The Diaries of Mary Berenson, 1903-1904

1. Mary Whitall Berenson, I Tatti, Settignano, Florence

Trip to America, September 1903

[006] R. M. S. Majestic, White Star,

Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1903

Off at last, after so many fears and indecisions. We were like people standing naked by a cold bath, afraid to plunge in. Now we have plunged. We are off to the Unknown.

Liverpool and its sky were looking very beautiful and Turner - Whistler-esque as we steamed away towards sunset time. It is more than 18 years since I came to England. Good heavens, I was as green and raw and horrible as most of the Americans on this ship. I burn all over thinking of it.

It is nearly 10 years since Bernhard has been there.

What fun it is going back together!!

[007] The Reef, Newport, R. I., Thursday, Oct. 8, 1903

We landed this morning. There is nothing to say about the voyage, except that it was a *Bore*. We had, I think, *seasickness rentré*. However, we read a great many volumes of the new translation of *The Arabian Nights* (Mardrus),[1](#page1) and got thoroughly into the spirit of it!

Our custom house inspector this morning looked like a roguish debonnair priest. He said he was one of the old-fashioned kind — *he* didn’t approve of turning a gentleman’s trunk inside-out; but as there were so many “watchers” around, if we wanted to give him a five dollar bill we must give it to our porter *for* [008] him, which we did, and no nonsense about it.

Grace and Bond’s new wife — who resembles Edith in the most startling way![2](#page1)

— came to meet us, and they and Bond lunched with us at the Greek restaurant just by the “depot”. We had Oyster Cocktail and soft-shell crabs.

Coming up to New York it was beautiful — at a distance — that remarkable pile of huge buildings, the sides of those great towers catching the morning sunshine. But later the effect was confused and unfinished and slip-shod and rather sordid.

Coming up, the foliage was beautiful, and we were struck with the garden-less, fence-less houses, all of wood, but painted in [009] very pleasant colours. At a level crossing we saw the sign, “Stop listen and look”.

Mr. Davis met us at the quay and brought us to this luxurious house, filled with a strange mixture of beautiful things after dinner, and went through the motions of an appreciator. But I felt he was just as ready to go through them apropos of bad things as of good.

B.B. contented himself with saying, “Murder!” or “Jimmy Whiskers!” at the really fine things. he says he is so sick of the art-critic’s vocabulary, which he finds everyone can use as well as he [010] can, that he never wants to use a word of it again! But much must be forgiven Davis, for he really has some very beautiful things. One little squatting figure, Egyptian about 3000 B.C., has the *whole of art* in it!

Davis has some good tales and poems. Among the latter:

“There once was a monk of Liberia

Whose existence grew dreary and drearier



1. *Le livre des mille nuits et une nuit,* traduction littérale et complète du texte arabe par Joseph Charles Mardrus, 16 vol., (Paris: Charpentier et Fasquelle, 1903-1914). **Biblioteca Berenson****Asian & Islamic Collection PJ7721 .M36 1903**
2. Persons identified in the editions of Mary’s earlier diaries or in the editions of the letters of Bernhard and Mary are not identified again here.

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So he broke from his cell

With a hell of a yell,

And eloped with the Mother Superior.”

Grace said that people’s social standing over here is largely determined by the number of bath-rooms in their houses. If so, we are in very high circles, for there are quantities here, with solid porcelain baths (Mr. Davis told me), not the or’nery porcelain ones so many people have! [011]

The Reef, Newport, Friday, Oct. 9, 1903

The surf is dashing almost under our windows, dashing in from the open sea whose other shore is Spain. B. B. spoke truly when he said that the chief objection to America is that it is “eight days from shore”.

I was what they term “called” this morning, by an obviously male knock at 7.30. I had to draw my own curtains and prepare my own bath. But the hot rolls at breakfast made up!

The storm has been too violent for us to go out. A Mr. and Mrs. Fearing came to lunch - he an awfully fat, intensely jolly man, something like Terence Bourke. He told a good story of [012] a young lady who asked a friend if she wasn’t afraid to wear an opal ring she had. “Why no, what’s the matter with opals?” “They’re terribly unlucky!” “How do you know.” “Why, my grandfather gave one as a present to my grandmother, and she died before they were married.”

Several fat people called in the afternoon, and we had a great deal of general talk with Davis, who really shows to considerable advantage in his own house.

The Reef, Newport, Saturday, Oct. 10, 1903

The storm is still frightful, but the surf grows finer and finer. Mrs. Andrews at breakfast told us of a Southern poem which began

The moon is hanging in the Western sky

Like a cutting from a large thumbnail

- which illustrates very well the famous [013] poem of J. Gordon Kugler entitled The South

“Alas for the South — her books have brown fewer!

She was never much given to Literature.”

I drove into Newport with Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Andrews in the afternoon, to find Sophy Buffum,[3](#page2) my old friend. She and her family have just left for Europe. A Miss Busk came to lunch, tall, athletic Gibson girl, very simple. We played

Bridge in the evening. I have almost lost the feeling of being in America.

The Reef, Newport, Sunday, Oct. 11, 1903

Spent the morning looking at Mr. Davis’ wonderful Egyptian illustrated books; also in going [014] with the catalogue of his Italian pictures. The famous Forgery (Filippino) holds a place of honour in the Drawing Room, and the still more famous Tricca -Leonardo hangs opposite to his desk. The little forgery Logan (unwittingly) sold him also has a place of honour. Mr. Davis is one of those who will not admit a mistake — what a strange state of mind! The funny thing would be to know whether he admits it inside and just bluffs it out, or whether no doubts assail him as to his own omniscience.

He tells us the most marvellous tales about the “goings-on” of the idle rich here

- about how one lady brought the whole Philharmonic orchestra over from Boston for a concert; another a theatrical troupe, from New York, closing the New York Theatre and [015] paying damages, and putting up a private Theatre for the night, whose electric plant alone cost $10,000. Another still had up all the organ grinders and their monkeys from New York for a barrel-organ concert. Another lady paid $250 dollars for an entrée of “incubated turkeys” for one dinner. And so on. Mr. Longyear of Marquette built an opera house and gave it to his wife “to play with”. Millions figure in conversation like hundreds at home.



3 In list of addresses on p. 239: ‘Buffum, Mrs. Wm., 28 Greenough Place, Newport R. I.’

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We had a drive today in spite of the wind, and saw some of the houses — one fine (imitation) Colonial, several in French style, especially Mr. Coates’ and Mr. Berevin’s, a darling gardener’s cottage of Mr. Taylor’s, and Mrs. Winty Chandler’s house, which we rather liked.

Mr. Davis went away this evening on [016] the Western tour of a week into which he crowds all his business for the year. He did what men of affairs so seldom have the sense to do — he retired while he was still young enough to form a new life, at 45, and no one has been able to induce him, although they tried very hard, to go back again. His passion is now Egypt — he is spending vast sums in excavations. Last year he brought to light the Tomb of Totmes IV[4](#page3) with a wonderful chariot. He is now trying to find the Tomb of the great Queen Hatasu.

189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Monday, Oct. 12, 1903

Drove about in the morning. I drove to the Old Point and saw Grandpa Cope’s house where I spent so many pleasant days.

We left at 3, and Rachel met us at Boston and piloted us and our trunks here. [017] She is an attractive creature, with eyes like Miss Sellers’ — evidently the most intellectual, the most “our kind” of the family. I have taken a great liking to her.

Of course the little mother was in a great state of excitement. The father has behaved very well so far. He seems nicer than I expected, and the house is nicer.

189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1903

Went in to Boston — deafened and dazed by the noise and swiftness of transport, and the numbers of people transported. Rachel nicer and nicer.

189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1903

Walked up Blue Hill — the wide view radiant with autumn colours. We are full

of marvel at the marvellous system of getting about.

189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Thursday, Oct. 15, 1903

Went to Cambridge to have tea with Mrs. Toy, who had Santayana and Leslie Hopkinson to [018] meet us, also a Mr. Andrew, who rejoices in an Orchestrelle.

Had a swim in the bay with Rachel in the early morning.

189 Grampian Way, Dorchester, Friday, Oct. 16, 1903

We spent the day at Willowbrook Cottage, Beverly, with Gertrude and Mrs. Tyler. The Cottage is perfect and in perfect taste, early colonial, every detail being in keeping. I think I never entered such a harmonious house. “Brother Charles” has that at least in his favour! Gertrude seemed very ill, but she is determined to sail next week, so I suppose she will. Her mother seemed very pleasant and agreeable. She took us a most lovely drive, and we “remained” over the beauty of the great wooden villas — some at least. The country was heavenly.

Rabbi Fleischer came in the evening — a young handsome man with an eloquent passion for Democracy — full of phrases, not much real thought, but a nice, kind nature.

I forget to mention the family party of the night before, with [019] an old uncle who has changed his name of Michliszanski[5](#page3) for that of Goldman (poor as he is!), and who has a great head like Tolstoi’s, and a cousin named Hinda Coen (née Schwarz), rather awful, and her nice but hopeless-looking husband James.



1. Thutmose IV
2. Bernhard’s mother’s maiden name, Judith (Michliszanski) Berenson.

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Green Hill, Brookline, [6](#page4) Saturday, Oct. 17, 1903

We arrived here in a pour, but found cheerful fires and a very cordial welcome from that extraordinary person, “Mrs. Jack Gardner”. The house is comfortable and old-fashioned, a real “family mansion”. Mrs. Gardner’s *protégé*, Proctor the musician, came to dine, and then we all went to the first Symphony Concert — a glorious orchestra and indifferent or positively painful modern music, Tschaikowski, Bruneau, even Brahms not to delightful. I sat next to Mrs. Sarah Whitman, and near my old Prof. of Ethics, Josiah Royce, in whom Bob traced a strong likeness to George Moore, the philosopher. We met a beautiful Mrs. Parkman, and [020] Mr. and Mrs. Higginson, who run the Concerts. We came back to a perfectly dark house, and had great trouble finding matches to light the gas in our rooms. Mrs. Gardner has a mania, evidently, for saving on lighting! The moment we leave our rooms a servant rushes in not to turn down the gas, but to turn it out, and int he music room where we sit, there is only one lamp, and little odds and ends of candles which she lights to see certain things and then puts out instantly. She lives very sparingly too, wearing old clothes and eating almost nothing. It is a chance for me to grow thin! She evidently cares nothing for physical comforts — it is rather fine.

I discover I am running over to the doings and impressions of Green Hill, Brookline, Sunday, Oct. 18, 1903

When we walked in the gardens with her, and enjoyed especially her Italian [021] garden, so perfectly in tone, and then drove through the “Arboretum” a lovely park with the trees all selected and named for educational purposes. Then we lunched at the Country Club, and had a famous divorcée and a famous co-respondent pointed out to us.

Mr. Dwight and Mr. Swift called, and then Santayana, who stayed to dine. He was charming, but we found it hard not to talk to him, and even our hostess’ head, for she isn’t a scrap interested in thought, or even in conversation, unless she carries it on, when it generally turns upon some marvellous exploit of her own.

But she has the right! For her exploits are marvellous, and her success in practical things of a high order justifies anything.

Santayana told us something that remains in my mind as a *horror*. He went to visit Rockefeller’s son-in-law, [022] Mr. Strong, at his gorgeous home in Lakewood, a house whose supreme luxury was an automatic heating arrangement which kept all the rooms up to 70º. Santayana said he lay raging all night on the outside of his bed. Opening the window simply meant inviting an automatic rush of hot air into his room!

Green Hill, Brookline, Monday, Oct. 19, 1903

Walked and chatted in the morning and after lunch drove to Boston and saw the Library. The Puvis’ along the sides of the entrance hall are very fine — the large one around the door of Bates Hall less successful. The Abbeys were awful, but the Sargeants[7](#page4) surpassed for vulgarity and triviality and ugliness anything we ever saw! No modern Italian could be worse. We did not say a word to Mrs. Gardner, who, we think, admires them. On [023] our way back we picked up Mr. Proctor, in whom she takes a very tender, preoccupying interest, and just as we arrived Evelyn’s[8](#page4) friend, Ellen Hale, came, bringing her old father, Edward Everett Hale, a grand old figure of more than fourscore years. He is full of genial anecdotes apropos of everything, and he has a massive head. Then we walked with Mrs.



1. Isabella and her husband John L. Gardner inherited Green Hill, the Gardner family estate, in 1884. After John’s death in 1898, Isabella purchased the farmhouse at the foot of the property on 285 Warren Street. The main house on Green Hill was sold out of the Gardner family in 2011.
2. John Singer Sargent.
3. Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff (1866-1898).

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Gardner in the star-light and saw the afterglow of the sunset. Mr. John Grey and his wife came to dine, she a very pretty horribly chatterboxy woman, who bamboozled Bernhard into thinking there was something in her. We have a bet out as to the result. He seemed interesting, and is, Mrs. Gardner says, a very able lawyer; but his scatter-brained talkative wife gave him no chance. Clayton Johns, whom I used to know 20 years ago, also came. [024]

Green Hill, Brookline, Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1903

I called on Helen Hopekirk (Wilson) in the morning, but saw too much of her husband.

Mrs. Gardner took us to the Art Museum in the afternoon, rushing us through, and ending up by getting the Curator, Chalfin, to show us a scroll with the sack of a town on it, from about 1250. It is very fine, particularly the last episode of the solitary general as a black horse heading the triumphal procession, but it is not at all so great as the early Chinese things. For her, however, it is the best thing in the Museum, and there’s an end on it. Wonderful woman! — or, as she says Gerricke[9](#page5) calls her, “Genius woman” (She loves to tell stories redounding to her own credit.)

In the evening we went to the opening of the Jordan Hall at the new Conservatory building. [025] They gave the C major toccata and fugue of Bach on the new organ, but we did not care for it. Are our ears spoiled by hearing these things on the piano? Then there was a long speech by Mr. Higginson, a decentish concerto by Schumann (A minor), a horrible “Ouverture” by Chaplin, and the Eroica. Even to that, we weren’t up to the mark, whether we were tired, or whether Bach has accustomed us to such concentrated music, but it seemed prolix. We must look out!! I sat by Mr. and Mrs. Lang — **I must try to remember**

**people**.

Green Hill, Brookline, Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1903

We went into the Library to see T. H. Perry, with whom we walked about the beautiful courtyard, and cursed Sargeant.

Ellen Hale came to lunch, and we wandered [026] about the gardens, and took a drive through Franklin Park.

In the evening we went to see Owen Wister’s play, *The Virginian*,[10](#page5) and were greatly taken with the actor, Dunstan Farnum, [11](#page5) who is a great grandson of Webster. He spent two weeks in Virginia learning the accent. But the pay of course isn’t a play; it’s merely a novel dramatized, with all the emotional parts underlined. No plot, but a story.

Green Hill, Brookline, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1903

Another elysian day of sparkling sunshine. We went to see an exhibition of Japanese things, which are to be sold at auction, and meet Mr. Ross (Denman) there. The things were good, but chiefly grotesques and copies of “nature”, and a little seemed to go a long way.

Mr. Theodore Dwight has come to stay, and Mr. Owen Wister came to dine — a [027] charming, intelligent, inspiriting man, with whom we could have had a delightufl conversation if Mrs. Gardner permitted. But she has no interest in ideas, and of course she is important enough for no one to be willing to leave her out. We asked whom they would invite to make an interesting dinner here — William



1. Wilhelm Gericke served twice as music director, from 1884 to 1889 and again from 1898 to 1906.
2. Owen Wister (1860-1938) studied at St. Paul’s and Harvard ’82. *The Virginian* became one of the first mass-market bestsellers and stands as the defining text for America’s most durable hero—the cowboy.
3. Dunstan Farnum

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James, Mrs. Whitman, Mr. John Grey, Mrs. Bell, “Piggy” Everett,[12](#page6) E. E. Hale … these are all the names I remember now.

Green Hill, Brookline, Friday, Oct. 23, 1903

Mrs. Gardner took us to Beverly Farms[13](#page6) to lunch with Mrs. Whitman, who had also Mrs. Parkman, Mr. Barton a young architect, and Miss Pendleton, a witty lady from Philadelphia. The house is a charming and luxurious cottage with only a lawn between it and the beach. A good many photographs of false Botticellis [028] hung about, and casts of the usual things. Mrs. Whitman managed the conversation on the whole well, and B. B. played up finely. Mr. Dwight gave a good definition of a translation. The honeycomb with all the honey run out of it. Mrs. Whitman is a bit precious, and sometimes says dull or silly things with an intense air, but it was an atmosphere of people who cared for books and ideas at least, and we enjoyed it.

Green Hill, Brookline, Saturday, Oct. 24, 1903

Mrs. Gardner took us to lunch at Cambridge, at the Union, with her nephew, Archie Coolidge, professor of History.[14](#page6)

We then went to a Football Match between Harvard and Brown, which we really enjoyed. They were making the DKE neophytes do all sorts of absurdities.

We went to the Symphony Concert in the evening, Beethoven 115, Wagner *Waldweben*, Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, a piece (tango) of the soloist, the [029] new violinist, Mr. Arbos, [15](#page6) and a Glazonnoff symphony.[16](#page6) Modern music seems horribly formless and boring after Bach!

Green Hill, Brookline, Sunday, Oct. 25, 1903

We went with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Proctor to lunch at Dedham with Mr. Foote, organist of the Berkeley St. Church, and his charming daughter and nice wife. Mr. Harold Bauer, the pianist, was there. Miss Foote sang some Scarlatti and an “Irish Melody” of her Father’s. The conversation was dull, as it usually is with musicians.

A Mrs. Thorndyke (daughter of Sherman) and a Miss Dana (charming) came to call, also Charley Gibson and a Bavarian Count. Mr. Swift, Mr. Chalfin and Miss Pendleton to dine, one of Mrs. Gardner’s usual “simple”, not to say parsimonious! dinners, with one tiny glass of poor champagne apiece. Miss Pendleton, with a truly fine manner, monologized in small, dull gossip, but the [030] manner was so regal and important that everyone was hypnotized into thinking the talk good. She has just Miss Seward’s way. But she was really dull to a degree!

Mrs. Gardner knoweth not fact from fiction in romancing about herself. But she has been very charming to us all this visit. Make her more intellectual and less egoistic and more generous and she would be one of the most wonderful women ever created!

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Monday, Oct. 26, 1903

We packed in the morning and walked in the Italian garden with our hostess, who told us that it was the general impression in the Boston Museum that Bernhard had helped Mr. Higginson choose that voluptuous nude lady by Bonifazio “as a memorial” to that sober and righteous citizen, Mr. Francis Hooper. “That finished Berenson for us as a man of taste”, [031] they all said. And no wonder! What happened really was that B. B. recommended it as a nice



1. William (‘Piggy’) Everett, President Everett’s son
2. Beverly Farms, on the North Shore, next to Prides Crossing, where the Gardners had an estate, along with Frick, Swift, Sears, et al.
3. Archibald Cary Coolidge (1866-1928), Professor of History from 1908 and the first Director of the Harvard University Library from 1910 until his death.
4. Enrique Arbos
5. Alexander Konstantinovich Glazunov, a Russian composer.

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picture, thinking it was going to hang in Mr. Higginson’s own house. The *in memoriam* idea was never hinted at!

After lunch we came here. Abe (wierd [*sic*] name!) met us at Springfield, and Senda and Bessie here. Unpacking and chat filled the evening.

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1903 Owen Wister’s play was given here last night, and the Virginian in person

appeared in the dining room at breakfast, a gracefully uncouth young man, quite as handsome off the stage as on. I spoke to him and we had quite a chat. He reminded me of Norman Hapgood, at least what he would have been without Harvard. he is absolutely devoted to Owen Wister, and he longs to take [032] the play to London. He is also enthusiastic for Japan, on account of Sadi Yacco, I think.

We had a walk in the morning, but then one of my bad headaches came on, and I had to go to bed. The others had another walk in this bracing icy wind.

Senda gave us a small party in the evening. Profs. Gardiner, Pierce, Souza, Jordan, Hubbard, Pres. Seelye — pleasant enough.

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1903,

Such a wonderful drive this morning to Hatfield, and a sprinkling of snow already on the ground. I felt at moments almost 18 again, and I recognized the little wooden shanty where Florence[17](#page7) and I used to discuss if we would ever love a man enough to live with him *there* and do his cooking and washing.

In the afternoon Senda gave us a [033] grand Reception, with many, many more people than I can possibly recall, but all good-natured and talkative and friendly. Miss Moffat brought Mr. George Cabe, the novelist.

**No one seems to remember anything about me but my horse — beloved Antecellere.** One teacher recalled how Florence and I hitched our horses to a trap, neither horse having ever been driven before, and went for a “lark”. She said it was brought before the Faculty with great seriousness, but Prof. Phelps said ‘to let us alone, we’d come out all right. We knew more about horses than any of them did.’

Plymouth Inn, Northampton, Thursday, Oct. 29,1903

I worked on my lecture all the morning.

The Hinckleys took us a drive in the afternoon, through scenery that seemed to combine the [034] beauty of Surrey and of Umbria.

In the evening I gave my lecture of “How to enjoy the Old Masters” to about 400 girls and 50 teachers. President Seelye introduced me as a living example” of what Smith College could do for women. I spoke to them about 45 minutes, and it was easy and appeared to be interesting. I thought it might poor, but they said that they had never (since Mother) had a woman who spoke with such ease and naturalness.

Afterwards we had supper with Mrs. Rosseter, the Matron of the Dewey House.

Lunched with Prof. Gardiner.

Smith College, Friday, Oct. 30, 1903

Mrs. Berenson came across yesterday - another rather depressing person, about whose life I can’t feel anything but hopeless. Senda and Bessie are miserable here, and so are most of the other women teachers I have met. [035] They all complain of the terrible monotony and dreariness of their lives, and each one confides to me how much she wishes the others could get married — “it’s the



1. Florence Blanchard Dike, a sophomore from Montclair, New Jersey. Like Mary, Florence had brought her horse to college; see Tiffany, p. 105 & 135. Florence Dike appears in the lists of Mary’s friends in diary entries dated Nov. 8, 1895, Mar. 30, 1898 and Feb. 7, 1899. She married James B. Reynolds, a lawyer in New York, in 1898, and died Sept. 28, 1919; buried in West Haven, Conn.

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only thing for so-and-so” is a common remark — till I am tempted to think the Duse’s system would be really better than what actually is!!

We went in the morning to Amherst, and were shown round by the young art professor, Mr. Wilkins, and Prof. Este. What a heavenly situation! We admired the President’s house, built in very good style about 60 years ago.

In the afternoon we went up Mt. Tom with Profs. Pearce and Sioussat. [18](#page8) The view was indescribably beautiful. Then they rowed us on the river in the moonlight, and sang songs to us. To think that this has been going on all the years I have been away!! [036]

Smith College, Saturday, Oct. 31, 1903

Miss Jordan and her friend Miss Bourland took us to Deerfield for lunch. A lovely sleepy place, with a quaint burial ground containing the bones of many who were “captivated by the salvages”, and of one “who married a salvage and became one”, returning home at last, it seems, to rest in a civilized grave.

Senda and I came home early to see a Basket Ball game — fine sport. She is worried about Bessie and Bessie about her and both of them about Abe and all of them about the Mother and Father. I could not keep my spirits long with such life-diminishing people. The truth is Bernhard’s career has given them all a vision of life they cannot themselves attain; and the contrast makes them discontented. As life goes, they are really very well off. [037]

Miss Hubbard gave us a dinner in the evening, with Mr. Field and Mr. Cooper in “from the outside”. These men told some amusing stories after dinner. Then Miss Hubbard stayed telling me how Senda would be so much happier married, and the usual tale of woe. She seemed a little “queer” to me.

Smith College, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1903

Miss Mitchell took us a drive over two ferries — most beautiful. We then lunched at the Morris House, where the girls were all eyes and ears for our marvellous selves.

Then I called on the Hinckleys, President Seelye, Miss Hesse, and met the others at Miss Hoffat’s, who, poor thing, is broken-hearted that her beloved Zanetti is going to get married. Mr. Cable was there, but B. B. did not find him as intelligent as he hoped.

In the [038] evening we packed, and had a call from Mr. Pearce and Mr.

Sioussat.

A Miss Scott called on me in the morning, the only contented woman I have seen in Northampton. She wanted to talk of Gertrude Burton, and to tell me how Einstein had plagiarized her work, wherein I gave her most “adequate” sympathy.

New Haven House, New Haven, Monday, Nov. 2, 1903

Came here. The Berensons began to get on my nerves a little bit, and B. B. saw it and was as nice as possible. He said he dreaded it for himself as well, as he can’t do more than so much for them.

We rushed at once to the Jarves Collection, and found a nice little roomful of pictures, some really good — a small gallery about on a level with Pisa or Arezzo. The two art professors, Wier[19](#page8) and Niemeyer,[20](#page8) [039] joined us there, also Miss Ellen Hale and Miss Jackson, and with the two latter we went and had tea with the Whitneys, with whom Beatrice Chamberlain is now staying. Prof. Whitney, of Sanskrit fame, is dead, of course, but his wife and three daughters live on in the pleasant, old-fashioned house, and are cultured and agreeable.

Miss Hale came to what we thought was dinner with us, but what turned out to be supper, ending up with griddle-cakes!



1. St. George Leakin Sioussat, assistant instructor in history at Smith College, 1899-1904.
2. John Ferguson Weir (1841–1926), the first dean of the School of Fine Arts at Yale.
3. John Henry Niemeyer (1839-1932) taught drawing at Yale University for over 30 years.

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She told me a good deal about Evelyn[21](#page9) — whom I believe we both love just as much today as we ever did. She is one of those whose memory cannot die.

Letters from home represent Helen Fry’s condition as very painful. Poor old Roger. She has the persecution mania, and thinks that even he is persecuting her. [040]

New Haven House, New Haven, Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1903

We spent the day taking notes on the gallery. It is an interesting one, and there are 14 pictures we should gladly own.

1. Gentile da Fabriano, Madonna.
2. Neroccio, Annunciation.
3. Pollajuolo, Hercules and Deianir
4. P. Lorenzetti, Assunta

5 & 6. Sassetta, Temptations of Antony

1. Simone Martini, St. Martin
2. Benvenuto <di Giovanni>, Madonna
3. Benvenuto <di Giovanni>, Love Bound <by Maidens>
4. Girolamo da Cremona, Nativity.
5. Ghirlandajo, Woman’s Head
6. Sano, Adoration of the Magi
7. Sano, Coronation <of the Virgin>
8. Giovanni di Paolo.

Usual complement of professors in gallery. Miss Hale — who is awfully nice — came in afternoon. Mr. Jackson took us to a tea at the Country Club, where lots of people were introduced to us.

[041] Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1903 Bernhard went off to New York at 9.30. Hutchins Hapgood met him and

escorted him downtown. Neith’s[22](#page9) father has left her mother and sisters with almost nothing to live on. Hutch has got work under Peter Dunne at $40.00 a week — not much, poor chap! His *Autobiography of a Thief* is selling well, but not so well as they hoped from the Press notices. Neith’s novel *The Forerunner* is out.

The business part of New York seemed to Bernhard too hideous for words, and the life too big a price to pay for *any* money.

Davis gave him a lunch of terrapin[23](#page9) and woodcock, and then he went to see Mr. Cannon in his gilded prison, the Chase Bank. Mr. Cannon said he had spent all the summer doctoring up mangled fortunes — it is a miserable time for money. He said he was very ill, and that his doctor ordered him away. Bernhard took the 4 o’clock train and arrived here soon after 10.

In the meantime I had gone again to the [042] Jarves Collection, into which various natives were coming attracted, for the first time in their lives, by the sensation of having all the attributions authoritatively contradicted.” Prof. Niemeyer came and gave me a long lecture, telling me that the “Botticelli” (an indifferent school piece) was the finest in existence, except possibly the Birth of Venus. He said he had copied it, so he knew far more about it than a person (like me!) who only looked at it could possibly know. There was no answer and I made none. His pretentiousness amused and horrified me, for no matter what out-of-the -way name I mentioned, he made as if he knew all about it — and of course he couldn’t possibly. Idiot.

I was delivered from him by Mr. Randall, the photographer, who took me under his wing. He seems to be “in it” as much as anyone in New Haven or Hartford, and he invited me to lecture at Hartford — pouring great contempt upon [38 043]



1. Evelyn Hunter Nordhoff.
2. Neith Boyce, novelist and playwright, a founder of the Provincetown Players.
3. turtle

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Prof. Wier, the head of the Yale Art School, who evidently shies at the idea of a woman giving a lecture! Mr. Randall’s wife was the first woman to take an M. A. degree at Yale, and the College printed her Thesis on “The Origins of Spenser’s Mythology”. He took me to Judge Bronson’s to see some pictures. They were mostly modern, but there was a Luini and a copy of a Titian. He patted Mrs. Judge on the back, and seemed like a brother to everyone he spoke to.

Ellen Hale called, and Mr. Jackson came to lunch, and then I got off in the 2.35 train, “the Knickerbocker Express”, consisting of Pullman cars and endless darkey porters.

Our rooms here, for which we pay $45.00 a week, and which we took *for the quiet*, are so hideously noisy that we shall certainly have to move.

An amusing home letter recounts that Lady Lou is in raptures over the review [044] of Bertie’s book which appeared in The Spectator. She is convinced that he had either found out or is on the point of finding out the connection between Pure Religion and Pure Reason. She wants him to give a lecture on his ideas to a Select Circle of Thinkers, who cannot accept Orthodoxy, but who, longing for Religion, might, she thinks, be brought to it by the Road of Syllogisms. She is firmly convinced that “Mr. Russell is the Apostle of the Future”, and that he has a tremendous Responsibility towards his Age. On which Logan comments, “It is funny to think of Bertie as a Prophet. If he would only pretend to do a miracle or two, I am sure those good ladies would regard him as a new divine incarnation. The ‘select circle of Thinkers’ digging religious truth out of Bertie’s book by means of syllogisms make s picture that enriches the imagination; if Bertie would appear in their midst and say [045] ‘Syllogism’ in a hieratic voice. I am sure that the whole Mystery of the Universe would be explained to them!”

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1903

Our rooms were terribly noisy with the railroad, so we changed over into another apartment, which is alas even dearer, costing $56.00 a week. But it is quiet and very nice. There is a little entrance hall, with a nice bathroom to the Left and then a large bedroom (mine) and a comfortable sitting room looking out, with a bay window, on Commonwealth Avenue. Here B. B. has a small bed. Opposite us are some *really beautiful* new houses, but nothing to the beauties we saw when we went to look up Mrs. Taylor on Bay State Road. There are houses there which would compare not too unfavourably with those lovely houses by Wren at Chichester. We thought we had hardly ever had a more [046] interesting walk!

Mrs. Taylor was not in, and we went on to Mrs. Gardner’s at Green Hill. We found her laughing cheerfully at her overwhelming misfortune, the sudden summons to pay $200,000 duty on her pictures, as the Government consider that she has not properly made her Museum “open to the public” and so call up the duties they had remitted. She has of course behaved in a ridiculous and irritating way over the whole affair, and set everyone against her. She is evidently in need of Jack’s guiding hand. Still, it is very hard, and it enraged me beyond words. Of course by selling a few jewels she could meet the emergency — her ruby, for example, is worth half a million. But she prefers, it seems, to sell stock at a ruinous loss. But, as B. B. said, who knows how much of all this is true? What is true is that she isn’t likely to buy anything more for [047] the present. She was caressing and affectionate and charming, even more than usual. She has dismissed all her servants but two — evidently she is extremely *difficile*, without her husband to restrain her.

In the evening Matthew Pritchard came to dine — an inarticulate but apparently honourable and intelligent Englishman. He used to be with Ned Warren, but they had some sort of a quarrel. Now he is secretary to the Director of the Museum

— upon whom, by the way, we called in the morning. Davis, it seems, is lending most of his pictures to the Museum for the winter. The famous forgery is to figure as “The Donna Laura Minghetti Leonardo” Good for Davis!!

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Pritchard was a great relief — we felt we could say anything we liked without “offending” him. [048]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 6, 1903

Lunched with the parents at Dorchester, going out in a snow storm which

suddenly came on top of a temperature of 70º a few hours before.

Earlier in the morning B. B. had been at the Museum with Chalfin — a rather pretentious, I think, dense sort of man, who permits himself such judgments upon matters he knows little about that it makes me doubt his knowing even his own subject — Japanese and Chinese art — in a really scholarly way. **He is a painter** — that explains it! Mentally he resembles Roger Fry, but he is lessversatile and much less charming.

In the afternoon I called on Mrs. Barrett Wendell (out) and Mrs. Perry, who received me with a warm cordiality that surprised me. I could not help liking her. The only trace of the old cloven hoof was her bringing in incidentally that Puvis de [049] Chavannes had praised one of her paintings for its “remarkable drawing”. They showed me a portrait by Potter which was too comic for words, all out in its values.

In the evening we dined with Miss Grace Norton at Cambridge, Mr. Denman Ross being the fourth. I had heard of Miss Norton as the Apostle of ‘plain living and high thinking’, but she gave us a most gorgeous repast. The Thinking was fair to middling, Mr. Ross being rather sententious and school-teachery. Still, it was pleasant, and we found many things in which we all agreed, loathing of Sargent, love of the Sienese and the feeling that it was the nearest European parallel to the art of the East, discrimination in Whistler worship, and so on.

Miss Norton told us that the City gave Prince Henry of Prussia a guard of mounted police who couldn’t ride, but tumbled off, and that President Elliott, in thanking the Emperor, through Prince Henry for the Germanic Museum, simple spoke of him as ‘your brother’. [050]

Senda writes: “Everybody sings the praises of the B. B.’s. I wish you could see Mr. Pierce’s letters. “What a privilege it was — what wonderful people you are

— how he caught glimpses of more beautiful worlds in your presence”, etc. etc.! She has gone to live in a sort of retreat, where there is a man who thinks he is a peanut.

This reminds me that poor Helen Fry has had to be sent to an Asylum. Poor old Roger. We feel at once the absence of her guiding hand, for he writes to say that he has been defending B. B. against monstrous lies believed about him by Claude Phillips and Colvin, and then goes on to say that they have agreed to run the newly organized Burlington by a small committee of these very men and himself and Cook, and hopes B. B. will be pleased and take the same interest in it as before. He finds it important to keep it “really English”.

This is what is called English tact, I suppose. Helen would never have permitted it. [051]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 7, 1903

We went to the Museum after writing a few letters and carefully compared the so-called Rogier van der Weyden with photographs of the other indubitable Rogiers. The one here is an exact copy of the one in Munich, except that the faces are shorter and less firm in expression, and the draperies a very little less nervous.

Bernhard is inclined to think it a copy by the “Maître de Flémalle”. He brought Mr. Chalfin back to lunch, and afterwards Mrs. Gardner came in, from the Cushing-Cochrane wedding, bringing Norman Hapgood, who had come up for the day to attend the ceremony.

They drove with Mrs. G. to Fenway Court.

Norman said it was perfectly true that Peter Dunn (“Misther Dooley”) is devoted to his mother-in-law, that unprepossessing Mrs. Abbott, at least as much as to his wife, her daughter. Mrs. Gardner [052] told us he only married the

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daughter because Mrs. Abbott, who had literally saved him from the gutter, would not have him. And we all have been pitying him for his awful mother-in-law!!

Later, Jo Smith called.

In the meantime, I had lunch at Leslie Hopkinson’s in Cambridge, meeting Miss Hughes, a Unitarian Sunday School teacher, and Miss Yerxes, and an old acquaintance, Miss Allyn. We had a pleasant but too ample lunch.

Afterwards I went with Miss Hopkinson to see the new Radcliffe Dormitory, Bertram Hall, a beautiful building by Wadsworth Longfellow.

Then we walked along Berkeley Street, where I lived in ’84-85 and the Appian Way, where the “Annex” used to be, and along dear old winding Brattle Street. I had real sensations of the past, bits of my old thoughts and dreams and hopes seemed hidden in the trees, and dropped down on me as I [053] walked under them.

How well I remembered going along Berkeley Street with B. F.C.C.’s cable message in my hand that made our engagement: “Thankfully I take and will hold the infinite gift.” And the poor man couldn’t hold it, nor was it such a wonderful

gift as he imagined. A tragedy, and he is dead, and I feel almost as young as I did then, and even jollier.

We met Santayana in Brattle street, agreeable as ever.

In the evening we dined at the Robinsons — a most elaborate dinner, with the Barrett Wendells and the Paul Thorndykes as our fellow-guests. Dr. Thorndyke struck me as a truly delightful man, delightful in every way. His wife, a daughter of General Sherman, is not so nice. Mrs. Wendell is a chattering goose, but so kind and good-natured, one can’t resent her even when one is … [054]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 8, 1903

We went to the Japanese wood-carving show, and met Joseph Smith and brought him back to lunch. He seemed nice and congenial in his ideas, but not amounting to much.

Miss Puffer came to tea, Mrs. Gardner called, Rachel came to dine and Ralph Perry afterwards. We argued about Roger Fry’s father making him promise never to paint from the nude. Perry proved very dull and un-agile and set in his notions, utterly unable to handle a subject intellectually. He is pretty tough, and we were bored.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 9, 1903

The effects of atmosphere here are singularly Italian, above all, like the quattrocento Florentines and Sienese, \_\_\_ing clear, pure, sharply undercut outlines to the hills, and crystalline transparency to the skies. It suggests that the genuine way to treat American landscape in art [055] is precisely this method of the Primitives — and this makes a reason the more why early Italian pictures of fine quality ought to play a large part in the education of American taste. It explains, too, the general superstition that American scenery is not beautiful, an idea doubtless started by the modern artists who find little to treat here in the “impressionist”, atmospheric manner.

An idea to remember!

We had a boring morning of shopping.

The Elliotts called in the afternoon, eager to talk gossip of the “Dooley” household, in which the mother-in-law plays far too prominent a part for the general taste, and the Norman Hapgood family, where the wife has taken Invalidism as a profession — unnecessarily, most people think. I have yet to meet the person who likes her — except (I hope) Norman. [49 bis 056]

Then we went to have tea with Miss Osgood, whom we found simply detestable

— a pert, forced, affected, patronizing, over-vivacious manner. Her mother seemed over-intense. There was a charming Mrs. J. L. Putnam there, and a Mr. Kidder, superintendent of the game of Alaska.

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We dined at Mrs. Toy’s, with the Barrett Wendells, Santayana and Mr. and Mrs. William James. It was a very pleasant dinner, with a good deal of general conversation. Mrs. James, in her quiet, humorous way, told a number of funny stories about Sir Frederick Pollock. William James asked after mother with affection, and said that every year he came to admire more and more her *Christian Secret of a Happy Life.*

Barrett Wendell was very brilliant, full of paradoxes, such as that the study of the nude ruined art, and so on. [057]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1903

Went to the Museum and began our notes on the Italian pictures. Mrs. Gardner came to lunch, and afterwards drove us to the “Opening” of the Germanic Museum. There were lots of speeches, frightfully dull and common place, and at last William James spoke — a new atmosphere of intellectual lightness and playfulness and sanity — perfectly delightful. He said just the right word about German art too.

One speaker, Karl Schurze, actually claimed Shakspeare [*sic*] as a German genius!!

We went to Prof. Norton’s for tea. A fat rich Jew, named James Loeb, was there arranging for a prize to be given each year to the writer of the best poem. A poor little Jew sculptor brought his medal — too fearful for words, but everyone praised it. The lettering looked as if it had been taken from some newspaper advertisement. [058]

We dined with the Perrys *en famille*, and heard plenty of nasty stories about Mrs. Whitman. We believed them, too, which was worse. She seems to have been an inveterate social climber, who hesitated at no dirty trick and no heartless throwing over of humble friends, to *get on*, and the result is she has got on.

The Perry girls seemed very nice.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1903

Went to Museum. Mr. Loeb came to lunch a handsome, fat, prosperous

Philistine Jew, classmate of Bernhard’s. He is funding a Poetry prize, to be given to the best poet of each year. His idea is to have poems on “modern” subjects — Panama, the Tammany Victory, the Strife of Labour and Capital, and so on. As he may be very useful to us financially, B. B. and I listened politely while he expounded these views. It is astonishing how [059] interesting and un-boring society becomes when you have something to get out of it. Perhaps it’s a mistake to live with no stakes in social life.

Then Miss Reed, one of Gertrude’s middle-aged, middle-class female friends, called with her sister Mrs. Morss, who used to be a very pretty girl in Bernhard’s youth, and who gave him a month of dreams. Alas, “Love likes not the falling fruit from the withered tree” — and rather the ripened fruit from the bulky tree.

Then Mrs. Pringsheim called, and then, oh then, Mrs. Longyear, the millionaire Christian Scientist. She is very Franciscan in her ecstatic love of Humanity and individuals, in her contentment with (what she thinks are) God’s ways, and in her hatred of books. “What do I want of books?” she cried. “I know.” She spoke continually of herself and God as one — it was like 2 + 2 = 4,and sin and disease and death along with God and [060] herself are like 2 + 2 = 5. (This is her strongest argument.) She is very fat, with huge paws squeezed into white gloves that wouldn’t button, and one wondered if her double, God, also looked that way. But all the same her good spirits, and affectionateness were attractive, life-enhancing. She said she would like to take poor B. B. in her arms and cuddle him there till his poor tired nerves felt that God and he were one and that sickness did not exist.

She is going to take us to a Christian Science meeting — and we want to learn something about it, for Bernhard has an awful fear that it may become the religion of the future. It has such a pull over all other religions, for instead of resignation

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here and bliss to come, it teaches immediate bliss. You are to be well and happy and [061] rich and successful, you are to eat and drink everything you like, you aren’t to worry. In short it promises earthly felicity — a low ideal, perhaps, but to mot people an irresistible one. Then it has its ecstatic mystic side, and there is just enough of a struggle to keep in harmony with the universe to commend it to energetic people.

Mrs Longyear, for instance, has managed not to be a bit cast down about her son’t recent death. “He’s with us still” she said cheerfully, “leading us on to higher things.”

She had hardly gone when we scurried through our toilettes and went to Miss Leslie Hopkinson’s in Cambridge to dinner. She had the Fletchers, the Weir Smyths and Mr. Baker her brother-in-law. It was rather dull somehow, and terribly hot. [062]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903

We took Rachel to the Museum, and she and Mr. Denman Ross lunched with us. Afterwards he showed us the early Chinese paintings - that wonderful series from the XI-XII century, ascribed to Ririomon.[24](#page14) They surpassed my expectations. He showed us a few choice Japanese things, but they seemed to us inferior. Finally, just as it was growing dark, we struck a Chinese figure that seemed to us essentially superior to any Japanese thing we had seen. Mr. Ross did not think so, and we argued a long time in a very interesting way. He really knows a very great deal about Eastern Art, and was therefore perfectly ready to talk and argue pleasantly (To us he seemed to give too much weight to the purely sensuous elements of colour and balance, and too little to the more artistic ones of form and movement.) But he was not [063] at all pleasant about Italian art, when we went upstairs, having there nothing but unpractised prejudice to guide him. He took us to a horrid, vulgar, coarse little picture - a “justice” or something — of the school of Veronese. This he considered a masterpiece, and was quite put out with us for disputing it.

Everyone here considers himself a specially appointed authority on Italian art — it is very amusing, but also annoying. If we stay much longer, Bernhard will suddenly match off his shoes, like Fox at Lichfield, and rush barefoot through the town, crying, “Wo! Wo! to the bloody city of Boston!”

In the evening we dined at the Barrett Wendells — Robinsons, Mrs. and Mrs. Sturgis, Mr. and Mrs. Bowlkes, and Mr. and Mrs. … daughter of Richardson the archaeologist, were the other guests. I was fighting a cold by “Christian Science” principles and quinine, and was feeling rather low, but [064] was cheered up by this tale of the Bishop of Massachusetts who went to England on a visit last summer. There he was My Lord’ed and made much of in every way, but he was suddenly let down to his place in his native land by a son of one of his friends, calling across the companionway at the dock, as he was landing, “Hello Bish!”

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 13, 1903

Museum in the morning. Bernhard lunched with Mr. Sam Warren and Mr. Cabot “downtown”, both directors of the Museum, and anxious to hear his views on hanging pictures.

Then Gertrude’s friend, the architect Mr. Fox, took him out to see Mrs. Sprague’s house, and the lady herself, who was very nice and owned Hogarth’s *Selbstporträt*.

I lunched with Mrs. Henry Higginson, and greatly enjoyed her (step) mother, old Mrs. Agassiz, one of those delicious octogenarians who [065] still take an eager interest in people and the world. I went to the Symphony rehearsal with Miss Norton, one of C. E. Norton’s daughters.

1. ?



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In the evening we dined at Mrs. Roger’s — in what the Italians would call the *Arca santa* of Boston society. It was really rather dull, but impressively swell. Mr.Dorr, Admiral and Mrs. Crowninshield and Mr. and Mrs. Peabody were there also.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 14,1903

Museum and shopping in the morning.

Just as we were starting to pay some calls in Cambridge, Mrs. Gardner telephoned for us, and then came and took us to Fenway Court. In beauty and taste it far surpassed our expectations, which were high. There is very little to find fault with, and endless things to praise! The pink of the walls of the inside court is rather [066] a mistake, it looks dingy and dilapidated a bit, and the glass roof is badly treated. Also I dislike the Bardini blue[25](#page15) of the stair-case and its corridor, but that is about all. The rest is too lovely to attempt to describe. One room is more entrancing than another, and the great masterpieces of painting seem like mere decoration, in the general scheme.

I though there was remarkably little there that was not of Bernhard’s choosing, but that little annoyed him intensely, and hurt him too. They are all purchases of the last few years, since she ceased to listen to what he said.

There is the Chigi “Tintoretto” (a Domenico) which he refused at £4,000 and she bought on her own account for £8,000. As he had spoken of this, she told him it was a “present”; she is really a monumental liar. But this lie was a compliment to him, really.

The [067] little Mantegna, which Potter likes better than anything in the collection, turns out to be, as we thought, a forgery, and a very poor one at that.

She bought also the Passari Tura Circumcision,[26](#page15) a perfect beauty, but framed in a beastly way, but this is an honour to the collection.

The real knock-down blow was to find, hanging opposite to the great Chigi Botticelli, that poor school piece, a Nativity and Shepherds, from the Duca di Brindisi’s (Palazzo Antinori, Florence). This we say 2 1/2 years ago with Horne. They wanted 300,000 lire for it, but B. B. wouldn’t touch it. And now she, after all he had done to make her collection gorgeous, bought this thing without asking him, and paid who knows what, and hangs it in a place of honour. It turned poor Bernhard quite sick and cold. [068] But he gave very little sign, and the occasion went off so well that Mrs. Gardner presented me with a Chinese bracelet to remember it by.

She and Mr. Proctor dined with us in the evening before going to the Symphony, and Mr. Fox called upon us later on.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 15, 1903

Called on Miss Grace Norton a moment, and then went on to the Fogg Museum to meet Mr. Loeb and a big party and to be shown his gift, which consists of some of the dregs of what Fairfax Murray bought at the Forman[27](#page15) Sale.

They all swear by that miserable cheat, Murray, and Mr. Loeb made a speech to say that the sacred name of Murray was a guarantee that every object in this collection was genuine and priceless and beautiful, and so forth. Bernhard smiled like a snake, but said nothing.

Upstairs we [069] found a nice little collection of Italians given by Mr. Edward Forbes - most of them old friends: the coveted but lost Niccolò d’Alunno I saw at Siena, the big Girolamo di Benvenuto we saw at Rome, and the fra Diamante that kicked about Florence so long. Besides this there was a lovely



1. Isabella had repeatedly asked Bernhard to get a sample of the blue colour on Bardini’s walls; see Hadley, p. 207.
2. http://www.gardnermuseum.org/collection/artwork/2nd\_floor/early\_italian\_room/ the\_circumcision?filter=artist:3186
3. ? Harry Buxton Forman

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Antoniazzo tabernacolo (the curator, Mr. Moore, got quite angry when we told him this was Antoniazzo, and swore it was a Filippino), a small early Correggio, a Fr. Santacroce, and a miserably repainted Rondinelli figuring as a Bellini.

Mrs. Gardner drove us back, and with Mr. Loeb to Green Hill for lunch, and Mr. Dwight came. Afterwards we called on Mr. Bowlker and Mrs Robinson, and I had a long talk with Mrs Tyleer about poor Gertrude, who has to have an operation on her breast before long. [070]

In the evening we had a family dinner at Dorchester, with a clever but impossible-looking cousin names Leon Eiges, and other relatives. They talked Free Trade and Protection. Bernhard got very tired.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 16, 1903

Little Rabbi Fleischer came to lunch, and we found that he didn’t really believe in the Jewish race in any particular way. Democracy is his passion.

Before he came, we had an hour at Fenway Court, in the courtyard, chiefly wrangling with Mrs. Gardner, who pretends that all connoisseurs disagree, and so nothing can be known!

Then we went to a tea Mrs. Perry gave for us in her studio. I enjoyed it, but Bernhard didn’t. I met Mason Hodg\_\_\_, E\_\_\_\_\_\_, Tarbell, Dove, Peabody, Phillip

Hale, and many ladies — Ware, Slater, Dietrich, and Higginson, James, Russell, Cabot, Hale, [071] Bigelow, etc. After they had gone, we had a nice talk against that odious minx, Mollie Osgood, full of sympathy for the nice young Englishman she has entrapped. She “caught” him within a fortnight from the day they met. And they will be married within three months. The Perry girls said she was bad-tempered and conceited beyond words.

Then we went to Brookline and had a very pleasant evening, barring Bernhard’s fatigue, with Helen Hopekirk Wilson and her husband. She played to us Debussy and César Franck, and then one divine Bach. She is an enchanting creature!

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1903

We went through some of the Greek bronzes etc with Mr. Robinson, who is well-informed and interesting. They are getting quite a choice collection of [072] Greek things. Would that their Italians were on as good a footing!! We lunched very pleasantly with Gertrude Hitz’ husband, Alfred Burton, who is now the Dean of the Institute of Technology. He seems very nice and simple.

From 2.30 to 4.30 we were at Fenway Court. Mars. Gardner revived the Powell-Carew Holbein dispute, but in vain. It was only galling. The light was bad, so we could not see the pictures very well.

Then she drove us to a small Tea Clayton Johns gave us. Mr Swift came, Mr. and Mrs. Adamowski,[28](#page16) and Mr. William Blake, Gladys’ trustee. He says they are almost ruined, owing to Mrs. Baldwin’s carelessness and recklessness, and that Gladys’ private fortune, instead of being £1,500 as she and her mother always told us, is scarcely a quarter of that! What does await that [073] wonderful creature? he feels as wretched over it as everyone who cares for her does, but he had more reason than most, for he knows how poor she is, and how her mother is selling all her property and using up the money.

Clayton Jones told us how Mrs. Gardner entertained the Thursday Evening Club in the depths of winter, with no fires. Everyone was shivering and some one said she had put the last touch to her decorations by adding “a freize [*sic*] of eminent Bostonians’.

In the evening we dined with the Longyears and listened to more of that horrible drivel about Christian Science. But Mrs. Longyear is so genial and nice, she almost carries it off. She has a great sense of fun, too. She told us of a man



1. ? Tymoteusz ‘Timothee’ Adamowski (1858-1943), a conductor, composer, and violinist. Born in Warsaw, where he studied, before moving to Paris. He served as the first conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra.

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who came to a “Healer” to be cured of the [074] habits of drinking and smoking, which he indulged in to excess. They arranged terms, $5.00 a week for daily absent treatments. At the end of the week the healer lady heard a great noise in her front hall, a man’s voice threatening her as a cheat and fraud, taking money and doing nothing for it. She came down and found her patient in a rage. She asked him what was the matter, and he said he wanted to drink and smoke as much as ever. But, he added, this beastly country is going to ruin — can’t get a decent bottle of whisky in the whole town. “And cigars?” she asked. A volley of oaths against the rottenness of American civilization — not a sound leaf of tobacco to be had for love or money. “I guess it’s all right,” she said, “you wont’ need any more treatment.” He stopped cursing, gasped, and turned upon her in fury roaring, “Is this your doing, Madam?” [075] She told us, too, of a man who was lunching with them and refused some potatoes, saying, “I’m afraid of potatoes”. Her children (all budding “scientists”) had never heard of such a thing and they roared with laughter. It does suggest a funny picture — a man running away from a fierce potato, like the little monks in Carpaccio’s picture, running away from St. Jerome’s Lion!

Mrs. Longyear is a mixture of the brains of a kitten with something of the early Franciscan fervour and large-heartedness. If she would purr comfortably instead of talking, we could get on very well.

Her husband (now a convinced “scientist”) used to suffer agonies of indigestion. When he used to complain of chicken and turkey and coffee, etc. not agreeing with him — his favourite dishes — she would say, “Now \_\_\_\_ Longyear,

why don’t you just [076] put it down to something you don’t like?” She laughs so heartily, and is so genial, one really loves her.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1903

Bernhard went shopping for boots. I met Ellen Hale at the Museum and we had a look round. Mrs. Berenson and Miss Hale came to lunch. I went earlyish to Cambridge and called with Rachel on Mrs. Willard and Mrs. West, and there met B. B. at Ethel Puffer’s, where were assembled Prof. Royce, Prof. Münsterberg, Santayana and various human stuffings.

Münsterberg frankly said that his sole interest in the Germanic Museums was “political” — a triumph for B. B.’s insight. He is a large, heavy, hideous, genial German Jew of the type of poor Lippmann. He is arranging the scientific section of the St. Louis Fair, and had 160 invitations to eminent scientists to deliver personally.

“I daresay half of them refused to sit on [077] the platform with the other half.” I said. “Ah! You understand Europe”, he replied. “Americans think it is so funny and absurd. They’re all so ‘large minded’. But there they do only secondary, derived work,” he added, “so of course they don’t mind what they call ‘hearing all points of view.’ ”

Prof. Royce was very sorry to hear that Bertie runs the risk of being beguiled by politics. He says so many people can do politics, and only Bertie can do his special work. He wants Bertie to come and give a course at Harvard.

It was a very pleasant tea, and we felt grateful to Miss Puffer.

We hurried back to the Longyears and had supper and then went to the “Christian Science Temple” for an Experience Meeting. There was a hymn, readings from the Bible and from Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, prayers, another hymn, ten or twelve testimonies from all over the house, another hymn and then all was over. [078] Mrs. Longyear said she would “treat” Bernhard, and the he thought he would let her, so as to see what it was all about. He came home and dressed, and then went with Barrett Wendell to the “Wednesday Evening Club” (founded 1776) which met this time at the house of Mr. Rhodes the historian. He had, as they say, “the time of his life”, with dozen interesting, interested men. It is the women, he says, who spoil American society.

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Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903

Bernhard spent the morning at the dentist’s, and in spite of Mrs. Longyear’s absent treatment suffered agonies from the killing of a nerve. I went with Miss Puffer to Wellesley and gave a lecture to the girls. It went off better than at Smith, but was substantially the same lecture. They seemed very enthusiastic [079]

We lunched at Miss Hazard’s, who is President. Mrs. Gardner was there, wearing all her jewels, because she said she had heard of a butler who stole the jewels of his mistress during her absence. She absorbed the conversation, and was not very interesting — as, indeed, she seldom is. She has no real gift as a conversationalist. Things lead nowhere with her. Then they gave us a reception in the Club House of the girls who go in for art. Hundreds of girls, and lots of teachers, mostly, “in the English Department”, as usual, were brought up to speak to us, for B. B. arrived about three o’clock.

We got back in time to dress for dinner at the Tylers’, a good dinner in a beautiful room. Mr. Gale and his wife, and Mrs. Fox were the other guests. It was really agreeable and jolly, and “brother Charles” seemed awfully nice. His deep blue eyes are beautiful, and his taste in furniture is faultless. [080]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 20, 1903

We met Miss Norton and her nephew Mr. Bullard, a collector of etchings, at the Museum. Miss Norton didn’t really care about seeing the things, she wanted to talk. Mr. Bullard seemed shy, conscientious, and *exalté*, but as he is a possible buyer, I viewed his peculiarities with a benevolent eye. They came back with us to lunch, and then Bernhard drove to Cambridge with Miss Norton to see Joseph Lyndon Smith’s exhibition of pictures. As they were looking at one of Sicily, Miss Norton said, “Isn’t this impossible?” “Absolutely impossible,” answered B. B., and then a man standing near turned on them and said, “I am Mr. Smith’s father!” It was awkward — and just when we had resolved to make no more enemies!!

While Bernhard was at Cambridge, I [081] left cards on people who were leaving cards on other people, on Mrs. Barrett Wendell, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Endicott Peabody, Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Parkman. We met again at Miss Robins’, also with Santayanam, who came from Cambridge in the car with B. B. Miss Robins was flustered and chattering and inconsequential, and evidently very much relieved to her that we were too busy to accept any further invitation from her.

We dined at the James’, with Mr. Denman Ross, Mr. Minturn, Miss Coombe and Mrs. Godwin. It was very disappointing not to see more of William James himself, he seemed nervous and abstracted. Mr. Ross, who walked to the car with us, says he always is at a “party”. I had a nice talk with Mr. Ross, who wants to teach people to think in colours, masses, and balances. But he doesn’t care for Titian’s *Europa*, [082] and likes that fake “Veronese” in the Museum! It is reallymonstrous If we stayed much longer, I am sure B. B. would snatch off his shoes, like George Fox at Lichfield, and rush barefoot through the streets crying, “Woe! Woe! to the bloody town of Boston! to the city of art-amateurs!”

I forgot to say that Bernhard began the morning with a “treatment” from Mrs.

Longyear.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 21, 1903

Bernhard had another “treatment”. They consist chiefly in Mrs. Longyear’s telling him of the troubles she has overcome. Then we went together to see Mr. Updike’s printing establishment. He does some very good work, in excellent taste. Then B. B. went to Cambridge to lunch with Miss Norton before the great football match between Yale and [083] Harvard, to which 40,000 have tickets, and I called on Mrs. Whitman to return the Symphony tickets she kindly sent us for tonight. We don’t care to go, it is all modern, emotional stuff. That is another thing to cry, “Woe!” for the awful music they allow this superb orchestra to give them!

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In the afternoon I called on the Perrys, Samuel Warrens, Rogers, Grays, Lyndon Smiths, Miss Reed, and on Prof. Powers of the “Bureau of International Travel.” Mrs. Gardner, with Mr. Proctor, came to dine, and went off to the Symphbony,

while we went out to the family at Savin Hill, and found Rachel and Ralph Perry there. he is not really very interesting.

Added later in pencil: ‘How we changed our minds later!!’

Mrs. Gardner is sometimes very trying — she loves to humiliate people, and she is now paying this game with B. B. — I daresay, though, no more than she does with other people. She is adorable but not lovable. [084]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 22, 1903

Bernhard, with sighs and groans, went to the Christian Science meeting. He said it was pretty dull, but it make him think a lot. He rejoiced in it as a challenge to our traditional psychology.

When he came back we went to Cambridge to Mr. Denman Ross’. He showed us some marvels of Chinese and Japanese art, until we were in raptures. Afterwards he showed us a few more Eastern things, and then his own paintings, which are very, very good, but in the European tradition with Ingres, Velasquez, Manet, Michelangelo, Degas. His colour-scheme is perhaps richer. It is a great pity he never exhibits. We were quite amazed!

At lunch we talked with entire frankness of Mrs. Gardner and Fairfax Murray. We feel he is really a friend, and that he takes almost our own point of [085] view. It was most consoling. There is no one we know in the world with whom it is so agreeable to talk about art. He is a *great acquisition*.

Afterwards we called on Mrs. Fletcher, and then I went to a tea at Miss Allyn’s (the Moores, Thayers and Mrs. Sampson, née Ware), and B. B. went to Mrs. Toy’s, where I joined him about 5.30.

We dines, for a wonder, alone. Conte Campello called in the evening. Wrote a note to the Nation on Warburg, and wrote to Logan, Aunt Janet, Conway Felton (about pictures at Santa Barbara), etc.

Early to bed for once, as I am not feeling very mighty, though on Longyear principles, I would not give in to it all day.

It was snowing, and the ground was quite white.

Old Mrs. Ross is a *great dear.* [086]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 23, 1903

Mrs. Tyler and Mr. Fox, the architect, came for us at 10.30 to take us a drive among the newly build houses (some of them extremely good) in the suburbs. We ended up with the Larz Anderson’s place — a home filled with odds and ends, the rubbish from lost of curiosity shops. Mr. Anderson confessed he had no taste, but said he hoped to acquire it by indiscriminate buying!

B. B. lunched with Clayton Johns at the Tavern Club. I called on Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Kahn and joined b. B. at Mrs. Perry’s reception — rather deadly. We dined with Mrs. Morss, a pretty silly woman. Interesting was Mr. I. Mackintosh. Bell, a young man who has travelled a great deal in British Columbia and in particular explored the region round Hudson’s Bay, discovering new tribes of Indians and Esquimaux. [087]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1903

Went to Cambridge and called on Prof. Norton. Entertained chiefly by the daughter Santayana christened “Paradiso”, a sweet, pretty creature, rather over-cultured. Santayana says she reminds him of a clock ticking under a glass case. Norton has two Bassanos he calls Tintoretto etc., lots of Burne-Jones’ drawings, and an impressive Blake.

Afterwards we refreshed ourselves calling on Miss Norton, who nearly fell out of her chair with surprise at hearing us say Denman Ross was a real artist. he has

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been slow in his development, never showing signs of anything but mediocrity until he was well over 40 — a comforting thought for some of us!

Then we went to the Union, where Santayana gave us a pleasant lunch with the Toys and Bullard. Then we called on dear old Mrs. Agassiz [088] and on the rather deadly Pringsheims, and then came home, received a call from the rather middling Rabbi Fleischer, and went out to the Wilsons. They were awfully nice, and Helen played us some of her own things and Bach.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1903

Mrs. Gardner called for us, with Zorn, at 10.30. As soon as she saw B. B. she burst into violent weeping. She said it was for her god, but not to speak of it. As she habitually lies, it was probably from some other cause. Whatever it was, she mastered it, and was very gay all the rest of the time. She took us first to a Mr. Macomber, who collects armour and Italian forgeries. He keeps his windows closed and hung with tapestry, and has strange weapons and fierce-looking suits of armour all about. It was enough to drive one crazy.

Then we went to Mrs. Whitman’s studio and feigned interest in her so horrible [089] paintings and her worse stained glass.

After that we went to lunch with Mr. Templeman Coolidge, a charming man and a bit of an amateur collector, with four jolly daughters. His wife, who as a daughter of the historian, Parkman, is dead. Then we paid a call or two, and came back to meet Senda. Mr. Perry and Mrs. Hooker called. We dined at 8 with the Bowlkers. Mrs. Bowlker is very intelligent, and very agreeable.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thanksgiving, Thursday, Nov. 26, 1903

A Family Day, with us as with everyone else in New England. Senda wrote that it would be “a long day of joy”, but this was not strictly the case. However, it went off very well, and I daresay little Mrs. Berenson imagines by this time that it was bliss. We all ate too much and had to sleep it off. [090]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Friday, Nov. 27, 1903

We met Denman ross at the Museum and looked at a series of 16 pictures of Rakkan which have been sent for sale. Very beautiful — Dureresque in drawing. Then at some other things, Japanese and Chinese. The same difference of point of view came up, he tending to prefer the art that approached the vase or the rug, and we laying stress upon the figure. He is a delightful person to talk with. Mr. Pritchard assisted part of the time, but it did not strike me that he cared for the art of it at all. Mr. Ross brought also my nice young cousin Billy Taylor, who really did care, and who adores Denman Ross.

Then we called for Alfred Burton, who took us out to his home at Newton. On the way he told us wonderful [091] tales of his adventures on a North Pole expedition, and on the expedition to Java to observe a solar eclipse. He said a priest lived near where he and his party stationed themselves, who had made friends with the monkeys of the forest. He fed them every day, and they were friendly with him. Berton and his men went over to see him and said they would like to see the monkeys. So the priest went out into the open and chattered up into the sky. Presently a rustling was heard in the distant tree-tops, coming nearer and nearer, and after awhile 4 or 500 monkeys swung into view. Burton and men had bananas to feed them, but the monkeys all waited for the King before beginning the feast. After a time the King appeared, a grey old monkey about 4 ft. hight, wrinkled and [092] wizened. He advanced quite alone to Burton, laid one hand on Burton’s arm to prevent any undue familiarity and took a banana He stepped back some paces and ate it, deliberately peeling it, and pulling off the little inside fibres, all the other monkeys watching him. In this way he took 4, eating them one at a time. Then he gave the signal and the other monkeys swooped in, watching, fighting, clamouring.

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We found Arnold and Harold nice big, shy boys, who suffered our presence, but I am sure danced a war-dance of joy as soon as we went. Burton’s sister who keeps house for him, is rather awful, so hopelessly “lower middle” in every way.

We got home about 5 and rested and then went to dine with the Robinsons, who had no other guests. They told [093] us how Dick Norton sold Mrs. Montgomery Sears some forged “Etruscan” jewelry. [*sic*] Mrs. Sears brought it to the Museum and *insisted* on knowing what they thought; so at last they had to tell her. She was indignant, and wrote to Norton, who returned her the money with a most outrageous letter blackguarding all the Museum people, and refusing to admit that he had been taken in.

We offered our Perugino, which Robinson seemed to like. We find him a very “white man” in his profession, and indeed think him one of the people we are most glad to have met. His wife belongs to quite another world, of society and comfort and amusement. She seems in the wrong box. She is very kind to us. [094]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Saturday, Nov. 28, 1903

Went to Mrs. Gardner’s with Senda. Most of the time was spent in looking at her Chinese things. She is bitten with the fashionable craze, and wastes endless money at the Japanese sales, getting odds and ends, which are beginning to clutter up her beautiful Palace in a saddening way. She is going to tear down her adorable music room, and turn it into an Eastern Museum, with huge gods torn from their temples, mixed with lacquer and screens. It makes one wonder whether her “taste” isn’t just a lucky fluke.

Then we went to Edward Everett Hale’s to a family lunch, the old patriarch (rather dirty) surrounded by his family, a sweet clean wife and daughter, and monkey-faced sons with their wives. Ellen Hale gave us a little reception in her studio later, from whose walls violet-livid heads of her [095] father, more than life size, gazed ready upon the scene.

In the evening we dined with the Fletchers at Cambridge: it was pleasant, but not especially interesting. I talked chiefly to Mr. Thayer, who is distinctly dull. His wife, who was Bessie Ware and Logan’s and my landlady during our Harvard year, is distinctly improved and can talk fairly about most things.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 29, 1903

A most interesting day! At 8.30 Charles Tyler came for us and drove us to the train, picking up the architect Fox on the way. Tyler was clad in a great bear-skin, with a cap like a vizier, and looked enormous and burly and hearty. He got a Pullman compartment for us to go to Newburyport, and we smoked and were most comfortable.

At Newburyport his automobile “Mr. White” was waiting, with the machinist, and we started off in fine style. But we had [096] not gone far before she began to thump, and at last, by the time we reached the life-saving station on Hampton Beach, she gave distinct signs of being unable to continue. So we crawled back to Hampton and had dinner there, and put in our time waiting for the train, B. B. resting, and Tyler and I walking through the cemetery discussing the difficult problem of Gertrude Moulton, his sister. And then we came back in the train all together and went to the Union Club, where Mr. Tyler gave us a “plain supper” as he called it: Caviare, Raw Oysters, Terrapin, Game, jelly and salad, Ice Cream — Olives, Champagne, salted almonds.

And he talked, telling us quantities of interesting stories of lawyers and the West, ending up with “a Texan you [097] really must meet, you would like him so much —he has been tried five times for murder. He only resented it the last time, when they accused him of hiring “a nigger to kill a man — ‘as if I couldn’t do my killing myself!’ ”

Then B. B. and I hurried off to meet Billy Taylor, such a nice lad of 21, and talk to him about his future, that agonizing subject to a boy of his age. Both Bernhard

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and I thought what a fine fellow he was, and what a good husband he would make for Ray — if ever! But Bernhard said it would be fatal for them to meet *now*.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Monday, Nov. 30, 1903

B. B. went to the Museum, and I went with Mrs. Rogers to see her home for underpaid shop-girls, and its splendid matron, Miss Sarah [098] Gardiner. It is a thoroughly sound charity.

We lunched at the Bullards, and then looked at Mr. Bullard’s collection of Whistler etchings and lithographs. They are, on the whole, a disappointment — thin and sometimes dull.

Then I called on Mrs. Longyear and some others, ending up with Mrs. Perry, from whose studio I went to Mr. Dow’s where I found Bernhard. Mr. Dow seemed nervous as a host, and rather scatter-brained, but B. B. liked him. He showed us one of those awful drawings by Miss Fanny Alexander, Ruskin’s pet. B. B. said right out that he loathed it. After an early dinner went to hear the Kneisel Quartette at Cambridge, sitting with Mrs. Ross. They gave the Kruzer Sonata — delicious! [099]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1903

We went to Mrs. Gardner’s, who, however, haled us off to hear Melba rehearing in Symphony Hall.

Then we went to Concord, a most adorable, quiet little town, with some fine old houses. After walking to the battle-ground and sentimentalizing a bit, we came back and met young Edward Forbes in the library, Emerson’s grandson, a nice-looking lad resembling Emerson, with an honest but slow nature. We walked with him to the deserted “School of Philosophy” and to Hawthorne’s house, and then he took us to see his Aunt, Miss Emerson, and Emerson’s study. We told him frankly about his pictures. He is a sub-master in the Middlesex school near Concord, for he has a fad about “earning his bread”, but [100] we tried to seduce him with the idea that America needs (as it does!) a serious leisured class.

In the evening we dined at tucker Burr’s, with Dr and Mrs. Minot, Dr and Mrs. Thorndike, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Warren and the Barrett Wendells. Tucker was charming, much nicer than I thought he would turn out. Mrs. Burr seemed to take a great fancy to B. B.

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1903 Shopped, Bernhard having a “treatment” from Mrs. Longyear.

I lunched with Mrs. Tyler, who had 5 very middle class dull ladies to meet me, and a very good lunch. B. B. had Mr. Bullard to lunch. I paid calls, including one on Mrs. Elliott and her dear old mother Julia Ward Howe, also one on Mrs. Higginson and a Mrs. Rogers.

In the evening we went to Savin Hill[29](#page22) [101]

Hotel Somerset, Boston, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1903

The day was spent mostly in packing, though B. B. went to Cambridge and met Wendell and Royce and called on Miss Norton. We dined int he evening with the Sam Warrens, a Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, Templeman Coolidge, the Robinsons, Denman Ross and Pritchard being the other guest. I had a most delightful talk with Mr. Ross at dinner, and a pleasant one with Mr. Robinson afterwards. It was one of our most agreeable dinners. Mr. Robinson said they were “considering” the Perugino. *Speriamo*!

Guernsey Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, Friday, Dec. 4, 1903

Spend the day coming here. The rule in the Pullman cars is 71º of heat, but it is generally nearer 85º. The view of New York from the Ferry — like a Cyclopean San Gemignano — is very fine. Mrs. Marquand is pretty and intelligent, Mrs.



29 The home of Bernhard’s parents on Grampian Way.

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Marquand [102] very, very dull, and not at all really intellectual, but serious and well-meaning. He is always softly humming. A Mr. Morey, post-graduate student in Latin and archaeology, and Freddie Pease, an old Germantownian, came to dine.

Guernsey Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, Saturday, Dec. 5, 1903

Saw the college in the morning, and got acquainted with the different styles of Mr. Potter the architect, each worse than the other! Walter Cope’s building, on the contrary, pleased us exceedingly. It is delicious weather, freezing, with snow on the ground, but somehow warm and inspiriting. Some of the art class came in the evening, and Bernhard “connoshed” Mrs. Marquand’s few pictures for their benefit. Mr. Marquand is really delightful. She is a niece of the Mr. Cross who married George Eliot.[30](#page23)

I have been resting myself by reading a lot of novels. [103]

Guernsey Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, Sunday, Dec. 6, 1903

Saw the Saint Gaudens monument in the Church, and the La Farge and Lathrop (?) windows, all of which we disliked cordially.

Mr. Morey came to lunch, and Mr. Pease to dinner. Afterwards came a Mr. Butler, who had been exploring between the Orontes and the \*\*\*. He said lots of interesting things, among others that the people there could not understand a photography, could not see that a flat thing could possibly represent a thing in the round. It meant nothing to them.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Monday, Dec. 7, 1903

We reached here about 2.30, feeling somehow rather despondent and lonely, in this gigantic town.

August Jacacci’s[31](#page23) visit rather deepened our gloom, and a terrible dinner did not cheer us. This American system of fifty dishes standing ready for hours is fatal to all good cooking. We are actually converted to the table d’hôte! [104]

Mr. Jacacci returned in the evening, bringing Mr. Kenyon Dox,a queer, awkward, ponderous lop-sided faced man, who, however, tried to do what Mr. Jacacci never dreamt of — to think. All the same, he doesn’t realize that he is not really competent to speak of Italian pictures he has not seen for nearly twenty years.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1903

Went downtown to the Bank, and were overcome by the Titanic “sky scrapers”.

Called on Mr. Garrison of *The Nation*, and saw his assistant, Mr. Mather.

Hutchins and Neith came to lunch, she looking very lovely in black, for her father. She seems pretty despondent, though, about this winter, it is so sad, and so awfully dull at her mother’s. She expects another baby in May. Norman came to lunch, too, looking very thin. Wife ill, as usual. She seems to have some really serious bowel trouble. He [105] has all the care of the house, the child — everything.

I went to see Florence Dike (Reynolds) in the afternoon, she being sadly out of health. She says that both she and her doctor have never known what seemed a successful Christian Science case that did not come an awful smash in the end. This is “important if true”.

Bernhard called on Mr. Winthrop and Norman tok him to see Charles Dana Gibson, the illustrator.

We had a horrible dinner at the restaurant here.

George Carpenter called in the evening. He fell in love with California last summer, and would prefer going to New Zealand rather than to Europe.

I forgot to tell in its place what Tucker Burr told me. He telephoned to the Somerset to ask “Mr. Berenson’s first name.” “Burrnarrd” was the reply, which he wasn’t sure he understood. “How is it spelt?” he asked. “How d’ye think



1. In 1880 Mary Ann Evans (‘George Eliot’) married John Cross
2. August Floriano Jaccaci (1856-1930) was a mural painter and writer, born at Fontainebleau, 1856; died at Châteauneuf-Grasse, 1930).

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Burrnarrd ought to be spelt?” was the desk’s sole reply. The serving people [106] certainly have a remarkable *sans gêne*! I must say that I abhor the hotel system of having no bells in your room, but only telephones, through which you have to shout down your order to the head clerk. It is practically impossible ever to get hold of the chambermaid!

Hotel Plaza, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1903

I must quote Mr. Bullard’s letter, which we found awaiting us:

“Dec 6, 1903

Dear Mr. Berenson,

I have just read your two articles in the Burlington Magazine. What awakened your soul? I had no idea you were such a kind of person. You must excuse my enthusiasm — it has burnt up all my words. It is late in the night, but before I go to bed, I want to tell you you are a mysterious and inspired man.

Very truly yours,

Francis Bullard

3 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, U.S.A.”

We are invited to go to a strange Settlement [107] in the Catskill Mountains. The founder writes “Our enterprise here is in its infancy, and we have not yet got to work to produce anything. We had a Summer School here, painting and dancing, from June to October. Mr. W. D. Murphy of Boston was the chief instructor, and we had plenty of people, but talent is rare. And as far as decorative (Mr. Kenyon Cox calls this de *core* ative, by the way) art, there is precious little to be found in this country.”

I think a Community nourished on Dancing and Decoration is really original.

The man’s name is Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead.

We went to the portrait exhibition this morning, with Norman. It was too dreadful, especially the Sargents. I t recalled Denman Ross’ remark: “This reminds me of Wordsworth.” “Why, how?” “Didn’t he write *Intimations of Immorality*?”[32](#page24) There wasn’t one good new thing there. Even the Whistler, an endlessly tall girl in a riding-habit, was *very* thin. [108]

Here is an amusing description of Santa Barbara Mr. Ilsley of Milwaukee wrote to Mrs. Hooker:

“Santa Barbara is amusing in its small way with its flotsam and jetsam of Europe, of Italy, the mementoes of prosperous and pleasurable days saved from the wrecks of families that have run ashore. Carved tables and chairs clung to in the deluge, good copies and bad copies hung now on humbler walls, a mighty solace to bruised pride that has had to come down. There are the Florentine days of this family, the days on the Riviera of that, the Venice of another; Munich, Dresden, Paris — each has contributed its failure in health or fortune, and each refugee has set up some gods from the beloved hearth to which he still makes obeisance, tilting a sniffing nostril to the crude rank prosperity of those who have only a fat present of ploughs, or hams and preserved beef, of wooden tubs, or coke and iron, and who [109] come and go, skimming the cream of the year in their red motor-cars.”

We went to the Portrait Exhibition with Norman in the morning. It was horrible, form Sargent downwards. I am sorry to say that Mr. Kenyon Cox’s picture was as bad as almost any, and we did not care at all for the St. Gaudens medals, and reliefs.

After lunch Bernhard went to the Metropolitan Museum where Mr. Story was remarkably civil to him. He returned to find Cottenet here, pleasant as ever,

I forgot to say that we met Miss Satey Fairchild at the Exhibition. She said Blair was very ill, and as thin and pale as a ghost. Cottenet has just been staying with them, he says it is an absolute lie! She has evidently not changed her nature.



32 Perhaps a mistake for ‘Intimations of Immortality’?

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Bernhard dined at the Century Association with Sir William Van Horn,[33](#page25) La Farge and Mr. Carey, Jacacci giving the dinner. He did not return till one o’clock, he [110] was so fascinated with Van Horn, a man of 60 in perfect condition who never sleeps more than four hours. He built the Canadian Pacific, and is now railroading Cuba. He owns and runs hotels everywhere, countless model farms, paints, has a huge collection, knows Japanese pottery to the ground, is full of fun and spirits — a real Eponymous Hero.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1903

Bernhard startled me by asking whether he should let it be known that he would be willing to succeed Cesnola[34](#page25) as director of the Museum here. I saw a thousand advantages in it, but I do think it would be a waste of a man who can think. Today’s visit there confirmed me. It is a vast collection of horrors.

We went out after lunch to Brooklyn [111] to see the painter, Hamilton Field, whom Roger and Trevy raved about. He is a pleasant enough man, but not exciting to us. But the view from his window was the most amazing and enthralling spectacle we ever had. I daresay we were dull enough, gaping at it. It is the silhouette of New York seen across the water, and we watched it gradually light up with million of lights that seemed merely put on for decoration. We were awed and overcome by the vastness and grandeur of it.

In the evening Florence Mosher called, and then Ned Warren, who remained 2 1/2 hours talking Boston and Art gossip. Bernhard in the meantime was dining again with the pleasant crowd of the night before. They said the Waldorf Astoria Hotel provided “exclusiveness for the multitude”. [112]

Hotel Plaza, New York, Friday, Dec. 11, 1903

We walked up and down Fifth Avenue and shuddered at the buildings, and at 1 went to lunch with Mr. Bullard’s friend, Mr. Grenville Winthrop. He has a horrible false French house filled with false XVIII century things — a soft, gentle, melancholy man. No business there.

Mr. Hastings, the architect of the five million dollar new Library now being put up was there. He is a Beaux Arts man to the core, and thinks we should all go back to XVIII century art before the revolution broke it up.

I called on Carman[35](#page25) (too ill to see me), the Dunnes (Mrs. Abbott too ill) and Mrs. Chapman, and in the evening we dined with Ned Warren and Mr. Marshall at their almost English lodgings in Irving Place. They were awfully nice. Ned was full of loathing for America, said [113] it was all souffet, nothing genuine, that six months of it was all a man could stand. We had a good heart-to-heart *Grunch*, pouring out, on both sides, all our grievances. Ned has quarrelled practically with the whole of Boston.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Saturday, Dec. 12, 1903

In the morning we went over the Tiffany glass works with dear Bond. It was a perfect delirium tremens. And Bond said he had just been making up a Christmas advertisement to say that “Only true Art is Restful. Buy Your Christmas Presents at Tiffany’s”!! The stained glass is now brought to such a point of perfection that it is equal to any painting. It reminded Bernhard of the story of two skunks who were standing by the road waiting for some one [114] to come by to bespatter with their skunky odour,when a gasoline automobile went by. “What’s the use?”said one skunk sadly to another! And so might painters say gazing on these windows. Bond then took us over to the Court of Appeal, which is a



1. William Cornelius Van Horne, (1843-1915) became President of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1888
2. Luigi Palma di Cesnola was the first director from 1879 to 1904.
3. Bliss Carman?

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building that, as some one said, doesn’t suggest Justice but a Cocktail. There we saw Kenyon Cox’s decorations, which were awful, but better than anyone else’s.

Bernhard went to lunch with Mr. Van Dyke at the Century, and I with Florence[36](#page26) at the Arts. She was a great dear, and we enjoyed ourselves together. She says I simply mustn’t call Bernhard “B. B.” for it means only one thing in America — bed-bug. This explains several queer looks and smiles over his name!

I came home, dressed, received a call from Mrs. George [115] Carpenter and went to Mrs. Manson’s reception, when I met Cora Burr Harden, who walked back with me to have the “honour” of being introduced to Bernhard.

Mr. Laffan, of the *Sun*, was here, he paid a call of 1 1.2 hours. Why? Norman says he is as sharp as a steel trap, and never wastes his time.

In the evening we dined at the Crolys and met Kenyon Cox and Miss Eisham. Bernhard rather snubbed Kenyon Cox and put him down, to the intense delight of all the others, who had never seen him on the defensive before! I thought Bernhard too sniffy and disagreeable, but the poor thing was so tired he hardly knew what he was saying I feel really frightened about his tiredness. It has come on since those late nights with carousing old Van Horn. [116]

Hotel Plaza, New York, Sunday, Dec. 13, 1903 Perhaps the call we had from M. Eugene Glaenzer explains Laffone’s

empressement, a dealer with ambitions to sell only first-rate stuff. We feel like babes in their hands, or lambs before the shearer.

Before he came, I went with an old musician named Fuchs to see a so-called Correggio, Venus teasing Cupid by holding the bow out of his reach. I had to pronounce it only a copy, but they were most awfully nice about it and seemed to follow my reasons. I said I should always remember Dr. Richardson, the owner, as being the most candid and polite picture-owner I ever meet.

Then we went over to Flushing in Long Island to see Edith and Bryson Burroughs and their two boney babes. They seemed perfectly [117] unchanged, and as delightful as ever.

We came home and went to a small reception at Norman’s, the Crolys, the Alexanders, Mr. Van Dyke, Mr. Steffens, Mrs. Cadwallader Jones (a great talker), Mrs. Sorchon (very rich), Goellet the actor, the relict of R. L. Stevenson and her son, and Emilie[37](#page26) up for a while from her illness and gorgeously beautiful in black velvet, ermine and lace, looking like the very highest class of cocotte — but really gorgeous. It took your breath away! We had a quiet evening, and I hope Bernhard is getting rested.

Monday, Dec. 14, 1903

I went by an early train to Albany — a most beautiful journey along the Hudson all the way. I was met by Mrs. Richmond, my hostess, and [118] Mr. Fenimore Cooper, grandson of the novelist. A splendid sleigh was waiting, and we drove to Mr. Cooper’s to see a “Holbein” (I don’t think it was one), and then to Mr. Thacker’s for lunch.

In the afternoon I gave my lecture and had a “tea”, and then a very interesting dinner at the Richmonds. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were the other guests — great friends of the President’s. She is the head of the State Education Bureau.

Here in Albany, for the first time, I have “touched America”. Their heartiness and friendliness is beyond description!

Bernhard went in the morning to Glaenzer’s, and then to lunch with La Farge at the Chapman’s. They made out Sargent as a very brutal sort of cad, such, in fact, as you would judge him from his pictures, but we had always [119] heard of him as such a good fellow. He dined with George Carpenter at the Club in the



1. Florence Dike Reynolds.
2. Emilie Hapgood?

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evening, but found him not much in sympathy with the things he cares about. He remained there till past midnight talking with La Farge.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903

Came down in the train with Mr. Palmer, a painter of snow scenes. I got rather attached to the Albany people and felt sad to go away and never see them again. They begged us to come back.

Reached home in time to go to take tea with Miss Davidge — not important.

Bernhard had a delightful lunch given to him by Norman, with Jerome and Hodder and Goelet and Collier, Alexander, Dunne and Herford. It was very interesting.

In the evening we dined with Clyde Fitch,[38](#page27) [120] who had the actress Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Miss Marbury. A rather jolly evening. Miss de Wolfe told us many stories about Gladys, with whom she spent the summer at Versailles.

Bernhard made a ‘mot’ in Herford’s vein at the lunch, when they were discussing the difference between a nuisance and a convenience and he said, A nuisance is another mans’ convenience.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1903

Mrs. Bullard called, and Mrs. Davis, who used to be, in Italy, “the Young Lady”, now the mother of a family, and very boring — she always was — and boiled-eggish.

We lunched with Rawlins Cottenett, who had Mrs. Sorchau and Mr. Robin Grey (bookseller) at Sherry’s. [121]

Neith had a tea here, to which came the Fenollosas, Steffens, Hodder and I forget who, Norman among others. We dined alone with the Alexanders — very pleasant. Their house is awfully nice.

Hotel Plaza, New York, Thursday, Dec. 17, 1903

I was rather low, so Bernhard went alone to call on Mr. Lathrop in his studio. We met at Mr. Hyde’s for lunch, with a Miss Platt, Mr. Gregory and Cottenett. Hyde is rather handsome and bumptious, with *no taste*. He is very young.

Paid some calls. Dined with Chapmans (Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence) at 7, and went to Concert of Old Music after.

Bernhard has developed a most awful cold, one of his very worst! [122]

Hotel Plaza, New York, Friday, Dec. 18, 1903

I lunched with Cora Hardon, and Bernhard with Mr. Rhinelander, the charming old President of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Meseum. I met him there, and we had some chat with the Curator, Cesnola, a regular old Italian. Then we paid some calls, ending up with Ned Warren, who advised us to kill the scandal about the David “Leonardo” which Mr. Richard Norton is sedulously spreading everywhere, by asking Davis to write to The Nation and say that B. B. had nothing whatever to do with its sale.

We dined with the Mansons, one of those huge, expensive, dreary dinners. I sat between Manson and Laffan, who gobbled up lots of terrapin like pigs. The only people we liked there were a Mr. and Mrs. Gayley, who are “in steel”. [123]

Tranquillity Farm, Allamuchy Post Office,

Warren County, New Jersey, Saturday, Dec. 19, 1903

We took the 1.40 train for Hackettstown, and arrived to find the whole country covered with snow. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, and Mrs. Chapman came by the same train, and we sleighed out to the Stuyvesants’ place, “Tranquillity Farm”, Allamuchy — a big, rambling house, very luxurious and well-furnished, like the best sort of English country house. Mrs. Stuyvesant is French, with all a French woman’s well-assorted stock of *clichés* to fit (and put an end to) every



38 Clyde Fitch (1865-1909), the most popular writer for the Broadway stage of his time.

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subject. She is not at all stupid, though. Mr. Stuyvesant is, but so thoroughly a gentleman, and so evidently good, that he is delightful. His brother, Mr. Rutherford, who is building a house near by, is just like a bursting English squire of the best type. [124]

Tranquillity Farm, Sunday, Dec. 20, 1903

It poured all day, and Bernhard, mopping his streaming eyes, talked from morn till eve, to the surprise of the Stuyvesants, who are a rather silent set He was like Soloman, and the number of his proverbs was a thousand and one. We spoke some useful Museum business also. Mrs. Stuyvesant took a great fancy to Bernhard. Mr. Chapman is very charming, burningly sincere, but not at all intellectual.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Monday, Dec. 21, 1903

Came home to lunch. I called on Miss Chanler, and then went to a tea Cora Harden gave me, deadly and frumpy, but she meant very kindly.

Bernhard, *in extremis* with his cold, joined me there. Fafner came and dined with us, and then we spent the evening with Bond and Josephine. Bond is *delightful*. [125] Josephine seems rather dull, and her sister pert and ill-bred somehow. But Bond is happy at last.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1903

We saw Mr. Yerkes’ collection. He has the finest Persian Rugs I have ever seen, and some fair pictures. He has one or two forgeries by Costantini. Then I had a “ladies lunch” given me by Florence — Mrs. Hewett, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Parsons,

* Mrs. (Florence Lockwood) Grant Lafarge — the most vehement talker I ever met. They say she and her sister (now Mrs. Harry Wharton) used to talk even when they were brushing their teeth! She was filled up with superior *clichés*, but I did not catch her mind *en flagrant délit de penser* once. Pretty, but — *una basta*! On the whole, [126] it was a frumpy, meaningless gathering, and we ate far too much, and sat far too long. I had to hurry away to get to Florence Mosher’s tea, which was surprisingly pleasant. There were lots of people. The other guest of honour was Miss Carlyle, an English actress playing in “Admirable Creighton”.

Bliss Carman came, and Mancuse Conway, the Alexanders, Truches, Mrs. Jacacci, Norman, and so forth.

In the evening we dines with the Kenyon Coxes, Mr. and Miss Isham and Mr. Garrison being also there. Mrs. Kenyon Cox seems a decent sort, but loud and boisterous and not lady like very. Kenyon is cantankerous but sincere, and he is always thinking. But on the whole it was one of the most boring dinners we’ve had. [127]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1903

We lunched with Miss de Wolfe the actress friend of Gladys, and Miss Marbury, who runs an agency for plays. Mr. Gregory and a Marchese di San Vito were the other guests. Remarkable cuisine.

I managed some calls, and in the evening we dined with the Gayleys, who sent us their automobile. The spirit descended on B. B. and he denounced the American Woman who lives in her “invisible harem”, despising the people who are making her country, knowing nothing of the real things in politics and business that are being done. Mrs. Gayley was aghast, and stirred to the depths. Mr. Gayley’s eyes twinkled, but he was cowardly and wouldn’t say a word. Bernhard [128] said (what is true) that the real talk only began when the ladies left the table. Then these despised men became brilliant and interesting.

Miss Bustan, who was the only other guest, said that an evening there, when Carnegie, Schwab, etc., were present, talking about iron, she tried to start a little (what she called) interesting conversation. Carnegie turned to her with snapping eyes and said, “Hush — can’t you keep still wile a great man (Schwab) is talking?”

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I asked Mrs. Gayley if her husband ever told her when she was making an ass of herself. “Dear me, no, he is far too chivalrous.” “How do you even know then?” She had no answer, but she admitted that she often enough reproved him. [129]

And dear me, you only have to be with them 10 minutes to see that he is worth a thousand of her. But, as Bernhard remarked, an American’s house is his wife’s castle — nothing is allowed to disturb her sweet will.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1903

Hutchins brought Mr. Cahan to lunch, a mystical anarchist, Russian Jew, the

usual type of intellect and emotion but sweeter and more attractive than most.

Not really intellectual, however, any more than Zangwill or Fleischer.

I took Senda and Bessie to hear Parsifal — a dreary bore — and Bernhard went with Elsie de Wolfe to Mr. Bourke Cochran’s country place to [130] spend the night. Prince Trowbetskoi and his wife (Amélie Rives) were also there.

Ivy Cottage, Germantown, Friday, Christmas Day

Came here for lunch. Wilson and his wife, Aunty Lill aged and deaf and despairingly lower-middle-class. A “*désillusion”* — all Germantown, the dreamt of home of my youth, looked deadly suburb and and “middle”. Alban and Emma, both deaf, came in in the evening. Aunty Lill kept asking me if I felt I was “washed in the Blood” each morning, also “rooted in the Atonement”.

I spent the day shouting half-hearted sentimentalities into her ears, and evading her religious questions. Alban was the only bright spot, He’s a good fellow. [131] He spends every evening with Aunty — never goes anywhere or sees anyone. What a life!

Plaza Hotel, New York, Saturday, Dec. 26, 1903

Came back in train with David Bispham, who was very entertaining. Lunched at Arts Club with Mr. and Miss Mather and Mr. and Mrs. Corbyn. Bryson Burroughs called for us, and we went out (taking Senda and Bessie) to Flushing to a nice simple dinner with those darling people. Had a rousing argument with Bryson about stained glass. The point of it is that a window must be a feature of the architecture, not just a hole in the side of the wall to let a picture in. Edith saw just what we meant. It was most frightfully cold. [132]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1903

Lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Laffan, and saw his Chinese and Japanese things. Called on the Johnsons (Century), who acclaimed B. B. as the future director of the Museum. Called on Hapgood, and on a Mrs. Lee who has some pictures.

Dined with Putnams, but Bernhard found her much less agreeable and interesting than he expected from his first meeting with her. She is very bitter about women’s lot (despises her little old commonplace sprightly husband), yet insists on being treated not as a reasonable being to talk with, but as a lady to be flirted with and complimented. It was a very boring, unimportant function. [133]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Monday, Dec. 28, 1903

I lunched with Miss Isham, Mrs. Hewett and Mrs. Blashfield (a tenor) and was taken afterwards to see Bernard Shaw’s very interesting play, *Candida*.

Bernhard had Norman Hapgood to lunch.

In the evening we went out again to Brooklyn, to Mrs. Field’s.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1903

Ray and her friends are reading Mill’s Autobiography. It seems incredible. What can she think of it?!

Mr. Jacacci came to chat about pictures in the morning. Then we saw Florence <Dike> Reynolds off, and had a pleasant lunch with Miss George B. Gibbs (Mr. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Perry) and a visit to the Metropolitan. There [134] Mr.

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Story was as polite as pie to Bernhard, evidently regarding him as the future Director.

Came home to a “tea”. Senda and Bessie, the Halls, Gans, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Percy Griffin. Dined with the Steins, such well-meaning horrible Jews, and Gans took his cousin Mr. Sternberger and me to Zangwill’s play, *Merely Mary Ann*. It was very poor, I thought, just the Situation, and the characters running in the grooves cut for them by the situation.

After the play, when I was dying to get home, Mr. Gans took us to Delmonico’s and spent $10.00 on making us eat and drink things none of us wanted. The spree must have cost him $25.00 at least, for he had a carriage. I hate that way of doing things. [135]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1903

Saw Bond at the Studios, and introduced Edith Burroughs, who will, I hope be able to get some of her work accepted by Tifgfany’s.

Bernhard took them to lunch, and I went to Mr. Britten’s friend, Mrs. young, who has gathered a party of “artistic” ladies to meet me. One lady showed her culture by enthusiasm over the writings of Claude Phillips, whom she had once nearly met! Another asked me if there could be a great picture that did not express Great Ideas. Another was collecting all the representations of Circe she could find, not that she was a Circe herself, she looked more like an animated rag-bag. Another said she could embrace my knees, because I knew the Duse. Fortunately my knees were under the table; but she had actually done it to a lady who had been at Samoa with [136] Stevenson. Bernard Shaw appeared to be their highest literary ideal, and I had only one moment of pleasure, which was when a quiet little Bryn Mawr graduate spoke up from her corner and said, “Why, I didn’t know anybody ever took Bernard Shaw seriously!” It was really too awful. I never fell into such a bag of hopeless provincialism. The worst of it was that we sat for more than two hours.

I had time only to pay three or four calls, and hurried home to dress for dining with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Griffin, his brother and a Mr. Stevenson at the Waldorf Astoria — jolly Philistine nice people.

Afterwards we went and heard William Yeats lecture on “Poetry in the Old Time and the New” — silly, rather, but nice. He is a mixture of Trevy, Roger, Horne and Stenbock. [137]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, Dec. 31, 1903

Mr. Jacacci came, and then Mr. Lathrop to lunch. He is rather pleasant and intelligent.

Fafner called, and then I called on Florence Mosher, Mrs. Manson, Mrs. Gayley, Mrs. Ali Ben Haggin,[39](#page30) and Emilie Hapgood.

Packed in the evening.

On board the Twentieth Century Express to Chicago,

Friday, January 1, 1904

Lunched with Fafner, Senda and Bessie, and took this train at 2.45. It hath not entered into the mind of <the> European to conceive such a train. Our tickets were $35.00 each, and this includes 960 miles, a large separate compartment (with washstand, hot and cold water and w.c.), observation car, library, bath, barber, papers in the morning, and — a shorthand typewriter to take down your letters!! [138] I dictated one home, and also some notes for a lecture here on “The Art of Portrait Painting”.

I read a couple of detective stories and Anatole France’s very insignificant last novel, *Histoire comique*. Bernhard finished *Old Time Folks* by H. H. Stowe.



39 James Ali Ben Haggin, president of an important mining company.

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Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Saturday, January 2, 1904

Here we are, actually in Chicago! How strange it will seem a few months hence, when we think of it sitting under the cypresses.

We arrived in a snow storm that had been going on for two weeks. All Chircago was in mourning, for the terrible theatre fire that killed 600 people. The snow and mist were so dense as completely to hide the Lake, on which our windows open.

This hotel is so badly run, that we couldn’t find [139] Mrs. Gardner, nor she us, until we met by accident. She is here with Proctor, who played at the Symphony (Concerto by Liszt), and was to play tonight, only the Mayor closed the hall, as the police regulations about fire were not complied with in the building.

(17 theatres are closed; they have taken fright from the accident.)

We spent the morning and evening with them, resting in the afternoon. We spoke of a newspaper paragraph which heralded our visit, describing us as “friends of Mrs. Jack Gardner”, and Proctor broke out that he was tired to death and furious at being always tagged onto her by the papers. I thought she looked very sad and old. He played to us in the evening, Beethoven, Scarlatti, the A minor Toccata and Fugue of Bach and some horrid Liszt.

I am sleeping in a “wardrobe bed” [140]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Sunday, January 3, 1904

Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Herrick called for us and took us with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Proctor to see Mr. Ryerson’s pictures — lots of forgeries and rot, but a few decent things, 4 Perugino predelle and a Botticini. This was 5 miles to the south and then we had lunch with my old friend Lillian Prussing, 3 miles to the North. She looked careworn, but graceful and lady-like and attractive. Her mind seemed wandering.

Her husband was very nice, of the Bond Thomas type. Mr. and Mrs. Hercroten were there, and Mrs. Healey, wife of the editor of the Tribune.

We got back just in time to dress and go out to a very agreeable Sunday supper at the Herricks, about 30 very nice people, all interesting talkers — bravo for Chicago. [141]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Monday, January 4, 1904

The noise of trains all night on the Lake Shore under our windows is terrible!

They make up the goods trains from midnight on.

We went in the morning with Mr. Gunsaulus[40](#page31) (a swell dealer) to see the pictures of Mr. Logan — terribly, terribly boring — just landscapes and cows of the Barbizon school, a fake Holbima, and modern stuff by Israels, etc., a false Millet etc. Dear good people, but hopeless.

From there we went (Mrs. Gardner being with us) to a Mr. Gates’, generally known as Plunger Gates, whose house was awful beyond description, filled with modern bronzes of the Via dei Fossi type, and lamps worse than Tiffany’s! He had a lot of modern rot and a few Hoppners,[41](#page31) Romneys, etc. of mediocre quality.

Then Mrs. Gardner took us to a Mr. Bartlett’s, painter-decorator, whose house was an attempt at simple taste, and wasn’t “so bad”, considering Chicago. [142]

Bernhard lunched with Mr. Deering at the Club, and then went with Mrs. Gardner and Mr. Proctor to see Mrs. Potter Palmer’s house, and to call on Mrs. MacVeagh. The motive of the call was to give her the pleasure of saying that the three people most *en vue* in Chicago at the present moment were with her, in spite of the fact that her rival, Mrs. McCormick, was having an “at home”.

Mrs. Potter Palmer’s was simply too awful for any decent words to describe it. Bernhard said it suggested only an incredibly extravagant brothel. The whole house had a high wainscoting of brilliant, expensive Venetian mosaic, the floors



1. Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus (1856-1921).
2. John Hoppner (1758-1810), an English portrait painter.

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were like those of the New Jerusalem, jasper and chalcedony. Great nude bronzes, in flying attitudes were grouped in the corners. Monets by the yard covered the walls. It was the most revolting spectacle B. B. has seen. I stayed at home to prepare my lecture, but as a matter of fact, I was pretty steadily glued [143] to the telephone, accepting and refusing invitations. Mrs. Martin and Miss Jones called, also a newspaper interviewer (I forget the name of the paper) and Mr. French. He was full of a man who has turned up here calling himself Borel, who knows “all about art”, and corresponds so exactly to the dealer Bosdari, who absconded with £30,000 on a cheque forged with Pierpont Morgan’s name, that it seems as if it must be he.

We dined in the evening with the Lovetts’ at the Quadrangle Club.[42](#page32) Mr. Tarbell, Mr. Schwill, Mr. Salisbury (geology) and Mr. Bruer. Then I gave my lecture on “How to Enjoy the Old Masters”, while B. B. and Lovett had a smoke and talk. It went off all right, and gave some of the tired men whose wives had dragged them there, a chance for a quiet nap. The audience, instead of being Undergraduates, was purely of the Faculty. [144]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Tuesday, January 5, 1904

Bernhard went over to the Gallery and saw Mr. French. We lunched with Lillian and her husband at the Union League Club, and Lillian came back for the afternoon. Mrs. Hamill called.

We had a pleasant dinner at the Herricks, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Day, Mr.

Rhodes, the Lovetts. We liked Mr. Bartlett quite particularly.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Wednesday, January 6, 1904

In the morning we went to see the collection of Cyrus H. McCormick — awful rot, except a fine Constable. She fat, and sensual-looking. House pretty rotten.

Mr. Deering gave us a lunch here. I spoke at the Art Institute in the afternoon on “the New Art Criticism” - a really good, interesting, clear lecture!

Then I went on and joined Bernhard at Mrs. MacVeagh’s enormous musicale, assembled to hear [145] Mr. Proctor play. Met endless people, all over-dressed and over-cordial. Mrs. MacVeagh seems a frumpy old dear.

We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meeker. Their house is really pretty, in the Italian style. She is nice and he very intelligent. He is the brains they say of the great Pork Packing business, which includes most of the beef export and the whole “cold storage” system. He says they know of wars long beforehand by the orders they get and as they have nothing \_\_\_\_\_ for Japan and Russia, he thinks there won’t be much of a war, if any.

They have Japanese servants, neat little men, who lecture at the University on Philology and Social Science in their off nights. What must they think of us, eating and drinking such a lot, and talking such rot and nonsense? [138 0146]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Thursday, January 7, 1904

While Bernhard was out seeing Mr. Blair’s things, I prepared my lecture on “The Art of Portrait Painting”, a received a call from a pretty, dull, ineffably serious Mrs. Harold McCormick (née Rockefeller).

B. B. lunched with Mr. Keering and Mr. Burnham (the architect and manager of the “World’s Fair” here), and I lunched with poor Zug, and gave his classes a talk.

We had tea together at Prof. Tarbells’s — nice man.

We dined with the Hutchinson’s (C. L.) driving up there with Mrs. Gardner and Proctor. It was a most elaborate dinner, beginning with Russian Caviar, direct from St. Petersburg, and ending with fresh strawberries. It must have cost about £5 a head! But it was dull - dull - in spite of the real charm of the hostess, and the geniality of the host. A [147] Mr. and Mrs. Blair, millionaires of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick were the others.



42 Established in 1893, the Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago.

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Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Friday, January 8, 1904

We lunched with Mrs. Martin, and then I gave a lecture on “The Art of Portraiture Old and New”, to about 500 women of the Friday Club. It was *the* occasion of the year, they said, and even some of the business men, f\_\_\_\_\_ to say,

deserted their work and came to hear me. I got through it all right.

We dined at Mrs. MacVeagh’s, and Mr. Kohlsaat, my partner, said the guests “represented” nine hundred million dollars! Mr. Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln’s son, who sat on the other side, “represented”, as head of the Pullman Company, nearly 100,000,000!

B. B. had a most awfully jolly time with Mrs. Caton, who had [148] never heard of Circe, and who yelled “Yepp” (Yes) whenever he said anything she agreed with. She told him that Chicago was too “good” for her, she was great friends with everybody but nobody would flirt with her, so she was going to Rome. “O, I said”, said Bernhard, “You’re going to settle down in the Grand Hotel and eat your way into Society”. “Yepp!” she shouted, highly pleased, “You’ve just hit it.”

They had roaring time, only interrupted by Mrs. MacVeagh’s desire to speak evil in Bernhard’s ear of Mrs. Gardner, who sat just opposite, with two enormous diamonds fastened to her head on quivering gold stems. Mrs. Gardner grew so jealous of B. B.’s flirtation with Mrs. Caton that after dinner she told all the ladies how *she* had [149] known B. B. when he was a beautiful youth, and had sat with him under the Sicilian olives hearing him read Theocritus in the days before he became a bald-headed, pedantic married man. Mrs. Caton and I winked at each other, for we saw very well that she meant to say she had drunk the cup at the full, and we were having only the dregs!

Going away, her spite broke out, and in reply to some civility of her hostess she said, “O, I’m nothing now, it’s all the Berensons”, to which B B. “O Mrs. Jack, that’s another of your *usual whopping fibs*!” which sent the entire company into fits of laughter, and left Mrs. Gardner no way of escape. Of a truth, her lying is spoken of everywhere; she hasn’t a grain of truth anywhere in her whole nature. [150]

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Saturday, January 9, 1904

We lunched with the Lovetts and Mr. Schwill. Lilllian gave a reception in the afternoon at which I gave a little talk on “How to tell a Forgery”.

I stayed and had dinner with her, and Bernhard went to a big political dinner where Mr. Jerome spoke in favour of recognizing the fact that there are classes, and that the masses must be ruled by the classes as they are incapable of ruling themselves.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Sunday, January 10, 1904

We went to West Hinsdale, about 19 miles out in the Prairie, and lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamill, delightful cultivated people, who read our favourite books, and take life simply and finely.

When we came back the two interesting Mr. Jones called on us. We dined [151] with the Harold McCormicks.[43](#page33) She was a Rockefeller, and as we stayed a while behind the others, we talked about forming collections of pictures, and they said they wanted to form one, but were afraid of the dealers. I think this was perhaps the most important thing for us financially we have yet met.

Auditorium Annex, Chicago, Monday, January 11, 1904

Miss Lunt called — worse than “Miss Bates” in her volubility — also several young women with photographs of worthless pictures for sale.



1. Harold Fowler McCormick was born in Chicago in 1872, to inventor Cyrus Hall McCormick (1809–1884). In 1895 he married Edith Rockefeller (1872–1932), the youngest daughter of John D. Rockefeller (1839–1937).

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The Prussings and Mr. Deering came to lunch. Then Mrs. Meeker took me to pay my calls: Caton, Field, Hutchinson, Sprague, various McCormicks, Martin, MacVeagh, etc.

We dined with Mr. Bryan Lathrop and various [152] McCormicks and Mr. Kohlsaat. Mr. Lathrop collects Whistler etchings, but Bernhard and I find these almost always disappointing.

Cadillac, Detroit, Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904

Called on Miss Adams at Hull House in the morning. Lunched with Mr. Deering and Lillian and came on here. Train like an oven, and Deering had persuaded us to do that accursed thing, drink champagne in the middle of the day.

Cadillac, Detroit, Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1904

After trackless wanderings, we reached Mr. Freer’s, and spent the rest of the day looking at Chinese and Japanese paintings with him and with Fenollosa, who is his guest. Mr. Freer is charming, but alas far from well. [153]

Cadillac, Detroit, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1904

We are just about to start for Buffalo, after a day too delightful for words with Mr. Freer and his collection. He has 120 Whistler paintings, some of which are really great. we saw only a few alas, and only about 1/3 of his Japanese things. They are wonderful, and their owner we really, really like. What are we coming to in America?

Amherst House, Buffalo, Friday, Jan. 15, 1904

Train late, but we got here in time for lunch — a comfortable old colonial house that had been *moved* three miles out into the country. Mrs. Glenny [44](#page34) (our hostess) is an enormous, jolly, kind-hearted, very congenial creature, and her daughter, Aline, is the nicest girl I’ve seen since I met Evelyn, 21 years ago, at Smith College. [154]

I gave a lecture in the Art Institute after lunch, and then we had a glorious sleigh-ride and a good talk. We dined with a Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Sprague, very interesting people, and sat up talking long after we came back. The Glennys are awfully nice.

Amherst House, Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 16, 1904

Bernhard went to lunch with Mr. Sawyer, a humorous, nice man “in” timber, and I had a ladies lunch at the Twentieth Century Club, where Mrs. Glenny has decorated a room with large mural paintings. I made her bring Bernhard in, and he liked them, as I knew he would. She has a very unusual sense for decoration — is she and Kenyon Cox could be churned up into one, it would be great.

We dined with the Sawyers and all came back to Mrs. Glenny’s big *musicale*, where they played pretty well a lot of horrible music. [155]

Amherst House, Buffalo, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1904

Spent the day at Niagara — the Great American Initiation — with Mrs. Glenny, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. We had an awfully jolly time, so jolly that I couldn’t help thinking “What would our children say?” Such old, old people so extremely larky and laughing so much. But I write all this in my letters home, so I shan’t fag to set it down here again.



1. William H. Glenny arrived from Ireland in Buffalo in 1836. He worked as a clerk in a bookstore until opening a small crockery store in 1840 which, at the time of his death, had become one of the largest businesses in the country with branches extending to all the Western states and Territories. The William H. Glenny Company was a prominent importer of fine china, glass and other merchandise. In 1877 Richard A. Waite was hired to design a new store at 251 Main Street.

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The Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio, Monday, Jan. 18, 1904

Came here by a train that was three hours late, owing to snow. Reception at 4 at Miss Jones’ (Mr. Cannon’s[45](#page35) friend), and a dinner given by her at her club. Mr. Pope, collector of modern pictures, seemed the most important man. My other neighbour was a Mr. Howe, who had snatched his bride not from the altar but from the pulpit — she had been a Unitarian minister (young and pretty) for several years! [156]

The Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1904

Spent the day with Miss Jones at Mr. L. E. Holden’s, where we found the rest of the Jarves Collection — a number of very decent things —most interesting. He is a fine, vigorous, shrewd old man of over 70, New England by birth, but one of the makers of the “Middle West”. Seeing pictures tired B. B. more than anything else has done.

The Hollenden, Cleveland, Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1904

Mrs. Squire came to take us to see the collections of the town, a Mr. Brush’s and a Mr. Isades’, both horrors, all but a Puvis of Mr. Wade’s. We saw the Trust Building, decorated by Tiffany, not bad, and Cox’s painting, a very fair effort.

We lunched with the Squires at the Club, and I have a lecture in the afternoon.

We dined with old Holden and Miss Jones. [157]

Pittsburg, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 21, 1904

We took the 8 o’clock train, arriving here for lunch. Bessie Taylor met us and took us to her Club to lunch, up in the 19th story of Mr. Frick’s building. I looked out into the semi courtyard and saw many rows of plate-glass windows, brilliant lighted, opening upon interminable rows of type-writers whose hands went (to me) noiselessly moving, moving over the small machines, ceaselessly, endlessly. I can never forget it!

We went to Bessie’s (7422 Penn Avenue) and had dinner, and then went to hear her husband, Frank Taylor, talk to his foreman. They have 9,000 employees in their Pittsburg works - Westinghouse Electric.

We found a letter from Mrs. Gardner to say that a friend of hers wrote that he was at a London dinner where the vilest things were being said of Bernhard, especially as to his having cheated her over the Dürer. [158]

7422 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., Friday, Jan. 22, 1904

We went over the Westinghouse Works. It was like Dante’s Inferno: there was even Geryon, a huge advancing and retreating sky cage, containing men to work at the top of the 8,000 horse-power “generators”. It was terrible place, but Bernhard saw the heroic side. He says he is a mute inglorious Homer, present at the deeds of eponymous Heroes.

In the afternoon we saw Mr. Watson’s terrible collection, and Mr. Watson himself, one of the great international lawyers — a fool about pictures, though.

Also Mrs. Byer’s collection, rather better. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. Cadlwell came to dinner and we had a pleasant evening, although Mrs. Gardner’s news has thoroughly upset Bernhard, who hates to think of people telling and believing such vile slanders about him. It was evidently [159] the Strongs. I regard it as a mere outbreak of spleen and spite against the success of his new book.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Jan. 23, 1904

We saw Mr. Frick’s collection in the morning. Fine Terburg and Rembrandt and Watts, besides the usual more or less boring Barbizons.

Came here 12-10.15, a long, long journey.



1. The banker who provided the mortgage to buy I Tatti.

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Carey met us, most kindly. She is wonderful. The house so splendidly organized.

We have deliciously comfortable rooms.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Sunday, Jan. 24, 1904

Quiet delicious morning. Walked in the afternoon, called on John and poor Mamie, admired Walter Cope’s[46](#page36) fine architecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Ely came to dine; he the bridge-maker, etc. of the Pennsylvania Railroad; she, alas, a chatterer. [160]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Monday, Jan. 25, 1904 Another quiet morning.

In afternoon went to town. I revisited our house — all run to seed.

In Broad Street we instinctively paused in front of the most hideous building we ever saw, feeling in our bones it was the Fine Arts Museum. It was. Inside was a loan exhibition. We had great sport going round, and discovered a new master whom we called “*lontano di* Whistler”.

Met Fridenwald, to our horror, who, with the director, Mr. Morris, and his secretary, Mr. Trasky, came round with us.

Mr. Caseby and Mr. Jones dined here, and Mr. Caseby explained the Panama question — that there is no possibility of making the canal except by Nicaragua!! He seems a very intelligent interesting man, but Carey says his wife, a Southern belle, generally makes conversation impossible. tonight she was ill and could not come. [161]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1904

Lunched with those awful Frienderwalds and Miss Moss (their friend) and Mr. Morris. Then paddles out in the rain to see Memorial Hall and its few waifs and strays of Italian pictures.

Dined with Elys, and heard her chatter. Music in evening. Miss Helen Sawyer. I begged for a Handel suite, but then we had to have Liszt, Rubenstein & Co., who are as much like Music as a Kaleidoscope is like Painting.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1904

Went with Carey and Miss Gwinn to Elkins Park, to see Mr. Widener’s pictures

— mostly horrors masquerading under great names.

Dined quietly and greatly enjoyed hearing Carey and Miss G. tell about their experiences when they first “went abroad” 25 years ago. They were green — alas no one could be so green now, I fear. But it was naive and earnest and enchanting. [162]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1904

Went to lunch with Aunty Lill, Alban and Emma, then called on Pearlie Whitall and Madge Rhoads. They are all the essence of lower middle class — it is too awful.

Bernhard went through it bravely!



1. Walter Cope was born in Philadelphia in 1860. After attending Germantown Friends School, Cope opted to learn architecture in the office of Addison Hutton, who designed buildings for Lehigh University and **Bryn Mawr College**. His next position was in the firm of Theophilus Parsons Chandler. Following a brief stint in 1883 as a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts as a student of Thomas Eakins and Thomas Anshutz, Cope in 1884 undertook extensive travel in Europe to observe architecture.

When Cope returned to Philadelphia in 1885, he formed the firm of Cope & Stewardson with John Steweardson. In their first five years together, Cope & Stewardson designed more than two hundred buildings, attempting to apply past styles for modern needs. The partners became masters of Collegiate Gothic style, greatly influencing American collegiate architecture with their designs for buildings at **Bryn Mawr College**, Princeton University, Washington University in St. Louis, and the University of Pennsylvania.

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Mr. Leuba,[47](#page37) student of the Psychology of Religion, and Mr. Whitney, Professor of Metaphysics, came to dine.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Friday, Jan. 29,1904

Saw Mr. Johnson’s mixed and crowded collection.

I lunched with Mamie Morton, my old friend. Lower middle, too. They have a Pianola. Went with her to Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Heard some Mozart,and horrors.

We heard that Arthur Strong had died. It is an immense relief. They say she[48](#page37) is left practically penniless, so we suggested to ask her here as Professor of Archaeology at £400 a year. It might be an asylum to her for awhile. [163]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1904

Quiet day — bad headache. Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Williams to dine — he a great disappointment — only a journalist.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Sunday, Jan. 31, 1904

Bernhard lunched with Mr. Johnson, who as eager to know all his attributions, and was very nice.

I went out to Morristown with Will Nicholson and had lunch with Eliza and Whitall and their children.

Good talk in evening about aesthetics.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Monday, Feb. 1, 1904

Heavy cold. Stayed in all day. Read *Awkward Age* (Henry James) but eyes gave out.

Mr. Morgan (biology) and Mr. and Mrs. Hoppin[49](#page37) (archaeology) to dine. Dull.

Hoppin seems a bounder. They all went early fortunately. [164]

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Tuesday, Feb. 2,1904

Lunched with Aunty Lill. Reception at Coates’ — not half bad. Good talk in evening.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1904

Horace Eaton came down for the night delightful as ever. Talk on aesthetics.

Carey took us over Rockefeller.[50](#page37)

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Thursday, Feb. 4,1904 Talk with Eaton — showed him college.

Lunched with John Thomas.

Afternoon tea here, “Readers”.

Dined in Pembroke Hall.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Friday, Feb. 5, 1904

Alumnae lunch here — Oh how depressing. Bernhard went to Johnson’s and lunched in town. Barrett Wendell lectured on “Puritanism”.

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr, Saturday, Feb. 6, 1904

Bernhard lunched alone with Mr. Caseby, who predicted that St. Louis would soon be the really important city of the [165] centre.

I lunched with Cousin Carrie Lawrence and her family and the Everetts — a dull, long drawn out, middle-class lunch, ungarnished with conversation.

Then they trailed me a mile through the mud to “the most beautiful building in the United States”, the Art and Science Building of the Pennsylvania University,



1. James Henry Leuba.
2. Eugénie Sellers.
3. Joseph Clark Hoppin
4. Rockefeller Hall, a gift from John D. Rockefeller, was the last residence hall designed by Cope and Stewardson. Completed in 1904, ‘Rock’ is Bryn Mawr’s largest residence.

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where I was to lecture. This kind of buildings turned out to be a horrible be-mosaic-ed Romanesque structure of disagreeably coloured brick, it looked thoroughly German, and of course horrible.

The organization of the lecture was bad, but still the hall got packed, and I spoke for an hour. Miss Rapplier[51](#page38) introduced me. I felt it up-hill work, because the audience was peppered with faces of cousins and uncles and relatives of various degrees of kinship, who I knew cared absolutely nothing about [156 0166] Art in any form or shape (except the culinary). Still, I suppose it roused me to an unusual effort, for it appeared to be *enormously* successful.

There was a “reception feature” afterwards, Miss Harrison, daughter of the Provost, presiding — such an awfully nice, eager, intelligent girl. Carey told me afterwards that the dream of her life was to come to Bryn Mawr, but her fashionable mother made her “come out” instead. She evidently hates it, for she said to B. B. “Haven’t you got a brother to marry me and take me away?” (I wish Uncle Logan was in the field!)

B. B. came after the lecture to the “social feature”, and heard, as the people were streaming out, two ladies say, “Wasn’t her speech interesting!” “Ye-es — but the *really* interesting thing is that she is the daughter of [167] Hannah WhitallSmith!” [168]

an envelope past on p. 157 with the note

‘see items removed from diary for clipping’

In the evening Bernhard dined with Mr. John G. Johnson, the picture collector and company lawyer, who listened with interest to all B. B. said about his pictures, and gave him a lot of advice about his own business affairs.

I dined quietly with Carey and Mamie Gwinn. Poor Miss Gwinn, she is absolutely enslaved by Carey, and treated as a silly wife. It’s her own fault, but the truth is she never cared particularly about the outside world till she met Mr. Hodder. Now she is madly in love, and Carey has made it as nasty for her as possible. But the Casebys say that they think the fickle Hodder has no idea at all of marrying her. Poor Miss Gwinn! Her idea is that, as her mother disapproves of divorce, she would leave her money away from her daughter if she married Mr. Hodder. As long as the [169] Mother lives, Miss Gwinn can feed on her romantic illusions. But people who know them, say that she will have a bitter awakening when the Mother dies.

c/o Miss Garrett, Baltimore, Sunday, Feb. 7, 1904

Packed, chatted, and came here to find poor Baltimore in flames. Miss Garrett’s kindly planned reception and dinner were shorn of all the active people, including the Mayor, who had to attend to the fearful fire. We watched it from the roof — great “sky-scrapers” flaring like giant torches against the sky, and showers of burning cinders pouring over the city.

Zoe and Harry and Margaret and Dr. Wright and Miss Dawson came to dinner. Margaret was wonderful, so calm, and bright, when she knew her husband’s warehouse was burning [170]

Miss Garrett’s, Baltimore, Monday, Feb. 8, 1904

The fire is still raging. The whole of the business part of Baltimore is being destroyed.

We went nevertheless to see Mr. Walter’s collection, which is horrible as regards the pictures and mixed as regards the thousands of Chinese and Japanese *objets* that bewilder you. Really a horrible perversion of the uses of art!



1. ? Elizabeth R. Repplier (1877-?).

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We also called on Zoe. Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte (he a grandson of Napoleon’s brother Jerome and his American wife Miss Patterson, Princesse Mathilde his half-aunt) dined there, and Mr. and Mrs. Brackett. Pleasant evening.

Miss Garrett’s house is positively Sardanapalian[52](#page39) in its luxury, but it is hideous hideous! All stencilled over in red and blue and yellow and filled with modern Indian carvings. And in spite of its luxury it isn’t quite comfortable. [171]

Miss Garrett’s, Baltimore, Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904

*Fire out.*

Went out and saw the Bonaparte relics at Mr. Bonaparte’s.

Saw over the Bryn Mawr school.

Lunched with Margaret.

Ann Carey was there, a tiresome goose.

Drove with Carey and Miss Garrett in the afternoon and saw the Johns Hopkins University and the Medical School, to which Miss Garrett had to give about half a million and endless trouble before it could be open to women. It was most exciting hearing the adventures of Carey-Aeneas and Mary-Achates in regard to it. Carey is a real “Founder”, and this Medical College has made an enormous difference to the standing of women doctors everywhere.

Dined at Harry’s. Zoe in bed with threatenings of a miscarriage — her fifth! This is fine for a doctor’s wife. Mr. and Mrs. Palin, Mr. and Mrs. Buchler the other guests. [172]

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Wednesday, Feb. 10, 1904 Came here, reading in the papers of the courage and spirit with which the

people of Baltimore are meeting their terrific loss. Wandered disconsolately about, feeling like Babes in the Wood.

We thought the White House beautiful, but the Capitol disappointing when you came near. The proportions are bad, and the detail poor. As to the lamps in front, “They knock even German vulgarity into a cocked hat”, B. B. said.

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904

A lovely day. Miss Hale came and we saw the Corcoran Gallery. Hiram Powers’ famous *Greek Slave* isn’t “half nasty”, really. The specimens of American art were interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Perry, Mr. Archer, and Mr. Parmelu called, and we left cards on the Waterlows and Cotton Smiths. [173]

In the evening I went out alone, B. B. being tired, to Mrs. Warder’s musicale, a great crowd of extravagantly dressed ladies and men in uniform, who barely sat through the music, bursting out into screaming talk before the las chords were struck.

The Miss Warders are Italophiles, and seemed nice. I saw Mrs. Huhn, the Miss Stickneys, Mrs. Slater (William Morris Hunt’s daughter), but met no one new — the crown was too great.

A vulgar, hoydenish, very self-conscious girl was romping around, winking and beckoning all over the room, wriggling and giggling through the music. She turned out to be Miss Alice Roosevelt.[53](#page39)

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Friday, Feb. 12, 1904

Went with Ellen Hale to the Smithsonian and saw the Secretary Mr. Langley, who has spent his life on an unworkable Flying Machine. Mr. Adler (Librarian) and Mr. Holmes (ethnographer) took us round.

Bernhard lunched with Secretary Hay, [174] at his house, and I lunched with old Edward Everett Hale and Ellen at the Senate and met Senator Hoare.



1. characterized by the luxurious way of life attributed to the Assyrian king Sardanapalus.
2. Alice Lee Roosevelt Longworth (1884-1980), the eldest child of Theodore Roosevelt.

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Afterwards we went into the gallery of the House, and looked about a little. Mrs. Ross Perry took me to a symphony concert (Schumann, unfinished), and then we called on Mrs. Slater, and met Judge Holmes and nephew of Charlotte Cushing.

Dined early and had a quiet evening.

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Saturday, Feb. 13, 1904 Went at 11 with Dr. Lee to see Mr. Samuel Ward’s things — Miss Norton of

Cambridge (“Purgatorio”) was there. Some nice English pictures, and portrait by that mysterious Page.

Mr. Adler lunched with us and told us about the Smithsonian, how well it is run, because it is an autocracy — the Secretary having absolute power, with regents who can only dismiss him. [175]

I called on Miss Seward and Miss Upton, and then met B.B. at Miss Hale’s. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman came, Mrs. Kennan, Mrs. Howe (the Cleveland Unitarian minister, here at a Women’s Suffrage Congress) and Mrs. Cabot Lodge,and various others.

Then we called on Secretary Hay, and came back to dine with Zorn, who is staying here. He is dull, my goodness!

Poor B. B. was feeling really ill; he has taken a chill, I fear.

Sunday, Feb. 14, 1904, My Fortieth Birthday

B. B. is better today. We went out to see Mr. Waggaman’s collection this morning

— a lot of mediocre pictures, but a fine early Flemish triptych (Madonna and two donors), and a good Wilson, looking more or less like a chromo after Claude Lorraine. His collection of Japanese pottery is the chief thing. Mr. Sawyer of Buffalo accompanied us, delightful [176] as ever. Mr. Waggaman was in a rage about the District of Columbia wanting to tax him for his gallery as personal property — when he as it open every Sunday, and lends it continually for charities. If they carry out their intention he will sell it at auction in New York, and so Washington will tax its best collection out of existence!

We came back, changed clothes, and then went to lunch at Senator Henry Cabot Lodge’s. Mrs. Adams and Miss Bigelow and Mr. and Mme Buena Varilla were there — he the *deus ex machina* of the whole Panama business. Mr. Lodge has a nice picture by Laganeth, a Madonna enthroned with four saints, and a Cardinal by Dirck Bouts. His son, at the head of the American Egypt exploring committee, was a very interesting young man, but, poor thing, he suffers from neuritis of the [177] eyes, which for the present has put a stop to his work. Mrs. Adams has had a nervous break-down, and told me she spent most of her time in tears.

After lunch we went to call next door on Mr. and Mrs. James Parmelu, and he told us how M. Buena Varilla “began” here. All the nation, since 1841, had been solid for the Nicaragua, as opposed to the Panama, canal. It seemed to be a settled fact. M. Buena Varilla came over as the agent of the De Lassseps Co. wanting to sell their share in the affair, their work, implements, etc. He was in Cincinnati, with a letter to a prominent banker there, and gave a short talk upon Panama which interested this man. Thereupon the banker telephoned to Cleveland that M. B. Varilla was coming to Cleveland, that he was pleasant and interesting, and he thought Mr. Parmelu and his partner Mr. Herrick would like to entertain him. They accordingly decided [178] to give him a lunch the next day, as Saturday was a good day for such an entertainment, and they invited by telephone two dozen or so of the leading men of Cleveland, engineers, electricians, financiers and men in commerce, all of them great friends of Mark Hanna. They all came, and after the lunch they asked M. Buena Varilla to make a quarter of an hour’s speech to tell them about Panama. He spoke 4 1/2 hours, and they were all converted. This meant that they converted Hanna, who then “put the thing through” in the House, and started “the biggest business enterprize [*sic*] of this country”.

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But it seemed to us there was something strangely rash about it, for Mr. Parmelu and even Sen. Lodge (who is hot for it) had never heard of the 8 months calm, which means towing all sailing boats 500 or 600 miles before they get to the Canal and that Mr. Caseby told us, is enough to [169 0179] take away all the profits of the entire scheme. We had heard that Mr. Hanna rushed it through in the interests of the railways he represents, because he knows the Canal isn’t practicable, and doesn’t want it to be! But Mr. Parmelu said this could hardly be so, for Mr. Hanna is more interested in shipping than in railroads. However, the Government is going to pay forty millions, and I daresay M. Buena Varilla will get a slice of it.

We called also on the Ross-Perrys \_ an abominably lower middle house — and then on Mrs. Slater and on the Stickneys. At Mrs. Slater’s I meet a very interesting man, Mr. Berry, an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman, and we had a good talk about poetry. One does meet interesting people everywhere over here, cordial, loving to talk, gregarious, really pleased to meet one Bernhard found Miss Stickney very nice too. [180]

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Monday, Feb. 15, 1904

Mrs. Foster (Judith Ellen) and Nellie Hale called before I was dressed, and I saw them up here.

We went to Mr. Henry Adams at 12, and sat through a “Breakfast”. He is a sort of ‘*burbero benefico*’, Loeser-like (I think) in quality of mind, who poses as the the most cultured man in America. He’s pretty rude, too, but they say that is a compliment. Then we had a real lunch at the Wardens’ with that nice Mr. Berry. The girls are very golly.

We came home, and Mrs. and Miss Lee called on us — Catholics.

Then we went to the German Ambassador’s and saw some wonderful things from that heart-breaking Pekin Loot, and then paid a very pleasant call upon Mrs. Kuhn, and, finally, came back and dined with stupid, good-natured Anders Zorn.

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1904

Went out to Mt. Vernon in the morning with [181] Nellie Hale - a most

enchanting experience. The loveliest site for a house we have ever seen. But it was only 8º above zero, with a cutting wind, so we suffered from the cold, and Bernhard caught a fierce cold.

We called on the Waterlows and Miss Hortmanns’ and Miss Seward and dined with the Lees. Miss Lee is a wonderful case of Jesuit education — a perfectly sweet nature, incapable of believing ill of anyone, so they taught her there was no evil in ecclesiastical history, only well-intentioned mistakes!

New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1904

Had breakfast again with Mr. Henry Adams. Mrs. Foster took us to see a Mrs. Henderson who “owned pictures” and discoursed to us about the group of Great Artists who were equal to anyone who ever lived — Géronne,[54](#page41) Cabanel,[55](#page41) Bouguereau![56](#page41)

Bernhard went home ill with his cold, but I went on to an awful squillionaire’s, Mr. Walsh, who, ten years ago, was keeping [182] a little inn in Colorado. He took us all over the house, upon which he spent $2,000,000, explained its grandeur to us. There was a ball-room upstairs and a supper room “where we seated lat week 160 parties at individual tables — and we could seat more, if they’d only come!”

Dined with Miss Seward. Dull.



1. ? Géronne
2. Alexandre Cabanel (1823-1889).
3. William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905).

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New Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C., Thursday, Feb. 18, 1904 Bernhard in bed, miserable. I went over the Congressional Library with Mr.

Parsons, keeper of the prints. What awful “mural decorations”, positively Elihu Vedder stood out as an artist among them. He also took me to see a few Italian pictures in private possession, including the Drapers’ “Botticelli”. Mrs. Draper meant us to stay to lunch, but when we wouldn’t she insisted on showing me the gold plate I would have eaten off of if I had stayed.

I lunched with the Cotton Smiths and Miss Horner (from Brookline). [183] Then I paid endless calls. Ellen Hale, Chief Justice Nott, Lodges, Gilmans,

Adams — I don’t know who all, ending up at Secretary Hay’s, who pulled me in to tell me that he had discovered who B. B. was. Fischer the dealer had told him that “Mr. Berenson was the greatest living authority on Italian Art”, and had even, to Mr. Hay’s surprise changed the label on a picture in accordance with this great Authority’s judgment!

Bernhard got up, and we dined at Mrs. Kuhn’s, meeting Mr. Rhinelander, Mr.

and Mrs. Thonor, Mrs. Wadsworth, etc. Bernhard pretty well done up.

c/o Mrs. Du Bois, New Haven, Friday, Feb. 19, 1904

Streets in Washington glazed with transparent ice. The horses’ feet had to be wrapped in dish-cloths to take us to the station. Ellen Hale — dear creature — saw us off. We came to New York with Mr. Hamilton Field and his mother. B. B. stopped off, called on Elsie de Wolfe and dined with the Stuyvesants. [184] I came on here, and assisted at a dinner party. All middle-aged, or worse, with

wrinkles and puffy eyes, — their hair, or none, dew lap cheeks — a perfect physical horror came over me as I sat at table with them. How awful to be one of such a company!

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Saturday, Feb. 20, 1904

Bernhard breakfasted with Ned Warren and Marshall, and came on here, dining with Mr. Dorr and going to a musical at Miss ——?

I lectured in the morning to the New Haven Ladies’ Saturday Morning Club, and in the afternoon to the Hartford Art Association — both pretty fair lectures. I was rather tired.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 21, 1904

Went to see Mrs. Gardner, met Kneise and his wife and Proctor. Dined at Savin Hill with Senda and Rachel. [185]

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Monday, Feb. 22, 1904

Long conclave with Rachel and Senda, which ended by our deciding to take the responsibility of educating Ray for a few years abroad — in Greek things, if she seems to take to it. It means at least £300 additional a year.

I called on Mrs. Tyler and wept with her over Gertrude’s death.

I called in Cambridge with Senda in the afternoon on the Münsterbergs, Puffers, Nortons, Warrens.

We came out and dined with the Warrens[57](#page42) (she was a Smith College girl, Salomé Machado), and met again Prof. Lauman. Pleasant-ish, but Salomé never lets you get into a real talk with anyone. She keeps her guests “circulating”.

A Mr. Owen, President of the Sophomore Class gave me *le clou* of Western cordiality (he comes from Kansas): “We *mean to like* the person, and we’re going to , unless we just *can’t*”. Of course it is just the opposite of the attitude in a settled busy social life, like England — unless riches and talent open the way.

B. B. saw D\_\_\_ and heard a lot about Mrs. Piper. [186]



1. Minton Warren (1850-1907), Pope Professor of Latin, director of the American School of Classical Studies, Rome (1896-1897), and president of the American Philological Association (1897-1898). He was married to Salome Machado, of Salem.

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Somerset Hotel, Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1904 Bernhard lunched with Dr. Lauman and called on Fletcher.

I chatted with Prichard and Chalfin and took notes in the Museum in the morning, and then with B. B. called on Mrs. Toy, who had Santayana there. She was really agreeable,and she made us all talk.

Dined with the Perrys, who make talk impossible by their nervous interruptions, and went to the Whistler reception at Copley Hall — a fierce crowd, in rooms with wild draughts, which destroyed poor B. B. Saw Mr. Freer (the darling!) again, and Miss Watson of Buffalo, and hundreds of Bostonians.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1904

Met Mr. Freer at Museum and tried to see the Chinese things. But all was in confusion, and Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer were there, she chattering like a magpie. Abie came to lunch and we bade [187] him goodbye.

Called on Mrs. Rogers etc. in the afternoon, and dined with old Miss Norton alone — very pleasant, but B. B. ill.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1904

Whistler again, and dear Mr. Freer. Mr. Fox came to lunch, and took us to call on a jolly sick widow, Mrs. Nickerson. Then he carried B. B. off to see Dr. Langmaid,[58](#page43) who discovered enlarged turbindles in the poor man’s nose.

We dined with Mrs. Whitman. I sat by the nearly inarticulate Mr. Dove.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Friday, Feb. 26, 1904

Bernhard in bed. I went to museum and argued with that silly Potter about that obviously school picture called “Veronese”. He had not seen the most important of Paolo’s works, yet he argued as if he knew all about it. Billy taylor was there.

Power and Fox and Billy Taylor went to see Bernhard in bed. I [188] went again to the Whistlers with Mr. Bullard, and brought him back to lunch. I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Gardner’s, where the fashionable Vincent Club of girls gave a Vaudeville performance. Dined with Longyears, I alone.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Saturday, Feb. 27, 1904

Bernhard rather better. His mother and Rachel came to lunch, and then came with me to Wellesley where I lectured on “The New Art Criticism” — one of my best lectures, by chance, this time.

Bernhard went to bed, but I dined with Mrs. Nickerson, pleasant, but too noisy dinner.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 28, 1904

Mrs. Gardner drove us out to Denman Ross’. I called on Miss Norton and Mrs. Scudder (Jeanette Markham) and then came back to find Mr. Ross showing his [189] pictures to the others. He paints so awfully well — he really is an artist, in the biggest sense.

Mrs. Gardner drove us back,and gave us a charming reception at her Palace, with XVIII music played by Proctor on the harpsichord and Loeffler as the viola d’amore. It was beautiful beyond words, and the whole reception was pleasant.

The Berenson family came to say goodbye in the evening, and to talk over Finances. Bernhard is really awfully generous. He gives his parents £250 a year, besides their summer holiday, and occasional present to this Mother. He supports Rachel and pays for Bessie’s and Senda’s summers, and now he is going to practically keep Senda abroad for 18 months. He has also given Abe £2,000 to begin business on. Fortunately Abe can pay interest on it, the same interest (5%) that Bernhard has got it on from his Bank (Barings). It isn’t as if we were rich, either, but this [190] strain keeps him constantly worried and anxious and uncomfortably pinched. I think his father ought to be ashamed to not even try to



58 ? Dr. S. W. Langmaid, a throat specialist of Boston.

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do anything to help out. The others are as nice about it as they can be, but there it is. And if Senda and Bessie break down in health, as they probably <will>, he will have them, and Senda is a young lady of very luxurious tastes that one hates to say no to.

She and Ray are the nice ones — we really do not care whether we see the others again or not, although we wish them well, and Bernhard will always do the right thing by them.

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Monday, Feb. 29,1904 Whistlers. Lunched with Mrs. Bowlker and Mr. Bullard.

I lectured at the College Club, quite a success. Mrs. Gardner was very enthusiastic, and Mrs. Whitman more so. She said, “I never attended a lecture where I felt so much sympathy both for the speaker and the speech.”

We dined [191] with Mrs. Montgomery Sears in the evening. Miss Eva Palmer (New York) recited Poe, and horrid modern love poems, and Mrs. Fiske Warren gave some of her genre sketches. I didn’t care for either ofd these ladies, but Miss Palmer has wonderful hair and a beautiful profile.

Before dinner, Mrs. Longyear took B. B. to see a Mr. Ayer (Cherry Pectoral,[59](#page44) etc.) who almost bought some Italian pictures. Mrs. Longyear is going to Christian Science him into it, she says!

no entry for Tuesday, March 1, 1904

Somerset Hotel, Boston, Wednesday, March 2, 1904

Packing and last calls. Mr. Fox to lunch, but Bernhard was kept by the Ayers. Old Mr. Ayer (82) said he had never thought of buying any Old Masters, but if B. B. would find him some modern pictures he liked, he didn’t mind what he paid 20, 30, 40 thousand dollars. B. B. said he was not a dealer, however, and it ended.

We came on here, Mrs. Gardner coming to the station to see us off. I left out [192] yesterday, which we spent lunching at Miss Norton’s, seeing the Whistlers (B. B.) with Mrs. Whitman, and dining with the Perrys.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, March 3, 1904

Awful pouring rain, but we lunched at the Museum with Mr. Rhinelander and Cesnola. Mr. R. said he meant to appoint B. B. buyer for the Museum.

We saw the Havemeyer things — an awful Tiffany house! — Rembrandts, Manets, Degases *ad infinitum* — no real taste, but some fine Chinese things.

Miss Weeks called. Dined with Miss Marbury and went to see Elsie de Wolfe in “The Other Girl”. She’s not much as an actress, but she dresses well and looks ladylike. The play was amusing as a study of American types. [193]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Friday, March 4, 1904

Called on Glaenzer, and lunched with him. Paid other calls, many, ending up with Emilie Hapgood, who seemed to *enjoy* worse health than before, and more elaborate costumes.

Bernhard dined with Mr. Rhinelander at the Round Table Club, and I wrote my Philadelphia speech, which he had sketched out for me in the morning.

Faff called.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Saturday, March 5,1904 Jacacci came at 10, a perfect jackass of a man.

Mrs. Vollmer at 11 took us to the Stock Exchange, where one of the Governors, Mr. R. Halsey, met us and showed us round. We went to his house, done in good colonial style, to tea.

Bernhard lost his pocket-book, but it was found again finally. He dined with Carpenter, who was much nicer. I polished up my speech.



1. a popular medicine.

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Hodder and Caseby called. [194]

Germantown, Sunday, March 6, 1904

Came here, after dining in Philadelphia with Uncle William and family. Had supper (a very poor one) with John and Pearlie and their family.

Bernhard was taken by Mr. Lathrop to lunch with Mr. Stanford White, who showed him Mr. Poer’s[60](#page45) house. He dines with Mr. Hodder and talked late about Miss Gwinn, whom Hodder vows he is wild to marry.

Germantown, Monday, March 7, 1904

Shopped and saw oculist. Minnie Kimbre gave me a reception to meet the old members of the “Questant”. I recognized them all. I drove over to Bryn Mawr with John Thomas, dined with Carey, and gave an address which went off all right.

Came back to spend the night at the house of Mamie and tom Morton, such a pretty real colonial house. [195]

Bernhard dines with Mrs. Winthrop. He can’t recall anything else!

Germantown, Tuesday, March 8, 1904 Saw oculist and de-fattener, who said I had lost 8 pounds.

Lunched with Aunty Lill, who is awfully kind and affectionate. Slept for three hours. Oh how tired I was, and then drove in with Aunty to the Contemporary Club and gave my address on “Art Collections in America and their Influence on National Taste and Art”. This went off the best of all. Even Aunty pronounced it a gratifying occasion.

Bernhard spent the afternoon with Fenellosa, and dined with Mr. Mather.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Wednesday, March 9, 1904

Came back and went to bed with raging headache. Bernhard lunched with Elsie de Wolfe. We dined with the Gayleys, and Mr. Gayley told B B. of a gold [196] mine in which B. B. engaged to take 1,000 shares for $700.

I was feeling very ill, and had a horrible night of chills and fever. Plaza Hotel, New York, Thursday, March 10, 1904

In bed. Dr. Oppenheim came and said I had the ‘Grip’. Slept off and on nearly all day, and ached.

Mrs. Dickinson called and Norman and Bond.

Bernhard went out with Mr. Butler to see some rotten pictures. He lunched with Mr. Winthrop, met Mrs. Gardner at 4, and took her to see Mr. Glaenzer’s Degas (portrait of a woman), which she is *wild* to buy for $30,000.

He dined with the Mansons and went to a lovely concert — where, however, he caught a fresh cold.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Friday, March 11, 1904

Bernhard took Mrs. Gardner to the Metropolitan Museum, and then lunched [197] with her at Miss De Wolfe’s.

I arose from bed, sprayed my throat, and made a speech at the Barnard Club.

Such an awful day that few people were there. Mr. Van Dyke called.

Went to dine at the Bryn Mawr Club, and sat by Norman. We both spoke — each playing our one barrel-organ tune.

Bernhard dined at the Underwood Johnsons’.

Plaza Hotel, New York, Saturday, March 12,1904 Used up of course — this ‘Grip’ is fearful.

Bernhard took Mrs. Gardner to the Historical Soceity and lunched with the Chapmans.

He dined with Mrs. Abbe and saw Mrs. Gardner off to Boston at 11. She said, “If I don’t get that Degas, I’ll never write to you again.”



1. Power’s?

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Dr. Abbe gave a little explanation of Radium, and showed some of it in the dark. [198]

Plaza Hotel, New York, Sunday, March 13,1904 Jacacci came, boring and incompetent as usual.

We walked out and had lunch with Mr. Grenville Winthrop, and then called on Bond and Josephine.

Norman called for goodbye.

S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm II, North German Lloyd,[61](#page46)Monday, March 14, 1904

Packed.

Alban and Emma came in from Philadelphia.

Fafner came and dined with us and saw us off. Emilie Hapgood, Charles Deering and Mr. Glaenzer as well as A. and E. sent fruit and flowers, and other people books, etc.

This is the end of our trip. We left in a snow-storm.

Tuesday we set sail at 5 a.m. [199]

44 Grosvenor Road, London, Monday, March 21, 1904

Six horrid days. We reached Plymouth early this morning. Too bored to speak to a soul on board. I was feeling ill with that ‘Grip’.

I Tatti, Settignano, Monday, April 4,1904 Was fearfully seasick nearly a week in London.

Bernhard has been in Paris a week, and I travelling down with Ray and Karin and Winnie Buckley.[62](#page46)

The house looks too beautiful — we have seen nothing like it on our travels!!



1. photo: http://hoboken.pastperfectonline.com/webobject/3EB7C5DB-B5BF-4019-BD96-022540468750
2. Winnie has been their maid for some years now.

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