later.

Last night Mrs. Trevy played to us on the violin. That was a real pleasure. I think all this talk, and the sort of feeling

[029] of being the master of ceremonies is very tiring to Bernhard. His face looks awfully tired, and his body droops together.

I have been reading *The Mystic Rose,*[64](#_bookmark63) a study, à la Frazer, of primitive marriage customs. This has rather interested me, but on the whole it disgusts me with the whole subject.

But I here record it is a mistake to be avoided in the future — the arrangement of party of people of different ages or tastes, and, *überhaupt*, the forced companionship of anyone on one’s trips for rest and refreshment.

[030]

I Tatti, Settignano, Saturday, April 19, 1902

On the day before we left Siena, April 4, as we were starting out on an excursion to Montisi,[65](#_bookmark64) Bernhard slipped and fell, and then fainted away on the Siena platform. I thought he was gone — it was a dreadful five minutes. I think it was nothing but the shock, but he has been tired and not himself since …

Thursday, May 8, 1902, I Tatti

I really must write — so many interesting things flow by, and one forgets. Gladys stayed with us a week, and left. Brilliant, beautiful, cruel, selfish, untrained — what will become of her? She has now gone to Blenheim for a visit — and yet she told me the

[031] Duchess of Marlborough was nearly broken-hearted because the Duke would make such wild love to her. Was it true! All in all, I never knew a person who told so many lies as that beautiful and radiant creature.

Then we had Mr. Britten for three weeks, with his amusing stories, his really rather extraordinary culture, and the hopeless narrowness of his Catholicism. And with him dear Mr. and Mrs. Nowers. We had delicious

weather, and they all seemed to enjoy their holiday. Prince Hohenlohe and Zina dined here one night, and the Davis party took up some of our time. I am now in the midst of a controversy

[32]

[33]

[034]

with most of the dealers and amateurs in Florence about a picture Davis bought, which I think is a forgery made by young Costantini.

Then we made the acquaintance of the rich American, Mr. H. W. Cannon, who has bought La Doccia, under Fiesole, a charming, modest, refined

man, in spite of his millions! He had staying with him the popular American

writer “Mr. Dooley” (Mr. Dunne) whom we really liked — a young man, a friend of Norman Hapgood’s.

Bernhard finished his last chapter on the 3rd of this month. We are now busy with odds and ends.

[035]

Friday, May 9, 1902, I Tatti, Settignano

It has been rainy and cold all day — thermometer at 60º. We went over Bernhard’s chapter on Andrea. Really, he has written a Great Book!

We called on the Rosses, too, who are missing Lina, though Lina is

doubtless so busy in London with preparations for her wedding, that she doesn’t think of her old life.

Gladys writes from Blenheim: “The sniffy Oxford Dons are very displeased at the prospect of having to receive the holders of the Rhodes scholarships, and are grumbling that it is going to cause great expense to the University. Among the political men I have seen there seem to prevail little else than jealousy, and it is only among the upper and the upper middle classes that unstinted praise is given to the Great Man.”

[036]

Saturday, May 10, 1902, I Tatti

Bernhard went to the Gallery in the morning, and I went across to the Via Maggio to see if the antiquary there had found out anything about Mr.

Davis’ picture. He said that the *cameriere* of Count Alberto told him that it

was a forgery by Constantini and had been sold about 15 days ago to a rich American.

On the way back I called on Gertrude Morton, who has been ill in bed nearly three months. She said she had come to the end of her rope with regard to Rob, and must consult us about what to do. Poor thing, married to that hysterical, boring, uneducated, conceited fool.

In the afternoon we had music, all Bach. It was raining, so only a few people came, but it was delightful.

[037]

Sunday, May 11, 1902

I went down to see Gertrude, and found her worn out with a struggle with Rob, who refused to to to his Cure because there was no sleeping-car. Finally, being persuaded, he made her rub him, and promise to pack his clothes herself and make a list of all his things! She said she was breaking down under a strain of many fears.

Benn came to lunch, and astonished us by his simply marvellous memory

— whole phrases still lingering in his brain out of books he hasn’t read for 20 or 30 years!

Later, the Musgraves came to call, bringing a Mrs. Sydney Ball of Oxford. In the evening we wrote a short article for Reinach on a picture at

Nevers.

[038]

Monday, May 12, 1902, I Tatti

Mr. Gronau came to lunch, and Count Papafava to dine. Poor Papafava has a disease of the nerves which threatens complete paralysis, but he takes it very cheerfully and bravely.

Called on the Serristori, Gravina and McLean, and saw Gertrude, who was having an awful time getter Rob off to Roncegno.

Tuesday, May 13, 1902

Bernhard went to the Uffizi, and found that, as usual, Houghton hadn’t done what he promised, and all the photographs for his Book were in miserable confusion. Mrs Houghton, however, took it in hand and promisedto see it through. She says Edmund is a delightful play-fellow, but absolutely

[039] unreliable for business or anything practical.

In the evening Stein brought his sister to dine — a fat, unwieldy person, the colour of mahogany, but with a grand, monumental head, plenty of brains and immense geniality — a really splendid woman.

Wednesday, May 14, 1902

Gertrude told us her story — a life of martyrdom with a half-cracked man, who sometimes has attacks of actual mania. The doctor ays if she goes on living with him, she can’t last more than a few years, even if he doesn’t kill her, as he might easily do, in one of his spells of fury. She

[040]

married him partly out of pity and the feeling that he had never had a chance. But she is now convinced that it is actual mental disease that nothing can help. We urged her to leave him, and not to feel that she was responsible even if he did take his life. His treatment of her during this long illness has been brutal beyond words, and her last illusion — that he loved her — is gone.

In the evening the Thorolds[67](#_bookmark66) and Miss Cracroft came to dinner. Mrs. Thorold is a creature of a lot of character and wit. Miss Cracroft played her an arrangement of Bach’s great Passacaglia

[041]

Thursday, May 15, 1902

The Contessa Gravina came to lunch, as silly as usual, but rather more subdued. Later I had my music lesson, and saw Gertrude, who told me still more her tale of martyrdom. Ten Bernhard and I called on the Rosses.

Andersen came from Rome in the evening. He said Davis came back to

America some years ago bringing as an immense treasure, a mummified monkey — very rare, perhaps only one other ever found, at least 7,000 years old, etc., etc. He kept it in a cabinet in his hall, behind which was a W.C. This corner began to smell frightful, and he spend hundreds of dollars having the W.C. drains seen to, though no defect was discovered. one day he opened the cabinet and found the smell to come from the mummy.

Unwinding it, it was found to be a decomposing cat! He never admitted have been taken in, but said it was the well-known curious effect of sea air on mummies!

[042]

Friday, May 16, 1902, I Tatti

Called on Gertrude and heard more of her sad story. Walked with Andersen in the woods. He seems on the verge of nervous prostration too. Bernhard nervous with packing.

Saturday, May 17, 1902, I Tatti

Bernhard and Andersen got off. I called on Gertrude. Maud Cruttwell came to lunch, and we had lots of Bach in the afternoon. Miss Cracroft stayed all night.

A note from Mounteney from Melbourne says that he is much better — the Australian air id doing him great good. I am so glad.

Reinach writes: “Your opinion about Strong is alas! very accurate. He

hates with intensity and only likes and protects certain people because he hates others. *Noli tangere*! I am sorry to say that his

[043] wretched character had gone far to make sweet Eugénie turn sour.”

Sunday, May 18, 1902, I Tatti

Called on Mrs. Hough at I Cedri, and then on Gertrude. Miss Cracroft played me a lot of Chopin, but I do not care for that sort of music.

Monday, May <19>, 1902, I Tatti

Mother writes “Just imagine, Lady Ottoline (Morrell) has a *bed-stead* in the drawing-room! It stands across the front and, between the windows, and the fireplace and parallel with the windows. Just picture it. We all think poor Philip has to sleep there, as the two rooms on the second floor are full and crammed with her things, and only one bed can be squeezed in. She forgets everything, and loses everything, and is always late, and

[044] live in a general muddle. Logan congratulates himself that he doesn’t have it to put up with.”

I lunched with the Rosses. Venetia Cowper is staying there. Called on Gertrude etc. and came away by the 9 o’clock train.

Tuesday, May 20, 1902, Cavour, Milan

Arrived at 6, and slept most of the morning. B. B. missed his train at Genoa and arrived only at 4. Don Guido and Donna Carmelita called, and we dined with them, and I met the fatal Signora Bozzotti, Don Guido’s evil star. She is fat and jolly and middle-aged and somewhat vulgar, but with warm sympathetic eyes.

Wednesday, May 21, 1902, <Cavour, Milan>

Mother writes that the Thorolds’ coming to Italy was, according to Sturges, entirely Mrs. Thorold’s doing. “She was

[045]

set on it, and no one could influence her. She thinks Thorold has great genius, and that it is his friends and his surroundings that have hindered him, so far, and I believe she expects that in Italy he will burst forth into something that will amaze the world! Poor Thorold! Logan says he thinks it would be less fatiguing to have a wife who hindered your work than to have one who expected great things from you that you could not achieve.

We went to Cavenaghi’s in the morning, the, with the Contessa Zucchini, to the Castello, then to Frizzoni’s.

Thursday, May 22, 1902, <Hotel> Cavour, Milan We joined Guido and Donna Carmelita and had lunch at Prince

Trivulzio’s, after a most interesting hour passed in his magnificent library. The luncheon was gorgeous, with endless waiters handing endless dishes, but I wondered if they didn’t

[046]

despise us for our worthless conversation. I notice in all these Milanese people, even Cagnola, an utter lack of taking conversation as an art. They talk about any trivial thing that comes into their heads, interrupting each other, changing the subject, not listening. It makes me always ashamed to be enjoying such outward luxury, and displaying so very little cultivation in return.

Later in the afternoon, after resting from a surfeit of beauty among Prince Trivulzio’s matchless collection, Noseda came and also Guido, and we had a dull tea together and went to Cantoni’s the dealer’s.

Friday, May 22, 1902, Metropole, Lucerne

Went to the Brera with Guido and Donna Carmelita in the morning, and admired Ricci’s excellent re-hanging. Left in

[037] the express and crossed the St. Gotthard.

Saturday, May 24, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken

It took us nearly all day to get here, but it was a pleasant journey. Read over several chapters of the *Drawings*.

Sunday, May 25, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken

Corrected proofs of “Rudiments of Connoisseurship”, had a charming walk, and read two more chapters.

Logan’s *Trivia* arrived, a most fascinating little book.

Bernhard thought of the way to treat his North Italians, the Milanese at least, using them as illustrations of the way mediocre painters follow a great artist. By this scheme he can stick to the high art standard of his other volumes, and not sink to praising or dwelling on the provincial level of Milanese achievement

[048]

Monday, May 26, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken Read Bernhard’s “Michelangelo” all morning.

In the afternoon we went by boat and train to St. Beatenberg, and walked

back. Got pretty tired.

Read *Buckle*.[69](#_bookmark68) Bernhard reading Quinet.[70](#_bookmark69)

Tuesday, May 27, 1902, Victoria, Interlaken Finished “Michelangelo”.

Bernhard’s cousin, the famous “Cousin” arrived. He said he could not understand why historians had never sought to explain the Etruscans by the

— Thibetans, but appeared composed when I asked him why they should. A letter from Sydney from Mounteney, says that the doctor has ordered him to stay in Australia until the autumn. I am afraid he was anything but

well when he wrote “tired, body and soul”, he ended

[049]

Tuesday, June 3, 1902, 44 Grosvenor Road, <London>

We reached home today, after spending yesterday at Rheims. The children, looking very tall and well greeted us. It seemed to rest my eyes to see them again.

Philip and Lady Ottoline came in in the evening. We asked if the Strongs were here, and they answered frigidly, “We haven’t seen them.” Grace told us afterwards that Mrs. Strong, in fright at what the Duke might say, went to Lady Ottoline and warned her against Philip! They can never forgive it.

Wednesday, June 4, 1902, Ray’s 15th Birthday Dressmaking, tailor, British Museum,and a school swimming match. Nice talk with Ray.

Thursday, June 5, 1902 Call on Otto. Grace in evening.

[050]

Friday, June 6, 1902, London

Went to Richmond with Cook and Mme. André. We brought her back, and her first remark on getting alone with us was “*Mais ce n’est pas un monsieur*!” Poor hopeless Cook. B.B.’s remark was “How I hate pictures!” That Gallery is enough to give one D.T.’s.

B.B. went to Heseltine. Pouring.

Saturday, June 7, 1902, London

Janet Dodge to breakfast, and we chose a piano, which I am getting for Mary.

Mother got home from her meetings.

Sunday, June 8, 1902, London

Saw Mr. Knowle’s drawings in the morning. As we were leaving, he called our attention to a “charming sketch by Queen Alexandra”, personally presented (that was the point!) to him.

We dined with the “Mikes”. They

[051]

were adorable, especially Field, who grows more beautiful every year, with an inner content and tranquillity. Bernhard compared Carlyle to baroque architecture.

Monday, June 9, 1902

Dinner with the Robinsons. Douglas has changed since coming back from South Africa, and cares only for Sport.

Rain and cold.

Tuesday, June 10, 1902

Windsor — all day working over the drawings, chiefly measuring. Cold.

Wednesday, June 11, 1902

Concert at new Cathedral — a most glorious interior. Splendid effects of space and light.

Called on Lawson. Rain.

Thursday, June 12, 1902

Oxford with Roger Fry — in a dismal rain. Gladys was to have come, but we wired her not to. We spent all our time in the Christ Church Library cataloguing the drawings.

Logan came over.

[052]

Friday, June 13, 1902, London Gladys furious, wrote a furious note to B.B.

Blaydes came to lunch, nothing special, but Marconi going on well.

Rain.

Saturday, June 14, 1902

Sunday, June 15, 1902

Lunched with Mrs. Baldwin (Gladys at Blenheim) and Mr. Ainsley, Obrist’s cousin, whom B. B. liked. I nearly choked sitting on the sofa listening to her lies and giving pretended sympathy. She is looking haggard and old compared to a year ago, poor thing.

We dined again with “the Mikes” who were delightful. Rain.

Monday, June 16, 1902

Michael came up and we introduced her to Mr. Bain the bookseller, and went on to see the pictures of Shannon and Ricketts. The latter we liked.

Norman Hapgood and Emily came to tea.

Dined with the Gutekunsts and met

[053] a charming and interesting man occupied in sea-animal biology named Fred Keble.

Tuesday, June 17, 1902 x x x

B. B. lunched with Rosenheim and saw his collection. We dined with poor Burke.

Wednesday, June 18, 1902 x x x

Alys came up for the day. B. B. saw Murray and Dell. I went to Dentists’s and then to Naturalist’s and Fuller’s with the children.

A letter from Mounteney, from Napier, New Zealand, seems in better

health and spirits. He is living in the saddle, and the life suits him.

Bernhard wrote tonight to Mrs. Gardner about the Perugino, for which he is asking £4,500.

Thursday, June 19, 1902 x x x

Bernhard went to see Dent. We met at lunch at Sir William Farrer’s, a lively

[054] old boy of the best middle-class type, “the strength of England”.

We called on Mrs. Ady, the Kinsellas and Mrs. Burke, and came home to

encounter the reward of Virtue in a call from — Miss Robins!

We dined with Mrs. Baldwin, who had Mr. Ainslie and Mr. Forbes- Robertson also. Mrs. Baldwin was radiantly beautiful in a head-dress of golden and purple grapes. Gladys was pale and worn-out in a huddled up black dress, and could talk of nothing but the “Beauty Ball” she was getting up. The décor was good, but all the conversation was pitiable.

Friday, June 20, 1902, London British Museum in the morning.

The Holroyds and Roger Fry came to lunch, and we went on to “Monna Vanna”, where we met Neville Lytton and his strange looking wife. It was shocking to hear those

[055] charming and profound words ranted on the stage with conventional gestures, so we came away at the end of the first act.

Philip and Lady Ottiline came in in the evening.

Saturday, June 21, 1902, London

Bernhard went to the British Museum and I joined him there. We went on to the City and had a “Turtle lunch” with Burke.

Bernhard went down to Dorking to the Trevelyans, and I went to bed with a raging headache.

Sunday, June 22, 1902, London

Spent the day at Dorking with the Frys. Helen just recovering from her second baby, Pamela, but surprising and charming as ever.

The Trevys came over too.

Finished *Buckle*, Bernhard finished Bury’s *History of Greece.*

I have hardly ever enjoyed a book more than *Buckle*.

[056]

Monday, June 23, 1902, London

The preparations for the Coronation make London nearly impossible. And who knows if the King will be well enough to be crowned?

We had tea with Douglas Ainslie[73](#_bookmark72) and Bernhard went with him to a Garden Part at Mr. Graham Robertson’s, and then came back to call on Gladys, finding Forbes Robertson[74](#_bookmark73) literally at her feet.

I had tea with Mrs. Baldwin and took her to see Mother. She spent all the time speaking against Gladys’ cruelty and selfishness and strangeness.

Tuesday, June 24, 1902, Friday’s Hill

Heaven to be here, in this fresh beautiful country. The Coronation is put off — it tires me horribly to think of the confusion and disappointment.

Mrs. Webb is here, and is very

[057] pleasant and intelligent, one of the most distinguished women I have ever met.

Wednesday, June 25, 1902, Friday’s Hill

Weather still heavenly. King evidently dying, but the people must eat their feasts.

Bertie is grown much older with the responsibility of Alys’ illness, and has become very charming and interesting. He feels intolerably alone, for no one understands his longing to find the art, a symbol, a religion which shall reconcile the intellect of man with the universe.

He talked to Bernhard about it for hours, and was, B. B. said, most interesting and winning. I am afraid such a solution is out of our grasp — at any rate now. Yet we can’t go back to the compact, clear mediaeval system.

The happy person does not need it, and the wise person, growing older, does not dwell on his need.

[058]

Monday, July 7, 1902, Friday’s Hill

We had a pleasant week here with the Webbs and Bertie, Grace and the children, and then went up.

Bernhard lunched on Monday with Sidney Cockerell and Emery Walker. On Tuesday was Lina’s wedding. She was a marvellous vision of beauty. On Wednesday Ray had her swimming match. She won by brains, really, not mere power of swimming, for she thought out her problems, and dived at the most advantageous places and so on. In the evening we dined with the Cooks and were taken to — the Hippodrome! It was clear that Marny Cook[75](#_bookmark74) owes her “awakening” to Mr. Schiller.

The next day we went to Winchester to stay with Montague Rendall, the

second master. What a place! He was very pleasant, but obviously

[059] under the shadow of some heavy sorrow, poor man.

On Friday I rode and drove with the children from Burgess hill to Billingshurst. Horne dined with Bernhard.

On Saturday we went to the Blunt’s annual sale of Arab horses at Crabbet Park. Sultans and Maharajahs and Royal Princesses and Duchesses were there, but also D. Williamson and Bernhard Shaw. We consorted with our kind, with Fry and Percy Feilding, the Trevys and the Lyttons. We met the children at Petworth and drove here, they riding.

Yesterday laziness — today ditto and Maude Robertson to dinner, who, this time, was really charming.

[060]

Saturday, Aug. 2, 1902, Sandhurst Lodge, Wellington College, Berks.

A month, nearly, has gone by, and I have not felt like writing. Housekeeping grapples may be summed up in one big *Damn*!

Gertrude Morton arrived, the children’s holiday began (Ray with her “Mother my Love” is a great comfort), we had visits from Isabel Fry and her friend, Roger, Douglas Ainslie, Trevy, Binyon, Burke and Janet Dodge, and Bertie came back for a couple of days, very brilliant and attaching.

Grace came down and had Bonteand Morris Amos — the latter she will probably marry when she gets her children settled. B. B. has been very low and ill.

We came here, to Sir William Farrer’s, for “over Bank Holiday”.

[061]

B. B. is reading *Pickwick* and Cory’s *Reminiscences*, Mark Pateson’s ditto, William James *Religious Experience*, etc., and I am wading through Lockhart’s Life of Scott.

Dear Uncle Henry died on the 19th and Florence seems strangely empty. I was sincerely attached to him.

Alys is back from Switzerland, much better. She has gone with Bertie to a quiet place near Broadway.

I had a letter from Mounteney setting down my “silence” to not wishing

to write to him, when it was really that he gave me no address! He said he wouldn’t write again. But on the 17th I had a wire from him, from New Zealand, saying he had received my letter written from Interlaken — “delightful relief- writing”.

[062]

Monday, Aug. 5, 1902, Sandhurst Lodge Bank Holiday, rainy as usual.

The person in our house party who seems most congenial is Lord St. Cyres,[79](#_bookmark78) Old Sir William is very wonderful; his head contains the memories of 70 years all in good order. He is very genial. On the whole, it has been pleasant. I have read various novels and Merritt’s Art Criticism and Romance besides John Roberton’s *Gibbon*.

St. Cyres is a great collection of “minor” poets. One memorable stanza of

a Mrs. Chaplin, ‘To her husband’, runs

You cannot expect him to kiss and be kind

When the state of the pig-trade engrosses his mind.

[063]

Sunday, October 26, 1902, Gazzada

We have been here several days, with Don Guido and Donna Carmelita and the ladies Gropallo.

I am sorry I did not write all summer. But B. B. was ill, tired nearly to death, Alys was ill (nervous break-down), Gertrude Morton weighed terribly on my mind, and somehow I lacked spirits to do anything for myself.

We had nice visits from Senda’s friend Miss Adeline Moffat, from Emery Walker, a long visit from that detestably unselfish saint, Zangwill, and many visits from Britten, besides the Trevys, Mr. Dell, Mrs. Crawford, Percy Feilding,

[064] Austen Smyuthe and so on. The days passed quietly, and towards the end, on the advice of Miss Stein, B. B. took to a course of raw eggs and Benger’s food, which seemed to do him good.

The children voted the summer “the jolliest they ever had.” They were all

well, and young, all free.

On the 17th of this month we came to Paris, and dined with M. Reinach and the famous Col. Picquart, a sweet, lovable, modest Col. Newcombe

sort of man. Also M. Hubert. The next day to the Louvre with them all. Then we came here.

[065]

Yesterday I spent in Milan with Roger Fry who was passing through. He is working up a book on Jacopo and Gentile Bellini. When I got back I found a depresses letter from Mounteney Jephson, from New Zealand, and then a cable from the Hospital, Napier, saying he had had two operations and was very weak. I had hoped he was so very much better under those Southern skies. Poor man, misfortune seems to pursue him, and, when he has nothing outward, regret and remorse consume him inwardly.

[066]

Tuesday, Oct. <28>, 1902, Gazzada

Last week we made a charming excursion to the Sacromonte, a town that gleams white on the spur of the great blue mountains. The Church at the top is approached by a long Via Sacra, leading past ten or twelve exquisite little chapels — some are like Greek Temples, and others like Raphael’s in the Spozalizio. The view of the white chain of Alps, the lakes spreading at our feet, and “the waveless plain of Lombardy” was too beautiful for me to attempt to find words.

The party consisted of that awful Donna Camilla Gropallo, a cousin of most Italians Ludovico Bassi, a

[067] good-humoured fainéant, Don Guido and the plucky little Baronessa Wyndspear, née Caraccioolo, whose husband has gambled away nearly the whole of her large fortune. A bright, sweet, gay little creature, with warm frank eyes, whose glances were obviously dangerous to Don Guido’s peach of mind, as we all noticed.

Donna Carmelita was enchanted, for she long to have him loose the chains

of the fat, bourgeois Mme. Bozzotti who has held him for 15 years, and ruined his life for him. Donna Camillla says that all her cousin’s talk on the subject is pure “furberia”, as she is delighted to have this magnificent place descend to

[068] her sons, in default of Don Guido’s heirs, but Donna Camilla has a mind that can never rise above base sordidness. Even her adoration for her sister, which fills her whole existence, manifests itself chiefly by boring all her acquaintances to make a réclame for Donna Laura. Volgarississimo!!

Yesterday I saw that romantic Villa Bisuschio.[81](#_bookmark80)

B. B. has had to keep quiet, owing to a dreadful cold, caught the day we drove to Arzate to see the romanesque Baptistery — a real gem of architecture

Last night the Italian Ambassador to Russia dined here, Prince Pio di Savoia. He had the air of a man profoundly bored with life, and they

[069]

all declared he was “stufo”. A terribly earnest young man, with a harsh voice and a long nose, Galavresi, is staying here now, and a very charming woman, Signora Remigia Ponte, spent the afternoon. The weather has been wonderful all the week. They call Galavresi “Casto naso”.

I suppose I am beginning my journal again because I am reading Sir Walter Scott’s, which interests me immensely taken all together. A man who elevated the Commonplace into the Sublime. And how lovable he must have been to those who knew him!

[070]

Gazzada, Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1902

We drove with Don Guido and Sig. Galavresi to Castiglione d’Olona this

morning. Sig. Galavresi is a very young man, of blatantly pure life and

severe principles, whom his acquaintances call ‘Il casto naso” — the chaste nose! He is a bore of the first water, and gives his opinion on every subject that comes up in a dry, insistent pedagogic manner.

In the afternoon I drove with Don Guido to Varese. We spoke much of the Baroness Wyndspear. He said he had told her it was a good thing she was going away as he was on the verge of falling in love with her. His sister screamed with joy when she heard this, in the

[071] hope that the Fat Lady was perhaps beginning to lose her hold over him. But she said she would *never* let him go.

I read Donna Laura’s chapter on Fogazzaro,[82](#_bookmark81) and found it rather dull and futile, but perjured my soul out in praises of it in the evening. *Tu l’as voulu*

— I might reply if she reproached me, for she and her sister put me in a position where I could do nothing but praise. Donna Carmelita told me that a word of adverse criticism would make her sister take to her bed. They are the most awful, tactless, bad-mannered, embarrassing people I ever came across. But they aren’t bores, so I prefer them greatly to il Casto Naso!

[072]

Settignano, Thursday, Oct. 30, 1902

We are just home after an all day journey. Donna Laura came to Milan to see us off.

I finished Scott’s journal and B. B. read *Le Rouge et le Noir*. Our house looks beautiful even after Gazzada!

Friday, Oct. 31, 1902

Wrote to Mother, Ray, Mrs. Toy, Col. Plunket, Mrs. Perkins, Lina and Mrs. Tyler.

Read Meredith On Comedy. It was too lovely all morning — such warm sunshine and blue hazes.

Placci came to lunch and told us the whole dreadful Murri tragedy. He is growing duller, il caro Carlo, and excuses it by an ingenious theory that it is much better to have no ideas than to have wrong ones.

Called on Gertrude — the usual sickening tale of servants’ misdeeds, and

petty

[073] sordidnesses of one kind or another. Miss Lipps, the companion her mother sent, seems as silly and bothersome as any servant. Her Mother and Brother must be awful people.

Saturday, November 1, 1902

Wrote to Mother, Don Guido, Donna Carmelita, Grace (about Costa), Maude Robertson, Lina and Reinach. Bernhard also wrote a lot of letters chiefly business.

Scott speaks of “that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and

tears, and falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it conveys no meaning.”

We drove to Santa Margherita and saw the two Giottesque pictures. Then we called on Mrs. Ross, and

[074] found her ill and lonely and old — full of herself, in the hands of her servants, bitter against Lina — a sad spectacle — yet there is something of the old hostess about her still. A very green, “guessing” young American came in, Mr. Luther Morris Leisenring,[85](#_bookmark84) agent for a journal devoted to architecture and gardening.

We have nearly caught up with the Art Magazines that have been accumulating all summer.

Mother writes that Alys is much worse, and has sent for a nurse, and started a Rest Cure at her house. Poor thing. It is awfully hard luck.

[075]

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 2, 1902

Wrote to Karin, Dent (for Donna Laura’s book), Miss Cracroft, Mr. Leisenring, Linotype Co. and Emily.

Mr. & Mrs. Toy (of Harvard, Prof. of Arabic) came to lunch — a wonderful day. They were agreeable.

Afterwards came the Contessa Serristori and Carlo Placci. She was

delightful, so vibrating and graceful, so thoughtful, too, and expressing herself so very well. She is an unusual woman.

Then came Mrs. Ross’ little doctor, Giglioli, who made a thorough examination of B. B., and found nothing organically wrong with him. He hopes to cure him.

Read Mrs. Ady’s *Madame* in the evening. A cold coming on, worse luck.

[076]

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. 3, 1902

Wrote to the Countess Zucchini, Reinach, Mother, Christina, the Platonoff, the Priore, Miss Moffat, Ioni, the Dressmaker.

B. B. wrote to Emery Walker and Miss Norton, to Bertie and Sen. Apostoli and Mrs. Gardner.

He took a drive in the afternoon with Mrs. Toy, and I called on Mrs. Ross, and met amusing Mrs. Bramly.

My cold is awful, and Mrs. Ross lent me some silk handkerchiefs for my reddening nose. To think that I am nearly 40 and have had colds all my life, and never thought of a silk handkerchief before!

Bernhard called on Gertrude and when he came in, read his own *Central Italians* with amazement. He says he can’t ever understand it now, he is so run down!

[077]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1902

Cold still fierce. We corrected proofs in the morning. In the afternoon Bernhard called on the Benns, and I went again to Mrs. Ross’, where I met Maud Cruttwell and Mrs. Forbes. Moss. Maud says the Lee-Hamiltons talk about nothing except the baby they expect in March. Mrs. Lee-Hamilton informed Maud that she (Maud) was not a complete woman”, and said there ought to be places where women could to go get children. “There are”, Maud replied, “inspected by the State.” Everybody is laughing at them.

Wrote to Ray, Mr. & Mrs. Blaydes, Mrs. Nowers, Mme. de Platonoff, the Dogana, the London dressmaker, Emily Dawson, Gertrude, Giuseppe Mina.

[078]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1902 \* Wrote to Roger Fry, Miss Toplady, Don Guido, Mother.

Mrs. Wilfrid Blaydes arrived early in the morning. It is an experiment having here here, as we really do not know her at all — only her looks which are very pretty. Once I should have hated her! Now her husband is no more to me than a tree — except that as a human being I wish him well, and that I would do a good deal for him in a friendly way. But as an intelligent man, I regard him as finished. He is so hopelessly lazy and self- indulgent. Talented he was, but the talent is wrapped in a thicker napkin very year of his life, and boundless arrogance and intellectual impatience alone remain.

Who is wonderful is the Contessa Serristori, who came to tea with Placci and Calderoni in

[079] the afternoon. The talk was on those old topics of Immortality and Duty, but her eagerness and vivacity and clearness vivified them again, and her face was that of an intelligent child at that wonderful time when the mind is clear impersonal and voracious and the senses not awake. Placci grows more ‘clerical,’ and is sinking rapidly into the intellectual frumpiness of middle-age. But he is extremely genial. He told me that the Lee-Hamiltons are trying to make their expected child a Genius. For this purpose, they say, the Mother must commune with the greatest spirits and intellects of the world; so every day, for several hours, Mrs. Lee Hamilton sits with closed eyes and strained attention listening to the words that fall from

[080] her husband’s lips as he reads aloud the works of ——— Vernon Lee!! It is too good to be true, but it is true. Placci says he wonders what Vernon, who longs to be ‘kept before the Public’, thinks of being kept before something that isn’t public yet!

Lina and her husband arrived in the evening. Horne also came to dinner.

Lina seemed well and happy, but she entirely takes the lead. It is curious to see B. B.’s and Venetia Cowper’s view justified, that in her marriage she had followed her Aunt’s example and taken another Carlo Orsi.

I Tatti, Thursday, Nov. 6, 1902

Wasted my morning writing notes of no real importance — Donna Rezia, Mrs. Morgan, the Platonoff, Mrs. Moshau, Miss Zocco, Gertrude, Karin (who is better), Gertrude, etc.

[081]

Bernhard took Mrs. Toy for a drive. Donna Rezia Corsini and Guido

Pasolini called. My cold awful. Bernhard read Syria and Palestine by Pater. Played “Bridge” in the evening.

I gave Alice Blaydes a little wedding present, and she burst into tears and three herself in my arms, and said no woman had ever been kind to her before. I wonder what her history is? She is only 24 and has been living two years with him. He would not have married her, but B. B. and i put on all the pressure we possibly could, and simply made him. He meant well by her I am sure (later: I am not so sure. I think he often meant to throw her off

— she is sure of it), and is exceedingly fond of her, but had a doctrinaire hatred of Marriage.

I am inclined to revise my theory

[082] of Lina and her husband. There is more stuff in him than appeared. B. B. likes him better than her.

I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 7, 1902

Pouring all day. My cold awful. Worked. Poor Bernhard is so bored he doesn’t know how to get through the days, since the doctor has forbidden all “application”.

We looked at Holbein’s and Degas’ drawings in the evening, but B. B. begs me not to do it again. Lina’s comments were so shallow. he says she is just educated enough to think she has a right to an opinion on things she knows nothing about. He greater prefers Alice Blaydes, who is a frank barbarian. I have never know a woman with so little education. She cares chiefly for Dress. But she is nice. I like her.

[083]

Wrote to Magda Heinemann, Karin, Mother, Donna Camilla Gropallo, and Blaydes.

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 8, 1902

Wrote to Donna Camilla (enclosing Dent’s letter about her sister’s book), to Alys to thank her for taking Rya in hand about her scornful attitude towards other people, to Mrs. Toy, Mr. Benn, Mr. Thorold.

Cold got worse and Dr Giglioli came and sent me to bed. Raining.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 9, 1902

Wrote a long letter to Mrs. Gardner about the Costantinis, also to Wilfrid and Irene Zocco and Maud Cruttwell.

Christina Bremner came to lunch.

The Villaris, Corsinis, Morgans, etc., to call, but I was in bed, and the Lawsons.

B. B. had some talk with Aubrey and really liked him.

Talked with Alice at night about her education

[084] about which Blaydes hasn’t taken the very least trouble — any more than about keeping up his own, the lazy brute. Alice is a girl of a great deal of character. Both

B. B. and I like her very much.

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. 10, 1902

Don Guido arrived, suffering from lumbago. I put him in an easy chair and showed him photographs, while Alice and B. B. drove down to town, went to Costantini’s and had tea with Gertrude.

Mrs. Ross called.

Wrote to Karin. Bernhard wrote to Otto Gutekunst. Finished *Le Rouge et le Noir.*

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1902

Worked and corrected proof. It is really too great bore to put down the letters I write. I have to write about ten a day.

Gronau came to lunch

[085] and also Algar Thorold. Gronau

expressed great admiration of Zola as an artist! Bernhard and Don Guido and Alice went for a drive.

I stayed in to nurse my cold, and received Lady Wade. The day was perfect.

We looked at Crivellis and and Japanese things in the evening.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Nov. 12, 1902

Corrected proof in the morning. They drove to Badia a Settimo. Alice and Guido are having a little flirtation. She is so beautiful!

We looked at Antonellos. Donna Rezia and Don Filippo Corsini came to dinner, and we passed a pleasant evening, but I find Rezia not very intelligent, although sweet and good-natured. Don Guido gave me a horrible theosophic book, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, to read. He has no instinct for books.

[086] I Tatti, Thursday, Nov. 13, 1902

*Les beaux yeux d’Alice* proved more attractive to Don Guido than work this morning, but I got through a lot myself, before and while Bernhard had his massage from the Botticelli-caryatid Miss Steffenburg.

They drove in the afternoon, and then we looked at Bellinis and Alvises. Then I had a little talk with Guido about Alice — and from that, men and women in general. He finds she is interested in nothing outside of herself, and alas herself only under the one aspect of attractive young woman. I daresay he would like well enough to make love to her, but he thinks it would be wrong, as she is so young and unprotected.

I am at a loss to find something to rouse her interest. She likes to look at photographs but never asks a

[087]question, and I’m not quite sure that what she likes isn’t sitting by Guido and having occasional flirtatious passages with him.

How beautiful she is!! She was too wonderful tonight, with her lovely dimpled shoulders, her grand throat and marvellous colouring.

Zangwill arrived at dinner — twice — he *is* an amusing man. But he never tries to see the real point of the thing one is talking about.

A bright, jolly letter came from Mounteney today, nearly two months old, written before the miserable necessity for his operations arose.

I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 14, 1902

Took Alice to see Maud Cruttwell, who agreed with the opinion I quoted her out of my journal of six years ago, that men were mere “love machines”. She

[088] said she could not bear the thought of a man even sleeping in her apartment, even if she weren’t there. It reminds me of how pleased she was to ride behind my donkey when she thought it was a female ass, and how disgusted it was when she found it to be a ‘maschio’! Christina Bremner met us there.

Alice’s head has been rather turned by Don Guido. She actually thinks he would marry her if he were free! Poor child — but how should she know the world? On the whole, I am glad he has gone tonight. Things were getting uncomfortable. He even asked her if she thought it would be honourable of a man to make love to a fellow guest in a friend’s house.

Alice has a frankness that is partly naiveté. She said to me, “He is in love with me — no. I don’t mean exactly that, but his

[089] passions are aroused.” Maud would find her theory confirmed! But au fond Alice hasn’t behaved quite nicely about him.

Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 15, 1902

I heard today of Walter Cope’s sudden death. He was the first person I was in love with — all the sentimental memories of my girlhood centred round him. From time to time I dream of him, young, handsome, talented and in love with me, but delicate dreams, like the scent of flowers on the wind. For we were so shy in those early days, we were afraid to look at each other, and he only once ventured to touch my hand. He died suddenly in the night, of apoplexy, and only my age. I thought of it all day — it made a mysterious, almost poetical background to the actual events of life. I cannot say I am acutely

[090] pained. I have not seen him for twelve years, and of one’s stream of consciousness”, and a pleasant part. One can never have two first loves — a truism!

For the rest, we had a quiet day of divine sunshine. Benn called in the morning.

In the afternoon I drove with Alice to town, shopped, called on Mme. de Platonoff and Gertrude. The Thorolds and a Catholic friend of theirs, Mr. Nichols (Balliol) came to dinner.

The evening was scrappy. We talked a good deal of

[091] the Jesuits.

Mr. Nichols said that the answer to the remark that they were the worst result of the Reformation was that they were the only result that would endure. He seems a very bigoted man, while Thorold’s intellect plays fairly freely with the whole subject. In fact, it is the one intellectual preoccupation of his life. One is never with him without the subject coming up.

Afterwards, in a little talk, Alice came out in certain crude native colours. She said that “if she had liked to be gay she could have had a very good time, but her life was in her own hands; but as she had chosen another lot she must be content with it.’ She is made of hard, sensible, I think unrefinable stuff, *au fond* a pert young

[092] beauty with her eyes closed

— and the firm intention to keep them closed — to everything that doesn’t practically concern her own life. But as a specimen of this category of

women, she is an excellent one, and one can’t help liking her, wishing her well, and being pleased to have her about. She is not really passionate, although pleasure-loving, neither is she sentimental. She is hard and vain, but there doesn’t seem a touch of malice in her, and she is not petty or intriguing. Still, I know her very little.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 16, 1902

Mr. and Mrs. Toy and the Benns came to lunch. Mrs. Toy is an American fool who thinks she must “keep up the conversation” on every subject. Her pose is a “charming woman”, and she imagines she could be (or is) at the head

[093] of a Salon. The husband is an old scholar, with the old- fashioned simple courtesy *d’autan*. He told a good “American story” — 4th of July toasts.

“I give the U. S. bounded on the North by British Columbia, on 1 South by the Gulf of Mexico, on the East by the Atlantic and on 1 West by 1 Pacific.”

1. “I give the U. S. bounded on 1 N. by 1 N. Pole, on 1 S. by 1 S. Pole, on

1 East by 1 Rising Sun, and 1 W. by the Setting Sun” (great applause)

1. “And I give the U.S., bounded on 1 N. by 1 Aurora Borealis, on 1 S. by 1 Precession of the Equinoxes, on 1 E. by Primeval Chaos, and on 1 W. by the Day of Judgment.”

Walked on the hill. Called on Mrs. Ross. Zangwill genial and nice.

Jane Harrison 148, 54

Edith Wharton 155, 159

Gladys 1-3, 4, 9, 22, 29, 31, 165, 183

BB’s book Drawings 10, 11

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Gilbert Murray 134-5, 139\*, 142, 149, 153-4

d’Annunzio 144-5, 158-9, 182

[094]

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. 17, 1902

Weather overcast, but warm. Miss Cracroft came to lunch. Had a music lesson while Alice and Zangwill went to the Medici Tombs.

Took Zangwill to see Mrs. Ross, who seemed to like him. But then, as she said, ‘She was so lonely she would welcome the devil’, it may not have been a great compliment!

In the evening one or two lights were thrown of Alice’s past. Amogn other things she said that on Saturdays she always bought “The Pink Un”, and “religiously” saved it up to read in bed on Sunday mornings. Yest she has the speech and the manners of a lady. Zangwill finds her awfully slow in learning Italian. He is good — he devotes hours a day to teaching her. Still she is remarkable good-looking!

[095]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1902

We had a lunch of Virgins of the Rocks, Miss Cruttwell, Miss Cracroft, Christina Bremner. Miss Cracroft played Beethoven to us afterwords — the D minor sonata and some Bagatellen.

The weather has turned bitterly cold, and it snowed a little today.

Zangwill keeps on being nice, and making . His latest was a motto for Magna “To thyself be true — And it must follow as 1 night 1 day, Thou can’t nor then be false to Heinemann.”

I Tatti, Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1902

Still cold with high wind. Worked all day. Houghton to dinner. Another story of Forestiere Italian. Lady wanting to drive to “Indian”.

“*Andate in fondo dell’Arno a poi giurate*.” “*Ma Signora posso giurare lo stesso qui*.”

To illustrate the importance of Florentine

[096] gossip — the story is that Rob Morton is shut up in an insane asylum for killing the dentist, Dr. Elliott!

That nice young Swede Oscar Sirèn came to lunch and took Bernhard to the *manicomio* to see a fine Mad — by Fra Filippo!! Imagine our being here so long and not knowing it. Later, Bernhard went to his doctor, who took him to see some unknown frescoes by Ghirlandajo.

Poor B. B. is simply overcome by the awful vulgarity and stupidity of most women — even those related to the nicest kinds of men. Alice, I think, is getting on his nerves. He thinks 75% of her mental activity is concerned

with sexual matters. I daresay it is.

I Tatti, Thursday, Nov. 20, 1902

I went in to have lunch at Gertrude’s — a poor, miserably served meal in a room

[097] without a fire. Miss Lipps discoursing on medical details — tumours, childbirths, etc.

Poor Gertrude — she seemed down, and no wonder. Her family do not let her have a penny of money — it all comes through Miss Lipps. I lent her 2 lire!!

My music-lesson consisted of a weeping-fit on the part of the poor brave,

at last broken-down Maestra. Her beastly niece Mathilde is writing to all her friends complaining of her aunt’s having turned her out, and begging for money.

It was nice to get home. Last year I was all for people, this year I want

only peace and quiet for work. Bernhard rather needs people, but they bore him so, they seem so hard-baked, he can predict all their ideas. Even Zangwill, à la longue, with his Jewish craze and his indiscriminating taste, becomes a burden.

[098]

I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 21, 1902

Miss Cracroft came to lunch, and afterwards played Bach and Beethoven. The only people we asked up to hear her were Mrs. Le Strange and the Toys. Mrs. Toy distinguished herself by finding that the Bach Prelude wanted the Gounod Aria to “fill it out”. It sounded to her just like an accompaniment.

Later I went to see Mrs. Ross. Bernhard has gained ten pounds in weight.

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1902

Lovely weather. Drove round Fiesole with Bernhard and Alice. Zangwill went to lunch with the Lee-Hamiltons. Mrs. Ross called in the morning, and Oswald Sirèn.

Zangwill is having a great season of woe with his lady love, because

someone warned her against him as a husband, quoting something out of one of his “Without Prejudice” essays to the effect that the only result of enforcing the same

[099] standard of purity for men and women would be to revive polygamy. The poor young lady has been brought up in a hot- house, and has no idea of the read world. She imagines all her male relatives are as pure as the driven snow. To have Zangwill “speak lightly” of such a “sacred question” nearly broke her heart. Zangwill was distressed and furious. He wrote her an arguing litter, but I convinced him it was folly to argue with a girl on such a matter, so he sent a wire, “Sympathize your view”, so I daresay it will be all right.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 23, 1902 \* \*

Woke up with slight attack of tonsilitis. Bernhard drove with Horne, and

Zangwill, Alice and I had a walk in the perfect sunshine on the hills.

Zangwill says he never knew anyone could be so stupid as Alice is over her Italian.

[100]

I Tatti, Monday, Nov. <24>, 1902

Music, and took Zangwill and Alice to call on Gertrude. She is a great talker, and has I think although an amusing yet an essentially vulgar way of taking life. We had to listen to a long tale of the cook’s hysterics. Then she talked Art with Zangwill like a silly female goose.

The Parish gave a Cat Concert last night to the Parocco, who is to be translated to another sphere. They had whistles, and combs and tin pans, and shouted “*Evviva la partenza del Parocco*!” Roberto was greatly excited telling us about it.Alas, Zangwill and his dirty rude ways is thoroughly “on my nerves”. I must never have another visit from him. He never shuts a door, not his

[101] bed-room, nor even the W.C.! He never sits decently on a chair, but lies at full length in it, with one foot resting on the top of the other, he never puts on slippers, but his great dirty boots on all my delicate covered sofas, he eats like a perfect pig, and is always either cleaning his nails or scraping something off his face and wiping it on his coat, he always spill his food, and then *wipes it into the carpet with his feet*, he is always talking that nonsensical Zionism and reading one his letters, and his breath is perfectly horrible.

On the other hand, he is perfectly good-natured, very, very kind, extremely witty, he is large-minded and sees the irony of things, and he

[102] is one of the few people one can talk with freely and with no fear of being misunderstood. But how a girl can be in love with him ——!! His manners are bad too. For example, I took him to engage a room at a pension for next week. He was dissatisfied with everything (although it was the best place in Florence), never thanked me for my trouble, and made me feel as if I were turning him out. A few gracious words about my hospitality would have made all the difference to the situation, which, as it was, was boring, uncomfortable and sordid. Sometimes I positively loathe him, and wish he was devoid of all virtues, so that I might never see his hideous face and form again!

[103]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1902

Rain once more, after several enchanted days. Still, Alice and I went over to the Thorolds and took Mrs. Thorold to call on her neighbour, Mrs.

Gregory Smith. We also called on Christina Bremner, who is freezing in Maud Cruttwell’s apartment.

Alice is trying to “keep her perpendicular” by arguing that she has raised

herself as far above her natural condition as B. B. and I have intellectually raised ourselves. She said that her natural future was that either of a prostitute or a peasant-girl. I find her very nice and sincere and sensible to talk to.

But *what* a picture she gives of Blaydes! It is a mixture of the most appalling sensuality, laziness and

[104] selfishness I ever heard of in my life! She feels that he treated her very badly and never really meant to marry her, and says he certainly would not have done so but for us. He never tried to really associate her with his thoughts (if he had any) or his natural circle of friends, and he kept trying to push her off to earn her own living — even offering to get her a situation in Mrs. Heinemann’s dressmaking establishment. She says his selfishness is disgusting.

Before she took up with him, the housekeeper told her he brought home all sorts of different women every night, and never got up till after noon. At 3 or 4 he would go out to look for another woman.

To think that I ever cared for such a disgusting, idle brute. Truly Love is

worse than blind, he is deaf and idiotic.

[105]

I Tatti, Friday, Nov. 28, 1902

Feeling very sick and dizzy. Christina came to lunch, full of medical fads. Bernhard and Alice took a drive. He finds she has almost no ideas in her pretty head, save those connected with sex. She has a store of rather low improper stories, which aren’t even witty. She reserves them for him — never tells them to me.

I had to go to bed, and the doctor, who came to give B. B. his hyper- dermic[94](#_bookmark93) injection of phosphate, pronounced me a victim to the now fashionable complaint from which Alys, Christina, Mother and B. B. are all suffering — Uric acid! By it he explains my frequent colds. At present I have a slight liver upset, it is nothing, but the Uric Acid is serious, for it demands what I do hate, exercise, and for all the rest of my life!

[106]

I Tatti, Saturday, Nov. 29, 1902

In bed all day. Bernhard drove with Alice to Anchetta, and called on Adelaide Placci.

Finished (with regret) vol. 4 of Creighton’s Papacy. Did all Bergamo notes.

I Tatti, Sunday, Nov. 30, 1902 In bed. Colonna, Dora, Stuttgard, Frankfurt notes. Read Creighton.

Kerr-Lawsons to dine. She looked very ill — 15 years older, her face all fallen into a wrinkled mask. I am afraid she has consumption.

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 1, 1902

Zangwill went away, and I began to disinfect his room, which smells like a fox’s den! Last night he forgot to shut his door, and the wind slammed it to and fro till I had to get up and shut it. I am thankful he is gone. The house feels cleaner at once. All his wit and broad-mindedness and sympathy

[107]

and even his angelic goodness are swallowed up by his piggish personal habits, when you are in the same house with him. I do pity that girl, of they ever get married.

My music teacher came up and gave me my lesson here. Found an Italian

family for Alice to go into.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1902

Miss Steffenburg stayed to lunch. She is very good-looking, and has a nice laugh. We had some music — Christina, Mr. Le Strange and a Mr. Boulton came. It is much nicer having it small. We had Bach and Beethoven.

Dr. Giglioli stayed to dinner.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Dec. 3, 1902

Called on Mrs. Toy, Adelaide Placci, and **Miss Guinness, Burke’s cousin**. Alice came with me, and entertained me with rather low stories, of which her mind is pretty full, it seems.

Wrote to Don Guido about the frescoes he found at Orvieto.

[108]

I Tatti, Thursday, Dec. 4, 1902

Calderoni and Guido Pasolini came to lunch, the same age but what a difference. Her head has nothing but sex in it, theirs had that doubtless, but a thousand other things. Calderoni is fairly intelligent.

Afterwards I took Alice to her *pensione*, where she is to learn Italian. It is a

great relief to have her away. Neither B. B. nor I had anything left to say to her.

Miss Erichsen called here, and Bernhard saw her, but I was at Gertrude’s listening to her sordid tale of woe quarrels all round. I am awfully sorry for her, but i have had almost all I can stand.

I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 5, 1902

Took Mrs. Toy to the Bargello, Uffizi

[109]

— a confoundedly silly woman who only looks at things to talk about them afterwards in America.

Alice came full of flame and fury at the discomforts of her Pension, and raved she would not stay there another day.

Called on Christina, and then on Miss Erichsen, at Mrs. Ross’. Miss Erichsen has had a “change of heart”, and is as if converted, only *to* nothing.

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 6, 1902

Mrs. Gardner’s £11,000 for the Dürer arrived, also £1,000 for an ivory Madonna Costantini has.

Alice and Zangwill came to tea, he very bearish and self-absorbed, she in a bitter temper and decided to stay and make the best of it and learn Italian. Bene.

[110]

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 7, 1902

Miss Erichsen came to lunch, also Horne and that jolly old boy he is working in the Archives with, Sir Dominic Colnaghi.

Miss Erichsen said that Mrs. Ross was in such a desperate state that she was almost ready to marry her butler, David. She clasps her head in her hands and rocks backward and forward, crying out, “O, what am I to do with my life?”

I called on the Cracrofts, and Bernhard came for me. Stopped at the Lawsons’ on the way back and found him ill again, poor thing, all his hope

— ambitions smothered under a “cold on the chest” — a fatal thing for him.

The Trevys arrived in the evening, and it was nice to have guests who had

*both* good manners and impersonal interests.

[111]

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 8, 1902

Paid bills to the amount of nearly five hundred pounds. What a relief!

That wretched Costantini wrote that the ivory he offered to Mrs. Gardner “unfortunately” already belonged to Mr. Davis. Bernhard was furious, and disgusted. The point of the plot seems to be to make a quarrel between him and Davis, but of course they won’t succeed. I wrote to Mrs. Gardner about it, and then went down to my music lesson. Teacher in great trouble — Triulzi, on whom I called, the same.

Zangwill and Calderoni came to dine, but it was not a success, as Calderoni is deaf and Zangwill was preoccupied with his own affairs. Mrs. Trevy played to us Bach, which was a relief.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1902

Lina and Houghton to lunch. Music afterwards, to which came the Toys,

[112] Boulton, Mrs Lawson, Dr. Giglioli, Alice, Blaydes and Calderoni and his sweet-mannered sister. We had a Sonata (d) by Corelli (violin), and then the great Passacaglia, which is the most splendid thing I have ever heard. Then Beethoven III, some Schumann violin, and Bach’s Pastorale. How I do enjoy music. It is my greatest *pleasure*.

Afterwards, when the people had gone, they played a Brahms sonata and one by Mozart, a composer whom Miss Cracroft abhors!!

Christina remained on for the night. We read a very diverting paper of advice to Ray on how to conduct herself as a step-daughter. I have begun Ranke’s *Popes* — a bigger book than Creighton.

Am learning *The Blessed Damozel*[96](#_bookmark95) and reviewing *Lycidas*[97](#_bookmark96) and the Nativity.[98](#_bookmark97) Had an hour’s walk with Christina. A young

[113]

Dane named Krohn called, bringing B. B. an offering of photographs of Italian pictures in Copenhagen. It appears that Bernhard is well known in Scandinavia!

I Tatti, Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1902

We walked up to Morgan’s for tea. I walked both ways — going up with Trevy and coming back with Mrs. Trevy. The doctor stayed to dinner. I do not think he is a very clever man.

I Tatti, Thursday, Dec. 11, 1902

Mother writes that Ray “has written a capital paper on the Education Bill”. Fancy!

I went to Gertrude’s to lunch and heard Miss Hastings sing, which she does exquisitely, but without much native richness of voice.

Gertrude’s mother has written her a most

[114]

brutal letter, suggesting that she should have ten dollars a month pin-money! Gertrude, a grown-up woman. She also says that Gertrude must remember that, except for her brother’s extraordinary generosity, she would have been at a hospital. They forget that G. has £400 a year of her own, and that, before this extraordinary turn of things, her mother promised her another £400 from her private purse But the worst was the awful hypocritical snivelling tone of the whole thing.

I had a music lesson, and walked back, to find that Bernhard had been to call on Mrs. Thorold. Carlo Placci came to dinner, and he was very diverting. He said that Duse insists on having a telegram from D’Annunzio every day (she is in America), and that as it is very *chic* to pay no heed to

[115]

expense in telegrams, they spend about 200 francs a day sending message like this, “*Ave, ave, ave, cara, cara, cara — io penso a te a te penso penso semper a te cara*.”

Corrected proofs.

Houghton came with us. He says he wants to give up their new apartment, it is too grand, and *nothing* he can’t pack into a small hand bag.

Alice Blaydes came up for the night, all agog with a call and a bunch of

flowers from Calderoni, and the ogling of the Count of Turin in the Cascine. She really thinks of nothing but such things, and the practical side of life.

Called on the Lawsons.

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 13, 1902

Shopped in the morning, taxes too high, stoves out of

[116]

order, dresses wrong — the usual tales of bungling and incompetence on the part of work-people. Was in a rage; which was not appeased by the Countess Gravina bringing two horrible German art students to call on B. B. I had them for an hour before he came back. They smelt horrible, and looked worse. I suppose they pass as gentlemen in Germany. I had absolutely nothing to say to the Gravina, nor she to me.

After they went, I walked. and called on Mrs. Ross.

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 14, 1902

Horne came to lunch. He said his Mother was dangerously ill, and, in fact, when I went in to see her in the afternoon, I found the fat, jolly old lady terribly changed. To both Mrs. Trevy and myself she seemed tgo have death writ on her face.

The Cracrofts and Christina came to dinner and we had plenty of music. The A minor Concerto of Bach (arranged for Piano and Violin),

[117]

was especially delightful.

The weather is too wonderful — such moonlight!

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 15, 1902

A young Dane named Krohn came to lunch, such a nice, intelligent, gentlemanly boy — what a contrast to the Gravina’s Germans! I went to a lawyer about the raising of our taxes, had my music and shopped, ending up at the Stazione to see the Trevys off. Mrs.Trevy is really very nice, but she is growing more and more a mere echo of her husband.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1902

A morning of housekeeping. Laid down the new Aubusson carpet (a beauty!) with great pleasure!

Alice Blaydes, Houghton and a Mr. Sargent came to lunch, and we had the music afterwards: Bach’s Passacaglia, Fugue (G minor), various Preludes, Gluck and Schubert (Impromptu in F minor).

Had a walk with Christian and Peggy Cracroft. Corrected proofs all evening.

[118]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1902

Alice Blaydes came up in the morning to ask an address which she had forgotten to take down. While here she received a letter from her husband which made her furious. he is a silly man, to write on the first impulse everything that comes into his foolish head. Everything fresh I hear of him lowers more and more my opinion of his character and talents. Alice said she really could not love him after such letters.

Mr. Toy called to say goodbye, and the Burne-Murdochs also called.

Bernhard went down to be weighed — he hasn’t gained much — and then called on Gertrude.

I called on Mrs. Donner of “Frumpignano”, who was too ill to see me, and then on Aunt Janet. It really does look as if Lina’s Trustees are making some trouble about Uncle Henry’s Will. I do wish Lina would write to me and clear it up.

Went over Strassburg, Cologne, Brussels and Brunswick catalogues in the evening.

[119]

I Tatti, Thursday, Dec. 18, 1902 Ray starts today! I can imagine her joy and excitement!

The silly Gravin(os)a came to lunch and made her usual remarks. I had my music and did various commissions, including changing Alice Blaydes over to another pension. She displayed a truly refrigerating lack of consideration for all the people concerned — except herself!

Young Boulton came to dinner. He did not say much, but he looked so intelligent that we both did a lot of talking.

I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 19, 1902

Had a divine walk of three hours over the tops of the hills in the early morning, looking down on the mists. Miss Cracroft came with me.Ron called after lunch. I went in to town for shopping. The house lay in mist all day, but a few steps up the hill and there was spring sunshine — delicious!

At 2.45 the travellers arrived — 2.45 a.m.!!

[120]

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1902

Such a beautiful day — what luck! The sun rose in a limpid sky, and from the valleys light pearly mists floated up to meet in his rays. There never was a more beautiful day. The travellers are still asleep (9 a.m.).

All we did in the morning was simply to enjoy the sunshine. In the afternoon we drove — the Patriarchate in one carriage, the Matriarchate in another — to Castello, and then walked to Petraia.

The afternoon was most beautiful. Ray and Winnie seem full of fun and

laughter, and Alys is ever so much better.

I wrote a short notice of Janet Dodge’s *Elizabethan Songs* for the *Chronique des Arts*.

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 21, 1902

Had Mass in our Chapel — a young Franciscan.

[121]

We drove Winnie down to the English Churchand I took Ray to San Marco, and then called on Gertrude.

In the afternoon we all walked.

Ray seems perfectly happy. Christina came over for the night, and Ray (very shy!) read her paper on the Education Bill, and we had an interesting discussion about it. The paper was not at all bad. It was clear and fairly well arranged, and very un-sectarian.

The Sunsets all these days are very wonderful. The fade at last to the glowing emerald and then dull mauve.

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 22, 1902 Had our hair washed, all four of us.

In the afternoon we drove to the Certosa. I think it made a real impression on the two girls. They thought what a lovely place it would be for a Girls’ College!

I had a monstrously impertinent letter from Blaydes, which puts an end to all personal relations with him. He accused

[122]

Bernhard and me of taking advantage of his “wife’s” youth and ignorance of the ways of the world to “canvass” in her presence matters that we had no right to bring up, his own past life and the chances of his making a decent husband. I like the impudence of his accusing *us* of “taking advantage” of Alice, when it was with the greatest trouble that we induced *him* to cease to take that monstrously mean advantage of her! And to imagine that Alice would not speak of him — why she spoke of nothing else — and that is his fault, too, for he has left her mind vacant of all other subjects.

I was furious, and wrote a reply, which I read to Bernhard. he advised me not to send it, for what was the use of causing trouble between two people we had taken such pains to marry. *Essermi sfogata*, the anger and even the thought of the matter melted out of my mind.

[123]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1902

Took the girls to town in the morning. Ray showed Winnie San Marco, and then I showed them some of the Palaces.

In the afternoon we had Music — all Bach, and that was enchanting, the whole of the first part of the Christmas Oratorio Houghton, Sargent, Miss Lowndes, Mrs. Boulton, Mr. Lestrange and Beatrice Horne were the only people who came.

Alice Blaydes came late, full of fury and rage at the letters *she* has been receiving. She says she can *never* forgive Wilfrid, and she almost wishes she hadn’t married him. We had a long and moderately frank talk, chiefly abusing him. She cried with *shame* for him. I hope she will make him feel what he has done, and I think she will, for she says she has a devil’s temper.

The curious thing was that although we talked very long, she never understood the point I was driving at — that it was pitiable to see a man so taken in by his own rhetoric. *The* point was severely practical. “Youth and good looks don’t last forever, and I’m not going to have him spoiling all my fun.” But I liked her frankness.

[124]

I Tatti, Christmas Day, 1902

We went to the Midnight Mass in the Duomo, but it was not very impressive. Stockings caused great joy in bed in the morning.

Then came Mass in the Chapel.

Ray and Winnie sat in the sun and made a fountain in the garden. Houghton came to discuss plans for the trip.

The Parkinsons came to lunch — a brave girl that.

We called on Gertrude after seeing a picture in San Felice. Caulfield was there. The girls went in to the Houghtons to dinner, which they described as “all running over the place”, and which lasted from 7.30 to 9.45!!

Mrs. Ross and Christina came here to dinner. Afterwards I had a little chat with Bertie.

I Tatti, Friday, Dec. 26, 1902

Cloudy, so we did not start on our waling trip, but we went (Alys, the girls and I)

[125]

with Houghton and his two girls to Prato, Poggio à Caiano and Signa. Houghton is a delicious companion on such excursions.

Alice Blaydes came along too — still full of rage against that idiotic husband of hers.

I Tatti, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1902 Still cloudy. The girls enjoyed a quiet morning.

In the afternoon I took them in to see Santa Croce and the Pazzi Chapel. The little doctor stayed to dinner.

Mr. Marsh came to lunch.

I Tatti, Sunday, Dec. 28, 1902 Still cloudy — in fact, a real scirocco has set in.

Alice Blaydes came to lunch, quite excited by Calderoni’s marked

attentions, and by having been stared at again by the Count of Turin. She is in great good humour with Blaydes again, because he has sent her £15, and all agog for a new dress she want to buy. Her psychology, as B. B. says, is indecently simple.

Mr. & Mrs. Therold also came to lunch, charming people. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, and she and Alice and our female party walked over to Doccia and

[126] saw the villa.

The Lawsons came to tea, also Horne, who remained to dine. His mother is very ill.

Bertie told several good stories of mixed metaphors. “The flood gates of irreverence and atheism are stalking hand in hand throughout the land.” “Gentlemen, we are trembling on the verge of a cul-de-sac …” and so forth.

We read a little more *Pudd’nhead Wilson*[101](#_bookmark100) in the evening.

After tea I read B. B.’s “Renaissance Churches” to the girls. What did they think?

Before they went to bed, they both crawled under the bed, and when I came in to wish them good night, they stuck out their heads with peals of laughter.

I Tatti, Monday, Dec. 29, 1902 Still cloudy and scirocco blowing.

Bernhard and I corrected proofs all morning, and in the

[127]

afternoon I took Ray and Winnie to the Uffizi They were interested in and fairly intelligent about “Tactile Values”.

We finished *Pudd’nhead Wilson* in the evening — a hateful book.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1902

Bernhard is not feeling well these days. The scirocco seems to undo him. I took Alys and Bertie up to Settignano, and Miss Cracroft played to us

Bach’s Toccata and Fugue in G minor, the Pastorae, and the Passacaglia. It was pure bliss.

Then Ray and Winnie called for me and we drove up to the Morgans’ for lunch, and the girls had fun with the wine-vats, etc.

We read Lamb in the evening.

I Tatti, Last day of 1902, Universo, Lucca

Alys and I came with Ray and Winnie, tired of waiting for sunshine, and saw Pisa, and then came on here. How much did Ray take in of the beautiful things I showed her?

[128]

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903

Saw Lucca, took train to Serravalle, walked (in mud) to Pistoia, saw Pistoia and came home, very glad to get here and fully appreciative of the comforts. I was stricken down with a fierce headache.

We read nearly all of *Huckleberry Finn* on our journey.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 2, 1903

Lovely day. Lunched with Labouchères[102](#_bookmark101) — a vast villa[103](#_bookmark102) furnished like a hotel. Miss Labouchère seems a vulgar little demon; it turned Bertie fairly green to talk with her.

Then we had a delicious walk in the Careggi woods, and so home to tea and proof-correcting.

Sat up late, all of us, finishing *Huck Finn*, and laughed and laughed. Am fighting a cold.

[129]

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1903

Proof-correcting.

Alice Blaydes came to lunch, wild to talk with me about pictures, but all it resolved itself into was a most indecent speculation about the “Magdalen” in the Academy!

Miss Cracroft played the E minor organ toccata and fugue, and the

Passacaglia and Part II of the Christmas Oratorio.

Then Alys read Bertie’s *very remarkable* paper on “Mathematics as an Art”, which quite overcame me by its serious noble beauty and austerity. A first rate piece of work, and good style. Bertie will surely go very far.

I talked with Bernhard about it, and found him equally enthusiastic. He thinks Berie may easily come to take the place Emerson had, and be, as a thinker, worthy of eminence.

We read Lamb in the evening.

[130]

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 4, 1903

We had Mass in the morning, but did nothing much all day, as it was raining and the scirocco was very heavy.

We began to read *Eothen*[104](#_bookmark103) aloud.

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 5, 1903

Bernhard seems much worse under this scirocco. Alys, too, is depressed, but she bears up wonderfully.

We had a remarkable morning at the Bargello The girls seemed really to

understand about sculpture, and to enjoy it. Alys and Bertie and i went to call at the Placci’s (where we met contessa Serristori in a marvellous dress by Doucet), but Ray and Winnie lingered on and on at the photographers, choosing out photographs of sculpture with great taste, even one or two things they had not seen.

We lunched with Houghton and Mr. Sargent on the Barile, and the girls came out quite strong and independent on the question of whether you could enjoy poor art if you cared for good. Houghton is for enjoying everything.

[131]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903

Went to Santa Maria Novella with Houghton, but it was a feta and we couldn’t see anything.

Went to the Martelli Palace and saw the Donatellos, but Winnie was seized with colic, and we had to beat a retreat to Houghton’s where we had a leisurely lunch, and then came home.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1903

Went to the Medici Tombs. Mrs. Perkins met us there.

I was rather in a funk, for after all it is pretty serious art to make into meal for babes, but it began well by Ray and Winnie picking out without hesitation the two statues that were not done by Michelangelo. Bernhard’s idea that the composition is exactly what Michelangelo planned was a great help.

Then we went to San Lorenzo, and afterwards came home to lunch.

Later the girls went in again to choose photographs and Mme. Serristori and Placci came and spent three house, she talking always enchantingly. She is a wonderful creature.

[132]

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 8, 1903

A less satisfactory day, fore we went to the Pitti, and it was closed (Queen’s Birthday), and Houghton, who joined us was rather distracting. Still we saw Santo Spirito, which the girls seemed to enjoy, and after lunch we walked in the Bobolli gardens.

Alys and I then called on Rezia Corsini, with Alice Blaydes, who does show herself more and more a thorough little vulgarian.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 9, 1903

Alys and I walked with the girls to Fiesole, and then, leaving them to lunch with Christina Bremner,[105](#_bookmark104) we walked back with the Thorolds[106](#_bookmark105) to have lunch here. Miss Lowndes also came. Alys had just recovered from her terrible depression, which had lasted ever since Christmas, so she was very gay. But what an awful curse it is — she has only a few days every month free.

In the afternoon we had Bach, and it was delightful. Continued *Eothen* in evening.

[133]

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 10, 1903

Took the girls and Hugh Morgan to the Pitti, and Houghton, Mrs. Perkins and Alice Blaydes joined us. We looked only at the Gran Duca the Donna Velata, the Duke of Norfolk and T M and the Sebastiano, Fra Filippo and Signorelli. Houghton nobly restrained his miscellaneous inclinations.

Then we went to lunch at “Sport” and had an excellent lunch for 8 people for £10.10 !

Then we visited Orsanmichele, the Perugino fresco and the Academy.

Thereupon the girls and Hugh had tea at Doney’s (10 cakes!) and I took Bertie to call upon the fascinating Serristori, where Calderoni came and spoiled everything by talking too much and too boringly. Bertie and I could have shrieked with ennui.

We finished Eothen in the evening. I got into bed with the girls and nearly dies of laughter at their parodies of my instructions:

“Is this a Donatello?” “No, it is a Macaroni.”

“What is the matter with this statue?” “Why, it doesn’t exist.”

“See this hair — it is like flowers — flowers are much better on people’s head than hair” and so on.

[134]

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 11, 1903

Had a most delightful long letter from Mounteney, who was recovering from his operations at a place up in the New Zealand mountains where the virgin forest is spread cool and dark at the bottom of his garden. he is reading *The Golden Bough* with great interest.

We spent the morning packing, and sitting about in the sunshine in the garden. It is as warm as summer. At 3 they went away, poor old Ray in tears. The visit has been a real success, for even if those girls do not go on taking an interest in Art, they have learned to respect it, which is the most

important step. Ray has also had a peep into “grown-up land”, and found it, I think, attractive. Her friend Winnie Buckley is a thoroughly nice girl.

When they had gone, I called for young man named Paul Woodroff, introduced to us by Mr. Britten, and drove him up

[135]

here to have

tea. He seemed exceedingly dull, and as silent as an oyster — it might have been shyness, but it seemed like flatness. He is one of **those Catholics — how I loathe the whole lot** — except just Britten, whose taste and character, after all, were formed before he was caught by the odious ring.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins called also, and I gave her a nice dress to wear in America. She is a plucky creature, but what a terrible burden she has taken on her shoulders.[107](#_bookmark106) She is tremendously *straight*, and has the habit of standing up and facing disagreeable truths.

It began to pour.

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 12, 1903

Still pouring in torrents, but by afternoon it was clearer, and I went to town and called on Mme. de Platonoff, shopped and went in to Gertrude’s. I cast a gloom on her by telling her that Alys had *not* relished a very malicious little story she told her about the Dukes. I thought it might serve as a warning. But it is too late for any of my people to like her — they all detest her. Everyone, even

[136]

people like Mrs. Kerr-Lawson and Mr. Houghton, feels she is not quite a lady — it is a very curious thing. I hardly know in what it consists, but there it is, a feeling that rises up in us all. B. B. is the only person who likes her; and fortunately she takes care to be at her best with him.

I walked back with Peggy Cracroft, who had written an awfully decent letter to Alys about poor Alys’ depression (which she suffered from horribly almost the whole of her visit). Peggy had it herself for years, and suffered the very tortures of hell.

I forgot to say that I called on the Hornes and found Mrs. Horne worse (I think she is dying). Herbert confessed to Uric Acid and its consequent frightful depression. He came up to have tea with Bernhard.

The doctor remained to dine. He is not very clever, but he is an

enthusiastic worker. He simply revelled in the feeling that he was having a

[137] “literary conversation”, which consisted in his asking if B. B. had read Maeterlinck and Huysmans, etc., etc., and saying, “How interesting they are!” and then rapidly changing the subject.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1903 Rain, rain. Worked on proofs, etc.

Houghton came to call after lunch, and drove down with me to see a picture — which turned out to be wretched — and help me shop. I accomplished a call upon the contessa Niccolini — due for more than a year, since her extremely kind hospitality to Bernhard, the wretch, who never went near her, after staying a week at her place near Pisa![108](#_bookmark107)

We have been trying to read *Celestina* (Mabbe’s translation)[109](#_bookmark108) but are fairly

stuck with ennui. Bernhard finds the *Cambridge History* pretty boring, but Walpole’s *Letters* delightful.

[138]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1903

I drove down to call for Mr. Stogdon,[110](#_bookmark109) a young Harrow Master whose parents own some interesting Italian pictures. We went to the Bargello on the way up. it rained and rained, but at sunset cleared, and we walked to Settignano, all three.

Miss Cracroft played us a new Bach “suite”.

In the evening they looked at Velasquez photographs while I wrote letters.

B. B. is feeling awfully tired.

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 15, 1903

Took Mr. Stogdon, Christina and Alice Blaydes through the Uffizi. Alice certainly is the quickest about pictures, she and remembers better, but being perfectly uncultivated, she generally observes the utterly insignificant (or indecent!) details.

To Christina Art is a closed book. It will never open.

Mr. Stogdon is enthusiastic and hanging eagerly onto Culture by the fringe. Although a classical master, his interest in Art is to trace the influence of Religion (he means Christianity) upon it. He

[139] speaks fervently of the time when he “began”, of friends “who began about when I did”, or “who are beginning now”, or “began ever so long ago.” This means (I found) beginning to take an interest in Renaissance painting.

He is awfully enthusiastic, but lacks eye, sense for significance, discrimination. Luini and Leonardo are his “favourites”.

In the afternoon the Serristori and Placci called. The Serristori recounted us the plots of two theatre pieces — horrid modern things, but as recounted by her, absorbingly interesting. What a gifted creature!

Kerr-Lawson called later, and I walked back with him and saw Caterina. Mrs. Ross also called, full of rage against Mrs. Bramley’s fecklessness,

, to death of her as a guest.

Lawson says Mrs. Houghton is very coquettish with men, and requires constant compliments on her intellectuality — *and her looks*!!!

[140]

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 16, 1903

I took Mr. Stogdon to the Medici Tombs, and then called on Gertrude and had my music lesson and drove Christina and Alice Blaydes up to lunch. Alice had received a wireless message from Marconi from Canada, and was greatly elated. But as she becomes more familiar she is losing some of her silent tack, and she rattled on at lunch about that dirty little bookseller **Voynitch** [111](#_bookmark110) being in love with her and his wife terribly jealous and so on, quite happy and contented and unaware of the mental comments we were making. She also let out that she felt she was “getting ahead” of me in Florentine society — I suppose by gong to dine at the Calderonis!! But what a mind it must be under that mass of beautiful (dyed) hair!

We had Bach and Beethoven in the afternoon, and corrected proofs till dinner.

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 17, 1903

Went in to the Innocenti to see the document about “Alumno di Domenico”.

[141] When I told Mr. Stogdon that Horne was coming to dinner, he exclaimed, “How glorious!” It was a new idea.

Poor Mrs. Horne is dying. Horne says he will give up their London house and live chiefly here. He does not mind being alone, for he gets completely absorbed in his work. He does not know what Beatrice will do. She is I think a little “queer”, and eaten up with jealousy (poor girl) of Herbert and his friends.

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 18, 1903

We started to drive to Careggi, but it was too cold, and so we ended up in a few calls, Gertrude, the Hornes, Mrs. Forbes-Morse.

I walked out. The Stars were beautiful.

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 19, 1903

Mr. Stogdon went, a well-meaning, stupid, enthusiastic young man, “with no harm in him”.

Music lesson.

Called on Miss Nixon, a young woman who is keeping a sort of “finishing” girls’ school here, struggling to impart art and Berensonianism to them.

[142]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1903

It is nice being alone. Bernhard is reading Goethe, Walpole and the *Cambridge History*. I am reading Bryce’s *Holy Roman Empire*[112](#_bookmark111) having finished for the time Creighton and Ranke and Gardiner’s *Thirty Years War*,[113](#_bookmark112) and we are reading aloud Aston’s book on Japanese Literature. We have both just read Giles’ delightful volume on Chinese Literature.

I walked with Peggy Cracroft to call on the Jeffreasons and Miss Lowndes at Fiesole, and then home by Castel di Poggio, a good long round. It took all the afternoon, and left me pretty tired in the evening.

Bernhard seems a little better.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 21, 1903

Walked and read Maud Cruttwell’s *Della Robbia*,[114](#_bookmark113) which I am reviewing for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts.*

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1903 \* \* \*

Gertrude came up for the day. It was very tiring, as Mrs. Ross and Sir William Markby,[115](#_bookmark114) Gronau, the Kerr-Lawsons, and Dr. Poggi all

[143] called. Gertrude seemed very far from well, and drank far too much brandy when she felt faint.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 23, 1903

The Priore’s mother died, and I sent a wreath to her funeral, which it appeared, was a distinct consolation to the Priore — such children are the Italians!

Miss Nixon and her nice friend Miss Sheldon came to lunch, and I drove them around by Castel di Poggio.

I called on poor Mrs. Horne, who seemed very low.

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 24, 1903

Had a nice walk with B. B., but after lunch he was too tired to go to town, so I went down and took Placci for a drive, to San Miniato.

I Tatti, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1903

A delicious walk. Then I called on Mrs. Ross, and came home to an awful quarrel with B. B. — our first for a long time — over household affairs. We were both in the wrong. Fortunately

[144] Horne came in to drive, so we had to brace up, and the Lawsons called too. We were both worn out with our fury. The worst of quarrelling is that we *can’t* escape from each other after all these years; and we know it.

I Tatti, Monday, Jan. 26, 1903

Still quarrelling, but we talked it out after lunch, and then went for a not unamiable drive to Santa Margherita.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1903 Had a walk — the morning was too lovely.

Peggy Cracroft to lunch. Music afterwards: Sargent and his sister, dear

Houghton, Christina, Miss Lowndes, Mr. Le Strange, the Markbys, Beatrice Horne, and that fluffy Miss Guinness. She played a dear little Bagatelle of Beethoven in E flat, very simple and profound. Also the d minor toccata and fugue.

[145]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Jan. 28, 1903

Logan and Emily Dawson arrived at 2.30 this morning. They slept late. Calderoni came to lunch.

Emily and I drove in and did some shopping.

Then I had one of those exhausting miserable long futile calls on Gertrude, listening to her woes — and a private interview with Miss Lipps, listening to hers. Gertrude seems to me a pretty hopeless person, and I am awfully sorry for her. I know no way of spending an afternoon more distasteful than listening to Gertrude’s sordid tales. She had them all in tears today, from the cook and the dressmaker up.

I Tatti, Thursday, Jan. 29, 1903

Alys is going into a rope factory at 8/ a week. She thinks it will distract her mind, and the doctor approves. Her depression has come on again. Mother is much bewildered.

I had a music lesson, called on poor Mrs. Horne, went to see the pictures of a Conte

[146] Buschetti, and brought Christina up here. We had a little walk.

Read Gardner’s *Siena*.[116](#_bookmark115) Bernhard is reading through Ward’s *English Poetry.*[117](#_bookmark116)

We played whist.

I Tatti, Friday, Jan. 30, 1903

Placci came to lunch and was most entertaining, especially about the female adorers of La Duse, who accept everything she does as a miracle of saintliness. When she says, “Così doveva essere”, or “E il destino”, in a certain tone, they will regard her frequent changes of lovers and semi- religious acts. And when she came to a friend of Placcis’s and made the most ghastly complaints of D’Annunzio’s treatment of her, especially in regard to money — entering into the most sordid details — and ended up with “But when he takes my hand and strokes it, then I become his slave again”, this female chorus raised its eyes to heaven and ejaculated, “Che Donna!” as if she were a Holy Virgin Martyr.

[147]

Bernhard drove down and had tea with Placci, and Emily and I called on

the Cracrofts.

it.

I Tatti, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1903

Received Douglas’ *Siena* for review along with Gardner’s. Read most of

A letter from Don Guido said that when he was here he had seen through Alice Blaydes and thought we had made a great mistake in having a visit from a person of such a different world from ours. He said he pitied her so much that he did not tell us. She is a thoroughly low lot, I am convinced — selfish, vulgar, false, and spiteful, and as hard as nails.

We went down to a Concert at the Club, B. B.’s first appearance there, and heard a man named Angellelli — brilliant but hard and superficial.

Played whist — divine game!

[148]

I Tatti, Sunday, Feb. 1, 1903

Three nervously broken-down people have I had to comfort today. Emily was crying when I went into her bed-room, thinking no one could endure her. B. B. was saying “I’m a real pig” — in despair at his long, enforced idleness — and with Gertrude it was the usual tale of hopeless muddle.

I saw Dr. Poggi on the stairs, and he said he would not be surprised if she killed herself. Logan also has been in bed with a cold, and Horne came to call looking very white and ill, and complaining of fever.

But I have been so hard at work, I haven’t had time to be depressed. Emily and I worked on the Index until it was time for me to go over the proofs of B. B.’s “Alumno di Domenico”[119](#_bookmark118) article with him, and answer for him Dell’s letter and so on. A busy day.

Alys writes that she has found work in a rope-factory at Putney at 6/ a week. She

[149] is dressed as a factory girl, with her hair in “curlers”, and no one suspects she is anything else. “No. 28”, she is called. The girls talk about drinks and “blokes” (young men). They asked Alys, “Say, does your bloke ’it you?”

I Tatti, Monday, Feb. 2, 1903 Worked on Index.[120](#_bookmark119) Emily and I like it.

B. B. dreamt he heard Dr. Giglioli say, “Yes, poor fellow, he was making all his plans, but I knew all the time he was going to die.” But he *isn’t.*

I wrote a long letter to Roger Fry explaining his position about that disgusting Langton Douglas.

Called with Emily in the afternoon on Miss Ede at Novoli, a nice girl.

Called also on Miss Nixon and Gertrude and Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Ross was regretting her son’s recovery from pneumonia. I wrote to Gertrude’s cousin in desperation. Dr. Giglioli stayed to dinner.

[150]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1903 Worked on Index with Emily.

Music in the afternoon. Miss Hastings came and sang Beethoven’s “Kennst du das Land?” and some Schubert, which latter we did not care for very much. It is too emotional.

Horne came to dinner, and was very amusing about his two friends,

Selwyn Image[121](#_bookmark120) and Stewart Headlam[122](#_bookmark121) (both clergymen) who have taken up with ballet-ladies.

Miss Calderoni came to lunch.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1903

Index. Drove with B. B. out beyond Bagno a Ripoli — a lovely day.

I Tatti, Thursday, Feb. 5, 1903 Index and Table of Contents.

Mrs. Toy came to lunch, full of cultured subjects. Bernhard took her for a

drive.

I had my music.

Gronau came to tea — very nice.

We greatly enjoy playing whist in the evening.

[151]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1903

The last week has been one horrible nightmare of Gertrude Morton, who turns out to be one of those miserable cases of hysteria, who lie, and feign illnesses, and do every sort of thing to get their own way. She pretended homicidal madness to get rid of Miss Lipps, the companion sent by her Mother, and poor Miss Lipps took refuge here, and many a horrid tale did she regale us with! I think that besides hysteria, Gertrude is given to an

over-use of drink and morphia and ether and chlorotone. It has been a

time! She has used up all our personal sympathy, . I can now only pity her as “a case”.

We had our music today — part V of Christmas Oratorio,[123](#_bookmark122) and then Suite in A minor. It was such a lovely day that we had tea in the garden. Conte Gamba called.

Alice Blaydes wrote to say she meant not to say a word to her husband of “the confidences we dragged from her under pretence of

[152]

friendship.” Yet we are the people who have done more for her — she often said so — than anyone else in the world! What is her object in fighting with us? It is hard to imagine. Of course it can go no further, for she simply *drops out.*

We are reading *Lucien Leuwen*, that fragment of Stendhal.

I sent off a review to *The Nation* of Douglas’ and Gardner’s books on Siena.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1903

We all went down to hear Mass at the Annunziata.

Placci was there grinning with malice over the puerility and flatness and poverty of Donna Laura Gropallo’s Great Book — the critical study of contemporary Italian novelists she

[153] has been making such a fuss about for years. B. B. had read a chapter already and was quite of Placci’s opinion — as I was also through having read a chapter (the one on Fagazzaro) at Gazzada. There, as as Donna Camilla begged me to praise it, I did praise it, and they came hanging round me to get more and more and more praise, until even my teeth ached with the leis they forced me to tell!

After lunch B. B. and I made our annual pilgrimage to our Tree, behind

Fiesole. After tea, Emily and I finished indexing Andrea.

no entries until

I Tatti, Sunday, Feb. 22, 1903

More than a week has passed — most of it in listening to the prattling of a tireless talker, Miss Moffat — the silliest creature we ever struck, although ap<parently>

[154] very effective as the head of the “Home Culture” Association in America. She is from the South, and still retains that silly attitude towards young men. That “jaded female”, as B. B. called her, is as silly as a bell of 18. And oh what a talker! She was so silly, we ached with laughter, but, as B. B. said, it was like the laughter produced by tickling.

All this time Emily and I have been struggling over the Michelangelo and

School section of B. B.’s book. It is stupendous, the amount of work he has done!! Emily is so nice — it is a pleasure to work with her.

Today, when I was in bed with a cold, and B. B. and Emily were out driving, the Countess Detalmo di Brazzà Savorgnan(30a Via Porta

[155]

Pinciana) called. I put down her name and address so as not to forget it — to see if B. B. could dispose of a “genuine Raphael” belong to the archduke of Tuscany. She is a vehement American woman, uneducated, but I daresay she means well. Very philanthropic, and very full of herself, of her Causes, and of God’s special providence.

We are glad to get back to our Whist in peace again!

I Tatti, Monday, Feb. 23, 1903

An enraging letter from the publisher Murray, saying the badness of the Plates for B. B.’s book was Bernhard’s fault, when we implored them to send him proofs, and they have never sent one! Poor Bernhard was in such a state that his masseuse said she found him as if after a bad illness. he really isn’t well at all.

[156]

Calderoni and Benn came to lunch. The Markbys were to have come, but they forgot it, and then were in despair!

Emily and I called on the Hornes. The doctor stayed to dinner.

We have finished Indexing the Michelangelo. Christina, Sargent and Thorold called.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1903 We had our Music, Christmas Oratorio, etc.

Mrs. Forbes-Morse (I don’t care for her) brought a vulgar-looking young woman named Bayley. But the sunshine was so heavenly that it did not matter having uncongenial people.

Miss Cruttwell and Mrs. Toy came to lunch. Mrs. Toy rather cross and

rude when she was not made the centre of conversation, but Maud very jolly and Rabelaisian.

The Lee-Hamiltons’ baby is born at last — a girl.

Gilbert Murray came up, and seemed awfully nice. How

[157]

different from the others!!

After the music we walked along towards Fiesole and saw the festival of the “ultimo giorno di Carnevale”, when all the valleys and hills echoed with

the shrill voices of children rushing through the fields with bunches of burning straw.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1903

Sent off the A-F of the Index of Places. Emily dear is with me and we called on Miss Nixon and Miss Sheldon.

Then I called on Mrs. Hapgood. I found her not improved by two years, her face is fatter and heavier and her mouth more sensual. She looked distinctly “common”. She said (like Mrs. Toy) that her only interest in life was People.

Then I called on the Gravina, who told me that General Baldissera

was the only man who understood her.

I Tatti, Thursday, Feb. 26, 1903

Did some Index, and then went down and

[158] got Norman Hapgood and Don Guido, and brought them up to lunch, taking a peep at the Bargello by the way.

Norman said at lunch that the only interesting thing to him about

sculpture was to be told the precise muscles that were brought into play in certain poses, and be shown how the artist treat them; and, in regard to pictures to have it explained to him how the paint had been put on ——!! B.

B. remained discreetly silent.

After lunch we walked to La Doccia, which was lovely. B. B. and Don Guido drove. Don Guuido told me that Alice Blaydes said to him that she didn’t care at all about her husband; and said that as soon as she left here she wrote to him begging him to come down to Florence to see her!!! If her silly husband knew that ——

[159]

I Tatti, Friday, Feb. 27, 1903

Proof all morning.

After lunch I took Miss Nixon’s school to the Medici Tombs — also Logan and Emily and Norman and Gilbert Murray. It was a comfort to get back home, for I was feeling so ill with a cold.

I Tatti, Saturday, Feb. 28, 1903 Ill with cold. Worked on Index.

The Markbys, Norman, Benn, and Murray came to lunch, the latter to remain on. Dull-ish lunch, better talk after the Markbys had gone. Better still at tea with Murray and at dinner.

B. B. and Murray both confessed to the sensation (*not belief*) that they were

perfectly unique in the world, and no one could really understand them or talk with them as an equal but God, that the world really depended on them.

Miss Cracroft called and gave me a music lesson.

[160]

I Tatti, Sunday, Mar. 1, 1903

Norman Hapgood and his wife came in the morning to “see the house”. She looked like beautiful, sensual, wicked Aubrey Beardsley, but I daresay she has only a silly flirtations American soul behind.

Mrs. Sickert[129](#_bookmark128) came to lunch. She says that Zangwill doesn’t want to get married, but only to have some one to write to and to “live a situation” with. He doesn’t in the least wish the “insuperable obstacles” to melt away. When she had argued down the very last, he suddenly invented his father’s “social position in Jerusalem!”

She says Mrs. Heinemann[130](#_bookmark129) has deserted “the good William”, who is in vain seeking for a cause for divorcing her. She in the meantime, having made lots of money on the Stock Exchange, has gone to live at Claridge’s

[161] Hotel, with three carriages and an automobile at her service.

I took Mrs. Sickert to call on Mrs. Ross, and, coming back, found the

Kerr-Lawsons, who are harbouring Mrs. Houghton, who left home in a rage with her husband.

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Johnson came to call, on their wedding-trip. Bernhard had a walk with Gilbert Murray whom he *likes exceedingly.*

I Tatti, Monday, Mar. 2, 1903

Mrs. Toy, norman and Carlo Placci came to lunch. I do not think it went off very well, but it might have been worse. Mrs. Toy does not harmonize with other people. Placci was bursting with “informations” about Duse and D’Annunzio, who, he says just live for sensuality.

Fortunately he asked me privately if he should tell what the Duse told

him, and I saved a catastrophe by not letting him. But she said she was informed on good authority that the reason the American college girls

[162] are so fully developed, and look so strong and athletic is because no one of them comes out of college a virgin!!! The young men students and the professors are their lovers, but they don’t abuse the privilege, but only use it enough to keep them in blooming health. La Duse thought it such an admirable system!! Who was galling her? Or was it merely her Latin view of the situation?

Carlo played to us Walkyrie, but he plays like the old scratch.

Emily and I drove down to our dressmaker and to see poor Mrs. Horne. I saw also the lawyer, as our landlord died last night, old Temple Leader,[131](#_bookmark130) and who knows what mischief there will be to pay with his Italian heirs?

We like Gilbert Murray more and more. He is a thorough gentleman, and very highly intellectualized.

[163]

I Tatti, Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1903

Music in the afternoon. Mrs. Forbes-Morse sand from Figaro — charmingly! She brought with her a quaint, 1830-looking young German artist named Vogeler-Worpswede.

After the music I wanted to Settignano with Peggy Cracroft, and called on Christina.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1903

I took Logan and Emily and Murray and Norman to the Uffizi, and I think we all enjoyed ourselves. Norman came up to lunch. He spoke with extreme contempt of Mr. Strong, and regret of Eugénie.

Coming away, we met D’Annunzio, who was presented to me. We took Sir William Markby to call on the Benns.

Then B. B. and Norman went to see Miss Lowndes, and I went on to Fiesole to see

[164] Gertrude at the Blue Nuns’ house of repose. She seemed much better and more composed; but full of her delusions about Miss Lipps. I really do not know what to think. What I feel alas is that I distinctly loathe poor Gertrude. The walk home was too inconceivably beautiful. I never saw a more marvellous red glow in the sky. The day has been matchless for weather!

On my return I found a telegram from Mounteney saying he sails on the 13th and expects to reach Brindisi on April 24th. I am afraid it would have been wiser for him to stay a good deal longer and complete his cure.

I Tatti, Thursday, Mar. 5, 1903

Worked on proofs and Index. Drove in with

[165] Emily to dressmaker, etc.

Had a long discussion in the evening about Dickens, whom Gilbert

Murray likes! How strange it is, for in most respects he seems to have the same standard of values as ourselves!

B. B. has made up his mind to say out what he really feels and thinks about things. It will make him either fascinating or a dreadful bore, but I don’t think he could be the latter.

I Tatti, Friday, Mar. 6, 1903

Bernhard took Murray for a drive to San Giusto at Signano, where they found a fine Agnolo Gaddi.

I went with Maud and Emily and Beatrice to the Vauchetoni

and S. Francesco delle Stimmate to see odds and ends.

In the evening B. B. said that art was indescribably more satisfying to him than anything actual. I agreed about music, Murray about poetry.

[166]

I Tatti, Saturday, Mar. 7, 1903

Norman came to lunch and was very nice, but he is less congenial than Murreay by a great way. Although it was raining so that we had given up all hope of visitors, Placci and the Serristori came punctually at 3, and a minute or two after, Duse and D’Annunzio. Duse looks about 50, a sad but attractive face, large gestures and something very populaire in voice and movements.

D’Annunzio looks like a small white, nasty worm, and has common excited Italian gestures, and talks a great deal about his poetry and plays and novels — in short, just the cad you would expect from his novels. He flirted with the Serristori, who became quite another being in his presence, more *la femme* than the keenly intelligent youth we know.

The Duse fastened before long on Norman Hapgood as “useful”, and they talked American theatre. D’Annunzio

[167] gave his view of Life

— how the four great guides to life were (of course) masculine and

feminine, whose meanings produced action, happiness, etc.: Instinct, Pride, Will and *Volupté*. He forgot Intellect, but quickly recovered himself when B.

B. called attention to the omission, and said the Intellect was the Ego, which made use of these four ministers. It was rather silly, but expressed in clear- cut phrases with some picturesqueness. They stayed two hours, and the Serristori an hour more, so we were pretty tired.

We went to see Coquelin in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in the evening, and were all including Placci, bored. Spoke much of the Molière Myth.

Delicious to get home and get to bed.

[168]

I Tatti, Sunday, Mar. 8, 1903

B. B. received an enraging letter from his publisher, Murray, and was enraged indeed. He even tore his hair, and he wanted to write a letter that would simply end things then and there. It took me the whole morning to write to Murray.

Poor B. B., when his anger was quite spent, he said, “Mary, what should I do if I hadn’t you to rage against?”

He went to lunch with the Vice Chancellor of Oxford (Monro) at Mrs. Ross’, and Christina came here. Then he drove into town and looked round the Bargello, and I called on Mr. Peachy Philsons, Rukhmabai’s friend.

Horne came to dinner.

Gilbert Murray has been charming all day.

I Tatti, Monday, Mar. 9, 1903 Proof and Index in morning.

Emily and Mr. Murray

[169]

and I went to the Academy in the

afternoon, and then Emily and I to the dressmakers.

Miss Cracroft gave me a music lesson, and I took her to hear D’Albert,

who plays marvellously.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Mar. 10, 1903

Miss Ogilvy to lunch. Music afterwards. Miss Hastings and Mrs. Forbes- Morse sang, but I prefer to hear the Bach.

I Tatti, Wednesday, Mar. 11, 1903

Zug, melancholy, stupid, nervous Zug came to lunch and poured out his woes. He has been appointed Instructor in Art at Chicago, and now he wants to throw up the job, out of nervousness and incompetence.

Gertrude and her nice nun called, and the Brocklebanks, and B. B. had a walk and interesting talk with the Serristori.

The pages of proof came Vinci — see Leonardo!

[170]

I Tatti, Thursday, Mar. 12, 1903

Busy writing B. B.’s letters. Mr. Murray drove down with me to town. I called on the Hornes and told Herbert that Bells had written to us to say they were going to publish his famous long-delayed *Botticelli* as a Fragment. They have had the plates and part of the text ready for nine years.

We met Miss Jane Harrison at 5.30. It was quite flat. I felt at once she was not “our kind”, in spite of Alys and Bertie’s enthusiasm. The evening seemed long and dull, and a moonlight walk I took her before tea was

deadly!

I Tatti, Friday, Mar. 13, 1903

The Vice Chancellor of Oxford and a nice young undergraduate he is

[171] travelling with came to lunch.

Later Zug came with his deadly tale of woe. The poor thing has actual melancholia the doctor says. One can see that he is in torture.

The evening was very dull again (although Horne came to make it

“glorious”, but Murray introduced us to a new sect, whose existence Podmore casually mentions in his book,[140](#_bookmark139) “the grass-eating Atheists of Ham Common, who are said to sleep with their toes out of the window”. He is extremely witty, Murray, and altogether delightful — a great contrast to Miss Harrison, who seems a regular old owl. She is having an imaginary “adventure” with Murray, and making herself ridiculous, as is the wont of those amorous old maids. Murray is of

[172] course absolutely unaware of it — he just thinks it’s awfully kind of the old lady (she is 53) to come and take care of him. But he devoutly wishes she wouldn’t! He longs to stay here, he has just the condition that suits him, quiet, freedom from worry, books and a little extremely congenial society. But she is determined to carry him off to cold, noisy uncomfortable hotels. He is in despair, but cannot see a way out of it, as he promised to go before he knew he could stay here.

He thought of shamming an illness that would keep him in bed, but his Puritan conscience would not permit it. She is not sensible or generous

enough to let him stay where it would be obviously so much better for him and we think it is

[173] because, like Don Quixote, she thinks she is having an “amorous adventure”. She talks like a caricature even of Miss Sellers’ caricature of her about her old flame, Mr. McColl — with his “eyes like bright stars reflected in a deep blue lake”, and so on — we winking and grinning with amusement behind her back. Emily and Logan say they think this is a pseudo-Jane, she is so different from the lively entertaining one they have met in London. We think it must be the fault of her flirtation.

I Tatti, Saturday, Mar. 14, 1903

I went down with Miss Harrison and Mr. Murray to the Museo Etrusco. I discovered she hadn’t the faintest sense of beauty, nor the slightest interest in it. The comedy goes on. Murray

[174] avoids her as much as he can, for she distinctly bores him. I am sure she explains it by his not wishing to compromise her in our eyes! They played whist in the evening, but she was rather huffy.

I Tatti, Sunday, Mar. 15, 1903

The Provost and his young friend came to lunch, and Miss Cradroft came afterwards and played to us. B. B. drove over to Miss Ede’s and got Emily who spent a pleasant day there. The De Morgans called.

The evening was most interesting, for Murrya threw a sizzling bomb into our midst by saying that he did not consider Milton one of the great English poets — these being Chaucer, Shakespeare, Shelley —

[175] and *Tennyson*!!! We were quite speechless with horror — a horror that only deepened when he read to us that intolerably vulgar poem “Maud”. Logan and I held ourselves in most nobly, and B. B., under Murray’s angelic influence, spread angels’ wings and brooded over the discussion with infinite mildness and persuasiveness. Miss Harrison remained an owl.

Murray ended by saying that Tennyson never rose to the height of Keats, but that he had written *so much* of a second-class kind, and that his “technique” was so fine. The glaring fact remained,however, that this cultured, sensitive man, simply revels in Tennyson’s poetry, as in almost no other in the English language!!

[176]

I Tatti, Monday, Mar. 16, 1903

Delightful continuation of our discussion on Tennyson. Murray is adorable. Miss Harrison seems old and dull and not at al interested in general thought.

It rained all day.

Thorold came to tea, and the inevitable Zug, with his request to have “two hours” in which to “state his position”.

I Tatti, Tuesday, Mar. 17, 1903

Amusing discussion about Poetry after lunch. We read our “Golden Urned” Wordsworth and Shelley, and Murray, adopting our standards, applied them still more severely, reducing the thing almost ad absurdum! But he was so genial and witty and sympathetic and delightful!

We had music, and Mr. Cannon came — that charming man.

[177]

I Tatti, Wednesday, Mar. 18, 1903 Still at work on Index.

Bernhard and I called on Gertrude in the afternoon. Her brother had written to her that her own income was £300 a year and that for the present he would allow her £240 more — “Yours truly, C. H. Tyler” — only this. I daresay it is the most important thing for her.

I Tatti, Thursday, Mar. 19, 1903

Cust and his miserable Boston boy came to lunch. Then I saw Emily off (to my regret) and then Logan and I drove to La Doccia to meet the great Edith Wharton. We found B. B. there already, it was clear, loathing her. We also disliked her intensely. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were there, he the editor of the *Century* Magazine. The little Laureate was also there, very elate at the prospect of having his Play produced. The only nice people were dear Mr. Cannon and his guest, Captain Fairbairn.

[178]

I Tatti, Friday, Mar. 20, 1903

We went to see the Duse, and found her in her rose garden, in a quiet, secluded little house in the midst of a *podere* looking towards the Incontro.

She showed us over her house, which is a little too Museum-y, and a little

barbaric below, but upstairs, where she lives, furnished just like a cultivated undergraduate’s room, with photos of “favorite” Italian pictures, of Keats’

grave and Shakspeare’s [*sic*] house, the death-mask of Beethoven, Blake’s books, etc., etc. Rather too many casts, however, and enlarged photographs, but very sympathetic, on the whole, and remarkable for an Actress. She has a mania of calling everything “Francescano” — like the California girl who called everything old “Louis XVI”. I don’t think she half knows what she means. She

[179] seemed very sad at going to Russia to play in French rôles, having devoted five years entirely to D’Annunzio, and very sad also that other people might now (so she has arranged with him) take up his Plays. She spoke simply and frankly about it, and I wondered if one of the reasons of her extreme seclusion (besides amourousness) might not be her tendency to speak frankly about herself, and take people into her intimacy.

I Tatti, Saturday, Mar. 21, 1903

At least she came over this morning and spoke without disguise about D’Annunzio, how he is overworking himself, and she asked me to arrange for more music to distract him in the evening. She spoke just

[180] as every woman speaks about her “men folk”, people with strange, unreasonable (yet admirable) wills of their own, who have to be “managed” for their good. There wasn’t the faintest pretence at anything other than the real situation. She is very direct. She is also *populaire*, but not at all disagreeably so.

Well, I got Miss Cracroft, and we had some delicious music, but it was clear that the Duse didn’t care much about it, and D’Annunzio, though he cares about it and knows a good deal, takes it <as> a springboard from which to leap into conversation.

The Cracrofts went at 11, but the other stayed till 12, the poor Duse awfully bored, awfully tired, but evidently

[181] not daring to make the first move. She is completely subject to him. He was talking pleasantly and sympathetically about old music (he loathes modern) and about general topics.

I Tatti, Sunday, Mar. 22, 1903

Logan and I called on Mrs. Ross. Mr. Morgan and the Cracrofts called, and then Mrs. Johnson whom we met at Mr. Cannon’s, bringing Miss Macdougall and Jo Smith, the Boston painter.

Mrs. Johnson had had the same impression from Mrs. Wharton that we had received, intolerable sniffiness, rudeness, self-absorption. In the evening we took Horne over with us to dine with Mr. Cannon,[142](#_bookmark141) who had three young American women, two daughters of Senator Jones, and a Mrs.

Wohner, all interested in education. They looked unpromising, but turned out to be interesting to talk to.

[182]

Grand Hotel, Siena, Monday, Mar. 23, 1903

We had a delightful drive across as far as Poggibonsi, where we took the train. To our surprise, the Countess Serristori was on the same train, with her husband and the interesting Pole she brought up on Saturday, M. Rembrelinski.[143](#_bookmark142)

Grand Hotel, Siena, Tuesday, Mar. 24, 1903 “Umberto”[144](#_bookmark143) was summoned to Pisa by a wire, so we were left an

extremely pleasant *parti carré* — all fairly frank, intelligent and sympathetic.

The day was delightful — seeing sights in the morning and driving to Belcaro in the afternoon.

Grand Hotel, Siena, Wednesday, Mar. 25, 1903

One even more pleasant day — hundreds of sympathetic things to talk about. They care something about art, but, especially in the Serristori, it is rather the awakening and satisfaction of curiosity, than any

[183] intimate sensation. She never looks long enough to let it soak in.

B. B. says that his observation goes to show that the Southern nature is

much more conceptual than the brooding, half mystic, slower Northern nature. D’Annunzio, for example, leaped at once into discussion when we were quite spell-bound by some great Toccata or Fugue of Bach. And here, it is the Pole rather than the Spaniard *qui se laisse pénétrer de l’oeuvre d’art*.

We are talking, all four with extreme frankness — how delicious it is to be sure of being understood!

Grand Hotel, Siena, Thursday, Mar. <26>, 1903

I have never been with people who were so little liable to misunderstand each other as we four. We can say anything.

Yesterday the Serristori said she was “*une femme ratée*”, and that with such a husband as Umberto she could make nothing of

[184] her life. “Your own fault for marrying an *ennuyeux*”, said Rembelinski.

Then both he and B. B. confessed their secret poetic cult for Women, and said that if that were taken away from them life would not be worth living. Yet of women neither of them think very highly. I cannot say I find in my heart a mystic cult of Man. I wish I had!

Well, they went at 3, and we drove about to various places, including San Bernardino and the Chigi Villa, Vico Bello.

Grand Hotel, Siena, Friday, Mar. 27, 1903

We drove to Asciano and back and saw the pictures. A long, windy drive, but we enjoyed it.

Grand Hotel, Siena, Saturday, Mar. 28, 1903

Went with Perkins to see all the Vannis.

To the gallery in the afternoon, and to call

[185] on the Countess Cortes and Miss Nield.

I finished my review of Maud Cruttwell’s *Della Robbia*, a good sound book.

I Tatti? / Grand Hotel, Siena, Sunday, Mar. 29, 1903

A letter from Mounteney saying he is going to marry Miss Head,[146](#_bookmark145) after all. *C’était écrit là-haut*. May the poor fellow find some peace and happiness at last. Bernhard feels sure she is not the woman to make him happy or to help him on, but I hope the years have changed her and taught here that even an “American girl” must consider others. He deserves a little joy, for really he has suffered enough (through *her* fault) these last 14 years to fill half a dozen lives. May the gods give him happiness at last!

We drove to the fine Badia d’Isola and discovered there a companion

picture to the much discussed “Rucellai” Madonna!

[186]

I Tatti, Monday, Mar. 30, 1903

We had a delightful drive across from Florence. Bernhard is beginning to be really frank, and he is growing more and more interesting. We discussed all about Jephson in an open way. I was very glad to. I do not know how I feel about his engagement, but I know I want him to be happy, and that I could not have made him so.

# \* \* \*

I Tatti, Friday, May 1, 1903

I had a most delightful three weeks at Friday’s Hill with the children and mother.

From the 14th to the 21st Ray and Karin had ten school friends there — and it was “blissful” they said!

Ray is getting more “grown up”, though she hates to admit it. Karin is very sweet and

[187]

good-tempered and witty.

I saw Gladys in Paris, at an asylum. She was finishing her “Cure”, but appeared by no means well yet. She and her silly mamma have got it into their heads that she is to marry the Duke of Norfolk!

I saw Roger and found poor Helen ill again, silent, melancholy, and full of

hallucinations.

I saw the dear Mikes too, and Britten and so on.

Mrs. Horne died, of cancer. I arranged Horne’s affairs with Bells.

In the mean time Bernhard had Dickinson staying here, and they appear to have thoroughly enjoyed each other’s society.

The day I came home, Miss Priestly came to lunch, and the Serristori with

M. Rembrelinski[147](#_bookmark146) [*sic*] to tea, delightful as ever. Bernhard is better — and delightful!

[188]

Yesterday I began to read Ricci’s *Pintoricchio* for review. Bernhard is soaking himself in Franciscan literature.

I called on the Chapmans (out), and Gertrude, and on Mr. Cannon; and in the morning we called on the Duse’s and had little chat with her nice daughter.

Today I called on Mrs. Ross, who came back with me. Mr. Lestrange came, and Mr. Cannon with Mrs. Volmer.

Then came the Duse, her daughter and the daughter’s friend — both of

them studying to be nurses. The Duse was very gracious to Mr. Cannon, and when he went she was *fascinating*. We spoke of Maeterlinck’s *Monna Vanna* and the way his wife acts if, and then, to our surprise,

[189]

she uttered just our sentiments about the dangers and horrors of putting literature and poetry on the stage! She said it was agony to her, for she knew how it tore away the ideal vision real literature calls up. With what vividness she spoke! She is charming, charming when she lets herself go.

Was she acting for us? Well, if she was, she did it well. The daughter and

friend listened silently grinning like Ray and Winny. I could have kissed them.

In the evening Houghton dropped in, and was very nice. Mrs. Ross said her one desire was never to see Lina again.

It is delicious to be home again. Bernhard is so nice, and so interesting.

[190]

I Tatti, Saturday, May 2, 1903 A most frightful rain storm all day.

I finished my review of Ricci’s *Pintoricchio* — a poor, muddled sort of book.

A long telegram came from Mounteney who is ill in bed at Marseilles. He has muddled things, he might just as well have been here. We were both going to dine with Mr. Cannon, but Bernhard gave out at the last minute, having a sort of colic, so I went alone. Some people named Rhodes were there, besides the Miss Jones and Mrs. Volmer. Mr. Cannon was very friendly and loaded me with various forms of expensive tobacco. Poor old Bernhard had a bread and milk dinner and plenty of pain, but was better by the time I got back.

I began to read aloud to him Leslie’s *Life of Constable*.[149](#_bookmark148)

[191]

I Tatti, Sunday, May 3, 1903 Beautiful weather again.

Bernhard better, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chapman came in the morning. He is the eccentric but delightful man who burnt off his hand — no one knows why. Now he goes on crutches, and is awfully delicate. She is also lame, but very distinguished looking, with ideas of her own. Her friend, Mrs.

Lyttleton, came to lunch. It was agreeable without being exciting. They were not really “in our world”.

Mrs. May Morris who came with the Houghtons to tea belongs there

much more, quiet as she is.

Douglas Ainslie[150](#_bookmark149) arrived int he evening, a boring, self-centred man, only saved by being interested in hearing stories about people.

I began Mrs. Ady’s *Isabella d’Este*[151](#_bookmark150)

[191]

I Tatti, Settignano, Monday, May 4, 1903

Went in to dressmaker’s, etc., in the morning, and brought my old friend Anna Hartshorneand her sister out to lunch. Anna is occupied with a girls’ school in Tokio, and has written a long book about Japan. She is interesting. The sister, Virginia, seemed a heavy, dull lump of fat. It poured in the afternoon.

I had a most disconsolate letter from Mounteney, who is very ill at Marseilles. It did not sound like an expectant bridegroom, and yet I hope

nothing has happened to damp these bright prospects. I should be deeply sorry, for I hate to have him always miserable, and the thought of his being in luck once more would be a great relief to my mind.

Poor Douglas Ainslie confided to Bernhard that he was in love with a

widow who had children, but that neither of them had money to marry on. This makes him very wretched.

[193]

I Tatti, Tuesday, May 5, 1903

Gertrude and her friend Miss Talcott came to lunch. Gertrude seeming very ill. I wonder if she *does* take opium?

Mrs. Ross came, and then Mr. Le Strange,[153](#_bookmark152) and Ainslie, and later Placci, with whom I went to see the Duse (out), and the Thorolds, with their guest, that decadent, Stenbockian priest, Father Rivers, came to dinner. Sacristy talk, as usual.

Finished article on Dublin Granacci for Reinach.

I Tatti, Wednesday, May 6, 1903

Maud Cruttwell to lunch, absolutely *extasiée* because I gave her a bit of the Duse’s handwriting. That awful Mrs. Halsey also, and a rather nice niece, Miss Wedgwood.

In the afternoon Bernhard and I drove Ainslie to call upon Miss Priestley

and the Burne-Murdochs,[154](#_bookmark153) in lovely places beyond Bellosguardo.

I Tatti, Thursday, May 7, 1903 Quiet morning. Douglas Ainslie left after lunch.

I went down and took the Hartshornes and

[194]

to the Medici tombs and the Pazzi Chapel, then called on Mrs. Chapman, who had just bought a bronze Venus made by the Venetian forger, Marini, who took me in six years ago. Also dressmaker’s.

A nice evening to ourselves.

I Tatti, Friday, May 8, 1903

Lunched at Mrs. Ross’ to meet a rich American, Mr. Rogers, whom Bernhard positively abhorred. While we were there a telegram came from Jephson saying he was coming to us tomorrow. We both think he is in trouble, engagement fallen through, or something. But I *hope* not. I hope it is only friendliness. Still, I can never have any confidence again that he is really frank with me, and his not telling me of his engagement until after 5 months has put a complete barrier between any intimate even friendship, although

[0195]

I do wish him very, very well, and retain a genuine fondness for him. But I truly wish that instead of coming here, he were well and on his way to England to meet Miss Anna Head.

In the afternoon Bernhard went to the Academy, and Horne came in the evening. My intercessions with his publishers, Bell, have been successful, and he has promised to finish his long delayed (ten years!) *Botticelli* by Christmas.

I Tatti, Saturday, May 9, 1903

A delicious quiet day with Bernhard, reading Le mistiche nozze di S. Francesco e Madama Povertà.

The Cust family came to call in the afternoon, and then I saw Gertrude, who is ill in bed, looking ghastly, and met Jephson, who looked perfectly awful — a mere skeleton and so livid, so worn. He seemed desperately depressed, and very grateful for kindness.

The Houghtons came to dinner.

[196]

I Tatti, Settignano, Sunday, May 10, 1903

Jephson too ill to talk of himself and his plans until nearly midnight, when all his worries came out in a burst. I can’t enter into these here, but his American fiancée seems to be terribly selfish and inconsiderate,and he is in a miserable, upset condition, without a penny of money.

Some Americans, Miss Mitchell and Miss Phhillips came to lunch, and a painter — who makes splendid copies — Miss Williams, called. Bernhard and I had a drive, and called on Mrs. Thorold who said that innumerable abbots and priests had thanked her for taking Algar out of the sacred profession. She said he had been engaged 22 times before he was engaged to her, and that he only proposed to her because he thought she wouldn’t let him kiss her without — wherein, she said, he was quite mistaken!!

[197]

I Tatti, Monday, May 11, 1903 Quiet day, with Maud Cruttwell to lunch

Bernhard went to Santa Croce to study the Daddi-Gaddi problem. I wanted to go but had a bad headache.

Mounteney spoke much of his affairs I think he has got himself in for a

rather miserable life with those two American women, for Miss Head’s mother is coming to live with them. They have humiliated him in a hundred ways already — yesterday sending for a list of his debts, like a school-boys’s, when they ought, as one can see very clearly, send him the money he lost through them, which was £8,800! Instead of that they send him reproaches for being so silly as to put it in the investments Miss Head advised!

[198]

Albergo Tre Mori, Montevarchi, Sunday, May 17, 1903 Skipped over the intervening week, but there was not much to record.

Prof. Tarbell[155](#_bookmark154) came again — such a really nice man — rather disgusted with Zug — as was inevitable.

The Sedgwicks came to call, and we lunched with the much nicer

Chapmans. Horne came to dine one night, and I paid several calls. Jephson went to bed, very ill — grave disease threatening — and very low in his mind.

Bernhard “grew in grace” daily.

I read MacColl’s *Nineteenth Century Art*,[156](#_bookmark155) and he read Sabatier’s St. Francis of Assisi[157](#_bookmark156) — at last!!

A Mr. Edward Dent, of Kings’ and student of old music called, and we liked him.

The Houghtons came to dinner last night.

[199]

Today we started (after a call from Prof. Urielli) at 10, and got to Incisa for lunch.

At San Giovanni we found a lot of pictures, among them Serlaio’s

masterpiece! The day was cool and beautiful for driving.

Albergo Fiorentinno, Borgo San Sepolcro, Tuesday, May 17, 1903 We finished our drive to Arezzo, getting there in time for lunch. After a

general look round we came on here — such a wonderful climb over the

mountains.

This morning we looked about the town. We thought of giving back our Sassetta to the Church it was painted for, but found they had utterly made

[200]

over a fine Gothic church into an insignificant nondescript stucco horror — unworthy of receiving our altarpiece!

Then we had a drive to Pieve St. Stefano — unforgettable in its calm and beauty. Nightingales sang on every tree, and the sunshine sparkled on the waters of the Tiber. No pictures there, for the town had been under water 40 years ago for 8 months, when the Tiber was damned up by a sort of avalanche fall.

I Tatti, Wednesday, May 20, 1903

Saw Città di Castello and Anghiari, where we discovered a fine early unknown Mattreo.

Then came across

[201] to Arezzo, and so home, finding Jephson

looking much better and much more cheerful.

I Tatti, Thursday, May 21, 1903

Went with Bernhard to see Gertrude, and told her we feared she had the morphine habit, which she stoutly denied. We may be wrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick came to dine and Horne, and the evening was rather dull.

I Tatti, Friday, May 22, 1903 Gertrude again — shopping — I forget what.

Bernhard settling down to his Sassetta.

I Tatti, Saturday, May 23, 1903

Houghton and Mr. Cannon to dine — not quite so dull, but moderate.

[202]

I Tatti, Sunday, May 24, 1903 Went to see Maud and Gertrude.

The Houghtons with Mrs. Bishop their “Beauty” came to tea. Then we three called on Mrs. Ross and had a walk.

Lina has had a boy. I received a wire in the morning.

Eugénie’s husband, Mr. Strong, appears to be dying of “pernicious anaemia”.

I Tatti, Monday, May 25, 1903

Christina Bremner came for the night. We all dined at Mr. Cannon’s, were it was extremely beautiful. But we ate too much.

I Tatti, Tuesday, May 26, 1903

Christina and Jephson argue fiercely all morning about “Female Suffragists”, she little suspecting that he had once

[203] been engaged to the fiercest of the whole lot! She went at 3, and soon after a delicious refreshing storm passed over the country cooling its hot surface and bring<ing> out all the hidden dramatic odours of the earth and woods.

A Mrs. MacMahon with two daughters, one an archaeological student, came to tea, the Thorolds, and Mrs. Hooker (Evelyn’s friend) and her daughter came to dinner.

I quite forgot yesterday — how that Placci came to lunch, and the

Serristori and M. Rembrelinski for a *four hours’ call* afterwards!

[204]

I Tatti, Wednesday, May 27, 1903

D’Annunzio called this morning top thank B. B. for a letter he had sent him about his new book, the *Laudi*,which he had sent with the dedication: “*A Bernardo Berenson — all’alto e libero spirito che naviga i mari lontani questo poema navale è fraternamente offerto*”.

He said he was resting till June and was then going to write three plays, one called *Atalanta Baglioni* (founded on Materazzo), another a problem play, and another a peasant, legendary play of unconscious swiftly reacting people.

[205]

Logan writes: “Douglas and Joe have met Galdys Deacon and Douglas is fascinated by her. A friend of theirs met her at a dinner party at the house of some Catholics; and the Duke of Norfolk was there. She calls the Duke “Marie”, which is one of his names, and she played all sorts of games with him, putting an antimacassai on his head, and making him pretend he was the Pope, while the Kinsella’s friend she dressed up as the King, and then they acted a long interview between Pope and King.

After than Miss Deacon said, “Marie has another game he loves to play — play your game, Marie.” Thereupon the Duke went out of the room, took off his coat, and came in on all fours, with a large green cushion on his back, and trolled around the room like a dog. Doesn’t it seem incredible — a man of 60, the greatest nobleman, and the most honoured and respected, in England!

[206]

I Tatti, Thursday, June 4, 1903

We passed eight days pleasantly enough. Mounteney went off yesterday with the doctor to the Bagni di Lucca. He was better. I saw a little too much of him to retain much feeling of romance, but I keep a friendly, well- wishing sort of sentiment, with an easy intimacy which usually comes from relationship.

The important (to me) thing is that B. B. has set to work on his article for the Burlington, upon Sassetta, but really a discussion of why European art is less “religious” than — Chinese! What he has done is extremely interesting, and shows that this year of rest has by no means been wasted on him.

“Fafner” Hapgood with wife and child arrived tonight. Ray’s 16th birthday!!!!!

[207]

I Tatti, Friday, June 5, 1903

I fear a quarrel with Roger Fry is impending for he has not been above- board with regard to the article upon which he and B. B. were supposed to be collaborating. I am awfully sorry, for I am really fond of him. Horne is in it too, but poor Horne we never expect anything but treachery. I am so sorry.

We had our Bach, with lots of Americans. Nicer than any of them was May Morris who spent the night. She was Evelyn’s friend, and I keep

thinking of it.

I Tatti, Saturday, June 6, 1903

May Morris stayed till 3. I drove to trown with Mrs. Hapgood, Neith, and the dear little boy, whom I love already.

Papafava called, and Miss Mitchell. Horne to dine.

[208]

I Tatti, Sunday, June 7, 1903

Wrote my review of MacColl’s book on Nineteenth Century Art. Called on Aunt Janet, who was superb.

Miss Cracroft

I Tatti, Monday, June 8, 1903 Looked at the Lawson Villa.

Benn to lunch. He says the Lee-Hamilton baby has no proper division in its heart between left and right. It is very serious.

Nice drive with Neith and Fafner. I like them.

I Tatti, Tuesday, June 9, 1903

Finished MacColl. Saw Caulfield’s villa.[159](#_bookmark158)

Called on Miss Cracroft and heard Chopin and Bach. Thorolds to dine.

[209]

I Tatti, Tuesday, June 16, 1903

The Hapgoods went yesterday. We enjoyed having them, and although we found Fafner narrowed, as we called it, submerged, as his friends there call it, he retains great sweetness and geniality. But he has practically reduced his interest in life to “bumming” in the low quarters of New York. Literature, history, art — civilization in short — have no interest for him, and he tends to make a philosophy of life that deliberately excludes them as unworthy of attention.

[210] His little wife is still waiting to find out her value in the world. She is ready to revolt, but until her book comes out, she doesn’t quite know whether by herself she could make anything of life. She bothers Hutchins about the narrowness of the life he gives her, and he says it’s *her* fault, because she won’t exert herself to attract and interest people. She is in truth very silent. we had a long, friendly talk about their matrimonial situation, which is strained, there is no doubt. But I think they will pull through.

[211]

We had music again, and another visit from May Morris, who is very interesting.

Henry Van Dyck of New York came also, and to dinner, and had what he thought was a glorious talk, but which we found interesting simply and solely because at each move he displayed so clearly that he wasn’t “in it”, although he thought he was.

One evening Bernhard used a nice expression — about the qualities a man in love will “infatuate into” his lady.

[212]

Bernhard is getting on splendidly with his Sassetta. It is a new departure for him to be looking for expression and “soul” in pictures!

I am pottering away over a dull little article on the matters we discovered at Borgo San Sepolcro and Anghiari.

We are also thinking of buying this villa.

Mounteney has left Bagni di Lucca. He wrote me most despairing letters every day he was there. I do hope all

[213] will go well with him. But as I have ceased to infatuate into him any false values, I must admit that, except as a mere human being, he seems to me of no particular importance, and of remarkably little interest for me.

Last night we drove Mrs. Ross over to dine with May Morris’ friends, Mr.

and Mrs. Middlemar. They are nice people. But Miss Morris is much more our kind.

[214]

Hotel Bregaglia, Promontogno, Saturday, July 4, 1903 Another month! I am lazy. It was delicious weather up till about the 25,

and then it became hot. B. B. went to Bagni di Lucca and persuaded the Hapgoods to take a house there. Mrs. Ross and I followed him, after I had got the Villa in order. We saw various people during that last month Horrible Jews named Friedewald, dull well meaning Van Dyck, writer on Art, the dour Houghtons, Kitty Hall and her sister, etc. A pleasant four days together at Bagni, and then B. B. and I drove across to Pracchia and came on to Milan, taking to Cavenaghi our Turas and Giottino.

Yesterday we came here, snatched from the fire of Italy. Bernhard’s book is out!!!

[215]

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, <Wednesday,> July 6, 1903

We drove yesterday from Promontogno to this enchanting place. Today we walked in the morning round the lake, and this afternoon to Pontresina. The air makes one feel eighteen years old again!

I forgot to put down that Jephson has had to go into a Rest Cure for six weeks, for his heart, and that his marriage, for the same reason, has to be put off for a while.

Ray and Karin lst Firday received prizes at a grand function, for being at

the head of their respective classes.

Bernhard is reading Byron’s Letters and the American volume of the

*Cambridge History*. I am still on Parkman.

[216]

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Tuesday, July 7, 1903 Walked by the Villa Story in the morning. Called on the Countess

Serristori, and found her walking with her children. She came to tea with us, and was (as always) most interesting. She is just 30, and only beginning to feel “how times flies”, and to realize that some day she will die.

We walked to Celerina and back.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Wednesday, July 8, 1903 Walked to the Ober-Alpina in the morning and to Cresta alta for tea with

the Contessa Serristori in the afternoon.

Finished my review of Ludwig’s *Carpaccio*[160](#_bookmark159) and wrote to Roger, Dell, Mother, Giglioli and Placci.

Snowing and thermometer at zero!

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Thursday, July 9, 1903

B. B. wrote to Mrs. Gardner this morning, offering her that wonderful Rogier van der Weyden Annunciation for £11,000.

We had a short walk in the morning, and walked with the Serristori and the Duchessa di Terranova (her sister) to the Ober-Alpina in the afternoon. I had

[217]

not had enough walking, so went to the Bad and home by the Lake. The air is miraculous.

Wrote to mother, Lina, Miss Hall, Miss Hopkinson, Dowdeswell, Roger. The children and their Grandma are jubilant over Ray’s having won the

Cup at the swimming contest. Ray herself writes a letter full of bliss. She seems really very happy. Harold Worthington overheard her, at a cricket match, talking to some of her friends about the tyranny of Ideas. She said if you once got the *Idea* that you didn’t care for childish plays, you had to obey it, no matter how you hated it. Harold pities her very much. He thought it was *so sad*!

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Friday, July 10, 1903 Walked with the Serristori and Terranova to the little Lake and chatted.

Walked, also in the morning. Began Byron’s letters.

[218]

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Saturday, July 11, 1903

Walked round the Lake in morning, and from Sils-Maria to the Fexthal in the afternoon with the same companions — the most beautiful walk of all.

Mrs. Ross writes that “the Duse came back unexpectedly (a foolish thing to do) and found D’Annunzio in the arms of a ‘bella donna’. Furious, she put her trunks back on the cab, and departed. All Settignano (that vast metropolis) is talking about it”.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Sunday, July 12, 1903 Walked round the Lake in the morning, and to Celerina via the Pond in

the afternoon.

Called on the Serristori. Clyde Fitch, the playwright, and a musician from Boston, Mr. Noyes, came to dine. Clyde Fitch very amusing and talkative — humour and observation and naive vanity combined, rather winning.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Monday, July 13, 1903 Rather lazy and made rain the excuse for staying indoors. But in the

afternoon walked with our usual companions and the Vicomte de

[219] Bingham (Minister to Mexico)[161](#_bookmark160) to Celerina and had tea.

Ray is is wavering between Classics and Mathematics, and I wrote her a letter in favour of the former.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Tuesday, July 14, 1903

Walked separately in the morning, owing to **the usual quarrel about my leaving Bernhard in the lurch and going to the children**. It would have been a quarrel, but I walked away.

In the afternoon we walked round by the Meierei to Celerina — a long walk — with our usual companions. M. de Bingham is not remarkably intelligent.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Wednesday, July 15, 1903

Drove with Clyde Fitch and Mr. Noyes to have lunch at the Belvoir. Clyde Fitch will have 19 plays running next autumn!

Bernhard and I walked back to the Bad by Pontresina.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Thursday, July 16, 1903 Same party walked up along the Morteratsch to a hut — a long walk.

M. Gaudarax, a fat Basque of mild literary leanings was with us.

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Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Friday, July 17, 1903 Scirocco — even here!

The proofs of Bernhard’s *Sassetta* came, and we polished them off with great interest.

I wrote scores of letters, and we toddled out a little.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Saturday, July 18, 1903 Wrote and toddled out.

Drove to Sils with the Serristori and her sister and the latter’s eldest daughter — a bright child of 12 — and walked to Maloya.

Hotel Caspar Badrutt, St. Moritz, Sunday, July 19, 1903 Received the *Burlington*, and fell into a rage at not finding Perkins’ article

on Vanni.

Wallked to Pontresina.

Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1903

I left St. Moritz on the 21st, and came to London for five days — ill with ptomaine poisoning all the time.

We came down in a motor-car on the 26th, but I went up on Monday and had two wisdom teeth out. Karin went to Jersey. When I returned I was very ill for ten days, the poisoning having gone to my jaws and glands. The abscesses were awful, it was altogether most painful.

[221]

Senda Berenson arrived on the 5th and Bernhard on the 7th and Bertie on the 9th, Alys being already here. Bertie has gone, I think he feels restless away from London, he is so excited about Free Trade. Ray has Winnie, and they are putting Kingshotts in order for the Michael Fields. I have been too ill to attend to it, so I persuaded them it was “Fun”.

Bernhard came home quite happy at having drawn just the right line in regard to the Countess Serristori, and escaped a heartache, while remaining very fond of her. He saw her constantly after I left. He is much pleased with his Wisdom, and I wonder and admire. I **am sure I should have had an attack!**

Poor old Jephson is out of his Rest Cure again, but the doctor forbids his marriage till January — if then. he says Miss Head is “very sweet and

considerate”, so I hope all is going on well.

We expect the Frys at High Buildings today, and the Trevys here tomorrow.

[222]

Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903

I have left some time unwritten of. We had a visit from Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr, and her friend, Mary Garrett, and two days of really interesting talk. Carey wonders at us for coming to America. She says there are no interesting or free people there.

The “Michael Fields” moved in to my cottage on Monday which Ray and Winnie had set in order, and they remain delighted with it. The Frys are at High Buildings, with Dickinson, and Janet Dodge, with the Puffers at Green Hill. So we are a colony.

The Sante Conversazioni have begun. It is Michael who draws out B. B. by her questions and Field by her silent intense appreciation. Today he talked about the emancipation from art he had gained from art. Art has made him see itself in all nature, has imposed her laws on his eyes, so that he no longer

[223] needs her aid to get at Beauty. But the impossibility is to communicate this, the “aphasia” of today being taken up with other things He needs a new language to force people to see the *Art* in works of art. His own experience is analogous to that of St. Francis to whom was revealed the Soul of each human being, who was delivered from the merely illustrative words and actions, who saw them and felt them differently, following the laws of his revelation What B. B. sees in nature is a quality which appears only accidentally in the greatest artists. He longs to communicate it, but has no means, and flounders about in pedantry and connoisseurship.

[224]

Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Sunday, Sept. 6, 1903

Pleasant weeks have gone by, diversified by talks and walks, visits and drives. The “Michael Fields” are somehow the best conversation inspirers we know. It is pleasant, too, having the Frys so close at hand.

There has been swimming — all the clans gathering — and what out-of- doors life the extremely rainy season permitted.

one day Bernhard and I drove up to Hindhead to meet Mounteney and his fiancée, Miss Anna Head. we found her quite charming — unexpectedly. I think we should like her quite well if we saw more of her.

Our great trouble at presentis the apparently imminent smash of the

*Burlington Magazine*. It is a great pity.

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Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Monday, Sept. 7, 1903

I spend the day with Roger Fry, going over the balance-sheet of the *Burlington* with Mr. Dell, and interviewing the publisher, Spottiswoode. It was not very entertaining, and one got tired of the muddle and the sordidness.

And then in the evening, when Roger and Helen came up, the question of

policy, if we succeed in reorganizing the *Magazine*, brought out such differences of opinion that, even from our point of view, it seemed almost unworkable. Roger, with his small experience of Italy, is convinced that he has a perfect right to be cocksure of his attributions, and he will not really admit that training makes any difference. *Au fond*, he is in these matters, almost in the journalistic level of poor Dell himself!

Ray and Karin went off for a week’s visit to their beloved Winnie, at Penmannder.

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Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Saturday, Sept. 12, 1903

The week has been spent over the Burlington. It was diverted me greatly. We have talked out most of our differences with Roger — they remain very real ones. Roger and I went to town and got his friend Mr. Holmes to nose out the state of affairs at the office. It was simply shocking. All the money had gone to the small band of “promoters”, and all the work had been don on ’tic! The result was that the creditors — who can’t get anything out of the present bankrupt concern, have consented to capitalize their debts if a satifactory new company is formed to carry on the *really* going concern. For Dell has made it “go”, along with the money! One must give him that credit.

On Tuesday we went on Lord Russell’s

[227] motor to spend the night at his house on Beacon Hill — a most romantic and lovely place. His wife seems a fat, silly vulgar “Biddy” — *hideous* and slatternly. I daresay she is good-natured.

Senda went on Thursday. The “Mikes” are still here, dreadfully excited

over the Burlington crisis.

Jephson has come to spend Sunday. He can’t pay us our money yet — curse it! There is something likeable about him, if you are struck that way. I can easily imagine finding him intolerable, but I am glad to feel a liking, even a kind of affection for him.

Gertrude Morton writes that after all she is in love with Rob, so it has all been a hideous mistake. “Let it be a lesson!”

Blaydes called on B. B. eager to pour out his rage against me, which his

lovely Alice has stirred up in him. He went away, however, to think over his own sins. I hope we shall hear no more of them.

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Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Sunday, Sept. 13, 1903 Bernhard received a letter from Dr. Richter saying he meant to review

foavourably what he acknowledged was a worthless volume of Langton Douglas’ Crowe and Cavalcaselle (vol. I), as he was in business relations with Doublas. He then said (practically) that unless B. B. made friends with the man and promised to review favourably vol. II, Douglas would put in it a lot of Italian Venturi gossip very damaging to Bernhard ——!!! We enjoyed reading this to the Frys, who begin to believe in the plots and machinations of the Strong faction.

I walked with Jephson to Upperfold, and returned to have tea with “the Mikes”. Jephson seems puzzled by his lady love’s moods, but not resentful. I hope they will be fairly happy — as human lives go. I strongly advised him to get married at once.

His dear friend Lady Sudely, who has stood by him with devotion for twelve years, suddenly wrote and said she wished never to see him again, and that it was *final*. No reason given, and the letter written only a few days after most

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cordial and even enthusiastic letters to Miss Head. I think it’s some religious fad, but Jephson is frightfully cut up.

Friday’s Hill, Haslemere, Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1903 Yesterday Mr. Holmes came down and we talked Burlington for many

hours at the Frys’.

Capital subscribed for starting £2,050 Preliminary (i.e. printers’) expenses 1,945 Salaries for first 6 months 1950

Cost of producing first 2 numbers 3,175

Were there ever such figures?

Later, we called on the Mikes, and in the evening the children returned from their visit to Walter and Winnie.

Today Roger and Helen came up for more talk. B. B. got perfectly furious

at my showing Roger part of my review of Ludwig, and quarrelled with me on the way to Hindhall to see the Heads. Fortunately, I did not lose my temper, but only felt sorry for the bad effect on his health.

I advised Jephson to get married *quand-même*, and he asked me to talk with

Mrs. Head about it! Miss Head, with all her charm, seems to me very selfish and moody, not a happy nature. I should scarcely think them really suited. He finds her very puzzling.